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D W I G H T ' S

JOURNAL OF MUSIC,

A Paper of Art and Literature..

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JOHN S. DWIGHT, EDITOR.

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VOLUME XXIII

B O S T O N :

PUBLISHED BY OLIVER DITSON AND COMPANY, 277 WASHINGTON STREET.

1865.

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Reprint Edition 1967

JOHNSON REPRINT CORP.  
NEW YORK—LONDON

ARNO PRESS, INC.  
NEW YORK, N.Y.

*Library of Congress Catalog Card No. 67-24725*

Manufactured in the U.S.A. by Arno Press Inc.

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 574.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1863.

VOL. XXIII. No. 1.

## Legends of St. Cecilia.

By N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

I saw thee in Bologna's halls,  
By Raphael's art portrayed,  
Let drop the charming instruments  
Thy skilful hand had played,  
Listening to music more divine  
Than man had ever made.

I loved that lifted, raptured face;  
Loved what that scene expressed;  
For sure the symphonies of heaven  
Must ever be the best,  
And there come strains from upper air  
To every hearkening breast.

But there's another mystic tale,  
Not told in magic paint;  
It rises on my heart in tints  
Not meaningless, nor faint,  
And brings me closer to thy side,  
Cecilia, minstrel saint!

She holds a bunch of flowers aloft,  
Richer than earth's can be;  
And none but the believing eye  
Those matchless blooms can see;  
She turns her face to mine, and thus  
She cheers and counsels me:

"The world is full of fragrant gifts,  
Which sensual eyes can ne'er discern;  
But Faith the envious veil uplifts,  
And man his truest vision then may learn.  
Faith sees the flowers.

"The air is full of odors fine,  
Which coarsest senses cannot miss;  
And yet there needs a touch divine  
To trace their source, or to receive their bliss;—  
Faith sees the flowers.

"But there are weeds and thorny ground,  
And vapors foul swoop from the sky;  
And when you ask where Hope is found,  
Or why these noisome, sad distempers,—why?  
Faith still sees flowers.

"When grief is choking at the throat,  
And fear is knocking at the heart,  
And shattering thoughts the brain have smote  
And loss, disaster, pain, inflict their smart,—  
Faith sees the flowers;

"And when the powers and senses fail,  
The end of earth now close at hand,  
The flush of life all deathly pale,—  
Faith, in the gardens of the better land  
Shall see the flowers.

—Monthly Religious Magazine.

## The Songs of Robert Franz.

[From ROBERT SCHUMANN'S "Collected Writings" we translate the following notice of the set of twelve songs (Op. 1.) with which FRANZ began his remarkable career as a song composer.]

About the songs of Robert Franz much may be said. They are no isolated appearance, and they stand in intimate connection with the whole development of our art during the last ten years. [This was written during, or shortly after, the year 1843.] It is well known, that from the

year 1830 to 1834 a reaction arose against the reigning taste. The contest was in fact not difficult; it was a war against that commonplace ornamental style, which, with a few exceptions like Weber, Löwe and others, prevailed in all kinds of music, especially piano music. The attack began with piano music; in the place of pieces of mere passage work came pictures that were more full of thoughts; in which the influence of two masters was especially remarkable, that of Beethoven and of Bach. The number of disciples increased; the new life penetrated also into other departments. For the Song, Schubert had already labored as a pioneer, but more in the manner of Beethoven; while, on the other hand, in the production of the North Germans the influence of the Bach spirit manifested itself. To further this development, a new school of German poetry unfolded itself at the same time: Rückert and Eichendorff, although their bloom dates somewhat earlier, became more intimately known among musicians; but most of all Uhland and Heine were composed. Thus arose that more artistic and more deep-souled kind of song, of which their predecessors could of course know nothing, since it was only the new poetic spirit that reflected itself in music.

The songs of Robert Franz belong entirely to this noble new direction. This manufacturing of songs by the gross, which recites any bungler's poem with the same satisfaction as one of Rückert's, begins to be valued at its proper worth; and if the common public do not perceive the progress, to the better public it has long been clear. And in reality perhaps the Song is the only kind of music in which any important progress has been made since Beethoven. Compare, for example, in the songs before us, the careful conception of the subject, which would fain reproduce the thoughts of the poem even to the very word, with the negligence of the older treatment, where the poem merely ran along by the side of the music; compare the whole out-build here with the slovenly forms of accompaniment, of which the former time could not rid itself:—and only narrow minds can see the contrary.

In what has just been said the characteristic quality of Robert Franz's songs is already expressed; he would give us more than good or bad sounding music, he would reproduce to us the poem in its depth and to the life. In the quiet, dreamy element he succeeds best; yet we find also some things charmingly naïve, such as the first song ("Ihr Auge," or Burns's "Blue-eyed Lassie"); and then the "Tanzlied in Mai" (Dance Song in May); and more spirited ebullitions, as in some of the songs from Burns.

This double set of songs awakens a succession of the most various images and feelings; a somewhat melancholy would fain steal in through all the rest. These songs for their delivery require singers, poets, men; but they may best be sung alone, and then about the evening hour.

Some few details offend my ear, such as the

beginning of the 7th and 12th songs ("Sonntag" and "In meinem Garten die Nelken"); for instance, the oft recurring *E natural* in the last. One of them, the 7th, I could wish entirely left out of the collection; it seems to me in melody and harmony too far-fetched. All that remains is interesting, significant, and often singularly beautiful. To the "Slumber Song" of Tieck I could wish a more musically rich conclusion; but in spite of this it is one of the most felicitous.—Were one to begin citing individual fine traits, there would be no end; persons who are deeply and truly musical will find them out themselves.

These songs then are distinct enough from others. But one, who has made such a beginning, must not wonder if the future makes still higher claims on him. Successes in small genres often lead to one-sidedness, to mannerism. Let the young artist defend himself against that by seizing hold of new Art forms: let him try to express his rich inward wealth in other ways than through the voice. Our sympathy will surely follow him throughout.

## Broadwood & Sons' Pianofortes.\*

[In the following "Historical Introduction," taken from the pamphlet whose full title will be found in the foot-note below, the Messrs. Broadwood & Sons have made a valuable contribution to the history of the Piano-Forte.]

Before entering upon a technical description of the instruments, and organic parts of instruments representing the mechanical, musical, and ornamental features of our work, which at the second International Exhibition we have the honor to offer, as the results of considerably more than a century's experience, we may, perhaps, be allowed to trace, step by step, in a few sentences as the subject will permit, the progress of our firm in the art of manufacturing that particular structure, which now, in its advanced state of perfection, is recognized all over the civilized world under the name of Grand Pianoforte. The mere personal records of our house would naturally possess but little interest for the public generally; but those who care to learn how the ancient Harpsichord, with its thin wires and tinkling sound, has expanded, by degrees, into the splendid instrument now in general use, and, with musicians, in such universal esteem—how, in short, the Grand Pianoforte has attained its present comprehensive character, both with regard to "action" and to "tone"—may not be unprepared to accord a few minutes' attention to an account of the means by which an establishment, perhaps, among European houses, not the least enterprising, has done its part in expediting the desired progress.

As preliminary, it may be mentioned that, in 1732, Burkhardt Tschudi† came to London, established himself at No. 33, Great Pulteney Street, and was appointed harpsichord-maker to the court of George II.; and that, at the death of Tschudi (in 1773), John Broadwood, who had married one of his daughters, succeeded to the business. In 1838, James Shudi Broadwood, son and successor to the said John Broadwood, virtual founder of our house, occupied his leisure hours by compiling some notes relative to the history of piano-manufacture, from the early harpsichord to the grand pianoforte, at the stage of comparative perfection, which, in his day, the latter had already reached. A condensed version of these notes, together with such additions and comments as they may occasionally suggest,

will fill the larger portions of the succeeding pages.

The harpsichords made in England during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, were chiefly imported from Antwerp, the manufacturers being John and Andrew Ruckers.†. At the end of the last century many of these instruments, in thorough preservation, still existed in London, bearing dates from 1569 to 1620. They were in japanned or painted cases, with gilded ornaments, and emblematic devices under the covers. Their tone was sweet and silvery, their mechanism simple. Two strings were tuned in unison, while a third—attached to a separate bridge on the sounding board—was tuned an octave above. In three pieces of wood (technically denominated "jacks") were inserted quills, resting on one and the same key, the key, when pressed down, causing the strings to be "twanged" by the quills, and producing the combined sound of unisons and octaves. These harpsichords had generally two rows of keys, the upper row communicating merely with a single unison string, the lower with the three strings simultaneously—the only method at that time invented for augmenting and diminishing, *ad libitum*, the volume of tone.

The first who made harpsichords in London was supposed to be a Fleming of the name of Tabel, who had practised at Antwerp with the successors of Ruckers, and resided in England between 1680 and 1720. To this Tabel were apprenticed Jacob Kirkman, a German, and Burkhardt Tschudi, a Swiss, who, at the decease of their patron, established two manufactories—Kirkman, one in Broad-street, Golden square; and Tschudi§ (now writing his name Shudi), one in Great-Puteney-street, at the house subsequently occupied by his immediate successor John Broadwood, and at the present time by the said John Broadwood's grandsons, actual representatives of the firm. Both Jacob Kirkman and Shudi did much towards the improvement of the harpsichord, the chief aim of the latter, however, being to carry out those principles which the Ruckers had given to their instruments that peculiarly free vibration and silvery tone for which they were renowned. A mechanical appliance was invented about 1750, by means of which a diminution of two-thirds of the full force of the instrument could be obtained at the discretion of the performer; but it was not till 1770, when John Broadwood patented his so-called "Venetian Swell" which gave to the foot of the player a power of modifying the intensity of tone somewhat similar to that appertaining to the swell of the organ—that any intermediate variety was obtained. Many amateurs and professors of the pianoforte will doubtless remember the performances of Herr Moscheles,|| in 1837, at the Hanover-Square Rooms and elsewhere, on a grand harpsichord, made by Burkhardt Shudi in 1761,¶ to which the "Venetian Swell" of John Broadwood was attached. This instrument, and another—inscribed "*Burkhardt Shudi e Johannes Broadwood, 1773*"\*\* both in excellent preservation, may still be seen at our manufactory in Great Putney-street.

For many years Kirkman carried all before him in London, as harpsichord-maker, Burkhardt Shudi being somewhat too independent and unaccommodating to make his way so readily. A powerful friend, however, a constant guest at his table, and a staunch admirer of his instruments—no other than the immortal Handel himself—stood the latter in good stead; and chiefly through the patronage of that great man, Shudi's business gradually began to increase, and soon became considerable. His fame as a manufacturer ultimately spread over the continent; and a picture (in our possession) attributed to Zoffany, represents him tuning a grand harpsichord, which he actually sent over to Berlin as a present to Frederick the Great, just after the battle of Prague (Shudi being himself a zealous upholder of the protestant cause in Germany, and believing that the King of Prussia was one of its most earnest and powerful champions). The *Schweizerische Lexicon* (see note to page 8) gives 1765 as the date of the instrument forwarded to Frede-

rick the Great, but the family tradition is not likely to be unfounded, and as the battle of Prague was fought in 1757, the date is evidently erroneous. For 1765 read 1758. Ten or twelve years ago, the harpsichord sent as a present to the king was still at Potsdam, together with some original Silbermann pianofortes††, small oblong "squares" developed from the old spinet, just as the grand pianoforte, to which the German title "*Flügel*" has descended, was, as will presently be shown, developed from the grand harpsichord. The German square is denominated *Tafelformat*, "table-shape." Near the middle of the eighteenth century, others took to the business of harpsichord-making in London; but all—including Baker Harris, Faulkner, and the rest—were, more or less, imitators of Kirkman and Shudi. Baker Harris was especially fortunate with the spinet, a kind of diminutive harpsichord.

From the spinets came the square pianoforte, at one time generally in use, at present—for evident reasons (being as unsightly in frame as it is, and must inevitably remain, meagre, and otherwise unsatisfactory in tone)—going out of fashion. The first square pianoforte ever seen in this country was brought over from Germany, by a well-known harpsichord-maker, named John Zumpe, about 1768 or 1769.‡‡ Specimens of these instruments were multiplied by Zumpe, on his return to England, after a visit to his relations in Germany; but his principal object—notwithstanding the new mechanism, which pointed towards material progress—was still to imitate the tone of the harpsichord. The origin of the name "pianoforte" (or, as it was first styled, "*Forte-piano*") is derived from Zumpe's instruments, the construction of which differed essentially from that of the harpsichord—the uniform and unmodifiable "twang" of the "plectrum" being replaced by a device of percussion, in the shape of a "hammer," which, however rude in its appliance, for the first time enabled the performer to play loud and soft, at discretion. Notwithstanding this advantage, however, the square pianoforte, and even its subsequently illustrious and usurping cousin, the "Grand," were for a long period regarded as of so little importance by musicians, that the half of the lower bass octave which—ordinarily embracing five octaves and a half from C:—



was considered indispensable to the harpsichord, used to be altogether omitted, the scale almost universally adopted for the instrument being five octaves—F to F. When, some time later, John Broadwood applied a thicker covering of leather to the hammers of the "Square," through which means a softer and sweeter tone was produced—so fixed was the prejudice in favor of the crisp, wiry sound of the harpsichord, that the most practised players of the day condemned the innovation, pronouncing the new tone "wooden, flat, and dull." Contemporary makers, however,§§ enlarging the dimensions of the pianoforte, gradually enriched its tone. But the most striking improvement at that period was furnished by John Broadwood, whose "brass dampers" and "new modeling" (for which he took out a patent) laid the foundation of a complete and salutary revolution in the mechanical construction of the instrument. The "brass dampers" have long gone into disuse; but the "new modeling"||| has been since adopted by all the most noted European manufacturers.

Meanwhile, the grand pianoforte (to which, further on, we shall more directly allude) had come into vogue; and much of its brilliancy was attributable to the extra keys, which (at the suggestion of his friend, J. L. Dussek)¶¶ John Broadwood had introduced. This invention was greedily seized on by the manufacturers of the "square"; but, unhappily, what in the instance

of the "grand" (owing to its wide scope and particular conformation) was a manifest advantage, in the comparatively diminutive "square" was as manifest a deterioration, only partially remedied when one William Southwell (of Dublin) increased the dimensions of the "sounding board," and invented the "damper," since in general use. To this William Southwell we owe the "vertical" or "cabinet" pianoforte, constructed after a sketch presented to him by James Shudi Broadwood, in 1804.\*\*\* To Broadwood's sketch, and Southwell's application of it, all the modern upright pianofortes, both of foreign and English manufacture, are mainly indebted; and although at the time, Southwell could not succeed in disposing of the patent he had taken out, the new instrument, partly owing to its peculiar quality of tone, partly, when compared with the square, to its superior advantages as a piece of furniture for a drawing-room—obtained universal favor, "bidding fair" (employing the precise words of James Shudi Broadwood), "to generally supersede the present small or square pianoforte"—a prediction triumphantly verified by the subsequent popularity of the earlier oblique, as well as vertical-stringed "cottages," of which (among others) the long-defunct houses of Tomkinson and Wilkinson produced such generally admired specimens.

(To be continued.)

\* INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862. List of Pianofortes, and of various samples and models, intended to illustrate the principles of their manufacture, exhibited by Messrs. Broadwood & Sons, London, with an historical introduction, explanatory remarks and illustrative plates and diagrams.

† The supplement to the *Schweizerische Lexicon* (Zurich, 1786), in a general account of the Tschudis (originally a noble Swiss family), contains the following about Burkhardt, or Burkhard, Tschudi: "From the Schwauden branch also descended Burkhard (Tschudi), a poor journeyman cabinet maker, who came to England and became famous at the Court in London as a harpsichord maker. Among other beautiful things, he made for the king of Prussia, in 1766, an elegant harpsichord with two manuals. Burkhard Tschudi married in London, where he died in 1773." The harpsichord mentioned in the above extract was, not many years since, in the palace at Potsdam, where, in all probability, it still remains. After working for a time with Tabel (an esteemed pupil of the celebrated Ruckers) Burkhard Tschudi (in 1782) established himself as a manufacturer, at 38, Great Putney Street, Golden Square, the business-residence of the present firm of John Broadwood & Sons.

‡ John (Jean, or Hans) Ruckers, the most renowned of the ancient manufacturers of the clavier, harpsichord, or spinet (*Spinett*), lived at Antwerp at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries. A son—Andrew (André), born at Antwerp, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, and who lived till about 1670—made great improvements on his father's work, both as regards tone and finish. The most celebrated Flemish painters used to ornament the instruments of Andrew Ruckers with devices, the value of which was esteemed so highly that when the pianoforte had thrown the harpsichord into disuse, many of the finest specimens were destroyed for the sake of the panels. About 1770, a good harpsichord of Ruckers used to fetch as much as 8,000 francs (£120). Handel's harpsichord, now in possession of our house, was made by Andrew Ruckers, in 1681.

§ As early as 1732.

|| Of works by Domenico Scarlatti, and other old masters.

¶ The identical instrument played upon by Herr Ernst Pauer, this year, at his recent concert (in Willis's Rooms), in illustration of the History of Pianoforte Composition.

\*\* Broadwood married Shudi's daughter in 1769; and, at the death of the latter (in 1773), entered into partnership with the son and successor, who styled himself Burkhardt Shudi.

†† The Pianofortes manufactured by Silbermann (of Freiburg) pleased Frederick the Great so much that he resolved to buy them all up at once, and was soon in possession of fifteen of them. Upon every one of these the celebrated John Sebastian Bach was invited to play, when (in 1747 at Potsdam—three years before his death)—at the request of Charles Philip Emanuel Bach, who had been for some years in the Royal service—he paid his first and last visit to the King. It was here that Bach received from the King the subject for a fugue, which was subsequently amplified into an elaborate piece, entitled *Musicalisches Opfer* "Musical Offering," and dedicated to His Majesty. A detailed and interesting account of this is given by Bach's biographer, J. N. Forkel, who adds that (even in his time) the whole of Silbermann's pianofortes remained in the palace, unfit for use.

‡‡ The French *Piano à queue*, like the German *Flügel*, or "wing-instrument" equivalent to the English "Grand"; and the French *Piano carré*, like the German *Tafelformat*, or "Table-form" equivalent to the English "Square," were gradually developed from these instruments—not by Frenchmen, but by the apprentices and followers of Silbermann, at Strasburg and Freiburg—to which fact the Alsatian Burkhardt (Erard), and Pleyel, the German Herr, &c., bear witness.

§§ In some imperfect remains of old books connected with the transactions of our house, we find allusions to a small F F (five octave) Square Pianoforte, dated 1760.

|| Beyer, Buntebart and Böhm (all Germans as may be guessed from their names.)

||| A device by which the wrest (or tuning) pins were placed at the further extremity of the keys, instead of, as before, in a block to the right of the sounding-board—a modification of the first importance, whether its influence upon the tone of the instrument or its capacity for keeping it in tune be taken into consideration.

¶¶ Born at Caslau (Bohemia), Feb. 9, 1761; died at St. Germain-en-Laye (near Paris), March 20, 1812.



\*\*\* The upright grand pianoforte, which had existed many years in advance of this, were merely instruments erected vertically on a box with four legs. The upright "Cabinet" of Southwell differed from these in certain mechanical arrangements, unnecessary here to describe.

## A Catalogue of Great Composers.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

Some cry up Haydn, some Mozart,  
Just as the whim bites. For my part,  
I do not care a farthing candle  
For either of them: nor for Handel.  
Cannot a man live free and easy,  
Without admiring Pergolesi?  
Or thro' the world with comfort go,  
That never heard of Doctor Blow?  
So help me heaven! I hardly have;  
And yet I eat, and drink, and shave  
Like other people, if you watch it,  
And know no more of stave or crotchet  
Than did the primitive Peruvians,  
Or those old ante-queer diluvians  
That lived in the unwashed world with Tubal,  
Before that dirty blacksmith, Jubal,  
By stroke on anvil, or by summ'at,  
Found out, t' his great surprise, the gamut.  
I care no more for Cimarosa  
Than he did for Salvator Rosa,  
Being no painter: and had luck  
Be mine, if I can hear that Gluck.  
Old Tycho Brahe and modern Herschel  
Had something in 'em; but who's Purcell?  
The devil with his foot so cloven,  
For aught I care, may take Beethoven;  
And, if the bargain does not suit,  
I'll throw him Weber in, to boot.  
There's not the splitting of a splinter  
To choose 'twixt him last named and Winter.  
Of Doctor Pepusch, old Queen Dido  
Know just as much, Heaven knows, as I do.  
I would not go four miles to visit  
Sebastian Bach—or Batch—which is it?  
No more I would for Bononcini.  
As for Novello and Rossini,  
I shall not say a word to grieve 'em,  
Because they're living—so I leave 'em!

## English Vocalists.

### I. MR. BARTLEMAN.

James Bartleman, the finest and most intellectual bass-singer of his own, or indeed, any other time, was educated as a chorister in St. Peter's, Westminster, under the celebrated Dr. Cooke, and maintained his place before the public in the Ancient and Vocal Concerts, of which latter he was, together with Messrs. Knyvett, Harrison, Vaughan, and Grestorex (the conductor), one of the original proprietors, as well as at the Lent oratorios, and all private concerts, for a period of nearly thirty years. Bartleman was a man of an original and enthusiastic cast of mind, which undoubtedly would have enabled him to excel in any walk of art he undertook. By his powerful talent he contributed to keep alive the passion for Purcell's and Handel's music, which at that time, together with the great Italian masters, Pergolesi, Jomelli, &c., almost exclusively enjoyed the favor of the musical public. With a low barytone voice not of great power, not remarkable either for sweetness or roundness of tone, this highly-gifted singer produced effects by mental energy and a just conception of the characters he for the time represented in his songs, that made a lasting impression upon his auditors. His style was at once bold, commanding, and illuminated whatever it glanced upon. With a fancy lively to an extreme degree, and a chastened temperance which he derived from his education in the church, the dramatic effect, visible in all his efforts, was refined and rendered fit for the more polished singing of the chamber and concert room. The songs he made his own were, "O rud-dier than the cherry" in *Acis and Galatea*, which before he sang it was always considered a rude and unmanageable composition; those who had the good fortune to hear him, cannot, even at this distance of time, (1838) forget the highly dramatic and spirited manner in which he delivered that remarkable song. "Thus saith the Lord to Cyrus his anointed," was another of his *chef-d'œuvres*; here the magnificent

conception of his author kept alive the interest to the very last note of the song. But, perhaps, his greatest triumph was in Purcell's music; the enormously difficult phrases in "Let the dreadful engines of eternal will" he so alternately elevated and subdued, according to the sentiment so powerfully embodied by our native composer, blending the several gradations of passion with delicacy and precision, while, at the same time, his whole strength was tasked to the utmost that the effect upon the auditor, it is no exaggeration to say, was perfectly astounding.

The frost scene in *King Arthur* was another of those pieces in which his just and bold conception of the dramatic effect which ought to attend the Cold Genius—

"Rising unwillingly and slow,  
From beds of everlasting snow,"

produced a freezing sensation on the hearer. His tremulous tones seemed actually to issue from some ice-bound cavern, where lay the shivering, slumbering Genius. If Bartleman had sung this on the stage, it would have been referred to as one of those efforts of his art that would have taken rank with Pasta's personification of *Medea*; for no one who knew him could doubt that his acting would have been as fine as his singing.

Dr. Calcott, one of the first glee writers of his day, was a personal friend of Bartleman, and wrote for him "Angel of life," "These as they change," and one or two other songs now forgotten, which, in his hands, retained their places in public estimation for many years. The glees "Peace to the souls of the heroes," "Who comes so dark," "Red cross knight," all owed their great success principally to Bartleman's singing; although due merit must be accorded to the vocal party who constantly sang with him, and contributed to the unity of effect so indispensable to this style of vocal composition, as yet unrivalled by foreign composers. Horsley's fine glee, "Cold is Cadwallo's tongue," was another of this mentally-gifted singer's favorite specimens, exhibiting the power obtained by superior reading of his poetry. For him Stevens composed "Some of my heroes are low," a work conceived in the true Ossianic spirit of the poem.

There is another fine glee now seldom or never heard, "Mona on Snowdon calls," written by Dr. Crotch, in which both expression and effect were considerably enhanced by the superior style in which Bartleman led the principal bass part.

As, in point of science, few singers ever attained to the knowledge he possessed of the business of an orchestra, in drilling and training the vocalists for the madrigals and other full vocal pieces, then forming the principal attraction as concerted music, at the original Vocal and other concerts, it might be imagined that in singing the more simple style of English ballads Bartleman would not succeed, because of the danger arising, as the vulgar suppose, from too much learning; but, happily, such was not the case; for, among others, in the pure and beautiful little song written by Robert Cooke, "Farewell to the nymph of my heart," the utter abandonment of grief from constant separation was so strongly portrayed by the singer, that we well remember on one occasion several ladies were taken out fainting from the concert room at the close of the song. Neither time nor space will allow of our enumerating all the beauties that this eminent artist created; neither should we condescend, but with the utmost contempt, to notice the party formed against him in his latter days of public exertion, at the head of which was a provincial critic, who prided himself upon discovering the *mare's nest*, that Bartleman had *faults* in his singing! Now his greatest admirers never denied this fact, which applies equally, as a blot of human imperfection, to most of the greatest men who ever lived; and without the malice which swayed the aforesaid narrow-minded and self-sufficient person, candor will readily acknowledge what these faults were,—too great a breadth in pronunciation upon certain words, *maan*, for *man*; *luard* for *lord*, &c.; and too great a propensity to open the mouth in the contrary manner to what the Italians term "*bocca ridente*." These errors, if persons came purposely to watch for them, were easily discovered. In the same manner, in viewing one of Claude's pictures, we may notice how inferior are his oxen and sheep to all other parts of his landscape; but we contend that these by no means destroy that great master's productions as works of high art. So Bartleman's faults were forgotten by all unprejudiced persons when he was singing. They only heard his energetic style, his bold conception of his author, his complete identification with both poet and composer, and the unabating spirit which carried him on, even while suffering the severest torture from a painful internal disorder which afflicted him for years, exercising his great talents, and keeping the English professors together by his zeal and attainments, as well as by his integrity and

kindness to all who required either advice or assistance from him. It does not appear that any particular incident occurred in his life of alternate suffering and study, that could interest the reader, excepting one, which showed his independent spirit.

During a rehearsal at the Ancient Concerts, Lord Darnley (a proud, haughty nobleman, who was one of the directors), made a remark, in his dictatorial manner, that something was wrong while Bartleman was singing, and intimated that he (Mr. B) was the perpetrator of the erroneous passage. Bartleman, who not only knew his business eminently well, but was also aware of the total ignorance of his rebaker, said a few, not the most placable, words in his own peculiar way, to the effect that perhaps his lordship would condescend to take his place in the orchestra and perform it more to his own satisfaction, instantly quitted the rooms in a towering passion, "*being so pestered by a popinjay*," and went home, leaving the rehearsal of onerous pieces for the principal bass unfinished. He declared he never would utter another note there again; and it was only by the mediation of friends who persuaded my lord to make the *amende honorable*, which, after a week had elapsed, he did in a very handsome and satisfactory manner. In this little *fracas* was exhibited the value this great singer set upon his own exertions; and although on the score of politeness, perhaps, the action is not to be imitated, still it serves to show how powerless are even rank, wealth, and influence, against determined talent, energy, and consummate skill; for had he then left the Ancient Concerts, they must have dwindled into utter insignificance for want of his powerful aid.

It is not known that Bartleman ever composed either song or glee. He was a good performer on the violoncello, and possessed a large and valuable library of music, which after his decease was sold by auction, and the respectable auctioneer ran away with the proceeds, which thus became lost to his two sisters who survived him.

In summing up the merits of this great English singer, we may say that the chief points he made were a poetical reading of his author, without affectation or bombast, a never tiring energy of style, resulting from his strong feeling of the situation in which the person represented was supposed to be placed, and to which the mere musical notes were always rendered subservient, both in time and style, a true devotional sense of the high class of composition\* he spent the greater part of his life in illustrating, and a determination always to support the interests of his art, and of his brother professors to the utmost.

\* This reminds us of that lovely song by Pergolesi, "*O Lord have mercy upon me*." Can any forget who heard it, the slow melancholy shake upon the words, "*My strength faileth me*," and the electrical burst of tone in the last movement, "*But my hope hath been in thee, O Lord*!"

## Moritz Hauptmann.

(A Memorial, written for the celebration of his seventieth birthday, October 13, 1862, by OSCAR PAUL.)

(From the Musical Review and World.)

Translated by FANNY M. RAYMOND.

Continued from page 401, vol. XXX.

The abundant and useful instruction which the student of art may gain from the study of Hauptmann's polyphonic and fugued themes, will be still further-increased and more easily attained by an acquaintance with our author's theoretical writings. They are peculiarly adapted to assist the learner towards an independent judgment as to works of art and artistic forms. His deep, inclusive criticism on the works of Bach and Klengel; his clear explanation of Bach's "Art of the fugue;" his grounding in those rules that step forward, one after the other through the history of art, according to natural laws; excites the student to careful observation, and a lofty, clear understanding of all artistic inventions and phenomena.

From the introduction to the review of Klengel's fugues and canons, many musical critics may learn that modesty, which is so much needed in a portion of the musical world. Such criticisms as Hauptmann has written, might be taken as a pattern by some of our musical writers; and from them they would learn that truthful opinions and criticisms can only proceed from a perfect understanding of theory, and an entire mastery of practice. How admirably Hauptmann places Klengel's value in the right light, adding to his analysis a view of Klengel's life that puts it clearly before the reader, while in a few words he brings forward his most distinguished qualities, and points out to the student all that is most valuable and useful in them. In the preface to John Sebastian Bach's Masses in F, A, G, and G minor, our

author proves himself to be a deep thinker and inquirer. He compares Bach's great mastery over technical means with that of Haydn, showing that while Haydn arranged his oratorio, "The Last Words of our Saviour," from seven orchestral adagios which he had written for Passion-week, Bach undertook the far more difficult task, to accommodate choirs to ready written orchestral themes. "This was an undertaking," says Hauptmann, "such as only Sebastian Bach would set about and the completion of which is all the more to be admired in him, as it would have cost him less trouble to write new music." Our author then goes on to the description of the different masses, and gives various readings of them from the manuscripts before him. He clearly proves how Sebastian Bach completed his masses from other pieces of music, and fortifies his opinions by the evidence of other learned writers on music, Mosewius for instance, in his work "Sebastian Bach's church cantatas and chorals." In his critical explanations, Hauptmann steps prominently forward as an historical searcher; his principle was, truth before every consideration in historical development; in this he resembled Humboldt, to whom the truth of natural laws was an impalpable and sacred thing.

In his "Explanations of J. S. Bach's 'Art of the Fugue,'" our author says, that this work will be principally valued for its instructiveness, although the 20 pieces of music contained in the work, regarded merely for their musical and poetic worth, witness every moment to the powers of the lofty master. He then goes on to the thematic development, and reminds the student, how fitted are the counter movements of the major and minor modes, to the subversions of a fugued theme. He then analyzes the 14 fugues and 4 canons in a brief and simple manner, clearly bringing out the principal points of each, afterwards treating of the 2 fugues for 2 pianos. Finally, he says of Bach's uncompleted fugue, that this work, even in its incomplete form, must be regarded, both on account of its intrinsic merit, and as the last work of Sebastian Bach, as a valuable supplement, but as nothing more, since the book is complete without it. And something of what Hauptmann says, in his noble enthusiasm for Bach, at the close of the work, is not altogether inapplicable to himself.

The experience of a whole artistic life, at least so far as regards theoretic inquiry, is laid down by Hauptmann in his "Nature of Harmonics and Metrics." In this work Hauptmann reached a point in the history of art, from which all theorists must in future start. With S. Bach the chain of theoretic combinations closed. The theoretic rules, which, like peculiar systems in the history of philosophy, stepped forward in the course of experience, both before and after Bach, have been explained, with more or less success, in the many books on theory. But, so far, these rules had only found their use in the practice of our most prominent composers, especially J. S. Bach.

Was it not then probable, that many in the later times would say, that free creation in art was quite sufficient, without being too strongly bound to the rules of established forms? and that what is called "aesthetic feeling," was the sovereign judge of musical composition? But feeling readily goes astray into wrong paths, when it is not supported by reasonable thinking. The lunatic has feeling; but logical power of thinking he is utterly destitute of. It was easy to come to fallacious conclusions regarding the laws of art, because early composers had succeeded just as well as the later, with all history and theory at their command, so long as proof was wanting that such conclusions were sophistical. These errors were certain to spread, and to find ready assent in our times, so long as they were only opposed by an abstract theoretic system, and until it was fully proved that this system is rooted in the human mind, and that it rests upon natural laws. The merit of bringing forward this proof belongs to Hauptmann only, and for this he stands alone in the history of art. In his book "The nature of harmonics and metrics," the main substance of the musical system of tones is clearly explained to be founded in the human nature, according to unalterable laws, and it is proved that "correct musical expression in composition is always natural, human, reasonable, and generally intelligible." As ideas are developed in the universal intellect of man, which, by means of logical thinking, become clear conceptions and comprehensive principles, whose results are intelligible expressions,—so arise musical ideas in the musical intellect; but if these are not correctly ordered by means of reasonable and logical thinking, they will never become clear conceptions, and still less intelligible forms. They rather become erroneous results; something that is never born of a sound brain. So Hauptmann says: "That which is musically inadmissible, is so,

not because it is opposed to certain rules set down by musicians, but because it is contrary to laws set down by human nature to the musician; because it is logically untrue, a contradiction throughout. An error in music is a logical error, a fault according to the universal human mind, not a fault to the musical mind in particular. That which is musically right and correct, appeals to us in a humanly intelligible manner."—"That which is erroneous does not appeal to us as the expression of something incorrect; it does not appeal to us at all; it finds no response within us, we cannot understand it, for it has not any meaning."—"Music hath no indefinite sense; it speaks to humanity, and speaks only that which is felt by humanity. A manifold significance only appears in music, when each one seeks to find, in any peculiar musical idea, his own particular impression; when we strive to fix the flowing being of music, and to speak that which is inexpressible."

The gift of imparting knowledge is not granted to all great men. But all who had the good fortune to know Hauptmann as a teacher, acknowledged that a better instructor for cultivated circles could not be found. Our master developed the talent of his scholars with equal carefulness both in general and in detail; while in that *grounding* which is notably the most difficult task of the teacher, he especially excelled. His amiability and kindness were so remarkable, that among the immense number of his pupils, not one has been found to make the slightest complaint of his failure in this respect. And, full of humanity, he was always ready to assist others where it was possible to him.

To the Editor of the (London) Musical World.

SIR,—I have tried my hand at some poetry, of which I beg the immediate insertion. I entitle it (see title further down), and am Sir, yours, &c.  
DILETTANTE CURTAINLIFTER.

#### COVENT GARDEN NURSERY RHYMES.

(By a Devil on two sticks.)

##### I.

There was a composer called Balfe,  
Who wrote much, and so well that, if half  
What he wrote was his own,  
He would stand quite alone,  
That prolific composer called Balfe.

##### II.

There was a composer called Wallace,  
In whom managers oft found a solace;  
When Balfe couldn't be had,  
Their case was 'nt bad,  
If they only fell back on old Wallace.

##### III.

There was an old tenor called Harrison,  
Who thought himself out of comparison  
The best tenor that e'er  
Had warbled an air,  
That complacent old tenor called Harrison.

##### IV.

There was a soprano called Pyne,  
Whose voice was so sweet and divine,  
That the angels aloft  
Hush'd their songs and cried "Soft,  
Let us hear this soprano called Pyne."

##### V.

There was a contralto called Baxter,  
Who once sung whenever you axt her;  
But now, I'm afraid,  
She won't sing till she's paid,  
That exacting contralto called Baxter.

##### VI.

There was a conductor called Mellon,  
The best that e'er yet I heard tell on;  
For if Costa himself  
Had been laid on the shelf,  
What mattered when there was old Mellon.

(To be continued with permission.—D. C.)

#### Musical Delusions of John Bull.

(Translated from a Berlin Paper for the London Musical World.)

I am always put in the very best of humors when I receive the *Musical World*, a journal costing sixteen shillings a year, and published in London.

It is almost incredible what an enormous number of vocal associations, monster concerts, musical festivals and Philharmonic clubs\* there are in England, how many doctors of counter-

point and fugue, and how many enthusiastic amateurs who swear only by Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Handel and Mendelssohn.

Nations, like individuals, have always an inclination to shine by those very qualities in which they are totally deficient. England desires, at any price, to be accounted a musical nation, and its reason for this is because it consumes a prodigious quantity of music. We might with as much justice say it was a wine country, because it drinks a great deal of champagne and claret.

England is indebted for its music, its aesthetics and everything connected with vocalism and instrumentalism to the Germans, the Italians and the French. A feeling for Art with difficulty strikes root in an English organization. England is everything: coals, roast-beef, bales of cotton, and ginger-beer, except music. Every germ of art is smothered at its very birth under the factory, the counting-house, the shop, and the hurry of business. A man must devote his energies to obtain what is necessary, and Heaven knows how much is necessary in England, before he can think of what is unnecessary, like art and poetry. As long as a man does not possess an income of a thousand a year, a brilliant establishment, and a colossal stock of linen, he remains in the category of the "mob." In order to obtain "honorability," in order to be able to sustain the part of a "gentleman," a man must work frantically, trade and cheat, for the purpose of making money; that is the great battle-cry, the banner, the universal object, "Make money!" The Englishman who owns no patent of nobility, no landed estate, no exchequer bonds, must do nothing but "make money." On this soil, put in tilth and sowed wholly and solely for positive life, the Ideal is a plant of luxury, and the fine arts unnatural wants.

I am extremely sorry for the *Musical World*, but I am compelled to repeat a thousand times: England is not a musical country. and it can boast of no musical world, unless we regard as such the paper which has assumed the name.

Nature herself, however is to blame for this. In the first place, an Englishman can no more sing than a South American dog can bark; he has no voice, no speech, no melody. The voice is disorganized simultaneously with its birth, immediately the mouth begins to masticate English. It is a well-known fact that the vowels *a* and *e* are the first elements of singing; they constitute the principal and fundamental tone-color in music. But Englishmen have no *a*; it speedily degenerates into a dull, undecided *o*, which can never make up its mind to be a frank, honest *e*; or else *a* is changed into *e*, but, ah, what an *e*!—an *e* which sounds like the point of a knife, and cuts its way through the air.

The same is true of the other vowels, for all tones, immediately they proceed from an English gullet, are spoilt; they come as bastards into the world.

But if we must pity the vowels, how much more ought we to pity the poor consonants, for they are born, as it were, with broken limbs.

In addition to all this, the English vocabulary contains myriads of words of one syllable, and persons speaking, instead of pronouncing each word separately and distinctly, for this would take up too much time, make a single mouthful of three or four words, which they chew together, swallowing some, chewing some over again, and hurling out the rest with the hissing of a viper—and this is called *speaking English*.

Who would sing in such a language?

This is the reason why John Bull renders himself a laughing-stock with his musical pretensions!

SOUV. KROUT.

\* Thus spelt by the talented author of the article, which we take from a Berlin paper.—T. V. BRIDGMAN.

#### The Choral, or Psalm Tune.

1. The character of the tune should accord with the sanctity of the place and occasion.
2. It should be such as to allow the meanest and most untutored person in the congregation readily to unite.
3. It should be free from monotony and dullness.
4. It should be united to the subject of the Psalm or Hymn with which it is connected.

1. The rule is violated when tunes are introduced of a light and frivolous character.

Were the pieces, indeed, of a superior excellence,—the characteristic productions of some master spirits—if we dare not plead their toleration, we should yet seal their banishment with regret. But in most instances their character is widely different. Not only do they fail to promote edification, but continually violate those principles of musical taste, which are almost intuitive in every mind. The anthems, fugues, psalm-tunes, and other pieces in general use throughout the country, are as a body, beneath criticism: they have noise, and that is all. They possess none of that exquisite blending of sound and idea which long lingers in the affection, and in moments of thoughtfulness and melancholy musing, is ever at hand to soothe or to enliven. The fact is, that, in general, they claim neither sweetness of melody nor breadth of harmony, and the mind wearies itself with the attempt to shape that which is evidently shapeless, and bring the noisy and discordant particles to something of a consistent form.

It is not uncommon for the well-intentioned persons who have been captivated by some secular melody of the day, to introduce it into the church. It is possible that its complexion might not be unsuited to the sanctity of the service to which it is applied; yet the associations connected with it are sufficient to render it a most unfit medium of spiritual communications. When, for instance, the pleasing melody of the tune called "Prospect" is performed in the church, no words, however sacred, can blot from the mind every remembrance of the equally pleasing but profane lines of Ben Jonson, to which they were originally composed. Besides that there is a want of proper feeling and correct taste in going elsewhere to gather the glittering tinsel of theatrical music, when the richest bullion of untouched gold lies neglected at our very feet.

Similar to this is the custom of mutilating some masterly and splendid sacred composition of a more extended character, and obliging it in contempt of its original design, to usurp, in a cramped and altered form, the place of the genuine Psalm tune. Nothing can be more wanton and needless than the efforts made to accommodate the works of great masters to a purpose not originally contemplated.

2. As with other things, so with music.—

"When evils come, they come not single spies,  
But in battalions."

The tunes of the character just specified are further objectionable, as they generally involve the violation of our second rule. They present obstacles to that unity, which is the chief charm of congregational Psalmody; and this in many ways. First, by their lightness and rapidity. All great bodies move slowly. They possess power; but they require time to develop it and space to apply it, otherwise their strength becomes weakness, by their efforts falling short of their object.

If then the tune be designed for the mass of a congregation, it must be satisfied to assume a deliberate character, abounding in minims and semibreves, and not in crotchets and quavers.

Again, the sudden and marked transitions of many tunes of this kind present needless difficulties, passing from one chord to another through a strange and unexpected interval, without breaking the fall by some easy and leading note. Far from being an inherent defect, this is frequently a great beauty, and some of our most original and magnificent harmonies abound in the most startling transitions. But such are manifestly unsuited to a mixed assembly, where the composition should be as simple as the performance is rough. If when the tune is steadily pursuing a straight track, time and patience are requisite for the proper development of each several note, it is natural to suppose that any unexpected break will be likely to occasion confusion.

Hence the necessity of choosing tunes not only grave in character, but simple and flowing in their design. The opposite practice is one cause why, in many parishes, the ground has been so exclusively occupied by the singers. Nothing could better answer their end of monopolizing the psalmody to themselves than the adoption of such tunes as were too rapid or rugged for the congregation. Idleness is not the most general natural infirmity of man; and there can be little doubt but that, had the tune been suited to the capacities of the multitude, there had been less cause to complain of their silence. Let music once be intelligible, and it will soon wind itself into the affections of the people.

Another obstacle that comes under this head is the complex character of many tunes. This is especially seen in those miserable compositions that are presented to many a country congregation under the prostituted name of fugues. In the performance of such pieces, the people ignorant of the first principles

of musical science, have no choice—they must either be silent, or they mar the music! Away then with all country fugues and anthems, if we seek to cherish real psalmody!

Another class of tunes, without assuming the scientific appellation of fugues, display a fondness for occasional division of parts perfectly advisable in extended compositions, executed by a practised choir, but only apt to bewilder a congregation. When the treble is left to perform singly, and the bass has its pauses and places of conjunction to mark, the mind of the singer is too much engrossed to feel the benefit of a spiritual exercise, and the people at large are utterly precluded from a cordial participation. They are continually at fault. But this species of tune brings with it another evil. The scope of a plain verse is found far too narrow for its full development. Hence the necessity of embarrassing repetitions of words, lines and even syllables. Now, if repetitions are at all admissible, it may only be when neither musical nor poetical properties are in any respect violated. For this purpose the composer must adapt his composition to certain words; and if as in translations, it be necessary to apply other words to the same composition, it is easy to see that great skill, patience and ingenuity are requisite to prevent violations of rhythm and accent. What bound there can be set to such violations, when a tune demanding constant repetitions is applied arbitrarily to the successive verses of a hymn, without any other restriction than its accordance with the general measure? The less repetition and network there is in plain psalm tune, the less confusion will there be in its performance; and in vain shall we look for a thorough reformation of our psalmody, till the entire adoption and restoration of the good old church tune in all its ancient rights and privileges. There alone is found that freedom from light runs, sudden transitions, ornamented flourishes, rapid movements, and perplexing repetitions, which are sure to blur over all attempts to give full energy to this most interesting and influential portion of divine worship.

3. It may be imagined that the species of tune recommended in the foregoing remarks, cannot possess that life and energy so necessary to sustain the popular attention. Hence the objection has arisen that what is gained in facility of execution is lost in diminution of interest; and that, without noise and motion, the musical feelings of a congregation must remain torpid. Now, if languor were a necessary adjunct of a slow and majestic tune, we should indeed find some difficulty to reconcile feeling and understanding. Happily, however, we are spared this perplexity; neither harmony nor melody are destroyed, or even impaired by suitable variations of time. It is with music as with poetry. In both arts the most sublime and weighty passages require deliberate and marked emphasis to render them effective; if hurried over lightly, their character is lost. A pleasant superficial composition, on the other hand, agrees well with an easy and flowing delivery.—Gravity, solemnity, and majesty of step, are as needful to inspire feelings of awe and reverence in music as in manners; and when we consider of how great importance it is that the seriousness of the spirit should be maintained in every part of divine service, it were enough, though no other end were gained by the introduction of this species of Psalmody.

But it may be fearlessly asserted that it is inferior to no kind of composition in arousing the attention, or keeping alive an excited interest. It yields to none in ministering to the very highest degree of musical gratification.

We have no lack of compositions rich both in melody and harmony; and that such will be comprehended and admired when lighter ones are forgotten, may be seen from the hold which Luther's Hymn and the Hundredth Psalm unceasingly retain of the public ear,—tunes which increase the more in popular estimation the better they are known.

It is, however, a mistake to suppose that tunes of this class, in which each word has its distinct note, and all generally of the same length, must be performed in the same time. Some, as for instance the Old Hundred and Fourth Psalm, are in their own character energetic and spirited. Such, therefore, should be played with greater sprightliness than others naturally more solemn and sedate.

It is incumbent upon us to accommodate our tunes as well to the subject-matter of the words to which they are applied, as to the difference of times and seasons.

It is, therefore, the duty of those who have any influence on the Psalmody, to study carefully the character of each sound and legitimate tune, and so to apply it that it may strengthen and not impede the impression designed to be conveyed on occasions

of peculiar solemnity.

"How many things by season seasoned are  
To their right praise and true perfection."

—Luttrell's "Music of the Church."

## Musical Intelligence.

NEW YORK.—*Semiramide* was performed by Martetzek's troupe last Monday evening. The *Tribune* says:

The cast, last night, was as follows: *Semiramide*, Mme Guerrabella; *Idreno*, Mlle. Sulzer; *Arzace*, Signor Minetti; *Assur*, Signor Biachi; *Oroe*, Signor Coletti; *Shade of Ninus*, Signor Coletti.

*Semiramide* must be handsome in addition to other political qualifications, and certainly Madame Guerrabella looked every inch a noble and beautiful classic queen. Besides, we have never heard her to the same advantage. She executed the music with much brilliancy; and increased in force as she proceeded during the evening. Mlle. Sulzer sang the gay griefs of the young prince in all their rapid turns and runs; and called forth liberal applause in her solo. The part of *Idreno* gave Signor Minetti very little to do. Signor Biachi affords a specimen of the old classic school of singing. He possesses the utmost flexibility of voice; and executes with the most artistic finish.

There is so much dull priestly work and ponderous recitative in *Semiramide* that it drags at times on the stage, notwithstanding its superb music. If it could be compressed a little, it would be better; not that there are not operas longer, but their stage business being lively, their length seems less.

To-night *Lucia* will be rendered, with Mlle. Ortoloni, Brignoli, Sig. Mazzoleni, and Sig. Bollini.

The Concordia, a German singing society in Hoboken, have recently performed a little opera by Franz Schubert: "The Conspirators, or the Domestic Strife." It is the first operatic work of Schubert ever attempted in this country. The *Musical Review* says of it:

The opera was written in 1819, when Schubert was but 23 years old. No doubt the work itself gives unmistakable sign of the youth of the composer. Those riches of modulation, those traits of originality, with which his later works abound, are not to be found in the score. Everything is simple, very intelligible and often by no means peculiarly Schubertish. For instance, the song-writer Schubert, as he is known to the present generation, will be scarcely recognized. With exception of the romance of the Countess in F minor and the first part of the Duo between Adolf and Helene in B flat, there can be hardly in the whole score traced anything, which might point to the manner and the turns of melody we find for instance in his songs. Yet the music is much more modern, than most of the music of this style was, composed forty and fifty years ago. One can take the comic operas of the German composers of that time, and one can easily see, how independent Schubert appears in spite of his twenty-three years. Besides there are scarcely any songs in the opera. The choruses, the ensembles, form the chief features of the work, and these in some instances are of an irresistible charm, as for instance the welcome chorus of the women, in C. The conspiracy scene is also of good effect, especially the concluding Andantino in D. Of excellent and even dramatic effect are the two Ariettas by the Count and the Countess, the one in A, the other in C, although in the main features the same music. The finale, too, offers some excellent music, but here the want of really dramatic progression is felt most. The music does not reach its climax, on the contrary it loses its interest. It is true this is partially caused by the libretto (by J. F. Castelli) but on the whole this libretto is better than the majority of text-books of this class, especially of an older period of operatic art. With a few cuttings and alterations the little opera could be made very effective, especially on a large stage, and with the help of the orchestra, the treatment of which, to judge from the Piano-score, must be occasionally quite interesting. But even without these accessories and alterations the operetta has proved quite attractive, as all those can testify, who witnessed the performance in Hoboken. The scenery worked well, the costumes were very appropriate and pretty and everything was neat and acceptable. The choruses, some of which are by no means easy, were creditably sung, and the soloists, Miss Ludewig, Messrs. Uehs and Schoenfeldt, and two or three others, whose names we could not ascer-

tain, gave general satisfaction. We need simply add that Mr. Timm was at the piano (one of Steinway's Grands) to satisfy our readers, that the accompaniment was in the right hands. The performance was preceded by the overture to "Euryanthe," rendered by Messrs. Timm and H. Brackhausen.

We understand that the opera will be repeated for the benefit of Mr. Sorge, the conductor, to whose energy and zeal the bringing out of the work is chiefly due.

PHILADELPHIA.—Of Nicolai's "Merry wives of Windsor" (*Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*), performed by the German Opera Company for the first time in America, a fortnight since, the *Evening Bulletin* says:

It was brought out with great care by Mr. Anschütz's company; the costumes were all new and elegant, and the general *mise en scene* was excellent. The music of this opera is very fresh and beautiful. The overture is familiar to concert-goers, and last evening it was played better than we have ever had it here. The orchestral music, from beginning to end, is extremely beautiful, and among good judges it had a full share of the applause.

The story of the opera is an abridgement of Shakespeare's comedy. Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page appear as "Frau Fluth" and "Frau Reich," and the other characters are close reproductions from the original play. Mme. Johanness, as the Mrs. Ford of the opera, sang better than we have ever heard her, and acted with uncommon spirit. Mme. Schaumborg took the part of Mrs. Page, and Mme. Rotter that of "Anne Page." The latter sang beautifully, and made a great deal out of rather an unimportant part. Herr Graff's "Falstaff" was scarcely up to the ordinary conception of the part in America and England, but he was correct and at times very amusing. Hartmann as "Ford," Weinlich as "Page," Lotti as "Fenton," Quint as "Slender," and Kronfeld as "Dr. Caius," were excellent, though Lotti got sadly off the key in his principal solo, and was some time in recovering himself.

A first hearing of an opera does not qualify one for reporting on its merits in detail, and we cannot refer to all the beauties of this one. The opening duo, between the two "merry wives," is excellent. The finale of the first act is grand, and it was admirably sung by this company. There is a capital drinking scene in the second act, which was extremely well done by Graff and the chorists. Mme. Rotter and Lotti have a beautiful duo, with a peculiar cadence, in which the first violin has a principal part. The music of the last act, where the elves and fairies appear, was of a light character, and scarcely equal to that which preceded it. But the opera, as a whole, was a great success.

Among the pieces given during the past week were Auber's *Fra Diavolo* (with Mme. Berkel as Zerlina, Quint as Fra Diavolo, Lotti as Lorenzo), *Der Freyschütz*, and, for the farewell of the company on Monday, *Don Giovanni*. Fitzgerald (*City Item*) says, no doubt with justice:

The German Opera does not receive all the praise which it deserves. We hear it compared, to apparent disadvantage, with the Italian opera. It ought not to suffer by comparison. The German company altogether has done harder and better work than any Italian company that has visited us—harder, because its music has been more difficult, and more various, better, because the music is in general the best. Its performance, on the whole, if not in detail, is superior to what we have been accustomed to from the Italian opera,—it is more entire, earnest, and possesses a higher purpose, and it has accomplished more good. That is due chiefly to such a manager as Anschütz, whose generalship of music is unsurpassed, but it is also due to the artistic spirit which seconds him. With not altogether the best voices, the German company possesses superior intelligence and energy. Madame Johanness, for zeal, ability, and satisfaction, surpasses in essential respects many prima-donnas of the Italian school who create superficial furores; and the same, in a different application, might be said of Madame Rotter, than whom, in a certain line of operatic character, few singers have given our public better satisfaction. The difference between the schools is decidedly in favor of the sincerity and earnestness of the German, which, with inferior voices, can accomplish greater results.

HARTFORD CONN.—Two classical soirées have recently been given at the Gymnasium Hall of the Hartford Female Seminary, under the direction of Mr. HENRY WILSON, the accomplished organist and teacher. The programme of the first, March 9, was as follows:

- 1 Grand Duo, for two Piano-fortes, "Capriccio Brillante," in E minor, op. 22.....Mendelssohn  
Messrs. Henry Wilson and Dudley Buck, Jr.
- 2 Violin Solo. "Nocturne Concertante".....De Bériot  
(On themes from Schubert, op. 34.)
- 3 Aria. From "Robert le Diable".....Meyerbeer  
Miss Ramsey.
- 4 Sonata, for Piano-forte and Violin, in D major op. 12.....Beethoven  
Messrs. Stickney and Buck.
- 5 Aria, from "Rigoletto".....Verdi  
Miss Ramsey.
- 6 Piano Solo. a. Transcription from "Tannhäuser". List  
"Song to the Evening Star."  
b. Grand Polonaise.....Chopin  
Mr. Buck.
- 7 Trio, for Piano-forte, Clarionette and Viola, in E flat op. 11.....Mozart.  
Messrs. Wilson, Mahler and Gundlach.
- 8 Ballad, "Scenes of my Youth".....Benedict  
Miss Ramsey.

And here is the second programme, of March 27:

- 1 Sonata in B flat, op. 23.....Hauptmann  
1. Allegro. 2. Andante. 3. Rondo Allegretto.  
Messrs. Stickney and Buck.
- 2 Cavatina. From "Huguenots".....Meyerbeer  
Miss Ramsey.
- 3 Romance and Agitato. "Pommes Fugitives".....Heller & Ernst  
From the "Pommes Fugitives."  
Messrs. Mahler and Buck.
- 4 Trio, for Piano-forte, Clarionette and Viola. Op. 14.....Mozart
- 5 Piano Solo. "Echazo in B flat minor. Op. 31." Chopin  
Mr. Buck.
- 6 Ballad. "The Fisher Maiden".....Meyerbeer  
Miss Ramsey.
- 7 Romance, for Violin and Piano-forte.....Beethoven  
Messrs. Stickney and Wilson.
- 8 Aria. "Echo Song".....Eckert  
Miss Ramsey.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 4, 1863.

### New Volume—A Change.

We begin the twelfth year of our Journal of Music with a change of plan. Henceforth, instead of once a week, it will be issued only ONCE A FORTNIGHT.

We are convinced that this change is dictated alike by the interests of the public, the Art, the Editor, and the publishers.

1. It will be better for the public, for the class who read. It is a limited class at best, that spends much time in *reading* about Music, or cares much about discussions of artistic questions, critical analyses, comparison of composers, schools, historic periods, or to keep up with the record of current musical news; while nearly all delight in hearing music for inspiration, solace or amusement. In these grave times, especially, how few have time or thought to spare to really read so many pages, presenting themselves so frequently, as we for eleven years have filled with matter relating almost exclusively to music! Music itself, under the weight of times like these, the spirit needs; its halls and theatres are gladly thronged; but how many persons can we invite with the same confidence to read and think about it? A fortnightly journal will doubtless be read with more eagerness, than one which comes too often.

2. It will be better both for Art and Editor. Imagine the sounder half selected out of all the matter contained in any two successive numbers of the Journal and put into one, or the whole condensed into one, and you will have our meaning. The opportunity for greater condensation, for more carefully considered articles, for preparing a larger proportion of original matter, for entering into some departments of the sub-

ject, for which time has hitherto been short, for gathering up the *gist* of more intelligence within less space,—in short for offering more matter in but half as many words,—is one which the Editor for many years has coveted and felt the need of. He thinks he can do better service to the cause of Art, and fuller justice to himself, by one volume in the year than by two. At all events the present times dictate the trial; of the result it becomes us to speak modestly, though hopefully and with determined purpose.

3. To our publishers, on whom the Journal imposes a heavy pecuniary risk, of which our subscribing and advertising patrons have only partially relieved them since the War began, it becomes a necessary economy, that our work should (for the present at least) be done upon a somewhat less imposing outward scale, provided it can be essentially as well done (for the reader and for Art);—and that it can be, has been shown above.

We do not propose to change the size, external style, or price of the Journal. In spite of the doubled cost of paper and other increased expenses, the subscription price will remain relatively the same as heretofore: namely, *one dollar per annum*. Those who have already prepaid for a year on the weekly plan, will be credited for two years, or may receive their money back, if a fortnightly paper does not suit their purpose.

Our next number, therefore, will be issued on Saturday, April 18, and the paper will appear thereafter on alternate Saturdays.

### Concert Review.

All the concerts of the week have been for patriotic objects; to send health and comfort, and good cheer and music to our brave soldiers in the field.

1. The Concert at Chickering's Hall, last Saturday evening, to raise funds for circulating Prof. Child's capital collection of War Songs in the army, was as unique in character, as it was eminently successful. Tickets enough had been purchased at the dollar price, to crowd the hall. Fortunately for those present, if unfortunately for the absent, a snow storm, of the least attractive variety, suddenly intervened, so that the room was but comfortably filled, and with excellent people, all impressible and readily responsive to the stirring patriotic strains. The selections were of three sorts: specimens of the War Songs; instrumental pieces for orchestra and stringed quartet; and grand choruses with orchestra; as follows:

#### Part I.

1. Songs: Our Country is calling! The Land and the Flag. Sharpshooter's Song. O, we're not tired of fighting yet!
2. Symphony in G minor.....Mozart  
Allegro Molto—Andante—Allegro assai.
3. Songs: Northmen, come out! Cavalry Song. Put it through!
4. Chorus from "Antigone".....Mendelssohn

#### Part II.

1. Quartet in D, 3d and 4th Movements.....J. K. Paine  
Andante—Allegretto con Variazioni e Fuga.
2. Songs: The Lass of the Pampunty. Duet. Shall Freedom droop and die? Harvard Students' Song: Solo. Trumpet Song.
3. Domine, salvam fac Patriam nostram.....J. K. Paine

The songs and choruses were sung by a choir of about thirty rich and powerful male voices,



mostly members of the Harvard Musical Association or undergraduates at Cambridge. The ensemble was very fine, and the body of first tenors uncommonly effective. It was in fact the same choir which contributed so much to the interest of the exercises at the inauguration of President Hill a few weeks ago. They had been carefully drilled by Mr. J. K. PAINE, the musical instructor at the University, who officiated very ably as conductor of the whole concert, besides being the author of a considerable and not the least interesting portion of the music.

The war songs were sung with much more life and spirit than at the former concert for the same object. Indeed there was an inspiring ring to most of the pieces, and a solemn earnestness in some of them which no one could help feeling. The humorous ones, to Prof. Child's quaint words, seasoned the mess agreeably. Mr. Paine's "Cavalry Song" was one of the most effective pieces of music; and, in another vein, his music, Mr. Hale's words, and all the voice, with a will conspired in "Put it through." The third set of songs had been arranged by Mr. Paine with orchestral accompaniment. Messrs Langmaid and Powers in the Duet, and the former gentleman in Mrs. Howe's "Harvard Students' Song" (to the German air *Denkst du daran*), sang with artistic style and feeling. "Shall Freedom droop and die?" (words by C. G. Leland), was adapted to a very appropriate melody and was deeply impressive. The "Trumpet Song" had a ringing trumpet flourish for an introduction—an accompaniment which the men in camp can easily command.

Mendelssohn's noble music (in double chorus) to the Bacchus chorus in the *Antigone* of Sophocles was given with splendid effect both by voices and orchestra; and only strengthened our wish that this choir may be kept together, until it shall have learned and shall be in a condition to bring out the entire music to *Antigone*. It will only require a good reader for the connecting portions of the tragedy. The *Domine salvam fac Patriam nostram*, the same piece which hailed the new President at Harvard, with words altered, confirmed the good impression it there made as a spirited, musician-like, effective composition.

It was a new sensation to hear a Symphony in that small room, sitting as it were in the very midst of the conversing instruments. It was a small orchestra, the "Germania," about twenty instruments, among whom were Eichberg, Meisel, Wulf Fries, Ribas, Heinecke, &c., and all all parts fairly represented. Mozart's G minor was quite well played. Under such circumstances the listener was fixed, held by the button as it were. There was no escaping what each instrument had to say; following the themes and imitative phrases from one set of voices to another, watching their combinations, divergences, responses, and their *tutti* asseverations, you had really a nearer study of the composition, than is usually possible in large halls, although the æsthetic unity and blending may be better there. The two movements from Mr. Paine's Quartet, nicely played by Messrs. Eichberg, Meisel, Eichler and Wulf Fries, made a very agreeable impression, although they would have been more justly appreciated, had the first movement also been given. For so youthful an effort it showed much artistic skill and genial conception. The variations were particularly ingenious and interesting.

We have spoken in praise of these performances, generally and singly, not meaning to assert that there were no technical imperfections. But there was life and right spirit in it all; the music told for its full meaning on an audience, which it warmed into sympathy with itself; and that after all is the main thing; where that is vouchsafed, it is folly to be critical. We trust the War Songs will do the same live service in the army. Judged by the specimens, the little book should be highly useful.

2. Mr. GILMORE's Patriotic Concerts for the benefit of the Sanitary Department of six Boston regiments, (with one of which, the 24th, Mr. Gilmore and his excellent Band served during the first year of the war), have been given with faithful adherence to programme, and with good success apparently, every afternoon and evening of this week. The usual place has been the Tremont Temple, but on the evening of Fast Day Faneuil Hall resounded to the stirring strains of orchestra, and reed band, Mme. ANNA BISHOP's sweet voice and still exquisitely finished singing, Mr. GEORGE SIMPSON's (tenor) smooth and delicate delivery of sentimental ballads, solos on various instruments, &c. The selections have been mostly light and popular, but good of their kind, and the execution has left little to be desired. Mr. Gilmore enters with real patriotic fervor and enthusiasm into his work; and so does his most active and obliging agent, Mr. Blake. The spirit and purpose of these concerts certainly commends them.—Mr. Gilmore has labored in season and out of season, in spite of discouraging beginnings some weeks since, to bring them about, and he is now giving all that he has promised. We trust that the material result will fully equal the large sum he anticipated; it will be a noble gift of one man's heart and energy to the defenders of the sacred cause.

The concerts are continued this afternoon and evening for the special benefit of the 45th Regiment under the auspices of the Independent Cadets. To-morrow (Sunday) evening, they will close with a grand Sacred Concert in which Mr. RUDOLPHSEN will sing, besides the above named vocalists.

GRAY'S ITALIAN OPERA troupe paid a flying visit at the Boston Theatre, on their way back from Portland to New York, last week, and gave two performances of *Don Pasquale*, in connection with M. Juignes's French dramatic company, on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon.

We understand that MARETZK's Havana troupe, of whose performances in New York all the accounts, including our own trustworthy correspondent, are so favorable, will open at the Boston Theatre on the 13th inst. The singers will all be new to us, although the operas may be old.

It does not yet appear how soon we may expect CARL ANSCHÜTZ with his German Company, to give us new operas, at least almost so to us: *Fidelfio*, *Magie Flûte*, *The Soraglio*, *John of Paris*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, &c., &c.

The next Concert that we have in prospect (except Gilmore's), is that of the ORCHESTRAL UNION next Wednesday Afternoon, at the *Melodeon*, while the Boston Music Hall is being renovated and re-organized.

There is yet one more of CARL ZERRAHN's Philharmonic Concerts awaiting us (would we might say many more!). Whether it will come next Saturday we do not learn.

Mr. PARKER's singing Club of lady and gentleman amateurs have been practising all winter Schu-

mann's beautiful Cantata "Paradise and the Peri," founded on Moore's poem. It was to have been performed before an invited and an eager audience. But March winds are harsh, and Peris, Houris, and such creatures of milder heavens where no East winds blow (they being in the East already), can hardly be expected to escape colds; therefore the pleasant event has had to be postponed. But it is worthy of note, meanwhile that such good things are studied in these parts.

LISZT'S CHOPIN. — We cheerfully give place to the following, and regret that we could not do it earlier. It was an inadvertent statement on our part that both Mendelssohn's Letters and Liszt's "Chopin" had been translated *entire* in this Journal, that being true only of the former work. Our translations from the "Chopin" appeared so many years ago that we had really forgotten about them. For the same reason, they could scarcely injure the forth-coming book.

J. S. DWIGHT, Esq.

Dear Sir: I observe in your notice of the forth-coming "Life of Chopin" from the press of F. Leyboldt, Philadelphia, a statement which may have an injurious effect upon the sale of the work in musical circles. You say the book is already known to the readers of your periodical through a translation given in that Journal. Now, according to a letter written by you in 1855, the translation there given consisted of such portions as were found in one of the German musical papers, and, by comparison of those portions with the original work, only sixty pages of the whole two hundred and four were published in the *Journal of Music*. Thus, more than half of Liszt's book was omitted, including especially such parts as were chiefly illustrative of the Polish nationality of the great composer.

I feel quite sure that this error in statement has on your part been made inadvertently, and I rely upon your well known fairness and sense of justice to correct the false impression it must make upon the minds of the reading public. Of course all who think they already possess a translation of the entire work will not purchase Mr. Leyboldt's edition.

This enterprising publisher, having undertaken to bring out a book pronounced by numerous American houses so far above the heads of the people that its sale would not pay for paper and ink, surely merits support from all who desire the real advancement of genuine art in America. Trusting that you will at once correct the erroneous impression conveyed by the Journal of March 14th, I remain,

Respectfully yours,  
Hoboken, March 17. L. D. P.

The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* says:

The last performance of Mr. Anschütz's company drew a fine audience to the Academy of Music, although it took place in Holy Week. The opera was *Don Giovanni*, with the following cast:

Donna Anna.....	Mme. Johanna.
Donna Elvira.....	Mme. Zimmerman.
Zerlina.....	Mme. Berkel.
Don Giovanni.....	Herr Hartmann.
Leporello.....	Herr Weillisch.
Don Ottavio.....	Herr Lotte.
The Commander.....	Herr Graff.
Masetto.....	Herr Quint.

Although the general performance was quite good, yet the only artist who was really equal to the work was Mme. Johanna. She sang well all the difficult music of her role, including the grand aria, "Non mi dir," which the Italians always omit. Mme. Zimmerman is a very poor representative of "Elvira," and Mme. Berkel only a passable "Zerlina." The male characters were better supported, but none of the singers were quite up to the mark. But the fidelity, earnestness and intelligence with which the Germans sing and act, make up for many deficiencies of voice and style, and with Mr. Anschütz's fine orchestra, the performance was a very satisfactory one. The grand finale of the first act was given with splendid effect, the chorus being greatly enlarged.

Between the second and third acts, Mr. G. Gumpert, on behalf of Mr. Anschütz's Philadelphia friends, presented to him a beautiful baton, of ebony, mounted with gold, and bearing a suitable inscription. Mr. Gumpert made a neat and brief presentation speech, while the gift was presented from the hand of a pretty little girl, and acknowledged by a kiss. The affair was altogether very well managed. Although, from various causes, such as Lent and the illness of Madame Rotter, the last season of the German company has not been successful in a pecuniary point of view, we have reason to believe that Mr. Anschütz does not regret coming to Philadelphia, and will pay us another visit next season.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 30.—The representation of Bellini's "Norma" on last Monday night, was very successful, so much so as to warrant its repetition on Friday. The length of time during which this opera has held a prominent position on the lyric stage (more than thirty years, a long period for most modern operas!) is not to be wondered at, when we consider its real wealth of melody, and its great dramatic effects. In spite of frequent repetition, the Druid choruses, the scene following Norma's entrance, the trio at the close of the first act, the fine declamatory passages, and torrents of angry *fortissimo* scattered through the music allotted to Norma, still strike us as remarkable, poetic, and in a certain measure, truthful. This opera requires good actors as well as singers; fortunately, Mr. Maretzek's company tolerably well answers these requisitions.

MEDORI looked the Druid princess finely; her attitudes were nobly picturesque, her acting frequently rose to a degree of impassioned intensity, as genuine as rare. Her singing was more than satisfactory, although it is to be regretted that she makes such a constant (and, we fear, involuntary) use of the *tremolo*, which would be effective in so rich and powerful a voice as hers, were it only heard occasionally. MAZZOLINI made a great deal of the part of Pollione; but so fine an artist can make much of very little. SULZER was correct, but weak, as Adalgisa; BIANCHI pretty good as Oroveso, if not quite up to our childish recollections of Lablache's colossal voice and majestic port and action. The choruses and orchestra were well sustained. On Wednesday night the company gave Donizetti's "Linda di Chamounix," and at Saturday's matinée "La Traviata." "Semiramide" is promised for to-night, quite a pleasant change from the routine repertoire.

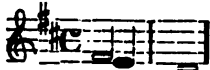
On last Tuesday evening, Messrs. MASON and THOMAS gave their fifth soirée of the present series, at Dodworth's hall. The programme comprised Mozart's quartet in E flat major, (No. 4 of the Haydn quartets), and, in some respects, the finest of the six—with its visionary Andante, and lovely Scherzo; Bach's Piano and Violin Sonata in E major,— "something rich and strange," which from the beginning to the end gave us a sense of quaint delight, yet somewhat mysterious and *unheimlich*; but it must have proved a cold bath to many among the audience, who did not seem to know what to make of it; then three of Schumann's *Novellets* for the piano-forte, played by William Mason; and lastly, Mendelssohn's Octet in E flat major, opus 20, which has uncommon strength for a work of this class by Mendelssohn the elegant; the Scherzo is a summer-night's dream—in Spain, with a rich gloom over it at times.

The Philharmonic Society gave their first rehearsal for the last concert of this season, on Saturday afternoon.

Schubert's operetta "The Domestic Quarrel," has been brought out in Hoboken, by a musical society.

The Italian opera company has given occasional performances in Brooklyn—usually repetitions of the operas produced here.

GOTTSCHALK is inaugurating a new series of concerts here and in Brooklyn.



PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 29.—A few days ago I chanced across the programme of Mr. WOLFSOHN's fourth classical soirée. As the names, both of artists and compositions, promised a rare feast, I concluded to be on hand on the evening of the 26th, and had every reason to congratulate myself, since the concert was, in many respects, a delightful one. Beethoven's Trio, in B flat major, for piano, clarinet and violoncello, was played by Messrs. WOLFSOHN, STOLL and AHREND. Though it is full of beauty and contains two movements (the Allegro and the Adagio) of exceeding interest, it is one of Beethoven's

lighter works. It was well played and, barring the rather too loud performance of various violoncello passages, would have pleased the most exacting of critics.

There was also Mozart's lovely Quintet, in E flat major, for piano and wind instruments. It is one of the most pleasing of the works of the composer who never wrote a page that tires, or a phrase that does not seem as fresh and as acceptable at the fiftieth as at the first hearing. He, indeed, may be said to be musically *blond*, who has lost his love for Mozart. As the E Flat Quintet is very well known, I will not dwell upon it, except to pay my respects to those who played it.

For the sake of the wind instruments, it ought to have been more frequently rehearsed. Mr. Kellnor's hautbois was, at times, positively painful. The Larghetto, beginning like Leporello's *Nella bionda* in "Don Giovanni," pleased more than the other movements, though the whole work was well received.

To describe Mr. Wolfsohn's playing would necessitate the bringing forth of various commendatory adjectives rather the worse for wear. I will, therefore, content myself with remarking that Chopin's Nocturne, in F sharp major, was played exquisitely; and that the Henselt Etude, *Si oiseau j'étais*, &c., would have been better had it received the same careful shading as the Nocturne.

Mr. Ahrend phrases well, plays with fine feeling and has immense tone. His bowing is excellent. In his solo, Schubert's *Ave Maria*, his sliding for notes that should have been attacked squarely did much to mar the beauty of the performance. I am surprised that Mr. Ahrend should allow himself to fall into such a careless manner. As it was, it pleased the audience, who were delighted to obtain the somewhat familiar Schubert's Serenade when M. Ahrend re-appeared.

In the Mendelssohn Sonata, both players (Wolfsohn and Ahrend) gave the various movements, and especially the Andante, carefully and impressively.

The German operas for the week were Nicolai's (and Shakespeare's) "Merry Wives of Windsor," Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, and Weber's *Freischütz*. "Don Giovanni" is announced for to-morrow night.

NEMAND.

A SHARP REBUKE TO MUSICAL HUMBUGS.—It seems that to gain the public confidence, the manager of a juvenile concert troupe lately had it announced that it had received the sanction of Trinity Church; whereupon a letter of correction is sent as follows. We quote it from the Brooklyn Daily News:

TRINITY CHURCH, New York, }  
March 23d, 1863. }

MR. D. F. HARDY—My Dear Sir: In a copy of the Brooklyn News, of recent date, which you have sent me for examination, I find an article describing a concert lately given at the Athenæum, by some Horace Waters "Sunday School Vocalists." While reading the article, I came upon the following startling announcement:

"The Sunday School Vocalists are rapidly growing in favor with this community; and they have, we understand, received liberal offers to sing at Trinity Church (New York), but have very wisely, we think, resolved to remain and exercise their talents in a community that has shown a disposition so liberally to reward their efforts."

"Dear me!" I exclaimed: "is it possible? Something must be the matter with my eyes." I thereupon mounted a pair of powerful, self-adjusting, over-strung, back-action spectacles, of about six horse power. This process, however, revealed nothing new. I think—mind, I am not certain—but think the above announcement "lacks confirmation." I have, however, referred the whole matter to my first assistant organ blower (a intelligent contraband), with power to send for persons and papers! Yours truly, (Signed) HENRY S. CUTLER,

Organist, Trinity Church, New York,

We should think that in future Mr. Waters would be a little careful how he meddles with dignities unauthorized.—N. Y. Sund. Dispatch.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Trout. (Die Forelle). One May day in the Morning. German and English words.

Franz Schubert. 35

Schubert's *Forelle* is already widely known and liked. The German song has a very simple story of a trout in a brook, who was cruelly caught by an angler. The English words describe the beauties of an English May morning, on the banks of the romantic and fish-fall river Dove. The music of song and accompaniment is, of course, perfectly graceful and beautiful.

In Dark'ning Night. In Dunkler Nacht. F. Abt. 35

Many of the German songs have a dusky, sombre, semi-melancholy character, as if written in a cloudy twilight. Many American songs are full of brightness and glitter, like our own sunny days, just the reverse of the moist, mild, smiling and weeping ones, which constitute the rule in Deutschland. But such songs as this of Abt's are beautifully German American, with rich and tender harmony, and a pleasant, bright melody. The ballad is also very sweet.

Heather Bell. Song. C. Krebs. 34

Another beautiful German ballad, with words in German and English, like the other. Very tender and delicate. These two songs will have many admirers.

Instrumental Music.

Cherry Ripe. Transcription. B. Richards. 40

Another of Richard's skillfully transcribed songs, sweetly easy, with two somewhat difficult passages in five sharps. Excellent for students, and pretty for anybody.

The Queen of the Harvest. Waltz. (New dance music). C. Coats. 50

Has a rich, melodious introduction, followed by four waltzes and a Coda or Fugue. The waltzes remind one of those of Strauss, which they resemble somewhat in style, and are very good.

La Favorita. Franz Nava. 30

Potpourri from the above "favorite" opera. Not difficult. Good for learners who have just progressed beyond easy pieces.

Midnight Chimes. Morceau de Salon. Lindahl. 35

A pleasing and not difficult nocturne. Something in the style of "Monastery Bells."

Books.

THE CHERUB.—Songs for Sabbath Schools and Sabbath Evenings. By J. C. Johnson. Boards 25 Paper. 20

This new book, which, it is hoped, will be a great favorite with all who go to Sabbath Schools, and those who love to sing on Sabbath Evenings, contains a very few of those psalm tunes, which seem to be indispensable to the closing exercises of schools, and a great many new and bright hymns and melodies, songs, duets and choruses, of a style similar to that now so popular with young and old. Persons who have "sung out" the books now used in their schools and classes, are invited to try the sweet music of the Cherub.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 575.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1863.

VOL. XXIII. No. 2.

## Sonnets.

BY D. A. WASSON.

### I.

#### LOVE AGAINST LOVE.

As unto blowing roses summer dews,  
Or morning's amber to the tree-top choirs,  
So to my bosom are the beams that use  
To rain on me from eyes that love inspires.  
Your love,—vouchsafe it, royal-hearted Few,  
And I will set no common price thereon,  
O, I will keep, as heaven his holy blue,  
Or night her diamonds, that dear treasure won.  
But aught of inward faith must I forego,  
Or miss one drop from truth's baptismal hand,  
Think poorer thoughts, pray cheaper prayers, and  
grow

Less worthy trust, to meet your heart's demand?  
Farewell! Your wish I for your sake deny;  
Rebel to love in truth to love am I.

### II.

#### DEFIANCE.

Time's wonted ravage shall not touch my love:  
His wrath I challenge, his assault defy.  
Rust gathered never on the blue above,  
Nor blearing film upon day's golden eye;  
Earth and the heavens have gems that are eterne,—  
The ruby whitens not with bleach of years,  
Ever Orion and his brothers burn,  
Nor even Despair itself their fading fears.  
O, would he say, who all truth did discern,  
That you, then, stars of my heart's heaven, may die?  
Or can that heart its wisdom quite unlearn,  
Nor be illumined when your light is nigh?  
Though Time o'ercame the skies, their azure stain-  
ing,  
Time's lord were Love, immortal and unwaning.

### III.

#### ROYALTY.

That regal soul I reverence, in whose eyes  
Suffices not all worth the city knows  
To pay that debt which his own heart he owes;  
For less than level to his bosom rise  
The low crowd's heaven and stars; above their skies  
Runneth the road his daily feet have pressed;  
A loftier heaven he beareth in his breast,  
And o'er the summits of achieving hies  
With never a thought of merit or of meed;  
Choosing divinest labors through a pride  
Of soul, that holdeth appetite to feed  
Ever on angel-herbage, naught beside;  
Nor praises more himself for hero-deed  
Than stones for weight, or open seas for tide.

—Commonwealth.

## The Midsummer Night's Dream.

A LETTER.

Translated from the German of ROBERT SCHUMANN, by  
FANNY M. RAYMOND.

— Naturally, the first one to hear something about the "Midsummer Night's Dream," from me, is yourself, my dear friend. We saw it at last, yesterday (after nearly 300 years, for the first time), and that the manager set off a winter's evening with it, shows that he has the right sense of things—for in summer one always longs for a "Winter's Tale," and everybody knows why. I can assure you, that many people only went to see Shakespeare, in order to hear

Mendelssohn; this seemed to me a perversion. For Mendelssohn is not like those bad actors who largely display themselves at every incidental opportunity; his music (with the exception of the overture) is only an accompaniment, a mediation, a bridge between Bottom and Oberon. without which, the passage into Fairy land is almost impossible. He who expects more from this music, will certainly be disappointed; it keeps even more modestly in the background than that to "Antigone," where the composers has worked up his choruses to a richer development.

This music does not much illustrate the story of the play, or the loves of the four young people; only once Hermia's search for her beloved is sketched in moving accents; this is an admirable number. It prefers to accompany the fairy portion of the play; and here Mendelssohn was in his own kingdom, and no one more at home in it than he, as you know. The world has long been but of one opinion about the overture; above all, it paints the transformation of Bottom the weaver. The bloom of youth is spread over this, as scarcely over any other work of the composer: the clever master took his first and highest flight in one happy moment. I was pleased, as fragments of the overture came to light in succeeding numbers; but the conclusion of the whole, which brings back the close of the overture almost note for note, did not satisfy me. The composer's ideas, as to the rounding of the whole, are clear; but they seem too understandingly, too reasonably brought out; he should have illustrated this scene with his freshest tones; and just here, where music would have produced the greatest effect, I expected something creative, original. Think of the scene yourself; the elves dance their merry round through every chink and crevice of the house, with Puck at their head, to sweep all bright and clean, while Oberon gives his blessing; nothing more charming or more suited to music can be imagined. Had Mendelssohn only composed something new for this scene! And so, it seemed to me, the highest effect of this piece was wanting; one recollected the many charming numbers as they had passed by. Bottom's asses head may yet divert many even to-day; the enchanted night in the greenwood and the wanderings in many paths will be lastingly impressed on many; and yet it made more the effect of a curiosity, than of any thing else, on me.

The music is all finished and intelligent, from the very first entrance of Puck and the elves; then what a beckoning and jesting there is among the instruments! it is as if they were playing the elves themselves; and we hear quite new tones there too. Very lovely is the subsequent song with the closing words: "so good night with lullaby," and indeed all that has anything to do with the fairies. There is a march (the first, I believe, that Mendelssohn wrote) before the close of the last act; it has reminiscences of Spohr's march in the "Weihe der Töne" (Consecration

of Tones), and might have been more original but it contains an interesting trio.

The orchestra played admirably under M. D. Bach's direction, and all the actors took the greatest possible pains, but the piece was but indifferently put upon the stage. It is to be repeated to-day.

## Mme. Cinti Damoreau.

(From "Spiridon's," letter to the Evening Gazette, Paris, March, 1863.)

We are mourning the loss of a brilliant artist, who gave delight to all of our ago-silvered playgoers, the charm of the Opera Comique, the star of nearly all of Auber's and Adolph Adam's operas comiques: Mme. Cinti Damoreau. She was one of the most thoroughly French songstresses Paris ever saw. Brilliant—not deep; sprightly—not sentimental; gay—but heartless; she was the very personification of the opera comique which is the very impersonification of French musical genius. The French have taste; they have none of the qualities of genius. They can habit you in an attire which is perfection itself. They can brush you a picture which will please everybody. They can fill the back of the restaurant-bill with verses in praise of the pleasures of table and bed which shall sparkle as the wine of St. Peray. They can send you smiling to bed even after four hours of torture on a hard-seated parquet stall. They cannot touch your soul. They cannot bring down your tears. They cannot rouse your hair on end. The deepest impress they can make is a dimple on your cheek.

They shine in opera comique, because opera comique is elegant, trifling, married to elegant melody. It is tasteful music. Nobody expects when he enters the Opera Comique to give those horse-laughs which form the proper accompaniment of the Neapolitan opera buffa, nor those sobs which opera seria commands; no merriment greater than a smile is decent at the Opera Comique, and tenderness dare not go further than filling the eye with a tear. An opera comique is an aid to digestion, an usher to supper. it opens one as 'twere to sensual enjoyment; its giddy, gay, rattling, conversational music drives away care and keeps the soul "fret," as a squad of policemen preserve a thoroughfare "free" on a holiday. Mme. Cinti Damoreau was just the person to glitter (and she did glitter) in music of this sort. She was not a woman of genius, or of acute sensibilities, or of lofty emotions. She had none of Malibran's all-consuming fire, nor of Pasta's fine-toned soul, nor of Grisi's tragic sentiment. She was the perfection of the art of singing. All that art could accomplish with the human voice, all of sedulous study and miracles, you could find in her voice and with them all that decency and grace and piquancy and quickness all French women have. She never gave you all you wanted—but her co-tiveness irritated you as La Bruyere counsels visitors to irritate their hosts by leaving the moment before their hosts wished them gone. You wished for something more, and she left just at the very moment where she seemed about to give you that "something more," that soul, that sensibility, those sentiments for which, tired of mere brilliancy, you craved, and was artful enough to make denial seem reticence, when 'twas really lack of power. This was Mme. Cinti Damoreau's prevailing charm; the setting was better than the jewel it encased.

After a clear idea has been formed of her talents it is easy, by synthesis, to discover her biography. She was led to success by patience and by time. She was born in some obscure corner of Paris life. Some say her parents were porter

and portress at the conservatory; others know that her father taught some foreign language and that her mother was an engraver upon metal, and that the future pride of the Opera Comique was born on the 6th of February, 1801. She reckoned her birth day to be the night when in *Fernand Cortez* she commanded her first applause. Her maiden name was Cynthia Montalant. She was advised to change it for the sake of the effect on the play-bills, when she was engaged in 1819 at the Italian Opera. She then called herself Mlle. Cinti, which name was, as you see, an alteration of her Christian name, Cynthia. Mlle. Cinti continued to be as obscure as her parents from 1819 until 1826, when, called upon to play a part in *Fernand Cortez*, she won many plaudits. Her performances in *Le Siege de Corinthe* and in *Muse* were still more applauded, and then she underwent, from causes which are not now to be discovered, an eclipse. During this period she married a fifth-rate singer named Damoreau, and became Mme. Cinti Damoreau. In 1829 she was again engaged at the Italian Opera, where she appeared by the side of Mme. Sontag and Mme. Malibran, and to so much advantage in the famous trio of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, that she thenceforward became famous. Of a truth, an artist who can appear in company with such eminent songsters and not prove the shadow of the brilliant picture, may of right command high rank. After some time passed at this theatre, Mme. Cinti Damoreau emigrated to the Opera Comique, and there she proved herself in her true sphere. She never appeared without winning favor. She created the leading part in all of Auber's and of Adolphe Adam's operas, and the perfection with which she filled that part in *L'Ambasadrice*, *Acton* and *Le Domino Noir* was most admirable. She bade farewell to the scene of her many triumphs in 1844 in Adam's opera, *La Rose de Peronne*. Her retreat was wise. It took place while her powers were scarcely impaired by age, and yet at the moment when all her legion of admirers could not refuse consent to the departure. How few people know when to retire! She spent twelve or eighteen months in professional tours, she visited America, and then she settled down quietly here as a singing mistress. She was appointed a chair in the Conservatory, and the rest of her time was given to private pupils. She never appeared on the stage or in a concert after her farewell performance. She had guarded against the afternoon of life, and her declining years were passed away in ease and dignity. She was taken sick eight months ago, for the last six months she had not left her bed, and death proved a relief from sufferings which were almost intolerable. Her funeral was well suited with her career. Her pall was borne by MM. Auber, Ambroise Thomas, Perrin (the old manager of the Opera Comique), and de St. George. The funeral music was sung by the best artists of the Grand Opera and of the Opera Comique. All the musical world of Paris followed her remains to their last resting-place at Montmartre Cemetery.

#### Broadwood & Sons' Pianofortes.

(Continued from page 2).

The Grand Pianoforte may be said to have been born in England; for although its inventor, Americus Backers, was a Dutchman, it was in Jermyn-street, about the year 1767, that the instrument was originally planned. Backers was a manufacturer of harpsichords. Instead of clothing the strings (when first "applying hammers"), he merely caused them to be struck by soft wood or cork, with a view to obtain the harpsichord tone so much admired at that period. Subsequently, however, he adopted a thin covering of leather.\* His mechanism, which possessed the double merit of effectiveness and simplicity, competed successfully with that of the most noted and ingenious of his contemporaries, and was gradually adopted by the principal makers, not only in this country, but on the continent, where it was specially recognized as the "*Mécanique Anglaise*," or "*Die Englische Mechanik*." Upon his decease (somewhere near 1781), Backers, proud of his discovery, confided

it to the future keeping of his friend, John Broadwood, who, while in the employ of Burkhardt Shudi, used to go every evening, accompanied by his own apprentice, Robert Stodart, to assist in bringing it to perfection. Broadwood, nevertheless—subsequently engaged in other projects—bestowed little thought on the new instrument, until several years later. He had, in 1773, succeeded to Tschudi's business (Great Pulteney-street); and his increased responsibilities absorbed the whole of his time and attention. Meanwhile Robert Stodart, who, at the expiration of the term of his apprenticeship with Broadwood, commenced "making" on his own account (in Golden-square), had applied himself with eminent success to the manufacture of Grand Pianofortes, on the model of Backers, his opportunities of acquiring familiarity with which have been described. Besides materially improving the mechanism in several essential particulars, he increased the power and enriched the quality of tone. The vogue and extensive publicity which the new instrument deservedly obtained, under Stodart's name, at length awakened John Broadwood to a sense of its importance. For some years Broadwood emulated his contemporary with but indifferent success, till Muzio Clementi † (as influential a friend to him as Handel had previously been to Tschudi), through continually pointing out the defects of his instrument, and urging him to profit by the experience and counsel of eminent musicians and men of scientific acquirement, not only roused the pride of one to whom the art was already in some degree indebted, and who had succeeded to an inventor and manufacturer of the highest eminence, but particularly excited his interest in the progress and improvement of the Grand Pianoforte. Among the rest he solicited and obtained the advice of Cavallo, ‡ author of *A Treatise on Acoustics*, and other works, which at that period were in high repute. Cavallo, having deduced from the Monochord a theory concerning the length and proper tension of the strings of the pianoforte, drew up a paper on that very interesting and important subject, which he subsequently read, with great success, at one of the meetings of the Royal Society. Dr. Gray, too, formerly of the British Museum—who, after certain valuable experiments, had fixed the absolute proportions of gravity and vibration, respectively belonging to strings of brass and strings of steel (which first led to a division of the bridges on the sounding-board of the Grand Pianoforte)—was also one of Broadwood's advisers. With the aid of these distinguished men, he advanced so rapidly, that his reputation as a manufacturer of Grand Pianofortes was in a brief space established; and as a proof of the worth of those modifications and improvements which the suggestions of Cavallo and Dr. Gray had emboldened him to carry out, they were speedily adopted by every maker of note, both in England and abroad.

In 1792, Jean Louis Dussek, the greatest pianist and the greatest composer for the pianoforte of his day, arrived in London. That this distinguished professor at once came to our House, may be accepted as proof of the estimation in which the firm of Broadwood was held in Germany (as in Italy, where Dussek had travelled, and where Clementi had not been chary of expatiating on its claims to consideration); and that he should immediately take so deep an interest in our instruments as to propose several important modifications, shows that the qualifications they already possessed were such as to elicit the serious attention of a man to whom the pianoforte, as a medium of display, owed more than to any other. It was he who first suggested to John Broadwood the "additional keys." For these Dussek expressly composed concertos, sonatas, &c. (among the rest his famous *Military Concerto* in B flat ♭), which he played with extraordinary success at his own concerts, and at other entertainments, where, being the "lion" of his day, he was in continual request. From the time of Dussek's improvements to a long period onwards—with the exception of a mechanism invented by Sebastian Erard, of Paris (in 1818), to facilitate the increased rapidity of execution demand-

ed by the works of more modern composers; and another invention, with the same object, introduced somewhat later by John Broadwood and Sons (an ingenious, although simple addition to the still invaluable mechanism of old Backers)—nothing has since been done to change, in any marked degree, the internal construction of the Grand Pianoforte. The consideration of chief importance during the last quarter of a century, or thereabouts, has related to the amount of power, and to the quality and possible variety of tone, which, as practice taught more and more surely the scientific use of weight and percussion—the bearing of the hammers to the strings, the solidity and the method of striking, the most convenient mode of bracing, and the most efficient construction of the sounding board—have advanced nearer and nearer to perfection. The peculiar requirements of modern pianoforte music have induced manufacturers to pay especial attention to the general action of the "dampers," and to the mechanical appliances through which the "dampers" are controlled—the "loud pedal," which entirely neutralizes the effect of the "dampers" (the object of the latter being to arrest the vibrations of the strings when the fingers are removed from the keys), and the "soft pedal," which, by shifting the hammers to a single string, materially diminishes the volume of sound.

For further details about the early invention and progressive history of the Grand Pianoforte Action, whether in connection with our House, or with the valuable labors of some of its contemporaries, during a century past, the reader is referred to Mr. Pole's book, entitled *Musical Instruments in the Great Industrial Exhibition of 1851*—page 13. | This important action—"facile princeps," it can hardly be denied, among the discoveries that have helped to bring the art of manufacturing Grand Pianos to its present state of comparative perfection—while an estimable boon to players and composers, who, through its means, have been able to express on the keyboard, fully, and with every conceivable modification, whatever they wished to convey, is at the same time, in virtue merely of the simplicity of its construction, the most durable, as well as the most practical mechanism ever invented.

To the patronage with which our House has been honored, on the part of the great composers and players—from Haydn, Dussek and Clementi, to Bennett, Hallé, Pauer and Arabella Goddard—we may allude with some pride. Until 1789, however, when Potter (father of the eminent Professor), and 1791, when Haydn, Dussek and Hummel first played upon our instruments, we have no dates (at least in regular succession) upon which reliance can be placed—scattered and unconnected portions of our books, previous to that period, being all that remain to us. Nevertheless, *libris perennis*, our work can still be adduced in testimony of early success; inasmuch as we have, in excellent order and preservation, a harpsichord by "Burkhardt Tschudi," of 1771, and another by "Burkhardt and Johannes Broadwood," of 1773. What John Broadwood owed to the suggestions of Clementi, Cavallo, Gray and Dussek, has been stated. We, however, John Broadwood's successors, have also some debts of gratitude to acknowledge. The benefit we have derived from the criticism and friendly advice of such artists as J. B. Cramer, Sterndale Bennett, Chopin, Madame Pleyel, Charles Hallé, Ernst Pauer and Arabella Goddard, we readily admit; and we may add, that occasional hints from one and all of these have been acted upon with unquestionable advantage. Nor must we by any means forget what we owe to the compatriots of John Broadwood (the earliest of our name), whose marriage with the daughter of Burkhardt Tschudi laid the solid foundation of our House. John Broadwood (who came up from Scotland with the traditional "half-crown") was no sooner established in business than Scottish fellow-laborers gathered around him; and to this day the names of Black, Murray, Russell, Forsyth, Finlayson, Allen, ¶ and other representatives in the third generations, of the early friends of John Broadwood—all Scots, too, like himself—claim eminent distinction in our estab-



ishment, as belonging to those whose science, experience and industry are indispensable to its prosperity. May the appearance of egotism inevitably suggested by this history of our progress be in some degree tempered and excused by such acknowledgments.

\*\*\* [On the 27th of December, 1817, the Grand Pianoforte, No. 7,362, was forwarded to Beethoven at Vienna. It had been tried by Clementi, J. B. Cramer and Ferdinand Ries (Beethoven's favorite pupil, and subsequently his biographer), whose names, with those of other professors of less eminence, were inscribed upon it. It was unpacked at Vienna by Streicher, and Mr. Cipriani Potter, then happening to be at Vienna, was the first to try it. Beethoven set such value on it that he would allow no one but himself to play upon it, and, only as a great favor, used to permit Stumpff to tune it.

When the composer of *Der Frieschütz* came to England, John Broadwood and Sons forwarded a Cottage Pianoforte to his residence at the house of Sir George Smart, in Great Portland-street, where it remained from the 3rd of March to the 27th of June. Weber arrived on the 4th of March and died on the 6th of June. Except at his own concert in the Argyle Rooms (at which M. Moscheles played), it is believed on good authority, that Weber only played twice in London away from his own abode—on both which occasions the entries in our books warrant us in stating that, in all probability, he used our instruments.

It may also be pardoned in us mentioning, that the last pianoforte ever played upon by Mendelssohn was one of our manufacture, which had been forwarded to his house at Leipsic, during his temporary sojourn (in the summer of 1847) at Interlachen, in Switzerland. Mendelssohn, on arriving home, found the new instrument, and played upon it for several hours. He had been ordered, however, by his medical adviser, neither to play nor listen to music, and this was the last occasion upon which he infringed the regulation. He died very shortly after—Nov. 4, 1847.]

From the beginning of 1780 to the end of 1861, our House has manufactured 124,048 pianofortes, 75,700 of which have been made since 1826. Of the total number, no less than 27,479 were Grand Pianofortes. That these Grand Pianofortes are endowed with a power of resistance, formerly neither attained nor believed to be attainable, combined with a durability at one time regarded as scarcely less utopian, may be gathered from two of their number (fair specimens of the rest), which, though both were completed in 1852, are still, in 1862, the leading concert-instruments. The Concert Iron Grand, No. 18,192, finished September 8, 1852, had, up to January, 1862, been used at 460 concerts. The Concert Iron Grand, No. 18,215, finished December 29, 1852, up to the same date, had been played upon at 458 concerts. During this arduous labor, each instrument lost one string. \*\*

The Grand Pianoforte, indeed, may, at this present period, be said to have attained the *maximum* of power. The scientific application of the principles of mechanics and acoustics to enriching tone and facilitating touch, so as to add still further to the resources of the skilled performer, must henceforth be the chief if not sole object of manufacturers. With what constant solicitude our House, from the commencement, has studied these important *desiderata* we have endeavored, in the foregoing pages, to explain. That we shall not deteriorate for want of zeal, or from a belief that absolute perfection has been reached, may, we hope, be taken for granted.

\* As the ears of the musical public became more and more sensible to the charm of a sweet, full and mellow tone—legitimate tone, in short—the clothing of the hammers, in leather, or whatever covering preferred, by the manufacturer or by his patrons, became more and more substantial.

† Musio Clementi, one of the greatest pianists and composers for the pianoforte of whom the history of the art makes mention, was born at Rome, in 1752, and died near London, March 10, 1832. In conjunction with Longman, Broderip, and Co., he founded a pianoforte manufactory himself, under the title of Clementi and Co., from which has descended the now eminent firm of Collard and Collard.

‡ Tiberio Cavallo, a learned Italian, who established himself in London during the second half of the eighteenth century, published (among other works of which no reliable record at

present exists) a treatise—in *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. lxxviii—entitled, *Of those Musical Instruments in which the Tones, Keys, and Frets are fixed, as in the Harpsichord, Organ, Guitar, &c.* (1788).

§ Op. 40. In the first edition of this concerto may be seen certain passages written in two ways—one for the old instrument, the other, and of course most brilliant for the instrument "with the additional keys." This instrument "with the additional keys" was, at the period under notice, solely manufactured by John Broadwood.

¶ The whole of these improvements"—says Mr. Pole, in his very interesting summary—"were made at a very early period in the history of the pianoforte. To whom we are indebted for them appears uncertain. Some accounts state that the hopper was patented by Longman and Broderip (the predecessors of Clementi and Co., now Collard's); but there is a tradition that, when the manufacture of the instrument was taken up by Beckers, he himself, in conjunction with Mr. Broadwood and Mr. Stodart (both then young men, just embarking in the business), devoted much time privately to the improvement of the mechanism; and that the joint production of the three, when made public (probably about 1770), was the perfect action, known in England as the 'Grand Action,' and on the continent as '*die englische Mechanik*,'—being the combination of hammer, hopper, and check, above described. It has been ever since in use; and with only one further improvement, forms now the simplest and best action known.

"This last improvement is called the 'Repetition' mechanism; and its object may be thus briefly explained. In the ordinary action, after the hammer has fallen, the key must rise to its position of rest before the hopper will engage again in the notch of the hammer, so as to be ready for another stroke; and hence a note cannot be repeated without not only requiring the finger to be lifted through the entire height of the key's motion, but also demanding a length of time between the repetitions, sufficient to allow of its full rise. The contrivances by which this inconvenience has been overcome are of various kinds, according to the fancy or the ingenuity of the makers; but they all act on the same principle—namely, by holding up the hammer at a certain height while the key returns: by which means the hopper is allowed to engage itself under the hammer earlier, and to reproduce the note in less time, and with less labor to the finger than before."

‡ It is but just to state that the first important step towards improving the power and quality of tone in Grand Pianofortes was made in 1820, when a William Allen discovered the first systematic combination of Tension Bars ("bracings"), with a metallic spring plate, an invention patented by his employers Messrs. Stodart. What our House effected in 1849 and 1851, to neutralise the inconveniences, to simplify, and otherwise perfect the working of this new mechanism—the creation of the "Iron Grands," in short—may be seen in the technical description of our work.

\*\*\* The wire was made by Müller, of Vienna.

### Moritz Hauptmann.

(Translated for the Musical Review and World by FANNY M. RAYMOND.)

(Concluded from page 4.)

We must once more allude, in conclusion, to Hauptmann's great acquirements in the domain of musical history, which the writer of this learned to know, from personal experience, in all their remarkable extent. Two years ago, the Leipzig philosophical faculty entrusted to Dr. Hauptmann the task of judging and criticizing a dissertation, prepared by the author of the present pamphlet, which treated of the history of musical theory among the ancients, and also comprised a review of the oldest and newest musical histories. In the course of the at first perplexing examination, the master placed the mistakes in regard to the enharmonics of the Greeks, the hexachord of Guido, the Latin verbal explanations, &c., in so clear a light before the author, that he became convinced of the incorrectness of several of his statements. This was done, however, with so much kindness and fine philosophical taste, that the first anxieties of examination were replaced by unbounded confidence.

This confidence in him was felt by all his scholars; an assertion that is best proved by the universal honor in which the master is held. His whole life has been a confirmation of the old saying:—

Strength in art makes morals sure;  
Is the artist high and pure,  
Then the man is better, truer.

### A LIST OF THE PUBLISHED WORKS OF MORITZ HAUPTMANN.

- Op. 1. Six songs with pianoforte accompaniment.
- Op. 2. Two duets for two violins.
- Op. 3. Gretchen before the picture of the Mater Dolorosa, for one voice, with pianoforte accompaniment.
- Op. 4. The Anacreontics of Vittorelli; voice and piano.
- Op. 5. Three Sonatas for pianoforte and violin, in G minor, E flat, and D major.
- Op. 6. Sonatinas for pianoforte and violin.
- Op. 7. Two quartets for two violins, viola, and violoncello.
- Op. 8. Divertimento for violin and guitar.

- Op. 11. "Amor timido," for voice and pianoforte.
- Op. 12. Twelve pianoforte pieces.
- Op. 13. "Salve regina," for four voices without accompaniment. Pianoforte arrangement for practice.
- Op. 14. Eight songs for voice and piano accompaniment.
- Op. 15. Offertorium "Lauda anima," for 4 voices with organ or pianoforte, ad lib.
- Op. 16. Three duets for two violins.
- Op. 17. Three grand duets for two violins.
- Op. 18. Vocal mass "Kyrie eleison," for soli and chorus.
- Op. 19. Twelve songs for voice and pianoforte.
- Op. 20. Easy Concerto for pianoforte, with two violins, viola and violoncello, in E flat.
- Op. 21. "On the sea" of Goethe for four solo voices, chorus and pianoforte.
- Op. 22. Six German songs with pianoforte accompaniment.
- Op. 23. Three Sonatas for pianoforte and violin, in B major, G major, and D minor.
- Op. 24. Twelve arias for mezzo soprano, with pianoforte.
- Op. 25. Six of Goethe's songs, for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass.
- Op. 26. Six of Rückert's songs, for voice and pianoforte.
- Op. 27. Three of Petrarca's sonnets, for mezzo soprano and pianoforte.
- Op. 28. Twelve songs for voice and pianoforte.
- Op. 29. Three sonnets for mezzo soprano and pianoforte. Italian and German text.
- Op. 30. Mass for soli and chorus with orchestral accompaniment.
- Op. 31. Three songs for voice, pianoforte and violin.
- Op. 32. Six four-part songs for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass.
- Op. 33. Six sacred songs for soli and chorus.
- Op. 34. Motet, "Take from us, Lord God," for soli and chorus.
- Op. 35. Six sacred songs for two sopranos and alto.
- Op. 36. Three motets—1. "Come holy spirit," for soli and chorus.—2. "Lord, our Lord," for the same.—3. "Praise be to God in the highest," for male voices, with *ad libitum* accompaniment of two horns and three trumpets.
- Op. 37. Six songs for voice and pianoforte.
- Op. 38. Cantata, "Lord! Lord! turn to the prayer," for soli and chorus, with accompaniment of the organ and four trumpets.
- Op. 39. Hymn for St. Cecilia's day, "Over the leafy grove," for soli, two choruses, and pianoforte.
- Op. 40. Three motets for soli and chorus.—1. "Lord, hear my prayer."—2. "Open wide the door."—3. "Rule, near and far."
- Op. 41. Three motets for soli and chorus.—1. "Christ, thou lamb of God."—2. "God be merciful."—3. "Praise the Lord, my soul."
- Op. 42. Six of Frederick Oser's sacred songs for a chorus.
- Op. 43. Three church pieces for chorus and orchestra.—1. "Thou wilt not quite forget me."—2. "And the will of God is good."—3. "Thou, Lord, shonest me the way."
- Op. 44. Three sacred choruses.
- Op. 45. The 84th psalm: "How lovely are thy dwellings." Motet for chorus and soli.
- Op. 46. Two-part songs without accompaniment, the words by K. F. H. Strass.
- Op. 47. Six four-part songs.
- Op. 48. Motet "Who sits under the shelter of the Highest," (Psalm 91) for chorus and soli.
- Op. 49. Twelve songs for a four-part male chorus, the words by Frederick Rückert.
- Op. 50. Twelve canons (Italian and German words) for three sopranos, with or without pianoforte accompaniment.
- Op. 51. Motet "Lord, who shall dwell in thy house?" for soli and chorus.
- Op. 52. Motet from Psalm 111, "I thank the Lord with all my heart," for soli and chorus.
- Op. 53. Three sacred choruses.

### UNNUMBERED WORKS.

Six dances for the pianoforte.  
Rondo for the pianoforte.  
Three easy Sonatinas for pianoforte and violin.  
Three songs for one voice with pianoforte.

"Salvum fac regem," for chorus.

### THEORETICAL WORKS.

Explanations of John Sebastian Bach's "Art of the Fugue." Peters, in Leipzig.

The Nature of Harmonics and Metrics. Breitkopf & Härtel, in Leipzig.

### Operatic Finance

(From the New York World.)

The facility with which water pours through a sieve may be taken as a perfectly fair illustration of the ease with which capital sifts through the fingers of an opera manager who endeavors to deal well alike with his artists and the public. The lawlessness of necessity, which prompts foolhardiness to become the most valuable of managerial virtues. The opera manager must possess the infatuation of a gambler. He must put his pile on the pool of chance; bet on fair weather forty-five nights out of his season of fifty; bet on the steadfast health of his principal singers; bet on the value of gold when monthly salaries shall fall due; and bet on clearing the expenses of every individual performance. Then he must shut his eyes and await the results. The knowing ones, who watch the game, always give odds, and wager that he will lose on weather, health of the artists, and the gold market.

No one need be told how the leading opera houses of Europe are supported, yet the running expenses of a first-class season in a first-class establishment in the old world are really less than the forced expenditures in New York, Boston, or Brooklyn. Havana and Mexico insure the director against personal loss. Until New York can summon enough art patriotism to shoulder a moderate share of the expense involved in the use of a luxurious opera house, we good people must rest satisfied with paying frequently for representations that are interesting from the display of astounding choral, orchestral, and scenic economy, and beggarly management generally. . . . Maretzek has peopled the Irving Place stage with new faces, many of which belong to artists truly great, as the town has duly discovered and acknowledged. He has infused new life into some worn operas, and has scores in rehearsal that indicate a brilliant wind up to his term of office. When this shall have passed and gone he will be very likely to sit down and count the cost of replacing Mr. Grau, who has been exercising his troupe in the bracing air of Boston Common. If he find that New York has had at his hands twenty operatic representations, for which he is compelled to draw on his security for ten thousand dollars to meet the deficit of receipts versus expenditures, why matter-of-fact people will be apt to admit that it would pay this benevolent creature far better to take his show somewhere else. And if he does, who is ready to repeat his experiment? The truth is New York pays so much per annum for opera which it demands, but the amount paid would not more than yield a fair profit to a minstrel company, if any could be found to engage the Academy nightly for six months. This may sound disrespectful, but the statement is Gradgrindian, as future figures may show.

If patience is being wearied, suppose that the reader favor us by looking over this little sum:

Expenses of one good operatic representation. . . . \$1,000  
Receipts at one good operatic representation (average). . . . 1,200

Excess of outlay over income. . . . \$400

Now carry this calculation through a season of twenty representations, and we discover a loss of \$8,000.

This curious result may pique inquiry still further, and so we will append some items illustrative of where the money goes to.

The smallest orchestra that ought to be employed at the Academy, as computed by the best authority, should consist of sixty-four instruments, as follows:

Violins, first. . . . .	12
Violins, second. . . . .	10
Violas. . . . .	8
Violoncellos. . . . .	8
Contrabasses. . . . .	6
Flutes, first and second. . . . .	2
Piccato. . . . .	1
Hautboys, first and second. . . . .	2
Clarinet, first and second. . . . .	2
Bassoons, first and second. . . . .	2
Horns. . . . .	4
Trombones, tenor. . . . .	4
Trumpets, first and second. . . . .	2
Base Tuba. . . . .	1
Kettle drums, pair. . . . .	1
Total. . . . .	64

This classification is about up to opera requirements, but managers have usually deemed it expedient to live on half or two-third orchestral rations. We have heard operas at the Academy when only thirty instruments were present; and even now the

weakness in the string department is lamentable, though owing probably more to the actual scarcity of players than the spirit of managerial economy. Probably a fair estimate of the average expense of each instrument for one week is fifteen dollars. Fifty instruments then cost about seven hundred and fifty dollars for five performances—three nights in New York, one in Brooklyn, and one matinee—weekly. In Paris musicians receive from four to six dollars a week at the Grand Opera, consequently an orchestra of one hundred and fifty there is had for the same money that obtains one of fifty here. The salaries of artists here are paid in gold or its equivalent, and generally average higher than the highest European standard, except in certain remarkable cases.

Mr. Maretzek pays monthly to Madame Medori, \$3,000; to Mlle. Sulzer, \$1,000; to Mlle. Ortolani Brignoli, \$1,000; to Signor Mazzoleni, \$2,000; to Signor Bellini, \$1,000; and to Signor Biachi, \$1,000. An idea of the increase obtained by artists within a few years in New York will be gained by giving the salaries that were paid by Mr. Maretzek to a company that excited interest some dozen years ago. Then Madame Bosio received \$1,000 or 1,200 a month; Signor Salvi, tenor, 1,500; Signor Radiali, baritone, 800; Signor Marini, basso, 800, and Mlle. Vietti, contralto, 400. The present company is the most expensive one that Maretzek has ever brought out. In addition to the salaries of his leading people and the enormous weekly stipend of the orchestra, the manager is saddled with a heavy rent—how much at this time we cannot say positively—a heavy expenditure for advertising and printing, for a chorus, and for an army of scene painters, stage carpenters, machinery operators, costume makers, supernumeraries, doorkeepers, porters, messengers, hallet people, &c., besides a number of box-office employees whose services are indispensable to the satisfactory conducting of a season. Into these several channels the money pours from the pocket-source, and a nice calculation which need not be reproduced here shows that the average expenses of one single operatic representation are, as we stated, about \$1,600. It is seldom that the receipts warrant this outlay.

Mr. Grau, we have good reason to believe, seldom allowed his expenses to gallop beyond \$900 or 1,000 per night, and so furnished an exception to the rule that managers are prone to infatuation and court disaster. But Mr. Grau hardly satisfied the exigent taste of his patrons by the system which he introduced, although there can be no question but that facts justified his policy. The artists' salaries paid by him latterly, we believe, amounted to a monthly total of 4,000 dollars for six persons. Mr. Maretzek's corresponding expenses for six artists will be observed to foot up as high as 9,000 dollars, and all other expenses are proportionately greater this season than last. Yet the capacity of the Academy is no greater than before, and the rates of admission are the same. Mr. Grau was singularly fortunate in obtaining such good voices as are numbered in his company at such low rates. We doubt if he could do it again. Artists of high European estimation will not cross the Atlantic unless they can obtain a large advance on the salaries which they command in the old world. A year from now the prospect is that the cost of a season's opera will be full one-quarter if not a third greater than at present.

However, these facts should not be deemed wholly discouraging. Let it be always borne in mind that Italian opera never has paid its own way when living respectably anywhere. It must be nurtured by public and private liberality. Except in this country it has never been esteemed a commodity to be speculated in. Our academies have been built on the same principle as our railroads, canals, and ocean steamers. The capitalists have deemed it possible to make art pay its regular dividends—and no doubt it has seemed strange to many a stockholder that it won't. When a man offers five thousand dollars for a painting by Church, does he propose to sell it again to one who will bid higher? Generally he does not. His taste will not readily yield to the temptings of his pocket. He does not consider his money as thrown away. Why then should such a person view the patronage bestowed on art in another form as wanton waste unless it returns itself with interest within a specified time? True, the works of the painter are permanent monuments of genius, and as such command prices at all times, the same as merchantable commodities, but then they are equally liable to depreciate in value. But these considerations really have but little weight with genuine connoisseurs of painting and sculpture. Why should a different spirit exist when the fostering of a kindred art is in question? That it does exist needs no confirmation.

## Music Abroad.

PARIS.—At the Grand Opera, during the first week of March, two representations of *Manon Lescaut* were given, and the first performance of *La Mule de Pedro*, a light, comic opera by Victor Massé, pronounced skilfully written, but not equal in vivacity to his *Les Noces de Jeannette* and other sprightly trifles. Mme. Guymard and MM. Faure and Warot (his debut at this theatre) took part in it.

Rossini's *Comte Ory*, another of the only three or four little operas which have figured at the Imperial Theatre for some time past, was in rehearsal, with Warot, Obin, Borchardt, Mmes. Vandenhoevel and de Taisy in the principal roles.

Tamberlik has made his first re-appearance at the Italian theatre in *Polinto*. *Otello* was announced for the following week.

The first representation of Mozart's *Così fan tutte* (the title changed to *Les Peines d'Amour perdues*) took place during the same week at the Théâtre Lyrique.

Offenbach's new operetta, *Les Bavards*, has obtained an immense success at the Bouffes-Parisiennes. The *Entr'acte* talks of the originality of the piece the beauty of the score, in which Offenbach has surpassed himself, the consummate comic acting and singing of Mme. Ugalde, the fine *mise en scène* &c.

On the 9th of March Mlle. Gillebert (whose name spelt backwards makes Trebelli, the admired contralto) was married to the tenor, Alessandro Bettini, at the church of St. Roch.—On the same day, at noon, in the church of St. Eustache, Mozart's *Requiem* was performed in memory of Wilhelm (founder of the Orpheonist societies), by the Orpheonists, the choirs of the city of Paris and the orchestra of the Popular Concerts, under the direction of M. Padeloup. The proceeds went to operatives in cotton mills thrown out of work.

The fifth of the famous Conservatoire Concerts (Sunday, March 8) had for its programme: Symphony No. 31 of Haydn; Chorus from *Custor at Pollux*, by Rameau; fragment from Beethoven's "Men of Prometheus"; Psalm (double chorus) by Mendelssohn; 7th Symphony by Beethoven.

On the same day was the fourth Popular Concert of Classical Musical (third and last series), under Padeloup's direction. The pieces were: Symphony in G, No. 45, by Haydn; *Allegretto un poco agitato* (op. 58) by Mendelssohn; Heroic Symphony by Beethoven; Overture to *Semiramide*.—Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" overture, and Schumann's Symphony in B flat were the chief features of the preceding concert.

Mme. Clara Schumann was to give her second concert, at Erard's rooms, with the assistance of Mme. Viardot, Mme. Szarvady (Wilhelmina Clauss) and other distinguished artists.

BERLIN.—The tenor Wachtel has had great success in the parts of Jean of Leyden in the *Prophète* and Raoul in the *Ugouettes*.

Two little French operas, *Les Pêcheurs de Catane* and *La Cloche de l'Ermite* have had a good run at Kroll's, where Sivori, the violinist, also helps to draw the crowd.

Handel's oratorio of "Samson" has been given with great effect by Stern's Society.

Mlle. Artot was to sing her part in the *Domino noir* in Gorman.

The Baroness Delphine von Schaurroth, to whom Mendelssohn dedicated his Concerto in G minor, lately performed that piece in a charitable concert given by six ladies of noble birth. Mendelssohn became acquainted with her in Munich when she was a young girl, and admired her talent so much that he wrote the Concerto for her. She has com-

posed some classical pieces said to be of sterling merit. Her playing, both as to technics and artistic conception, is highly praised.

VIENNA.—Adelina Patti and the tenor Giuglini have had wonderful success in *La Sonnambula*. Their triumph in *Don Pasquale* was equally great. In *Il Barbiere*, Patti's Rosina ravished the audience; and Carrion (the Almaviva) is one of the few tenors who recall the best days of the Rossini period.

DRESDEN.—Rubinstein's new opera, *Lalla-Rookh*, has been given at the court theatre with great success. Critics praise its fresh and graceful melodies, its original, yet not far-fetched, rhythms and modulations, its richly colored, yet simple and natural instrumentation. "In short the whole score breathes a dreamy, oriental poesy, perfectly in harmony with the subject." The principal parts were sung by Schnorr von Karolsfeld (tenor) and Mme. Janner-Krall.

TRIESTE.—Alfred Jaell still follows up his triumphs. Four concerts have not sufficed for the enthusiasm of the people of his native city. A young violinist, Consolo, pupil of Léonard, took part in Jaell's concerts. It is said he promises to be a future Paganini—but that is said so often!

#### London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE (Opera), Mr. Mapleson manager, was to open last Saturday, April 11.

The best artists of last season are retained, and the strength of the company increased in each department. Mlle. Titiens, Mlle. Trebelli, Mlle. Louise Michal, Madame Lemaire, Signors Giuglini, Zucchini, Vialelli, M. Gassier, and Mr. Santley, alone make up an efficient company. To these the director has added Madame Alboni, Mlle. Kellogg (the young American *prima donna*, promised last year), Mlle. Artot (her first appearance in England), and Mlle. Rosa de Rada (ditto); Geremia Bettini (brother to Alessandro), Alessandro Bettini (brother to Geremia); two new tenors—Signor Baragli, from Madrid, and Signor Gambetti, of whom we know nothing; Signor Delle Sedie, the barytone, whom Mr. Mapleson originally introduced to London at the Lyceum, and who last year was at the Royal Italian Opera; Signor Rovere, formerly *prima buffo* at Covent Garden; Signor Fagotti, whom E. T. Smith brought out at at Drury Lane in his Italian Opera Season; Signor Fricca, of the Royal Opera, Berlin, and Signor Baggiolo, from Parma and Barcelona, both first appearances. Among these may be concealed a Tamberini or a Lablache.

The new works promised are Verdi's last opera, *La Forza del destino*, to be brought out under the "immediate personal superintendence" of the composer; M. Gounod's *Faust*, to be produced under the "personal superintendence" of its composer; and M. Flotow's *Stradella*, also to be produced under the personal superintendence of its "eminent composer." (Is M. Flotow the only "eminent"?)

The following operas will be revived:—*Linda di Chamouni*, for Mlle. Kellogg; *Fidelio*, for Mlle. Titiens; and *Oberon*, with the following cast—Sir Huon, Signor Baragli; Oberon, Signor A. Bettini; Scherazmin, Mr. Santley; Babelkah, Signor Gassier; Fatima, Madame Alboni; Puck, Mlle. Trebelli; Mermaid, Mlle. Kellogg; and Rezia, Mlle. Titiens.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—A remarkable feature in Mr. Gye's prospectus is the strange names it includes. No less than nine singers are announced to make "their first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera," all of whom, except one (Signor Naudin), pay their first visit to England. These are—Mlles. Fioretti, Maurenst, Elvira Demi, de Maffei and Pauline Lucca; Signors Naudin, Ferensai, Cafferi, and M. Obin. Signor Naudin was last season at Her Majesty's Theatre. That much dependence is placed on the new comers is shown by the parts assigned to them. Mlle. Fioretti (well known to Naples, Vienna and St. Petersburg) comes out as Elvira (*I Puritani*), Mlle. Elvira Demias as Desdemona, Mlle. Lucca as Valentine (*Huguenots*), Signor Ferensai as Edgardo (*Lucia*), Signor Cafferi as Arnold (*Guillaume Tell*) and M. Obin as Bertram (*Robert le Diable*)—all characters of importance. Of Mlle. Lucca the Berlin journals speak in high terms, and M. Obin is first

bass at the Grand Opera of Paris. To counterbalance those additions to the company we are to lose Mesdames Cillag and Penco, Signors Gardoni and Delle-Sedie. However much the first three may be regretted, none will complain that Signor Ronconi, who returns after a long illness, is to take the place of the last—and this with no disrespect to Sig. Delle-Sedie.

Mlle. Adelina Patti! Mlle. Patti could ill be spared. We are glad to find her repertory enlarged by new parts selected with judgment. Ninetta (*La Gazza Ladra*), Adina (*Elisir d'Amore*) Maria (*La Figlia del Reggimento*), and Zerlina (*Fra Diavolo*), are each and all well suited to her powers. In the *Elisir d'Amore* and *Fra Diavolo* she will be associated with Signors Mario and Ronconi. Signor Mario is to play the hero of Auber's opera, for the first time; not so, however, Nemorino, as stated. The other lady singers are Mlles. Antoinetta Fricci, Marie Battu, Dottini and Anese, Mesdames Miolan-Carvalho, Didié, Rundersdorff and Tagliafico; the other tenors, Signor Tamberlik, Neri Baraldi, Lucchesi, and Rossi; the other barytones and basses, Signors Graziani, Tagliafico, Fellar, Ciampi and Capponi, M. Zelger and Herr Formes.

Two works new to this country are promised—Signor Verdi's *La Forza del destino* and M. Flotow's *Stradella*. "Three of the principal rôles having been written expressly for Madame Didié, Signors Tamberlik and Graziani" will make the production of the former comparatively easy. Among the revivals most worthy notice are *La Gazza Ladra*, *Otello* and the *Etoile du Nord*. Meyerbeer's opera was produced towards the close of the season 1855, and performed seven times. In 1856 the theatre was burnt down. The part of Caterina is to be sustained by Madame Miolan-Carvalho.

The band and chorus will speak for themselves on the opening night, Tuesday, April 7th, when *Masanella* is to be given, with (we may presume) the same distribution of parts as last season. It is unnecessary to add that Mr. Costa is once more "director of the music, composer and conductor."—*Musical World*.

### Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 18, 1863.

The change from the habits of a weekly to those of a fortnightly journal is beset, in the beginning, with some unexpected difficulties, which render it impossible to make this number a fair illustration of the working plan into which we hope, after two or three experiments, to settle. To-day we present by no means such a paper, or such proportions of various kinds of matter, as it is our hope to give. It involves much change of method and arrangement, and we have much to learn in the art of condensing; besides that we must impress that art upon our correspondents and contributors, who have kindly continued to favor us at a rate that would soon overflow the single bucket which now takes the place of two. Letters, already in type a week since, are partly superseded by more recent dates; and so we have been reluctantly compelled to some abridgment of these favors; and even now our columns of correspondence are not free from repetition. For some letters, which we would gladly print, we have absolutely no room to-day; some of them will serve for next time.

A little time will adjust the machinery. Then, with method, and, above all, *conciseness*, friends, we shall begin to go all right.

#### Concert Review.

PHILHARMONIC.—The sixth and last of CARL ZERRAHN's present series (which we are sorry to learn has not proved remunerative, although

so much that was excellent has been offered) took the form of a benefit to him, and was given in the Academy of Music. The audience was very large. The orchestra sounded well, although two important members of the first violin group, Messrs. Eichberg and Schultze, were missing.—The opening piece was Spohr's *Symphonic Poem* (as it might be called with as much reason as those works of Liszt, the commonly accredited inventor of the form and name), "The Consecration of Tones." The programme contained an English version of the poem, which furnishes the poetic contents of the music.

We cannot think that this was a happy selection for the winding up of a series of concerts, Spohr, with all his excellencies, musical magnate as he was, had not the quickening and inspiring sort of genius. In his larger works, even the best of them, he grows monotonous, fatiguing. You feel that there is much excellent matter, many beautiful and delicate thoughts, wonderful skill in treatment, and even great diversity in the successive phases of the masterly unfolding; and still the effect is cloying, wearisome and drowsy. This *Wehe der Töne* is his best work, and every one really interested in music wants to hear, more than once in his life, the best work of so great a musician as Spohr. We heard it ourselves with great interest when it was first brought out here ten or twelve years ago by the Germanians; we have not found that interest to grow with repetition. Although several passages, such as the Cradle Song and more of the second part, the theme of the Allegro, after Tone is born, &c., are always beautiful, yet the work as a whole seems every time more heavy—an experience which no one has with Beethoven at least, to name no other. This Symphony certainly deserves a place in some part of a series of concerts that is continued year by year; our only quarrel with it is that it should have come in just at this time, for the finale of our season. We wanted the vigorous and bracing breath of a Beethoven to clear away the sultry and oppressive atmosphere of that day of sudden summer; but this partook too much of the same Sirocco quality. Spohr's instrumentation, too, with all its art, sounds dull and close and, as it were, matted down, compared with the lively, springing, pungent quality of Beethoven's, or the elastic brilliancy of Rossini's. On the other hand, it is but justice to Mr. Zerrahn to say, that there is much in this kind of music which appeals to a wide public of its own, to almost all persons, perhaps, at the sentimental age; and to these too he must appeal, or give his concerts only to the few.

The other purely orchestral pieces were the *Andante* from the "Jupiter" Symphony of Mozart, and Beethoven's "Leonora" Overture, No. 3, always most acceptable.

Miss ELIZA JOSSELYN played Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto in a manner very creditable for a young lady for the first time attempting so formidable a task, with orchestra, before a great public. She has studied earnestly and intelligently during her three years in Weimar and Leipzig. It would be too much to say that there were not defects; there was a certain stiffness in the general rendering, more force than delicacy often, and in some parts, especially the rapid finale, the execution was not always clean. Doubtless allowance is to be made for the debutante

not feeling quite at ease; one may show force of will, as she did, and yet not realize the freedom so essential to an artistic act. We should think Miss Josselyn excellently qualified for a teacher, and for classical interpretation to a very considerable degree; but the gift for really fine Concerto playing belongs after all to few.—The singing was no addition to the concert, but an added weight. It was simply a mistake. An unfinished pupil makes her trial effort in a formidable piece like the *Frey-schütz* Scena, only to prove that it is beyond her powers, so far as yet developed, and make everybody feel that a classical Philharmonic Concert is not the proper place for such experiments. We could not but sympathize with the young lady, who had been ill advised. The intonation was false, the tones sounded hard and forced, the whole thing was crude. In the *Frey-schütz* piece, the interest of the orchestral portions partly saved it; but it was worse in the popular waltz "Il Bacio", where the music in itself is common-place, and is only useful for the brilliant display of a well trained voice. As we said, we have more sympathy than blame for the singer, placed in so false a position. The real and only important question is, whether it has been wise, or just to the subscribers to a set of first-class orchestral concerts, to introduce pupils for singers, risking the chances of their first trials. We have not room to say all we would about it now; but we may at least suggest, that there was no need of any singing at all in a programme otherwise so rich; and that there is no gap in a concert which a good orchestra cannot fill far more acceptably than any singing which is not of a really high order. Unfortunately for us and for him, Mr. Zerrahn has not had that constant support from a musical public, which could make it unnecessary for him to try experiments.

#### Mr. Eichberg's "Rose of Tyrol"

Another light, fresh, humorous little operetta by the author of "The Doctor of Alcantara," who seems to have opened here a vein of composition and a career, which might suggest comparison with those of Offenbach. The Boston Museum, if it keeps on in this vein, will become our Bouffes Parisiennes. The new piece was performed every evening last week to a crowded house.

Mr. Eichberg has not been so fortunate in a libretto this time as he was before. The "Doctor" was a trifle, a *Possencpiel* or nonsense piece, as the Germans call it, but it had real laughing matter in it, and piqued the composer's humorous fancy more originally by some of its points. The present plot and dialogue are rather flat and pointless. There are only three characters, Grittly (the Rose) and Franz, her lover, who are Tyrolean travelling minstrels on their way through Swabia to Strasburg, and Berthold who figures as a pedler and turns out to be the rich uncle, supposed lost. It all turns on a mistake about the number of a lottery ticket, which the silly Franz has bought, who on the false presumption of a prize, buys out the pedler's fineries and puts on the fine gentleman, in spite of Grittly's sensible protest and entreaties, to whom however he remains faithful, before as after the discovery of the mistake, and so it all ends happily. But there is a chance for some very good music, to relieve the audience, as much as the flat spoken dialogue relieves the singers' voices, and Mr. E. has well improved his opportunities.

First there is a clever overture, in a light *opera comique* style, pleasing in all but the rather humdrum quality of the Allegro tune that sets in after the pretty pastoral introduction. The curtain rises on a rousing

chorus of vintners: "The harvest is over." The heroine's voice is heard approaching over the mountains in a tender Arioso, greeting the "scones of the past." This and several songs of hers which follow, now with chorus, now with her lover, are melodious and pleasing, if not particularly original. Miss CAROLINE RICHINGS, one of the most accomplished singers of English whom we have had since Miss Louise Pyne, at once established her welcome in these little pieces. In the "Tyrolienne" she displayed some admirable execution; her trill is remarkably perfect. Her voice is clear and powerful, although a little hard, but always artistically managed.

Then comes in the pedler (Mr. RUDOLPHSEN), and the peasants crowd around him as he sings his buffo proclamation of his wares;—a Dr. Dulcamara in a smaller way. His is about the best part in the play; the comic concerted pieces of which he forms the centre contain the happiest musical inventions, and Mr. R. sings and acts well his part throughout. Perhaps the Trio in which he announces the lottery prizes, is the best music in the opera. We think Mr. Eichberg's muse is happier and more original in this class of pieces, than in set tunes or arias. But the latter are addressed to a Museum public, and must needs be somewhat common-place and sentimental to reach their destination. The Finale of the first act is droll and lively.

Grittly's ballad in the second act, mourning the loss of her guitar flung away by foolish Franz, is touching and was beautifully sung. There follow: a nice duet, in which uncle pedler feigns to tempt the Rose; some couplets, very grotesquely treated, between her and Franz: "A fool! a fool!" a Terzetto (Franz's despair on finding his mistake), and a very effective jubilant Finael, consisting of a full chorus and a brilliant waltz air sung by Grittly. Mr. HILL's tenor voice still gains in power and beauty, and his singing was artistic in a high degree. The choruses were better sung, and the little orchestra far more effective and more musical, than one would ever have expected from the Museum. But they have Eichberg for director! This evening he is to have a Complimentary Benefit, when both the "Rose of Tyrol" and the "Doctor of Alcantara" will be performed.

OUR ARTISTS.—The third and last "Reception", was given at the Studio Building last week, Wednesday evening. What is more agreeable than artist life, unless it be their pictures? There is so much geniality, innocent freedom, hearty, happy industry natural good will among them, that we sometimes fancy that the best type of true society we have is that of artists. On these delightful occasions, a thousand or more guests, a brilliant company, are admitted into all the studios in that cheerful and capacious hotel of Art, and meet the artist in the midst of his works. There seems to be endless riches and variety. Especially was it so on this last occasion. Such beautiful creations as you might see wherever you turned in with the tide; such old master-like portraits, "singing" and "listening" groups, "trumpeter," &c., in Hunt's room; such wealth of color, rivalling the profuse flowers there were there, in Ames's; such lovely crayon heads by Rowse and by Miss Cheney; such truthful, quiet, sincere beach views by Gay; such wondrous marine pictures by Bradford; such charming landscapes by Inness, Bricher, Champney, Gerry, Ordway, Williams, Hodgdon and others; such perfect lithographs by Fabronius; all, while they charm you separately, make up a bewitching and yet harmonious total impression, by which the mind feels its own inward wealth increased and its horizon widened. But most of all is one struck by the great progress which the painting art has made here in our town within a few years; the evidence thereof is noticeable in every studio, so that no aspirant need feel discouraged. It is a capital thing for Art and artists and art-lovers, this bringing them together in a Studio Building. Here mutual emulation goes with mutual good will; each is inspired to do his best; the general life keeps up the life in each. And these "Receptions" bring the right public into direct contact with the artists, educating the taste and creating a demand for works of Art. Would that we had room to describe and to appreciate all that we saw that evening!

BIERSTADT's magnificent picture "The Rocky Mountains," is now on exhibition at the Studio

Building. We have seen no such real mountains in any painting that we can recall, except in some by Calame, the great Swiss painter. The snow-capped, glacier-collared summits in the background; the grand sweep of the middle distance sloping from the side, with the perfect sunlight upon rock and tree and water; the rich, wide plain of the foreground so gloriously and comfortably encircled, with its picturesque details of Indian life, are all brought together without any poor and separate effect of detail, so that you feel the whole as if it were one great piece of sublime Nature, with real sky and atmosphere.—But go and see it.

LISZT'S "LIFE OF CHOPIN." The first complete English translation of this exquisite tribute of an artist to a brother artist is at length published by F. Leypoldt, Philadelphia. It is, indeed, a beautiful little volume; paper, type, binding, and the whole external style, are most inviting, and worthy of the precious contents. A fine photograph portrait of Chopin faces the title page.

Liszt has given us a most loving, subtle, just appreciation of the composer and his music. He has written the inner life of him as well as the outward. Especially has he illustrated the influence of his Polish nationality, which so pervades his music. More brilliantly imaginative chapters than those in which he describes the Polish dances (Polonaise, Mazurka, &c.) are hardly to be found in any novel. But we have no room now for extracts, nor to say the fitting word of such a book. For the present we will only say that the translation, by Mrs. MARTHA WALKER COOK, reads admirably well, being true to the sense, if somewhat free in style; in this "labor of love" she has entered into the spirit of the book. Every lover of Chopin's music should possess it. Some copies may be found at Ditson's.

We have received and shall soon print a glowing article about it from a contributor; its great length precludes it this week.

#### New Music.

(From Oliver Ditson & Co.)

FRANZ SCHUBERT. *The Trout*: "One May day in the Morning," pp. 7.

The well known "Forelle" (French, *La Truite*) of the great German song composer will of course be welcome to all who can sing it or get any one to sing it. It is one of his happiest and most characteristic things. The simple melody, to words describing the sly fish "shooting like an arrow" through the brook, and how he is angled for in vain so long as the water remains clear, but when it is troubled nibbles and is caught, is accompanied by a figure which well suggests the flashing, sportive freedom of the happy creature in his element: Well sung and well played it is charming. We only regret that the English words (borrowed from old Isaac Walton) leave the trout entirely out; they are singable, pretty verses in praise of the angler's life. But the German words are also given.

C. KRENS. *The Heather Bell*. (*Blümlein auf der Haide*.) pp. 7.

A very pretty song of its kind, which is not the highest or the most original. A somewhat Tyrolean vein of melody, with an easy flow and likely to be popular. Krebs, like Aht, Proch, Kücken, &c., belongs to the *Dä minores* of German song, who please the many, while the more exacting few turn to rarer geniuses like Schubert, Franz and Schumann. Both German and English words are here given.

L. ARDITI. *Il Bacio* (The Kiss): with English, German and Italian words. pp. 9.

A waltz for the voice! And why should not voices waltz, seeing that they revel in so many other daring intricacies of motion, such fantastical gymnastics, such flashing, dazzling pyrotechnics? Concert singers like to display their agile virtuosity in such things; and surely the waltz form is one of the most graceful and most loyal to some law amid its freakishness. So the Benzano and other waltzes vocalized, have become favorite show pieces with the



bright sopranos. And here is another bright and graceful one, which is the most popular of all just now. It answers its purpose, which of course is not a very high one.

OTTO DRESEL. *Die Forelle*: Song by Fr. Schubert, transcribed for the Piano. pp. 5.

Our friend "the Trout" again, revelling in pure tones, are an element liquid and as sparkling as his native brook. This transcription is made by a true artist, and brings voice part and accompaniment together into a clear, beautiful, complete whole. So the pianist, though he be no singer, can tell the story of the trout quite satisfactorily. Its technical difficulty is not so great, but that it lies within the reach of many an amateur player.

MENDELSSOHN. Op. 16. *Trois Fantaisies ou Caprices pour Piano*. pp. 11.

These need no praise of ours. They are real Mendelssohnian little tone-poems. A fine fancy lies in each of them; and a fine feeling and artistic grace. They are not very difficult, and will form charming studies, such as one after study will not willingly forget. No. 1 opens with a pensive Volkslied-like *Andante* in A minor, and soon passes into an *Allegro vivace* in A major, 6-8 time, which tells of clear blue skies and sunny serenity and life tingling in every fibre, like the *Allegro* of the Italian Symphony; only it is a very little sketch compared to that. No. 2, *Presto*, a light, crisp, fairy-footed Scherzo in E minor, is more in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" vein. No. 3, an even flowing, beautiful *Andante*.

(From G. D. Russell & Co.)

C. MAYER. *Transcriptions for the Piano*. No. 1. *Barcarolle* by Schubert; No. 2. *Zuleika*, Mendelssohn; No. 3. *Sunday Song*, Do. pp. 7, 3, 3.

Who is C. Mayer? We have heard hints, but—one who can transcribe the gems of song so well, might, one would think, give us some gems of his own; for he treats these flowers as if he knew their inmost nature. But such transcriptions, like that of "The Trout" above mentioned, are a truer service to the cause of Art than nine-tenths of the so-called original compositions of the day. Schubert's exquisite *Barcarolle* is made to sing itself most perfectly, with the watery accompaniment and all the fine imaginative traits, the ever shifting play of light and shade, of smiles and tears. It is difficult, but worth the pains to master it.—The *Zuleika* is an excellent study in the art of playing a flowing *arpeggio* accompaniment between a deep bass and a treble melody. In his case it is poetry as well.—The *Sunday Song* is far easier, although the transcriber tells us in a note, that the main features of his arrangement are borrowed from Liszt's transcription of the same song.

LOUIS LIEBE. SONG: *We'll meet above* (*Auf Wiedersehen*). Arranged for Alto or Baritone by R. Wittmann. pp. 5.

A very pleasing, tender melody, simple and well accompanied. The German words are given with a good singable translation by C. J. Sprague. It is the first specimen of a collection of German songs, under the name of "Alemannia."

OTTO DRESEL. *Army Hymn*, by O. W. HOLMES, for solo and chorus *ad libitum*, with piano accompaniment for two or four hands.

The impression which this noble setting of a noble hymn produced at the Jubilee Concert on the First of January, made it imperative that it should be published. Mr. Dresel has improved it not a little in the meantime, especially in the chorus portion at the end. The simple, noble melody, the grand, broad, ringing harmony, the freedom from all humdrum, all maudlin sentiment, all empty glitter of effect, and the perfect fitting to the words, make it the most important patriotic offering of music during this great war. A "National Air" it cannot be, for much of its essential character lies in the accompaniment, the harmony.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 7.—The Academy has never, within my recollection, presented such a series of brilliant assemblages as during the past month of the MARETZKE troupe performances. No matter what the weather, what the work announced, what substitution, the house has been overcrowded almost without exception. The general character of the troupe is fair. The leading artists, MEDORI, SULZER, MAZZOLENI, BELLINI and BIACHI, are very meritorious, and in some renditions as perfectly satisfactory to the public as could be desired. BRIGNOLI, MINETTI, SBRIGLIA, IPPOLITO and COLLETTI are also good in their special roles, and as a general thing have been very successful. My last letter included the announcement of the performance of *Ernani*. Since then we have had the following performances: *Traviata*, with Brignoli, Mazzoleni, Bellini; *Un Ballo in Maschera* with Guerrabella, Sulzer, Mazzoleni, Bellini; *La Favorita*, with Sulzer, Sbriglia, Bellini, Biachi; *Norma*, with Medori, Sulzer, Mazzoleni, Biachi; *Linda di Chamounix*, with Medori, Sulzer, Minetti, Biachi, Colletti; *Semiramide*, with Guerrabella, Sulzer, Minetti, Biachi; *Lucia*, with Brignoli, Mazzoleni, Ippolito; *Ione*, with Medori, Mazzoleni, Bellini, Biachi and Sulzer.

The great hit of the season has been *Norma*. Medori has in the Druid priestess a grand rôle, and she is eminently qualified to interpret it. *Norma* has had three performances, and to such houses! "Standing room only" is a very brief but indicative sentence, and one very rarely required at the opera, but it was brought out from its dusty resting place and hung upon the "outer wall" of the Academy three successive nights—and what for? *Norma*, that well-known, well-thumbed, well-whistled, well-ground opera, with its melodies and gems sung threadbare, brought that dusty placard into service again. The performance was certainly well worth the commendation it received at the hands of the public and the press. Medori was magnificent. All the adjectives of the English language were brought into service, and as to Mazzoleni, words were not found indicative enough. The Adalgisa of Sulzer, and Orovos of Biachi were in harmony with the successes of the other rôles, and *Norma* flourished with undiminished splendor for three nights.

*Semiramide* was produced for one performance, with a very creditable display of scenery and appointments. The cast embraced Guerrabella, Sulzer, Minetti, Biachi, all of whom looked very finely, but Biachi alone seemed to grasp at the requirements of the rôle. Guerrabella looked as royal and queenly as one could imagine the Babylonian queen herself, and Sulzer made quite a dangerous looking Commander-in-chief. Neither artist, however, has voice of sufficient power to cope with the difficult music of Rossini's master-work.

Minetti, one of Maretzke's reserve tenors, made his debut in *Linda di Chamounix*. He is a *tenore di grazia* of very good method, and was very acceptable. The performance of *Linda* was very fine. Medori, Sulzer, Bellini, Biachi, and Colletti were the principals of the cast and were eminently successful. Bellini, as the aged Antonio, was very grand, and in the third act won immense applause. Medori made a very charming Linda, and it was a performance meritorious enough to deserve a repetition. Last night Petrella's "*Ione*," or "*The Last Days of Pompeii*" was introduced with a magnificent cast and with very fine scenic effects. The plot and principal characters of the opera "were borrowed by Peruzzini from Bulwer's "*Last Days of Pompeii*," so says the libretto. The argument of the opera is highly dramatic. Details in my next.

To-night, Mr. Harrison, the enterprising manager of Irving Hall, introduced Ms. GOTTSCHALK to the

public for a short series of concerts. He will be assisted by Mrs. MARIE ABBOTT, Miss EMILIE BOUGHTON—the lady who made the *fiasco* in Italian opera at the Academy—and several others of reputation.

Old Palmo, the first manager of opera in America, who is now a cook in a Broadway restaurant, is to have a benefit given him by the artists now in the city, as a token of their appreciation of his merits and sympathy for his misfortune. The old man has free entrée at the Academy and his hand is clasped by many who know him in his happier days.

Our mutual friend, "A. W. T.," the "Diarist," left on Saturday, in the Saxon, for Hamburg, en route for Vienna. He paid a hurried visit to his friends in this city, who would have liked to have seen more of him.

"Trovatore" is off again on one of his flying trips to Europe. He sails on Saturday next on a mission of importance, and I doubt not you will hear from him ere long from some distant resting-place in his journey.

Mr. CHAS. JEROME HOPKINS gave an exhibition of his "Free Chorister School" at a Brooklyn church yesterday afternoon. Those who were present give it the indorsement of a success.

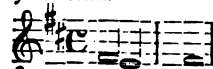
The present season has wrought quite a revival in the musical world, which it is to be hoped will have a more enduring existence than heretofore.

T. W. M.

NEW YORK, APRIL 13.—The musical events of the past two weeks have not been altogether devoid of interest. Besides the repetition of well known and somewhat hacknied operas (*Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Linda di Chamounix*, and act of *Masaniello*), the Italian opera company has given us two comparative novelties; Rossini's *Semiramide*, and Petrella's *Ione*. The representation of "*Semiramide*" was a failure from an artistic point of view; neither the *Semiramide* (GUERRABELLA) nor the *Arsace* (SULZER) of the occasion, were able to give effect to the pompous, florid luxuriance of the music of their parts. In consequence of this, and from other causes the opera dragged heavily.

The name of PETRELLA, the composers of "*Ione*," is little or not at all known here. He is a man of more than fifty years of age, who has attained a certain celebrity in Italy as the composer of five or six tolerably successful operas. The book of this opera, written by Peruzzini, and partly founded on Bulwer's novel "*The last days of Pompeii*"—with the plot of which all who read are well acquainted—is highly dramatic, while some of the verses are written with considerable poetic feeling. As to the music—it is certainly not all of the stereotyped Italian cut, but often original in melody, (nevertheless, reminiscences abound), and some of the recitatives are truly expressive of the words and situation. The finales to the second and third acts are remarkably effective. The instrumentation is fine at rare intervals; and again, often below mediocrity. The opera is, throughout, of unequal merit; but its beauties counterbalance its defects; and, partly owing to its dramatic plot, the interest never flags. It strikes us as the work of a man, who, had his knowledge at all equalled his natural gifts, might have made a great composer. The reminiscences to be found in the work, go to support this conclusion. Was it not Lord Bacon who said, that the more a man knows, the more original he becomes (provided, of course, that the matter that makes the foundation of originality be already there)?

MME. MEDORI sang superbly as *Ione*, and MAZZOLENI sang and acted admirably the part of Glauco; his fine and distinct enunciation of the words being, as usual, one of the greatest charms of his singing; would we could say as much of Mlle. SULZER; but her pronunciation is so vague and imperfect, that the whole tone-coloring of her voice becomes monotonous and tame, principally from this cause. The opera was well put upon the stage; and, if we may trust to encores, recalls, applause, and three performances, has been extraordinarily successful.



PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 3.—Decidedly the worst performance of *Don Giovanni*, at which it has been my misfortune to be present, was given by the Anschütz troupe on Monday. I cannot specify a single particular in the performance that would justify me in referring to it in terms of praise. Everything was bad; orchestra, chorus and artists. Mr. Anschütz led as if he was suffering with an attack of nervous debility; and Mr. Noll played his solo in the second act, the *pizzicati* to the serenade, so feebly that one had to look to satisfy himself that it was not Mr. Anschütz performing it upon the beautiful specimen of the modern spinet that decorates the orchestra during the opera seasons. The ladies were beneath criticism; all three, JOHANNSEN, BERKEL, and ZIMMERMAN, wretched to a degree hitherto unknown. May we be spared in future from being unwilling witnesses to such terrible sacrilege! Mr. Anschütz, as manager and conductor, is obviously the guilty party, and as such deserves the severest censure for his presumption; and I regret to find no comment in any of our daily prints upon this performance except a reference to it in one of them as a "charming performance." (Heaven save the mark!)

This was the last night of the season. Among the German operas produced, I would note for the attention of the curious, *Fra Diavolo*, *The Postillion of Lonjumeau*, *Joseph in Egypt*, *Mason and Locksmith*, and *Jean de Paris*.

I fear that the German opera, at least as represented by the majority of the works produced by Mr. Anschütz, is slightly overrated. Of course it is almost superfluous to say that the greatest operas are the German operas; but all German operas are not great works. There are many of them that are characterized by a national respectability, but which create no enthusiasm in a musical soul; representatives of this class are the *Night in Grenada*, the *Wildschütz*, *Stradella*, *Martha*, and the *Czar and Zimmermann*. At each representation of these the opera house was respectably filled. Now, the *Night in Grenada* and *Martha* are well enough in their way, but *William Tell* and *Ernani* (I am not afraid of being called a heretic) are better; but people crowd to hear those, while these scarcely repay the labor and expense necessary for their production. However, we lay the flattering unction to our satisfied souls, that we are, indeed, a most musical municipality, and that the opera house is a great, practical success. The opera house is a success, inasmuch as all extravagance in these "tragic days" is successful. People go to the opera in winter as they go to the ocean in summer time, to spend money and to show how well they dress; because the music is there they honor it with their occasional attention: when they tire of it they talk; probably many prefer the band of the United States Hotel to Mr. Anschütz's association of talent. Let no one suppose that the music has any more attraction now for the crowd than had *Fidelio* in 1857, when a very select audience of "sympathizing admirers" enjoyed this great work in the same opera house, that is now crowded from pit to dome, with — passionate admirers of Beethoven, of course. Many hopeful enthusiasts, considering solely the mighty throngs at the "Academy," delude themselves with the belief that a taste for the best music has suddenly inoculated the popular mind; but a candid mind cannot take so cheerful a view of the subject.

The present season of German opera, considered as a financial operation, makes one envious of all who were directly interested in the management; them would I congratulate, but not especially the public who have, undoubtedly, spent a great deal of money, but who have by no means had a surfeit, and who are to be considered no better judges of good music than they were prior to the advent of Anschütz and company.

Mr. WOLFSOHN gave his fourth soirée on March 26th. He was assisted by Messrs. AHREND, STOLL, BIRGFELD, KELLNER, and MÜLLER. So many pleasant recollections are associated with this concert that I find it impossible to specify any particulars, without making an invidious distinction. Suffice it, that Mr. Wolfsohn and Mr. Ahrend, to whom the solos were entrusted, fairly divided the palm. Both did their very best, and those that are familiar with their performances, know this to be the greatest praise that can be accorded them.

Mr. JOSEPH CORTESI, one of our most popular and successful singing teachers, has had a complimentary concert tendered him by a number of his pupils, among whom are many of the most accomplished amateurs. The concert is to be given at the Musical Fund Hall within a fortnight. I have no doubt that the established fame of Mr. Cortesi, as well as the ability and efforts of the ladies and gentlemen who are to assist, will attract an audience large enough to make it in every particular, a success that will do much to encourage a very worthy and competent gentleman.

APRIL 10.—The resumption of operatic responsibilities upon the Academy stage by Mr. Manager GRAU, led one to hope, that, in view of the names upon the prospectus, that great desideratum, a good opera, faithfully rendered, was at last to be vouchsafed us. But, alas for the futility of earthly anticipations! I wish it might become a custom with managements, never to produce an opera, unless it can be done in a manner superior to its last performance. The adoption of such a rule by our various operatic entrepreneurs, would secure to the public respectable performances. It would save and would have saved us from many a painful experience; especially, from the recent dreadful fate of seeing *Don Giovanni* murdered in a manner that Mozart never meant, and from Wednesday night's performance of *Robert le Diable*. Regarding Meyerbeer, I am not a Schumannite; I think *Robert le Diable* considerably superior to the best of Hippodrome music, and, therefore, deserving of better treatment in the hands of operatic managers than it has received from Mr. Grau.

The "BRETT children,"—ostensibly brothers, though in reality, not,—have been giving performances here, recently. It is curious to see a child of seven play the French horn, but it is not pleasant, I think, to listen. These young musicians are not prodigies, though I have no doubt they will become respectable performers, excepting the youthful hornist, who, I very much fear, will blow himself out, brains, lungs, stomach and all, long before reaching his majority. It is not pleasant to contemplate this hot-bed cultivation of musical talent. If the child gives token of possessing the divine gift, let him be encouraged and directed in the proper way, and in time he will be fit for the public. The many evidences of a tremendous pressure in their training, apart from a knowledge of their youth, incline me to the conviction that these children have not been allowed to wait long enough for their talent to bud and blossom in the due and proper course of nature.

Gade's 2d Symphony was performed by the GERMANIA, last Saturday. The *Andante* of the Symphony is decidedly the best portion. It redeems the work from the charge of imitation and heaviness, to which it could justly be held, were this movement no better than the others. The *Scherzo* is trivial, and while in place in the overture to a comic opera, is out of place in a classical symphony. The *finale*, I think, cannot be better characterized, than as a funeral march played *Allegro molto*. The imitated portions of the work are the best, being decidedly Mendelssohnian; the original, I trust, will themselves, never be copied, excepting the exquisite *Andante*.—The Symphony is a composition possessing, in the language of geometry, "length without breadth."

MERCUTIO.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Dublin Jaunting Car. Song. C. M. Eroy. 35

A lively Irish song, with an illustrated title-page containing a fine view of the spruce driver in front of his handsome car, which stands in front of the Old Irish Parliament House. After appearing in the picture, according to the song, the driver takes you around to see all the curiosities, including Donnybrook and the "Devil's Glen."

Dear Bay of Dublin. Song. C. M. Eroy. 35

Describes the beautiful bay of Dublin, which the author's "heart is troubled", begirt as it is by the "sweet Wicklow mountains." Title-page has a view of the really fine bay.

Jessy Darling. Song. C. M. Eroy. 35

A simple and good Irish love song, accompanied with a fine picture of Dermot and Jessie, and a ship in the distance. These three songs have been and are sung at exhibitions of the Hibernicon, or Tour in Ireland, and are favorites.

Soldier's Home. Ballad. S. A. Munson. 25

A very easy song and chorus, with a familiar melody, and excellent words.

#### Instrumental Music.

Immer Heiterer Waltzes. Strauss. 40

These "always cheerful" waltzes are very sunny and bright in character, and are considered to be among the better sort of dances by the celebrated dance maker.

Thormen Waltzes. Strauss. 50

Strauss, with his multitude of compositions, is sometimes hard pushed for a name. The above queer one seems to have some connection with the dedication of the music to the teachers of a medical institute in Vienna. The waltzes are first-rate, and rank high with those who have tried them.

Fairy Land. Schottisch de Concert.

Seven Octaves. 50

"Seven Octaves," it is fair to conclude, is one who has the whole keyboard under perfect control. In the Schottisch under consideration, he has given us a wild and sweet melody, with considerable variety, while the piece is not at all difficult. It is dedicated to Gottschalk.

Fairy Wedding Waltz. (Tom Thumb and Wife.)

J. W. Turner. 25

A very delicate and tasteful piano piece. Much satisfaction may it give to the little Mr. and Mrs. General T!

#### Books.

THE NIGHTINGALE. A choice collection of Songs, Chants, and Hymns, for Juvenile Classes, Schools, and Seminaries. By W. O. and H. S. Perkins. 35

Good books cannot last forever, and the many thousands who have used the "Golden Wreath" for themselves or pupils, during the past two or three years, are by this time wishing for a new collection of songs. To such ones the Nightingale can be recommended with confidence.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 576.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1863.

VOL. XXIII. No. 3.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

To E. V. L. B.

On Liszt's Chopin.\*

Last week you were with me, and to-day, on this blessed Holy Saturday, I am chanting over to myself,—thinking of your short-winged visit the while,—the compositions of an artist friend, which we admired together one little week ago this very day.

These beautiful Musical Beatitudes of Faustina Haase Hodges—"Cloister Memories"—have made a fitting and meet service for this Holy-day to me. Look over again that first one, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," and notice in the middle the royal crowning.

A fierce wild storm is driving around me out doors, and white swirls of snow are dashing up like waves on the wind ocean, carrying along with them slender branches of trees and clouds of young bird sheaths. A rough greeting to the young April buds and May blossoms; and I should tremble for my pretty plants, whose pointed green spikes and tender young leaves I noticed yesterday were peeping out to catch the sweet warm sun and breathe the soft spring air;—but I know the soil has strange secrets, which it will not yield up to science; and these seemingly rude snow storms in spring, and dry, unkind midsummer droughts are, in very truth, blessings in disguise; like some dear friends who hide hearts overrunning with rich tenderness and strong help, under a harsh outside. In the thirsty drought, Nature is plunging deep into Earth's bosom, drawing up from her very heart some secret food for the soil to be found nowhere else; and the cold snow is bringing down from high heaven upon the young plant, or grain, or fruit bud, some subtle life essence, or antidote against worm sting, which the most learned man in all the world would not know how to find. Therefore, we will accept graciously this January greeting to Easter Eve, knowing that to-morrow's sun will cover with warm kisses the sparkling icedew, pouring down a flood of warm life into earth's bosom.

Easter Eve! Even though it would be taking you from your holy church duties, I would fain have you with me this evening. Here lies a pleasant letter from you, which, though a part of you, is not you; and here is Miss Mulock's impassioned poem, "A common story"; and beside the two on the library desk lies something still better,—I am sure you would say—than even a letter from me, or the beautiful poem; and this thing it is I wish to have you here to enjoy with me.

Solitude is sweet—very sweet; and at most times I like it best. Do not call me ungracious, for I like it best only when I have little to share, beyond routine and the small, still pleasures of a retired life such as mine is now; but sometimes there comes a wind-fall of rich fruit; then I would

like to throw my heart and library door open wide, and call in some one of the many I love dearly, to share my feast with me.

And what is this feast of the present moment? You remember some weeks since I mentioned at the close of an article in "Dwight's Journal of Music" on Mr. Brook's translation of "Titan" the approaching publication of a very fine translation of Liszt's curious monograph, "Chopin", to-day's mail brought me the promised volume, and this charming little book is the feast.

Mr. Leypoldt has shown much taste as well as courage in getting up this beautiful little series of translations. The first was Andersen's "Ice Maiden"† and other tales, a delicious little Ophelia bouquet of wild flowers and willow slips. Liszt's "Chopin" is the second, and both are presented in a form and a style, which must gratify the translators, and make the artistic reading public very grateful to the enterprising publisher.

Ten years! A long while ago, is it not? To look forward to—yes; but not a long while when one at last arrives at the end, and finds waiting there that which was desired, and which had to be yielded up at the time, without hope of possession in the future.

Ten years ago I first read the MS. of this excellent translation,—I have told you of it often; and I knew of its being offered for publication, not for gain, but simply for Art's service and help, and it was refused, as being an *unsaleable* work.

Artists and art lovers in America should feel very much encouraged when they see what advance has been made in these past ten years.—Not only is such a book saleable now, but this very one has been asked for, because in this decade of years an audience has arisen for it. I wonder if this experience will teach any one patience? I fear not, for it is but a repetition of the experience of others, and it is so hard to learn to eat one's daily bread of slow gathering success, crumb by crumb; and yet it rarely comes any other way, indeed to some it never comes at all!

Now a few words for the Tone-poet this book commemorates, and then, my Chopin-loving friend, I shall leave you to lose yourself in its glowing pages. At this moment, when every one is straining a listening ear above the noise and din of our own wild rage of conflict, to hear across the ocean the sound of the present Polish uprising, this Life of Chopin possesses a double and treble interest.

Chopin was a child born in that period well called "*le berceau sanglant de la Sainte Alliance*," when that "European remorse," as De Mazade calls Poland's partition, was being confirmed; "*le prélude des bouleversements Européens*," as Talleyrand characterized it. The word *prélude* too, is best, and Chopin was one of Poland's children, who chanted divinely, a part in the music of this Nation-prélude.

For two-thirds of a century cold-blooded diplomatists have been naming Polish demands for independence, "diplomatic impossibilities," and her submission to Russia "a diplomatic necessity;" and we have listened to the melodies of her poets and singers and regarded them "as the saddest, sweetest, most awful notes one may ever hear,—the eloquence of an expiring Nation." But now we may hope and believe Talleyrand's word "*prélude*," and while we listen anew to Chopin, hear in his notes the song greeting of the new day, rather than the death of the old life.

A great American orator said of Kossuth, that his eloquence held all with a chain, as absolute as that with which the Ancient Mariner kept back the bridal guest, after the music of the marriage feast had begun. And so it is with Chopin; while listening to his music we hear the whole story too of "one family of man oppressed by another, contending for freedom; cloven down on the field, yet again erect; the body dead, her spirit incapable of dying; the victim of treachery; the victim of power; yet breathing, sighing, lingering, dying, hoping through all the pain, the bliss of an agony of glory."‡

There is a celebrated Pole, Comte André Zamoyski, who is so beloved in Poland every one speaks of him as "Monsieur André;" De Mazade calls him the living conscience of the nation; some years ago he caused to be placed at the entrance of the crypt of the Church of Sainte Croix at Warsaw, a sculptured effigy, the peculiar sense of which the Russians did not see at first.

It is a Christ bowing down under a cross, who, raising his head with a despairing effort, points to heaven. Above it is written: "*sursum cor*"!

De Mazade says, "It is an image as touching as new of struggling nations, and struggling men who having faith in works, keep up hope even when hope seems no longer left to them." And this hope we can hear in Chopin's music.

You will notice in this beautiful translation how skilfully, and yet tenderly, Liszt has analyzed the subtle, interwoven-character of this Polish tone-poet. Chopin possessed the traditional genius of his Nation; its dramatic nature and secret sadness; his sentiment and feeling were so profound they seemed like instinct; this is said to be peculiar to the Sclavic races;—all this we hear in his music, and while listening to his compositions we are thrown into a state of vague, sorrowful reverie, and a mystic, supernatural emotion thrills through us, as if we felt the movement of unseen spirits beside us.

In Chopin this instinct became exalted, as it were, owing to his social position and physical feebleness; touching society only on his wounded side, as the expatriated artist must necessarily, his existence was one of continued suffering. But this suffering demanded no humiliating pity; on the contrary his reserved and quiet, high-bred bearing gave it dignity and attraction. And this very suffering too, both mental and physical, threw force and color into his productions; there

\* *Life of Chopin*, by F. LÉVY. Translated from the French by MARIAN WALKER COOK. Philadelphia: F. Leypoldt. New York: F. W. Christensen. 1863.

† ANDERSEN'S *Ice Maiden and other tales*, translated by FANNY FULLER. Philadelphia: F. Leypoldt, 1863.

‡ Choate.

is in them the high ringing key-note of a "sublime despair," colored with the royal purple hue of courage.

The *fond* of his mystic pictures is sombre,—even black, like the touching unchanging garb of mourning forever worn by his countrymen; but on this ground work the weird melodies flash out, not in lines of gold, but of lightning and fire, as can be seen on a black sky in a midnight storm, the sharp cutting fantastical forms, traced by the electric strokes of an infinite Power!

You have noticed in my Escudier edition of Liszt's Chopin, some pencil passages at the end of several of the chapters, taken from Madame Sand's "*Histoire de ma Vie*." As one of them is a reply to a charge made by Liszt, and the others are valuable as the observations of a keen-sighted intimate friend of Chopin, who is herself so truly an artist in the highest sense of the word, I will re-copy them here, that you may read them in connection with this translation.

On page 188 of Mrs. Cook's translation, you will see that Liszt says Madame Sand drew "Prince Karol" in her novel, "*Lucrezia Floriani*", for Chopin. Here is what Mme. Sand says in reply to this charge.

I have been accused of having drawn the character of Chopin in one of my novels with great accuracy of analysis. This mistake has been caused thus: some of his traits of character have been recognized in it, and, proceeding on a system too easy to be certain, Liszt himself in a *Life of Chopin*, a little exuberant in style, but full however of good things and very fine passages, has been egregiously mistaken, and all in good faith too.

I sketched in Prince Karol the character of a man resolute in his nature, exclusive in his feelings, exclusive in his exactions.

Chopin was not this. Nature does not design like Art, however much of a realist it may make itself. She has caprices, inconsistencies not real, probable, but very mysterious. Art rectifies these inconsistencies only because it is too limited to represent them.

Chopin was a *résumé* of those magnificent inconsistencies, which God alone can create and which have their own peculiar logic. He was modest from principle and gentle from habit, but imperious by instinct and full of a genuine pride, of which he was ignorant. Hence his sufferings, which he never examined, nor fixed on a positive object.

Moreover Prince Karol was not an artist. He was a dreamer and nothing more; having no genius, he had not the rights of a genius. He was a character more true than amiable, and so little was he the portrait of a great artist, that Chopin himself, reading the MS. each day as it lay on my desk, never had the slightest thought of misunderstanding it—he too, so suspicious!

This is all I have copied from the many pages of reply Mme. Sand has written to Liszt's delicately veiled reproaches, and this is enough.—Why seek to explain this old story of two great geniuses of opposite sex meeting but to part in sorrow? As Liszt says:

Has not the force of genius its own exclusive and legitimate exactions, and does not the force of a woman consist in the abdication of all exactions? Can the royal purple and burning flames of genius ever float upon the immaculate azure of a woman's destiny?

And around Mme. Sand these "royal purple and burning flames of genius" blazed so fiercely as to burn up the poor Psyche of Love pitilessly. Therefore let us turn from these useless pages of exculpation to the valuable passages of observations on his method of composing and her curiously accurate analysis of his artist nature.

"His creation," she says, "was spontaneous—miraculous. It came to him sometimes on the piano, sudden, complete, sublime; or it sang in his head during a walk; and he hastened to hear it by throwing the idea on the instrument. But then commenced

the most heart-breaking toil I have ever seen. It was a succession of efforts, irresolutions and impatient struggles to seize again certain details of the theme he had heard; that which he had conceived at once of a piece he analyzed too much when he wished to write it out, and his regret at not being able to find it clear and distinct threw him into a sort of despair. He would shut himself up in his room whole days weeping, walking, breaking his pens, repeating and changing a measure a hundred times; writing and effacing it again and again; recommencing the next day with a minute and despairing perseverance. He spent six weeks on one page in order to be able to write it as the first sketch had traced it."

How unlike is this painful labor to Goethe's "innocent, undisturbed somnambulatory producing"!

Yóu, who love so well Chopin's Preludes and play them with such shy, egotistic pleasure, will love to read her account of their creation. He went with Mme. Sand and her children to spend a winter at Majorca,\* where they lodged in a deserted monastery. She says:

It was there he composed the most beautiful of those short pages he called modestly *Preludes*. They are master-pieces. Several present to the mind visions of dead monks and the sound of funeral chants which haunted him; others are melancholy and soothing; these came to him in hours of sunshine and health, with gay noise of childish laughter under his window, the distant sound of the guitar, the song of the birds under the wet leaves, and the sight of the little pale roses which opened under the snow.

Others again have a mournful sadness, charming your ear but breaking your heart. There is one which came to him one rainy evening, and which throws the soul into a frightful depression. Maurice and I had left him that day very well; we had gone into Palma to buy some things we needed for our encampment. The rain coming on caused the torrents to overflow; we travelled three leagues in six hours; and returned in the very height of the inundation. We arrived at midnight without shoes, deserted by our coachman, and had passed through unheard of dangers. We had made haste, thinking of the uneasiness of our invalid. This uneasiness was vivid enough but it had fixed itself into a sort of tranquil despair, and while weeping he played this admirable *Prelude*. On seeing us enter, he rose up, uttered a loud cry, and then said to us with a wandering look and strange voice, 'Ah I knew well you were dead!'

When he had recovered his wits, and he saw the state we were in, it made him sick to think of the dangers we had passed through, but he declared to me afterwards that while waiting for us he had seen the whole in a dream; and then no longer able to distinguish the dream from the reality, he grew calm and played the piano as if in sleep, and persuaded himself he was also dead. He saw himself plunged in a lake; heavy and frozen drops of water fell in measured beat on his breast, and when I made him hear the drops of water which were really falling in regular time on the roof, he denied having heard them. He even grew angry at my use of the phrase imitative harmony. He protested with all his strength, and he was right—against the puerility of these imitations for the ear. His genius was full of the mysterious harmonies of nature, and it translated them by sublime equivalents in his musical thoughts, not by a servile repetition of exterior sounds. His composition on this evening was indeed full of the rain drops which resounded on the sonorous tiles of the Chartreuse, but they were transformed in his imagination and in his song into tears falling from heaven on his heart.

And which *Prelude* was this, my friend? Mme. Sand does not tell us, but I say it was No. 15, in D flat major, with the middle movement in E sharp minor, where there are reiterated notes in the bass which used to sound to me, before I read this account by Mme. Sand, like

"The old wound ever aching."

There was an artist, whose name I never knew and whose face I never saw, living in the same palazzo in Naples at the same time I lived there, a few years ago. He was a fine piano executant, and played this *Prelude* very, very often. The terrace on which his room opened was above mine, and on several sweet May moonlights, when he seemed to be alone as well as myself, I sat at

my salon window listening to this

"Poet hidden

In the light of thought."

He would play it again and again, and the reiterated bass notes came falling down in melodic beat from his terrace above me upon my heart, as the raindrops on the tiled roof of the Spanish Chartreuse fell on Chopin's. And my heart too, like the composer's, was then filled to overflowing with many a sad prevision;

"It looked before and after,  
And pined for what was not."

And after his music had ceased and midnight had spread its wide, full mantle of silence around and over the gay, noisy city, I would still sit leaning on the balustrade of my balcony and thinking of this *Prelude*, let its measured beats weld into my own sad imaginings, thinking they prefigured the tramping approach of some relentless, unknown destiny. And then would rise up the sad, clear note of the nightingale, which nestled in the orange grove of the palace garden beneath my balcony—it would come stealing on the night air, swelling louder and louder,

"Like a full moon raining out her beams,  
And an overflowing heaven of melody."

M. F. H., of whose playing I have so often spoken to you, plays this *Prelude* with an expression of keen anguish, which illustrates well Mme. Sand's account.

And now one more passage from these fascinating memories of the artist, and then I will be through. Oh great Tone-poet, in all thy keen suffering, still doubly blessed, for on either side of thy heart walked one man and one woman with genius a-level with thine own; and after thy death they have each stood beside the grave of thy memory, throwing the gorgeous light of their own torches over thy fame!

The following analysis of Chopin's genius and keen cutting dissection of his high-strung nervous character you will find deeply interesting. The feelings of the woman make the outlines a little sharp, but not enough so to cause you to lose the real form. Chopin—Liszt's Chopin—while he is all the better understood, after seeing him from this standpoint, loses not one fold, nor line nor delicate tint given him by the loving hand of the brother artist. Mme. Sand continues:

The genius of Chopin was the deepest and the fullest of feeling and emotion that ever existed. He could make a single instrument speak the language of the infinite. He could put into ten lines, which a child could play, high, grand poems and dramas of unequalled strength. He never needed great material means to give the catch word to his genius. He could fill the soul with terror without saxophones and ophicleides, and with faith and enthusiasm without church organs and the human voice.

There must be a great progress in taste and a high art intelligence obtained before his works shall become universally popular. The day will come when his music shall be scored without changing anything in the piano partition, and then everybody will know that this genius, as vast, as complete, as learned as the greatest masters whom he resembled, preserved an individuality still more exquisite than that of Sebastian Bach, still more powerful than that of Beethoven, still more dramatic than that of Weber.

He is all three united, and he is still himself the while; that is to say, more delicate in taste, more austere in grandeur, more heart rending in grief.

Mozart alone is superior to him, because Mozart had more of the calmness of health, consequently more fullness of life. Chopin felt his power and his weakness. His weakness lay in the very excess of this power which he could not regulate. He could not produce like Mozart (besides Mozart alone could do it) a master-piece in one uniform tint. Chopin's music is full of shading and unexpected passages.—Sometimes, but rarely, he is bizarre, mysterious and

\* Page 179, translation.

\* See page 170 Mrs. Cook's translation of Chopin.



restless. Although he had a horror of that which cannot be understood, his excessive emotions carried him off unconsciously, into regions known to himself alone.

I was a bad judge for him perhaps (for he consulted me as Moliere did his servant,) on account of knowing him so well. I could identify myself with the very fibres of his organization. During eight years, while being initiated each day into the secret of his inspiration or his musical meditation, his piano revealed to me the impulses, the difficulties, the victories or the tortures of his thought. I understood it then as he understood it, and a judge less intimate with him would have forced him to have made himself more intelligible to every one. In his youth he had sometimes laughing, free, easy thoughts. He composed some Polish songs and unpublished ballads of charming gayety and adorable sweetness. Some of his subsequent compositions are like crystal streams on which a clear sunlight is beaming. But how rare and short were these tranquil ecstasies of his contemplations!

The song of the sky-lark soaring in the heavens and the voluptuous floating of the swan on tranquil waters were as serene rays of beauty to him. But the plaintive and hungry cry of the eagle on the rocks of Majorca, the sharp whistling of the north wind and the mournful desolation of the ivy covered with snow saddened him for a long while; indeed the impression was keener than the gay, cheerful influence of the orange odors, the graceful beauty of the vine branches and the moresco melodies of the laborers.

It was thus with his character in all things.—Touched in an instant by the sweetness of affection and the smiles of good fortune, he was chilled for days, for whole weeks, by the awkwardness of an unconscious person or the little contradictions of real life. And it was a strange thing, too, that a real grief did not crush him as a slight one could; it seemed that he had not the strength to comprehend it first, or to suffer from it afterwards. The depth of his emotions thus was never in proportion to their causes. As to his deplorable health in moments of real danger, he accepted it heroically, but tormented himself miserably about insignificant changes. This however is the history and fate of all beings in whom the nervous system is developed to excess.

If you were here I should ask you to walk across the room with me and look again at the portrait of Georges Sand hanging on my library wall; for it is well to look at this "full-throated ease" of superb health and male force dwelling in woman's form, that could take the delicate, sensitive soul-flower of the tone-poet and so coolly dissect it petal by petal to the very throbbing heart core!

This portrait is one of the three celebrated ones of this marvellous

"Large-brained woman and large-hearted man."

Not the dashing, bold, masculine Delacroix picture, which represented the creator of *Leila*: nor the beautiful Spanish one of Charpentier, giving her in her second phase of *La Petite Fadette* and *André*; but the one sketched by her friend Calamatta, his own conception of the self-poised woman who had swept grandly over the rough, perilous breakers of youth's hot passions and anchored safely out in the deep waters of mid life; the writer of *Spiridion*, and *Les Sept Cordes de la Lyre*.

In this portrait, Jules Janin says, the woman, the poet, and the enchantress are united. The head is full front, a loose rolling collar is buttoned at the throat, there are no accessories, no ornaments, nothing to interfere with the superb lines of that fine head and well marked features. Everything in the face and full throat tells of a complete, self-sufficing nature of—as she says of Mozart—"the calmness of health and consequent fullness of life."

There we have looked at Mme. Sand; now we will leave her and this sorrowful heart history of Chopin, where she has placed it, "*aux mains de la Providence et de l'avenir—jusque la mort de-*

*chire les voiles pourt out.*" We will however be merciful and believe all things just to both.

The harp is hushed, the minstrel gone, but we have before us his undying works and his memory is embalmed in this precious amber of Liszt's friendship.

I will keep you no longer from your charming book, which I hope you will receive with this.—Enjoy its delicate, refined exterior, the rich hue of the leaf edges and the delicate tinting of the pages; the nice, clear type, the cold but sorrowful, sick face of the music poet gazing with proud level eyelids at you as you open the book; and then, taking your coziest corner, forget Senate, debate and every Washington temptation, both social, military and political, to read this through at once from beginning to end: from the beautiful dedication of the Translator to her gifted son-in-law, the artist Pychowski, on and on to the very last words of this "growing pyramid of homage."

A. M. B. B.

Bridgeton, N. J., April 4, 1863.

## English Singers. No. II.

MR. INCLEDON.

Charles Incledon was brought up in the choir of Exeter Cathedral, under the celebrated English composer, Wm. Jackson: for some indiscretions, it seems that Incledon was expelled the choir before his voice broke; he subsequently went to sea, and while there this magnificent organ displayed itself, to the astonishment of every man who heard it. A powerful, sweet, and flexible tenor, of compass up to B flat (with the use of a brilliant falsetto still higher,) and down to G; rich and slightly metallic in its tone, it was beautifully adapted to the class of songs by Dibdin, Shield, Davy, and other writers of their school, which Incledon made his own. Supplied by nature with strong feelings, which had never been either warped by a mis-directed education, or refined and chastened by intercourse with the best society, Incledon stood alone as the singer for the people.—"The Lads of the Village," "Poor Tom Bowling," "The Thorn," were in their several styles rendered impressive and just favorites. His performance of Macheath has been mentioned as reaching a perfection, both in acting and singing, that was owing to the fortunate circumstance of his appearance and habits of life corresponding so nearly with that of the character he represented. But perhaps the greatest thing he ever did was his singing the Storm ("Cease rude Boreas,") on the stage with merely a back scene, representing a vessel in distress, no accompaniment whatever. It is impossible to describe the effect of this man's singing, at the words, "She rights, she rights, boys, we're off shore." You had the vessel before you, the howling of the dreadful tempest, the sails flapping, the boatswain bawling, while every instant she is expected to go down, when the intense agony of joy excited by the pause and start, with the full power and passion of that wonderful voice was let loose upon the ear, producing an effect that can never be forgotten by many yet living who remember him. With all the pains that his friend Shield so constantly took to modify the singing of this child of nature, he never did succeed in rendering him a decent musician; nature in him was all, art nothing. He had no notion of moderation in anything; liberal and inconsiderate, of habits usually termed gay or convivial, and not remarkable for anything approaching to refinement in his language, it will readily be conceived how unlikely such a man was to sober down into the calm, sedate, or enthusiastic musician, who must know something of all styles; and as the Chinese philosopher, *Chang*, describes two of the necessary qualifications of a student—1st. "To conquer his passions, and render himself their master. 2d. To have a sweet, tractable, and complying temper." In neither of which acts of forbearance could the subject of this memoir be said to excel.

Incledon was the idol of the public for nearly twenty-five years. He visited almost every part of England, as "The Wandering Melodist," and realized a very large sum by these summer excursions. Latterly Sinclair was his companion, and contributed materially to enhance the profits of these trips. Of a generous and unenvious disposition, there was no English professor among his contemporaries of whom Incledon was ever heard to speak slightly, but

Braham. The latter was at the zenith of his fame, a just and prodigious favorite, with a voice equal to his own in power and sweetness, artistically refined and instructed by a first-rate Italian master (Kauzini) and exciting public attention in the double capacity of singer and composer; we cannot wonder that Incledon's equanimity was occasionally disturbed at the success of the "*little Jew*," as he always called Braham. On one occasion a trial of strength took place between these two great English vocalists. When "*The English Fleet*" was brought out, the duet "*All's well!*" was the grand attraction, and at the rehearsal the effect of Braham's singing was such as completely to terrify Incledon's friends, who began to tremble for his reputation when the performance should take place; however, Charles Incledon roused himself, *did* study the points to be made in this duet; and a friend who was present tells us there was no comparison between the singing of the two, and especially at the cadence terminating the second verse, when Incledon, who took the second part, made a splendid division, ending with the low bass G (first line,) which completely settled the question of superiority in Charles's favor. It was of course vehemently encored, and they continued to sing it for many nights. And here we can but remark, that such is the march of vocal music, or the accomplishments, that the generality of singers are now expected to possess, that this very duet, esteemed such a trial of these two artists' powers, at this present writing\* could hardly find two tenor singers who would condescend to sing it. What the next generation of singers will have to cope with, it baffles our mental perceptions to conceive. Already the works of Mozart, Spohr, Beethoven, Bellini, Rossini, *cum multis aliis*, of the foreign school, besides the whole immense range of the English style, including Handel, Purcell, Barnett, Balfe, Benedict, and many other talented living writers, it is expected shall be as familiar in their mouths as household words; while the *systems* of instruction, amid this confusion of style, have become much deteriorated, and assume a form technically known by the appellation of *parrotting*: that is, instead of the singer studying the words of his song, and rendering himself up to the sentiment of his author by long familiarity with his works, (as the manner was with Incledon and others of his day,) the plan is now to get up a song in *ten minutes*, with the garnish of a few misbegotten cadences; inappropriate as a passage from *La Sonnambula* would be in Spohr's *Last Judgment*, without a thought of looking into the intention, the mind of the composer previous to venturing on (literally) the execution of his works. Compass of voice must be shown, says the teacher to his female pupils. Very well; then you must go up to show how well you can touch B flat, and you must go down because, "heaven save the mark," it astonishes people so to hear a "lady sing like a man; and especially as Mrs. S. does it so beautifully, and so did Malibran; therefore cultivate your contr' alto by all means," in other words make yourself ridiculous by attempting what nature, excepting in a very few instances, denies the physical power of accomplishing. We must be excused this slight digression, arising entirely from reflection upon the great change in the cultivation of the vocal art since the days of Incledon, when the purely English style was sung by thoroughly English singers, and listened to, and admired by a truly English audience; when foreign artists were sought for in their legitimate sphere, the Italian opera; when, in short, fashion had not usurped the dominion of feeling to the desecration of the really vocal style, and the annoyance of hundreds who even now, if they dared speak, would prefer a good simple ballad, well sung, to all the roulades, caperings, and false ecstasies of the ultra modern Italian school.

As all the pseudo-critics look so very sharply after the faulty pronunciation of singers, it is necessary, in this instance, to deprive them of their lawful prey, by at once declaring that even the great Incledon was not free from defect in this particular. In the celebrated ballad "*Black-eyed Susan*," he pronounced the words of the line "*when black-eyed Susan came on board*," so also in the line beginning "*and quick as lightning*," &c., he rendered, "*Aand queek as lightning on the deck he staands*." But it must be remembered he pretended to no refinement; he sung as feeling, not as grammar prompted him, and, however erroneous such instances were, and annoying doubtless to persons who lived only upon finding out the faults of others; still it is an undecided point, whether they did not make, as it were, part and parcel of his bold, rough, sailor-like style, and had these angles of pronunciation been rounded and pared off, the songs might have been more worthy a modern concert scheme, but for the mass of the people (then unenlightened by the "diffusion of useful know-

ledge," to whom Incledon addressed himself, they would by such refinement have lost nearly half their charm. It has been declared, and with some justice, that if Incledon were alive again, his singing would not please as it did in his time; true, and for this reason: we are all so dreadfully refined, so enormously over educated, so fastidious upon points of minor consequence, that we are more anxious about correcting faults than zealously striving to create beauties, more solicitous not to lose cast by admiring what is excellent, merely for its intrinsic merit, rather than eager to hail every symptom of real talent, even should it arise in our own country, from which we are impudently told nothing musical is expected.—We could go on lecturing in this way for hours, but must not exceed due bounds in our brief sketch; a very inadequate but sincere tribute to the memory of the most genuine English singer we ever had.

Incledon was thrice married to very amiable women, the last survived him; and, together with two sons, we believe, are still living (1838). The eldest son inherits much of the sweetness of voice so characteristic of his father's peculiar organ, the only other reminiscence of which we have left in the celebrated imitation song of Charles Taylor, wherein he gives a verse of "The Storm," in Incledon's style, so nearly approaching in tone and manner to the original, that it is almost painful to hear it.

### Signor Petrella's "Last Days of Pompeii."

(Performed at the New York Academy of Music, April 7.)

(From the Tribune.)

The death, burial, and resurrection of Pompeii is the most startling event in human history. It is out of the range of epic grandeurs and terrors; war, pestilence, and famine are all cheap common-places in comparison with the arch-horror of the fate of the ancient city, overwhelmed in the hellish vomit of Vesuvius, and its grace, pride and glory extinguished in a moment; and then exhumed after an interment of two thousand years.

The lively talent of Mr. Bulwer has taken Pompeii for the scene of a novel. If he has failed to vitalize his characters, he has made a story of a certain merit, owing to the romance of the time and place. On this tale Signor Errigo Petrella of Naples has constructed a four-act Grand Opera. The composer is a new name, but not a young man. Some sixty winters have passed over his head; why he has not been before the public sooner, does not appear.

All his musico-academic work is artistic and intellectual. He evinces a complete training in lyrical rhetoric, and in the uses of the voices and instruments. The plot he has selected to treat tends all towards tragedy—both in the classic nature of the characters and their serious looks and statements; and yet there is no tragedy—for the death of Nidia is rather a sad incident than an element of the work. It might have been put off and no harm done to the business generally. We have accordingly, much tragic music, but leading to a happy conclusion;—that is, the lovers are finally set right and, as the children say, live in peace and die in Greece. We therefore experience a certain disappointment at the denouement. It would be highly gratifying to have all the people on the stage killed.

In regard to the music, there are two main things necessary for the opera: first ideas, which are clear cut and memorable, and next the setting of the melodic diamonds. We never venture an opinion on the premise of enduring popularity as to melodies; that can only be determined by the public and by time. But as regards the function of the artist, we are prepared to state that this composer has distinguished himself by his constant and conscientious efforts to give rich colorings to his orchestral work and to the form of his pieces. We have, accordingly, the modern resources of the orchestra in great sonority and dramatic emphasis, and a regard for the business of the scene in connection with the music.

The plot of the piece can be readily understood from the following Argument, contained in the published libretto:

The plot and principal characters of this Lyric Drama have been borrowed by Peruzzini from Bulwer's well-known novel "The Last Days of Pompeii."

Arbaces, the Egyptian Mage and High Priest of Isis, aiming at Ione's love, plots to divert her from Glauco, a young and noble Athenian with whom she is in love and who entertains for her a vivid passion. Glauco, inspired by the virtuous charms of Ione, throws aside the unworthy pleasures and dissipations of which he formerly had been so fond.

The High Priest, through one of his devoted followers, the tavern-keeper Burbo, obtains a philter from a witch, and induces Nidia, a slave bought by Glauco and secretly in love with him, to administer to Ione's lover the fatal beverage. Glauco, on taking it, becomes delirious; and on meeting Ione addresses her brutally. Arbaces triumphantly makes his coveted Ione feel the unworthiness of her choice, and advises her to go to his Palace, and consult there the Oracle of the Goddess Isis about her fate and the grief of her heart.

Ione yields to Arbaces's treacherous suggestion; visits his palace, and there the High Priest unveils to her his passion, making a villainous attempt to obtain her love. She seeks refuge by the statue of the Goddess. Arbaces is about to carry on his iniquitous desires, when suddenly Glauco, who has been notified by the repentant Nidia, of the danger of his beloved, rushes into the temple, and claims Ione from the High Priest. The audacious Egyptian calls forth his priests, and accuses Glauco before them of having forcibly attempted to seize Ione. He threatens her with death, rather than consent to her becoming Glauco's. The indignant lover, seeing Ione's life in peril, precipitates himself, with the dagger in his hand, upon the traitor Arbaces. The priests shudder at the sacrilegious outburst of the jealous lover, and condemn him to be thrown to the wild beasts.

Glauco is taken to the Amphitheatre; but Nidia, who becomes frightened at the dreadful fate of her beloved Glauco, dares reveal the crimes of Arbaces, and his infamous conspiracy against Ione, to the Roman Prætors. The people of Pompeii, apprized of the fact, obtain Glauco's pardon and claim the punishment and death of the sacrilegious Mage.

At that moment, the earth, as if refusing farther to support the iniquities of the sinful Temple, thunders, quakes, and opens itself under the doomed City of Pompeii. The terrified inhabitants rush to the sea for refuge.

Glauco, already freed from his chains, leaves the Circus, meets his faithful Ione, who swears to share his fate. They both fly from the city, endeavoring to find safety in some vessel which may take them to their native Greece. Nidia refuses to follow them, and being asked the cause of her refusal confesses her love for Glauco and throws herself into the depths of the ocean.

Meanwhile Vesuvius pours forth torrents of burning lava. The entire City of Pompeii crumbles, and in the midst of that awful scene of ruin and desolation, the two lovers embarking for happier lands, the curtain falls.

The heroine, Ione, was performed by Madame Medori. She displayed all her customary energy, and moreover, more vocal flexibility than in her previous efforts. The slave Nidia was intrusted to Mlle. Sulzer, who gave much pleasure by her delineation. The high priest was acted and sung by Signor Bellini in a commanding style. The tavern-keeper, Burbo, answering to the "gentlemanlike proprietor" of modern times, brought out the wonderful vocal training of Signor Biachi. Of Signor Mazzolini, it may be truly affirmed that he never more distinguished himself than he did in his mode of rendering the part of Glauco. We may particularly instance the scene where he is supposed to be under the influence of the witch's decoction.

The music which made the most impression on the house, was the large, well emphasized finale to the third act. The duet between the high priest and the soprano, received the next best applause. The Academy audiences are not distinguished for fervor, but on Monday night, marked cordiality was bestowed at certain points of the work, and the singers were loudly called before the curtain.

THE "LAMENTATIONS"—Our friend and travelling companion "Klauser" who contributes such agreeable "Reminiscences of Life in the Old World" to the *New Jerusalem Messenger*, says:

Of all the music to be heard during Holy Week at Rome, the most remarkable is, I think, that of the "Lamentations" which precede the *Miserere*. For its peculiarity, its utter unlikeness to every thing else in the whole realm of music, its simplicity, and yet

its irresistible power, I regard it as one of the greatest achievements of the church musician. It combines all the touching sadness, the supernatural character of the *Miserere* in a single unaccompanied voice. It is a wail rather than a chant or song, and yet such a wail as might come from the heart of a fallen angel. Nothing filled me with a deeper sadness, yea, I may name it awe, than this "Lamentation" as I heard it in the Sistine. It seemed like no human voice, but rather to come from some ancient prophet or sybil, such as is there pictured in the ceiling by Michael Angelo, and who in the world of spirits looked down and lamented the fallen, lost Jerusalem. Yea, it lamented the utter desolation, the end of that church whose crowned head and purple robed priest sat and listened as the lights were one by one extinguished. Rome itself is the fallen city; the church of Rome sings in the words of the Prophet its own sad dirge!

## Music Abroad.

VIENNA.—Adelina Patti was still the chief attraction of the opera. *Norina* and *Rosina* and been added to her other triumphs. "We will not say," writes one critic, "that the success of the enchantress keeps on increasing, for that were impossible; but the enthusiasm of the public maintains itself at the same level." The emperor and empress, archdukes and archduchesses "graciously assist" at her representations, and the imperial box often gives the signal for the most sympathetic plaudits. Patti's portrait, painted by Winterhalter, is exhibited in one of the foyers of the theatre; people pay a franc to see it, and the proceeds are given to the poor. Here is management, as well as art; in the Covent Garden Nursery Rhymes there is a strain after this fashion:

There was an old manager Gye,  
Who thought himself wondrous sly,  
Till he met with Strakosch,  
When he cried out, "By gosh!  
"Here's more than a match for old Gye."

Ginglini, the tenor, who has been singing with Patti, has returned to London.

Zellner's third historical concert was one of the most interesting and most varied. The vocal specimens presented were: two *chansons* by Thibaut, king of Navarre (13th century), sung by Herr Walter, with harp accompaniment; a Duo, *Les Roses*, by Rousseau; pieces for four voices, by Pierre Meier, D. Becker, and M. Siebenhaar (all three of the 17th century), and also by Robert Schumann, sung by Miles. Kraus and Prager, and Herren Walter and Meyerhofer. The instrumental pieces were: a Sonata by P. E. Bach; several compositions arranged or the harmonium and executed by Zellner; and finally some dance airs from *Ferramor*, an opera by Rubinstein.—During holy week a concert was given at the Carl theatre for the purpose of decorating the tomb of Beethoven; the Heroic Symphony was performed, illustrated by *tableaux vivants*.—On the 24th of March there was a brilliant performance of the *Huguenots* at the Court theatre. Ander, as Raoul, electrified the house; and Draxler has one of his best parts in Marcel; Mmes. Liebhart and Kraus took the parts of Valentine and Isabella.

STUTTGART.—Mr. Benedict's opera, *La Rose d'Erin*, or "The Lily of Killarney," composed for London, has been brought out with marked success in this his native town. The critics pronounce it an important work, likely to make the tour of Germany; and one of them says:

Benedict possesses the power, which not very many composers of the present day possess, of captivating the ear by admirable harmonies and happy melodies, while his mastery of the art of instrumentation does not surprise us in a pupil of Carl Maria von Weber. Thus *Die Rose von Erin* is rich in melodies which strike home at the very first hearing, and, moreover, —which especially pleased us—the music is free from all straining to produce new effects, at any price, by means of original and bizarre combinations. The capability of writing such music is a gift of God, which, it must be confessed, is denied to many of

those who perorate every evening, the whole year through, about musical art: who have, perhaps, fundamentally studied counterpoint, but are not able to write one *singable* song. These persons will no more derive gratification from Benedict's music than they can pardon our good Mozart, or Papa Haydn, for having written with such perfect simplicity, intelligibility, and clearness as they have written.

Mme. ABEL, whose artistic piano performances are well remembered by true music lovers in New York and Boston, has been residing during the past year in Stuttgart, which is her husband's native city. One of the leading German critics speaks thus in the *Strass-Anzeiger* of her concerts:

"In our Art-loving city there is no lack of traveling artists and piano virtuosos; and in our concert annals we can show the names of the greatest and most famous, from Thalberg, Liszt, Doehler, Dreychock, Rubinstein, Litolff, Bülow, &c., to Clara Schumann, Wilhelmina Clausa, Mme. Pleyel, Arabella Goddard, besides the brilliant Countess Karlezgy and Rosa Kasterer.

"Mme. Abel therefore need not wonder if her arrival here excited little sensation, especially since she had despised the usual means of making herself known beforehand. These she had the more reason not to neglect, because she came here from America, a land which has with us the reputation of being the place of refuge for all sorts of mediocrity in Art. Nevertheless our public awaited the result of her first concert with some eagerness, since the report had spread in certain circles that Mme. Abel was no other than the little piano virtuoso once so famous under the name of Louise Scheibel, of whom the Paris journals said so much, calling her the Milanollo of the piano. In her eighth year she had made artistic tours through Germany and France. So curiosity on the one hand, and artistic interest on the other, filled the hall full to overflowing. The programme was remarkably choice. Our first opera singers, Herr Pischek, Sontheim, Mme. Marlow, as well as the world-famous violinist, Sivioli, lent their assistance. No wonder, therefore, if at the first appearance of the fair artist a peculiar feeling took possession of the public, as if on the eve of the utterance of an oracle upon an important occasion. But how quickly the decision followed, how soon curiosity gave way to highest admiration, when Mme. Abel began to play the Andante of the great Polonaise, op. 22, by Chopin, and then executed the difficult Polonaise itself with such masterly perfection as we had never heard in the rendering of that piece before! The impression, which her brilliant, soulful and deeply poetic playing made on us, can only be compared with that which Clara Schumann left behind her here two years ago, although the two artists have never met each other in their lives.

"What a melting tenderness, what a spiritual aroma Mme. Abel knows how to spread over the compositions of Chopin! This is not mere playing, it is a reproducing of the very spirit of the composer. A spiritual affinity streams forth from every tone she strikes; in the deeply penetrating Scherzo in B flat minor it is as if she struck the chords of her own heart. No, never have we heard the works of Chopin so rendered, and we may with justice maintain, that Mme. A. is one of the few, if not the only living female artist, who has truly preserved the traditions of this genial master. But not only did she play the works of Chopin with such perfection; Sebastian Bach, too, and Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Hummel, Field, Mendelssohn, and, among the composers of the day, A. Reichel, C. Stamaty and Gottschalk took their turn in the two following soirées and matinées. The 'Kreutzer Sonata' of Beethoven became quite a new creation under the hands of Mme. A. and Sig. Sivioli; only Clara Schumann and Joachim together could afford us a similar enjoyment. In these times of piano-playing run mad, the appearance of an artist of such all-sided culture as Mme. Abel is a lesson, which outweighs a whole course of studies; for only through such an example is a living model held up to be emulated.

"We hope that Mme. Abel will make her permanent home among us, and that in no case she will return to America, where such pearls as she scatters would only fall upon unclean and unfruitful soil."

Complimentary this! Nevertheless we understand that Mme. Abel *does* intend to return and settle in America, and that it is not improbable that we shall have her here in Boston. She, it seems, has a much better opinion of this country than her enthusiastic German critic.

DUSSELDORF.—The programme of the Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine, this year, which is to

be held at Dusseldorf, and at which Herr Otto Goldschmidt will conduct, and his wife Mad. Jenny Goldschmidt, take the soprano part, is already fixed as follows:—First day—Overture in C major, by Beethoven; *Elijah* (oratorio) by Mendelssohn (with organ); Second day—Orchestral Movements (D major), by J. S. Bach; Psalm by Marcello; "St. Cecilia's Ode," by Handel (with organ); Symphony, by Schubert; third part of the *Creation*, by Haydn; Third day—"Künstlerconcert," including scenes from Schumann's *Faust*, and a selection from *Die Zerstörung Jerusalems*, by Ferdinand Hiller.

#### Paris.

From the correspondents of the *London Musical World*, April 9, we take the following:

The contest for the direction of the Italian Theatre proved a regular Derby race, or more properly a handicap, in which the lightest weighted horse won easily—M. Bagier carrying less than all his competitors by the amount of the "subvention." With M. Bagier were entered MM. Bosselievre, Lumley, Del Peral, Gye, Penco, Giuliani, Mico and Calzado. The winner, I understand, was closely pressed by Mr. Lumley, notwithstanding the difference in the weight, and all the rest were distanced. The consequence of the administration is that all engagements are at an end, and M. Bagier is free to make an entirely new company. There is a glorious opportunity for reformation if the new director have only shrewdness and resolution. Many fear that the want of a subvention will prove fatal to the interests of the theatre. So no doubt it would with the majority of managers; but M. Bagier is opulent, and can afford to run risks. A sacred concert (*concert spirituel*) was given in the Théâtre Italien on Tuesday, the 31st ult., at which were performed Rossini's "Stabat Mater," with Mesdames Frezzolini and Penco, Mlle. Trebelli, Signors Tamberlick, Gardoni, Capponi, Bartolini and Monari; a "Trio Funebre," by Mercadante, in memory of Malibran (Madame Frezzolini, Signors Gardoni and Delle-Sedie); an ecclesiastical air of the sixteenth century, composed by Stradella (Signor Delle-Sedie); and the "Ave Maria" from Verdi's *I Lombardi* (Madame Frezzolini).

They are busy at the Opéra with the rehearsals of the *Vêpres Siciliennes*, Signor Verdi superintending. The cast will comprise Mdlle. Sax, MM. Villaret, Bonnehée and Obin.

The long-promised *Peines d'Amour Perdus* was brought out at the Théâtre-Lyrique on Tuesday, the 31st ultimo, only to baulk expectation. I have already informed you, and you have gathered from other sources, that the libretto of Mozart's *Così fan tutte* was deemed by M. Carvalho unworthy the classic boards of the Théâtre-Lyrique; whereupon the manager engaged MM. Jules Barbier and Michel Carré to adapt a new book to the music, and they selected Shakespeare's *Love's Labour Lost*. It was a pretty notion to marry Shakespeare with Mozart, but unfortunately its successful achievement required a little knowledge both of English and music. Never did two literary moles work deeper in the dark than Messieurs Barbier and Carré. Not a vestige of the poetry and romance of the original drama remains. The book Da Ponte compiled for Mozart—one of the silliest ever written for music—is a marvel of grace and gaiety compared to the concoction of the two popular French scribes (not "Scribes"). Need I say that the concoction was a failure? The execution, however, was good—at least for the most part—the principal support being given to it by Mesdames Cabel, Faure and Girard. M. Léon Duprez, who made his *début* as the Prince of Navarre, proved his father's son in everything but voice.

#### London.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The season opened on Tuesday with *Masaniello*. The cast differed from that of last year in two particulars—Signor Naudin, who made his first appearance at this theatre, representing the hero in place of Signor Mario, and M. Faure, Pietro, in place of Signor Graziani. The *Masaniello* of Signor Naudin is worth reconsidering. M. Faure's Pietro was excellent. The execution was as good as ever, and the audience was unusually liberal in their applause. The overture, played brilliantly and fastly, and the "Liberty" duet between *Masaniello* and Pietro in act the second, were encored. In the *divertissement* two new artistes, Mdlles. Montero and Durles, appeared with success. *Masaniello* was repeated on Thursday, and will be performed for the third time on Monday. We shall speak at length of the performance in our next. To-

night Mdlle. Fioretti makes her *début* as Elvira in *I Puritani*. The lady has won considerable reputation as a singer of the Persiani school, at Vienna and St. Petersburg. Signor Ronconi will make his first appearance (first time these two years) as Giorgio, and M. Faure assume the part of Riccardo (first time). Signor Caffieri, the new tenor, of whom we have heard good reports from various quarters, is announced to make his *début* on Monday week, as Arnold in *Guillaume Tell*.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—"The best performance of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* ever given in England" took place March 20th. The "principals" were Mme. Rudersdorff (soprano), Mme. Sainton-Dolby (contralto), Messrs. George Perren (tenor), and Weiss (bass). The *Messiah* followed during Passion week.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The second concert of the season presented two Symphonies: Haydn's in E flat, No. 10, and Beethoven's in C minor; the overture to *Preciosa*; a violin Concerto by Spohr; Mendelssohn's Wedding March; and for vocal selections, *Deh vieni*, by Mozart, two *Lieder* by Beethoven, and a scene from *Le Domino Noir*, all of which were sung by Miss Louisa Pyne.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON. The programme of the second concert embraced a Symphony in G (not of the Saloman "Twelve") by Haydn, and Mendelssohn's very early Symphony, written almost in his boyhood, in C minor. This our friend of the *Musical World* is ecstatic about, while he finds Schumann's *Manfred* overture, which figured in the same concert, "sombre, monotonous, tormenting, unsatisfying," &c., &c. Friend, you do well to own that you "cannot fathom him," and we "regret to be compelled to add that we (you) regret it not." Weber's overture to *Abou Hassan* closed the concert. Piatti played a violoncello Concerto of his own. The most interesting vocal piece was a scena, *Andromeda*, by Mozart (composed in 1777 at Salzburg), sung "with splendid energy" by Mme. Rudersdorff. Mr. Weiss sang the bass aria from Mozart's *Seraglio*.

MME. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT announces a series of concerts at St. James Hall, beginning on the 1st of May with Handel's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, conductor.

## Bright's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 2, 1863.

### The Great Organ and its Builder.

The Boston Music Hall is now, and will be through the summer months, the spacious, sunny and secluded workshop of Mr. Fritz Walcker, and his two assistants, who have come over from Wurtemberg, and are engaged in putting up the Organ, which has already occupied seven years since the first inception of the plan. Packed in a multitude of most substantial boxes, some of them from thirty to forty feet in length (containing each a giant pipe), the *disjecta membra* of the mighty instrument lie there piled up over a large portion of the floor. At the back of the stage the foundations are nearly completed, strong enough to sustain the weight of the organ, amounting to sixty or seventy tons. Any full description is necessarily reserved until the instrument is up and ready for use. We may give some idea, however, of its size, by stating that it will be 47 feet wide, 18 feet deep, and 70 feet high (striking its roots down far below the stage and reaching up above the cornice). The two great central towers of the structure (a superb architectural design by Billings), will stand

forward fifteen feet upon the stage, the wings receding. These two towers will be composed of several great 32 feet pipes of tin, making a very imposing appearance; and lesser pipes, through all their graduated series, will in like manner be displayed. The wood work of the case is of black walnut, richly carved, and bristling with artistic figures, flowers, angels, musical instruments, &c. The organ has 4 manuals, besides an extensive range of pedals; it contains 86 sounding stops or registers, all running through, making an aggregate of 6500 pipes, some thirty of which are of the largest species, or 32 feet pipes, of pure tin. The workmanship is known to be of the most thorough and beautiful description. The organ, before it left the maker's factory, was set up and submitted to a thorough trial by a commission of distinguished organists from England, Germany and France, whose very satisfactory report will doubtless in due time appear; the Directors of the Hall are not anxious to have the report appear before the flash. The cost of the organ proper is about \$20,000; the case will cost some \$12,000 and; transportation, insurance, cost of erection, &c., will swell the sum to a considerably higher figure.

A friend has kindly translated for us, from Schilling's *Universal-Lexicon der Tonkunst*, a brief notice of the builder of our Organ, which, although by no means complete, will interest our readers. It must be borne in mind that the article was written in 1838, and therefore does not include the period of Walcker's greatest works—the organ at Ulm, for instance, which has 100 speaking stops.

One of the most distinguished and skilful organ builders of the present time, is E. FRIEDRICH WALCKER. He was born in Cannstadt, near Stuttgart, and learned his art from his father, Eberhard Friedrich Walcker, who was himself a reputable organ builder. Aided by the manifold experiences of his father, he sought always to enlarge his learning and knowledge through his own studies, attempts, and personal intimacy or correspondence with the most celebrated artists and builders; and in the year 1820 he established himself as organ builder in Ludwigsburg in Wurtemberg. He began, it is true, at first, in a very modest way; simply for the want of pecuniary means. Meanwhile he found opportunity to repair and build several organs, which proved to be very successful works. Especially, the new organ in the Garrison church in Stuttgart, of 20 stops, 2 keyboards and pedals of 30 keys compass. This soon recommended him to the world, and he had the good fortune to be chosen as the builder of the great organ in the Paul's Church, at Frankfort am Main, which, by his proposition, was made to consist of 76 sounding stops, 3 keyboards, and 2 pedal organs of 27 keys. The success of this work decided that of his whole life, and gave him, almost at once, a European name. So that since then, not less than 28 new organs, without reckoning many extensive repairs of old organs, have been given to him to build. All these organs, without exception, have been found entirely satisfactory by the best judges.

Some of the instruments built by Walcker are: in Tübingen, a 16 foot toned organ, with 35 stops, and 3 keyboards; a similar one in Reutlingen, and with the exception of the case, a new and powerful instrument; the organ in the Michael's Church at Halle, having 38 sounding stops, 3 keyboards and pedal, also a 16 foot diapason in the great organ; the organ in the Hof Church at Stuttgart, of 24 stops; and he is now (1838) building two great instruments, one for the St. Peter's Church in St. Petersburg, having

65 stops, and the other for the St. Olai Church in Revel, on the North Sea, having 68 stops, with a 32 foot diapason—in the front of the case,—3 keyboards and two sets of pedals.

With such a wide and well-earned reputation, it is natural that his manufactory should have become more and more extensive. It is excellently well arranged, with every improvement, so that the largest organs can be conveniently built, set up, and tried in his workshop.

We are indebted to Walcker for many improvements in the art of organ building. He has, namely, simplified the action of the instrument, even in such a manner and so thoroughly, that, wherever friction cannot be avoided, as for instance in the rollers, he has made the steel pins work in a buckskin covering. His wind chests are not stopped up in the usual manner, but are closed as well at the bottom as at the top by indented sounding boards; the valves open sideways; and the wires move in perfect fitting brass plates—an arrangement which makes the action easy and pleasant to the player, even in the largest organs. And besides many improvements in the various kinds of pipe he has—particularly in his great organs—invented and constructed improved single stops, such as for example: the traverse flute, clarinet, hautboy, a quite soft-toned harmonica of wood, and a 32 foot bass, whose tone is clear, strong and effective to the lowest C. The intonation of all the completed organs of Walcker, is the most excellent that the writer has ever known.

#### Paradise and the Peri.

Mr. J. C. D. PARKER and his Club of amateurs gave their friends a rare musical treat last Saturday evening, at Chickering's, by a performance of the Cantata in which Robert Schumann has illustrated Moore's beautiful poem with some of the finest inspirations of his musical genius. The music is as finely imaginative as the poem, and in perfect keeping with it.

There could not be a better subject for a large vocal and orchestral composition, than such a poem, nor one better suited to the best vein of such a genius as Schumann's. He has sometimes failed, is sometimes forced, obscure and sickly; but here he has been throughout happy, throughout original, blessed with interesting and most apposite ideas; melody and harmony and instrumental coloring have all worked together, mutually enriched and fused together in the warm atmosphere of his imagination, rendered Oriental by his meditation of the poem. We do not say that all parts of the composition are equally inspiring, but all are good, too good to make it possible to turn away until you have heard the whole. To show how perfectly he has treated his subject, we should have to take up the poem and the music piece by piece, which is impossible here, but we may yet attempt it at some length. To no new work which we have heard here for some years, in any form, is such an exposition of its beauties so well due.

It was our good fortune once, in Berlin, to hear "Paradise and the Peri," with the orchestral accompaniments, a large chorus, and the best solo singers; and it was a memorable experience. Not the less, but all the more have we enjoyed this nearer reminder of it, although on a small scale and with only a piano accompaniment. But the piano arrangement, made we presume by Schumann himself, is excellent, and all the rare, rich harmonies, the delicate, fine figures, the descriptive bits, or rather suggestions of crystal heavenly heights, angelic harmonies, sky, waters, winds, wings, "sandal groves and bowers of spice," the battle field, the heavy, drowsy atmosphere of plague, &c., &c., were clearly, nicely hinted in Mr. Parker's tasteful playing. Mrs. HARWOOD sang the opening verse: "One morn a Peri at the gate of Eden stood," with her highly cul-

tivated soprano, most expressively, and also a more important solo near the close. All the other narrative portions are given to the tenor voice; they are finely conceived recitatives for the most part, and Mr. LANGMAID had studied their expression well. The part of the Peri was not badly suited to the clear and soaring soprano of Miss HUNTLEY, who was at home in her music, sounding out the high C in the ecstatic final song and chorus unmistakably. And what exquisite songs the Peri has to sing! That first one especially, in which she thinks of the happiness of the spirits in Paradise; and that strangely beautiful one: "I know the wealth of every urn," &c. There are fine alto and bass solos, too, which received good treatment.

The choruses and quartets are remarkable, each entirely individual and original. First the quartet, admiring the beauty of the "sweet Indian land", where the Peri makes her first search for the gift that shall open the gate of Eden to her; then the series of choruses describing the ravages of war, the vain resistance to the tyrant, the death of the young hero, the lament, and the grand finale of this first part, in which the Peri and chorus sing of the holiness of blood shed for liberty. This is the grandest chorus in the whole work, and this whole passage is in the highest degree dramatic. Then how marvellously beautiful, both voices and accompaniment, the chorus of Genii of the Nile, near the beginning, and the song of the Peri and chorus, "Sleep on," at the end of the second part! Happiest of all perhaps, and most original, the chorus of Houris opening the third part; then the religious chorale, which hails the tear of the penitent sinner; and then the uncontainable rapture of the Peri song and chorus at the end!—These were generally sung in fine style by the assemblage of refined, fresh, young voices, and made a most agreeable impression.

Nor ought we to omit to mention the singular ingenuity, or rather genius, which Schumann has shown in all the little connecting phrases and modulations leading from one piece into another.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT ST. PAUL'S.—Under the direction of Dr. S. P. TUCKERMAN an interesting series of specimens of church music, partly historical, were performed on Thursday evening, April 16th, and again (with a slight change of programme) on the following Thursday, for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers. The selections were mainly the same as those given in the same place last year by Dr. Tuckerman. First a portion of that old choral service by Tallis, with its monotonous intoning, varied only by response between choir and priest, until a blessed relief comes in the shape of the commonest chord cadence:—not without its impressiveness however. This ended with the *Venite*, to the 8th Gregorian Tune.

In Part II. we had, as last year, an Ambrosian chant in unison, a Plain Chant (unison) by Guido Aretinus; his Diaphonia, setting the teeth on edge by consecutive fifths and fourths; and a more palatable bit of two-part harmony by Franco (11th century).

Part III. opened with the famous *Miserere* by Allegri, which sounded better than last year and which certainly has a strange beauty, even thus severed from its traditional surroundings. The first choir was composed of Mrs. FOWLE, Miss GILSON, Mrs. SHATTUCK, Mr. SANGIER and Mr. RYDER; the second choir of Mrs. FISK, Mrs. CARY, Miss CARY, and Mr. POWERS:—a very rich and powerful ensemble. Mrs. Fowle sang Cherubini's *Ave Maria*. Then came an Anthem by Mendelssohn, consisting of a choral: "In deep distress I cry to Thee", a fine aria by Miss HOUSTON, and a quartet. Then a *Lamentation* and *Sanctus* by Palestrina, large and grand. Then, in extreme contrast with the last, the *Benedictus* from Weber's Mass in G, warm, romantic,



sentimental, *Freyshütz*-like. Then a beautiful quartet for female voices by Dr. Tuckerman, which was much enjoyed. Then *Gratias agimus* from Haydn's 16th Mass; Bass Solo from *Elijah*: "Draw near, all my people", grandly sung by Mr. Powers; and the sublime Choral by Bach, in four and five parts, from the 5th Motet.

Part IV. contained the air: "Jerusalem" from *St. Paul*, effectively sung by Miss Houston; the Angel Trio: "Lift thine eyes"; a strangely interesting Trio for male voices from Cherubini's *Requiem*; Terzetto (soprano and alto): "Not unto us", by Mendelssohn; "O rest in the Lord", from *Elijah*, beautifully rendered by Miss Cary; *Quando Corpus*, which is the best thing in Rossini's *Stabat Mater*; *Eia Mater*, from the same; and finally Luther's Choral: *Ein feste Burg*, as harmonized by Bach:—truly a glorious and solemn close.

We congratulate Dr. Tuckerman and his singers on their great success, and wish such exhibitions could be more frequent.

**ORCHESTRAL UNION.**—The 16th Afternoon Concert took place in the Tremont Temple. The programme was rich enough in classical good things for an evening (Philharmonic) concert.

1. Overture to "Faust".....Lindpaintner
2. Concert Waltz—"Termin".....Strauss  
[First time in Boston].
3. Symphony—No. 4. (Italian).....Mendelssohn
4. Turkish March—from "The Ruins of Athens".....Beethoven
5. Aelpler's Fenchlings Jubel.....Gungl  
[First time in this country].
6. Overture to "Semiramide".....Rossini

Here was a Symphony such as the most exacting taste finds evermore refreshing; and here were two fine overtures; that to *Semiramide*, an enduring favorite, and that to *Faust*, less familiar, but full of interest; a splendid piece of instrumentation, and not a bad introduction to Goethe's drama, which it commonly preludes in the best German theatres. Then for a piquant little *entremet*, the "Turkish March." Matter enough, therefore, alike appetizing to the many and the few. Strauss and Gungl were cheerful accessories.

On Wednesday, April 22, the last of these pleasant entertainments took place at the Academy of Music, which was crowded from parquet to upper gallery. The pieces were the *Freyshütz* overture; a Fantasia for violoncello, played by WULF FRIES; the C minor Symphony of Beethoven; a Concert waltz by Strauss, called "Dividenden," which certainly ought to draw; a rather clap-trap Fantasia, describing Swiss life, with horns, cow-bells, real lightning, &c., by Reinhold; and a chorus and finale (orchestral arrangement) from Ferdinand Hiller's opera "Conradin," a musician-like and interesting piece of course. It is greatly to be regretted that, owing to the closing of the Music Hall, and the pre-occupation of the other large halls, these concerts are thus brought to an untimely end. The Orchestral Union have done much for the entertainment and musical culture of a large class of our population.

**BOSTON MOZART CLUB.**—The amateurs gave the fifth and last of their Social Orchestral Entertainments to a crowded hall full of guests, last Monday evening. Mr. ZERBAHN, as usual, conducted, and the general impression was that they had never played so well. The programme was as follows:

- Part I.  
Grand Symphony, No. 9, D major.....Mozart  
Allegro assai.—Andante cantabile—Finale: Allegro.
- Part II.  
1. Overture. "Jean de Paris".....Bolidieu
2. Romance, for English Horn and Flute from "L'Eclair".....Halevy
3. Minuetto from Symphony No. 3 in E♭.....Mozart
4. Funeral March, from Symphony Eroica, No. 3.....Beethoven
5. Overture. "Don Giovanni".....Mozart

We hurry to press this week on account of the National Fast. We are obliged also, by the number of older letters already in type, to omit a new letter from Philadelphia, and even to curtail our New York correspondent,—from whom, by the way, we differ with regard to Franz, feeling that his songs show *genius* quite as much as Schumann's.

NEW YORK, APRIL 27.—Madame MEDORI left for Europe last week, to the regret of those who admire her impassioned acting, and, in many respects, fine vocalization. The operas given by the Italian company during the past two weeks, have been Verdi's noisy "I due Foscari," and repetitions of "Tone," "Norma," "Il Ballo," and "La Favorita." MARETZEK promises Verdi's "Aroldo," and other novelties, for the short Summer season, to commence on May 4th.

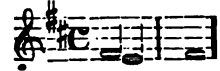
ANSCHUTZ' German company has given "Fidelio" and "Don Giovanni" at the Academy, with much less effect and success than at the small theatre, where the little troupe had no disadvantageous comparisons to fear—of course leaving the character of the music they perform and their excellent orchestra out of the question. Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor" will be given, for the first time here, to-night.

A concert was given at Irving Hall, on the evening of Sunday, April 19th, under Mr. ANSCHUTZ' direction, at which, besides Mozart's G Minor Symphony, arias sung by Mdme. Johannsen, Weber's music to "Preeiosa" was performed, by a good chorus and orchestra. In order to give the meaning of the detached pieces, the melo-drama was declaimed (adapted and condensed) by Mr. Rose, and Mdme. Scheller, a German actress of agreeable manner and appearance, and who sang the one song of the drama very pleasingly. Weber's music, so fresh, romantic, and full of melody, was as enjoyable in the concert room as on the stage.

The last Philharmonic concert of the season took place, under CARL BERGMANN's conductorship, on Saturday evening. The Symphony was Beethoven's No. 7. This noble creation—perhaps, after the Pastoral, the most generally popular of all the Symphonies, and which seems to have flowed from the soul of the composer in an hour of "peace and good will to all mankind," so full it is of joyous feeling and inspiration—was admirably played by the Society; indeed, we never heard them play with more finish and effectiveness. The other orchestral numbers were, Gade's "Reminiscences of Ossian," in a certain sense a faithful Scotch—or Scandinavian—picture, which, however, will not stand the test of frequent hearings; and Berlioz' overture, "Les freres jumes," noisy and unpleasant. Mr. Hoffman played Mendelssohn's second piano forte concerto with much execution; the Keller study and Chopin's polonaise, were less effective in Mr. Hoffmann's very agile hands. Mr. Schreiber played a solo, arranged from Beethoven, on that favorite, but, we think, vulgarized instrument, the cornet-a-piston, with great facility.

Messrs. MASON and THOMAS gave their last soirée on Thursday evening, April 21st; the programme (which attracted an over-crowded audience) commenced with Bach's concerto for two pianos and string quartet, in which Mr. TIMM assisted the usual executive firm. Perhaps more fire, more light and shade in the performances would have been an improvement, for Bach is the last composer to be put off with ever so fine a merely mechanical execution. The old quartet of Haydn, on the hymn "God preserve the Emperor Francis" was given, and the concert fitly concluded with Beethoven's immense quartet in C sharp minor, No. 14, one of his latest and greatest. A novelty was the singing of Mr. KREISSMANN—intelligent and agreeable, if not faultless; but it will not do to be hypercritical as to his singing, for we were only too glad to hear the songs he gave us. Why cannot such be heard oftener, at these, and similar concerts? Why do the orchestra concert directors disdain the fine voices, as such, forgetful that even in musical sound, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," and why will not fine singers give us fine songs? Is "no compromise" the motto of these belligerent powers? The songs selected by Mr. Kreissmann, were some of Franz, and a portion of that series by Schumann "Dichterliche." This hearing of Franz and Schumann recalled a comparison we have often made. Franz is the great *talent*; perfected, and in a certain measure, *made*; Schumann is the *genius*; God-appointed. Even in their different treatment of Heine's lyric "Im wandschöwan Monat Mai" (Mr. Kreissmann sang each) we see this; one is a thought; the other an inspiration. Looking back to our old musical impressions we remember how Franz has touched us with quick pleasure, haunting melancholy, a sense of wonder, as at something odd and mediæval, tempered with regret for a musician that has increased in his last works; but has not Schumann thrilled us from the first, in spite of his great faults, with that astonishment, that painful joy, which is only awakened by works of the first order of genius, such as, in lyric poetry; Shelley's "Sky-lark", in painting the Cartoons of Raphael, or York Minster in architecture? (And

seen by moonlight, as we first saw that Cathedral, it is a Symphony in stone). And yet, all honor to the living song writer, the sincere disciple of Bach!



BROOKLYN, N. Y., APRIL 9.—The Extra Concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, the programme of which you will find enclosed, took place last night and was a decided success as regards the musical part of the performance. The house was, in spite of the dreadful weather, comfortably filled, although the treasurer of the society would, perhaps, have liked to see a more numerous audience.

- Part I.  
Symphony in G Minor, (first time).....Mozart  
Scene—"Infelice".....Mendelssohn
- Sonata—for Piano and Violin, op. 47.....Beethoven  
Messrs R. Goldbeck and Theo. Thomas.
- Romance—L'Elle d'Amore—"Una furtiva lagrima".....Donizetti

- Mr. Castle.  
Overture—Egmont.....Beethoven
- Part II.  
The Easter Morning—A Sacred Cantata, by Chevalier  
Sigismund Neukomm, for Soprano, Tenor, and Bass  
solo, and Chorus.

As your regular correspondent will undoubtedly furnish you his report about the musical part of the performance, I would request you to permit me to give you the following statement of facts connected with the same.

The Directors of our Philharmonic Society, it is but just to acknowledge, have long since, in true appreciation of their mission, favored the idea of taking some initiatory step toward the promotion of Vocal music in connection with their flourishing institution. Judge Greenwood, indeed, had sometime ago laid before the Board of Directors the outlines of a plan for the purpose, which met with a very favorable reception. Subsequent to that, our townsman, Prof. Edw. Wiebé, privately made a proposal to some gentlemen of the board of Directors of the Philharmonic to organize an efficient chorus from among the many professional and amateur singers of this city for the purpose of performing a Cantata or Oratorio, if the Directors of the Philharmonic Society would lend their influence and co-operation in the matter. It was proposed also as part of the plan, that the net proceeds should be devoted to creating a fund for the promotion of Choral music in connection with and under the auspices of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society. These suggestions were accepted, and, after some sixty singers had been secured, the rehearsals began. Of these sixty singers, the majority belonged to the "Bedford Vocal Union," so that this society deserves the credit of having formed the nucleus of the whole chorus.

From the very beginning of the enterprise, the Philharmonic have shown the deepest interest in it, and this alone could secure the success so happily achieved. It was done not only creditably to the society under whose auspices it was performed, but also acceptably to the refined musical taste of our Brooklyn community.

The Cantata of the "Easter Morning" was selected for the occasion, for reasons which explain themselves. First, it was exactly fit for the occasion, the concert taking place in Easter week. Secondly, it is one of the most beautiful works in the department of sacred music and well adapted to the popular taste. The words are peculiarly tender and impressive, in some portions of the composition, whilst they rise to a high sublimity in other parts. The German poetry was written by Tiedge, an ardent worshipper of religion, not by Tieck, as erroneously stated in Novello's London edition of Neukomm's famous work. The English version which was sung last night, is a much more literal and more singable one and is prepared by Edw. Wiebé, who, assisted by his friend Wm. Cutter, has made many a fine German composition accessible to the lovers of music who speak English. A new edition of the "Easter Morning" with German and English words is now in press, in Germany, and will soon be out.

In conclusion I would mention that to Mr. Theodore Thomas, who led the performance, much credit is due for the amiable manner in which he helped Mr. Wiebé to mature a plan, which, if successfully carried through, cannot fail to prove beneficial in the development of taste for choral music in this community.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 12.—It was a pleasant surprise, strolling into the Musical Fund Hall last Saturday, to find our young friend, Mr. CHARLES SCHMITZ at the conductor's desk; and had it been any one else, I might have looked upon his first appearance as an orchestral leader with fear lest some

untoward accident might deprive him of success. Mr. Schmitz, however, always does well what he attempts, and, knowing this, I banished all fears for his safety, found a seat in the quietest corner of the room, and lay back, considering whether Mendelssohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" would have sounded equally well without the obligato accompaniments furnished by the voluble misses on either side of me.

Mr. Grau's company has, thus far, given *Linda*, *Robert le Diable*, *Les Noces de Jeannette*, *La Sonnambula*, *La Juive* and *Dinorah*.

*Dinorah* differs essentially from Meyerbeer's greater works: *Robert*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Le Prophète*, which we are accustomed to regard as types of his style. While the works named seem to possess more of the French or German character, leaning now to the one and now to the other, *Dinorah* suggests very little of the German, but seems a Franco-Italian mixture, in which the individuality of the author is less conspicuous than in previous works. In one thing Meyerbeer remains true to himself. He gives but few unbroken melodies, but changes key and rhythm frequently, even in solos, in order that music and words should be perfectly in keeping. There is also the same elaborate treatment in the orchestral parts.

In Meyerbeer's operas so much depends upon the perfect interweaving of musical and dramatic thought, that to hear them in an unintelligible language is to remain unconscious of many of their great beauties. In lighter operas this want is felt even more readily, because so much depends upon the action of the play, while in tragic works one may be carried along by the wilder measures and more massive harmonies, and need no explanation of what were, otherwise, mere pantomime.

There are several beautiful strains in *Dinorah*. I was especially pleased with the matter and the manner of MORENO's solo in the second act, and was surprised at the ease with which Mlle. CORDIER accomplished the difficult shadow aria. She deserved the applause, but the audience did not deserve a repetition of the most difficult part of her aria. The Italians, including MUZZO, performed in the left-handed way in which the Italians usually render French or German music. The goat left out considerable portions of its rôle, and was very capricious, which made me conclude it must be a tenor goat. Orchestra and chorus were poor enough. The "real water" for the inundation scene had been procured "at great expense" and was announced in large type, on flaming posters. It overdid its part and, running over the stage into the orchestra, threatened to drown out the musicians.

When I hear of *Don Giovanni* (it is announced for Mr. Grau's benefit, to-morrow) I am reminded of the performance of the same opera by the Anschütz Company, and shudder at the thought of it.

NIEBAND.

PITTSFIELD MASS., APRIL 8.—The winter with us has been unenlightened by musical *sun* or *stars*, and during its long months, nothing, save performers in the "minstrel" line, has risen above our horizon. But spring, with its first blue-bird and robin, has brought us also an artistic feast, in a call from the "Mendelssohn Quintette Club," as they passed on their way West. The Programme comprised the best and most pleasing selections from their rural repertoire. May we hear them often, and may our wealthy citizens bestir themselves so that, on their next visit, their music may fill a larger and more commodious Hall, worthy of such music, and of so intelligent and appreciative an audience.

On the following evening, April 7th, the "Mendelssohn Musical Institute," a sister companion of the "Club," in its aims and high standard, closed their seventh year by a musical Soirée, at which the

following Programme was performed by the pupils.

Part I.

1. Jubel Overture.....Weber  
Misses Anna W. Shaw and Mary W. Bassett.
2. Aria—"Don Giovanni".....Mozart  
Miss Lillian H. Bly.
3. Grand Sonata in D.....Schubert  
Miss Mary Chapman.
4. Song for three voices.....Richard Hol  
Misses Bly, Bailey and Gardner.
5. Lied ohne Worte.....Mendelssohn  
A. F. Bohlmann.
6. Cavatina from "Noli Me Tangere".....Mercadante  
Miss C. E. Gardner.
7. Grand Sonata in F.....Haydn  
Miss L. E. Bly.

Part II.

8. Grand Symphony No. 5, in C minor.....Beethoven  
Misses Chapman and Bly.

The pieces are some of them too well known to your readers, to need comment. The Sonata by Schubert is a wonderful example of his fruitful and peculiar genius, sparkling with originality and beauty. The Haydn Sonata was also exceedingly brilliant. The *Lied ohne Worte* by Mendelssohn was a favorite one, and well performed by a young German, who, as I learn, in the space of a year and a half has made wonderful progress in theoretical study, and has also acquired a good degree of skill in execution. During the first year of his study, being a weaver by trade, and obliged to labor, he occupied his mind with his lessons while at the loom, committing to memory the chords, which were thus thought out, and practising them diligently after release from mechanical toil from eight o'clock to ten in the evening, which was his only opportunity for practice. During the last few months he has forsaken the loom for the Organ and Piano Forte, and with determined energy and perseverance is pursuing the studies for which his quickness of thought, application and talents, are adapted.

Did time and your space permit, we could speak at length in praise of the performance of the well known and ever wonderful C minor Symphony, and of the vocal part of the programme. "Dove sono" from "Don Giovanni" was sung in a manner that would do honor to a professional vocalist.

The performances of all the pupils at this concert were highly creditable to their instructors, who must be encouraged by their improvement and skill to pursue the same undeviating course in presenting to them for study such noble works, and in endeavoring to create a love for them. We are not sufficiently acquainted with Mr. Oliver's method of teaching to know how it differs from others, but we see from its results that his pupils, even after the study of but one year, share his disrepute for musical trash and become imbued with a deep love and respect for the great masters and for all that is high in musical art. We wish that more of our teachers were moved to labor earnestly for the cultivation of good taste, and we should soon see the result in a general appreciation of classical concerts, and our artists would not so often be obliged to present a sugared pill by offering to the public "light, popular music," Waltzes and "Opera re-hash," as an inducement to listen to a Symphony or Quartet.

Persistent and earnest effort in the right way will accomplish wonders, and a teacher's influence is enduring, for right or wrong. Let each and every one see to it that his effort and influence is for improvement and elevation in music, as well as in mind and morals. Man in his natural state is degraded and unintellectual. The natural and uncultivated "taste for music" is also low and unrefined, only requiring in its primitive development the measured beat of the dance in its various forms, to give pleasure and delight. A slight degree of cultivation introduces melody and song, mingled with the love of rhythmic measure; but it is only after study and devotion to the Art that mingled harmony and melody overcome and banish from thought the still ever ruling and prevailing rhythm, and give that excellent joy and delight which is a foretaste of Heaven.

ACANTHUS.

## Special Notices.

[DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

### LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Away Goes Coffee, or Hooray for '63. Words and Music by L. B. Starkweather. 25

A first-rate negro song, which is saying a great deal, for very few indeed can "catch Coffee as he flies," and impress the true image of his humor on paper. The song tells us how "Abram Lincoln" warned the South, that if they did not give up at a certain date, then, "Away goes Coffee!" Music very good.

The Sleep of Sorrow. Song. W. V. Wallace. 25

A song in Wallace's best style, simple and elegant, and showing the master in the easy and powerful handling of his subject.

The Name of Him I Love. René Favarger. 25

A delicate, and yet brilliant song, of which the words are by Geo. Linley. Not difficult.

Morning and Evening. Sacred Song. W. Castle. 25

A very pretty sacred song.

Hour of Parting. Duet for Guitar. Curtis. 25

Adds a favorite opera duet to the limited list of such pieces for the guitar.

#### Instrumental Music.

Princess of Wales Quadrille. Leoni. 35

An unusually pretty set of pieces, with the very spirit of the dances in them. They are not hard, and will afford satisfaction both to students and amateur players.

L' 'Avalanche. Galop. Leon Leoni. 35

Embellished with a pretty title page, in which the name, L' 'Avalanche, appears to be sliding off a most romantic assemblage of Alpine peaks. Emblematic, no doubt, of the concourse of sweet chords within, bright, sparkling, and gilding as easily as snow on the mountains. Not difficult.

Village Bells. Polka. Cha's Coots, Jr. 35

An excellent piece, full of recollections of sweet bell chimes of old England, as they ring on wedding or Christmas mornings. Quite fluent, and easily adapted to the fingers.

Cricket Polka. Wm. Withers, Jr. 25

A bright, chirping little thing, introducing the notes of the Cricket at intervals. Likely to be a favorite.

Farewell Lachl. By Winterle, arr. for piano by F. Ritz. 35

#### Books.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MUSIC.—Elementary, Technical, Historical, Biographical, Vocal and Instrumental. By John W. Moore. \$3.50

Musicians should not forget this truly valuable and standard work, by a man who seems to have been born to be a prominent American musical historian and antiquary. All of the brotherhood who do anything worthy of note, are sure of a short immortality, at least, for Mr. Moore keeps their names and deeds filed away in his desk, at Bellows Falls.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 577.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1863.

VOL. XXIII. No. 4.

## Open Table.

(From GOMMA.)

Many guests I hope to-day  
For a dinner dainty;  
Fish and fowl are ready all,  
Wines and venison plenty.  
All are bidden—all accept:  
Eagerly I wait them.  
John, run out and look about;  
See if you can meet them.

Charming children I shall have,  
Sweet and simple misses,  
Such as truly nothing know,  
Not so much as kisses;  
And they've promised all to come:  
Eagerly I wait them.  
John, run out and look about;  
See if you can meet them.

Ladies, too, I hope to see,  
Patterns of devotion,—  
Constant to their fretful lords  
In each look and motion.  
They have been invited all:  
Eagerly I wait them.  
John, run out and look about;  
See if you can meet them,

Noble youths, too, never vain,  
Though they might be proudest,  
Such as wear their purses full,  
Yet are always modest—  
Pressing notes to these I sent:  
Eagerly I wait them.  
John, run out and look about;  
See if you can meet them.

Men I've asked, with great respect,  
Who have wives, and fear them;  
Keep their eyes at home, nor look  
At the fair ones near them.  
They've returned my compliments:  
Eagerly I wait them.  
John, run out and look about;  
See if you can meet them.

Poets, too, a chosen few,  
Feast for fancy bringing,  
Such as love another's song  
More than their own singing;  
And they've all agreed to come:  
Eagerly I wait them.  
John, run out and look about;  
See if you can meet them.

But I do not see a soul  
Eager this way turning!  
And the soup will boil away,  
And the roast meat's burning.  
Ah! I fear me, we have been  
Too select and dainty.  
John! what—will there no one come?  
None of all the twenty?

John, run out, and tarry not;  
Call me in some new ones,  
Every guest as suits him best;  
Then they'll all be true ones.  
Through the town the news has flown;  
Everybody's willing.  
John, throw open wide the doors:  
Look now, how we're filling!

J. S. D.

Translated for this Journal.

## Hector Berlioz.

From *Fliegende Blätter für Musik*.

"Tous les genres sont bons hors l'ennuyeux."—*Voltaire*.  
"Berlioz is sufficiently well known in Germany by his writings, and no one will refuse respect to his great and truly artistic efforts; delight is ever produced by his compositions, although they are very diverse in style and method."—*Ferdinand Hiller*.

In the south of France at the Côte Saint André, a little city of the Isère department, on the 11th December, 1808, Hector Berlioz was born. His father, a distinguished physician, took much pains in the youths' education, and at its completion allowed him to take lessons in music.—Therein he made great progress, but he took a great aversion to the study of medicine, for which his father designed him. Berlioz however yielded after a few struggles and, for two years, reluctantly followed his studies under his father's direction.

But what so many others in similar situations have done, that did the young Berlioz. He provided himself secretly with works on music, and studied during the night. He was soon seized with an insatiable desire to compose, but his first attempts naturally had a very singular appearance. He now became acquainted with a Quartet of Haydn; the impression this made upon him was decisive; he studied it with ardor, and learned from it far more than books were capable of telling him. A quintet which he now composed had already a different aspect from his first attempts, and as it turned out, it enhanced his pleasure and his determination, but at the same time almost alarmed his father, who sent him to Paris to finish his medical studies.—Still, however, Berlioz pursued his music zealously, and, after a year of inward struggle, he made known to his family his firm resolution to dismiss the study of medicine forever, and devote himself wholly to a musical career. In consequence his father cast him off, but Berlioz was now free, and could patiently labor for his art.

The next thing he discovered was, that a young man wholly unknown was deprived of all means of support in Paris; but he had received from Nature a character which taught him to despise fatigue, a strong force of will, and in order to support himself, the student of medicine became a chorus singer in the "Theatre des Nouveautés."

After three months he sang every evening in Vaudevilles, until he obtained a few pupils in singing. The pecuniary compensation sufficing for his small wants, he abandoned the stage, retired into solitude and composed an opera, "Les Francs Juges"—of which only the overture became known. After this his appeased father again contributed to his support, and he was now in a position to finish his studies at the Conservatoire, under Reicha and Lefevre.

While a pupil here, Berlioz gained the prize for the composition of a Cantata "Sardanapalus," and was sent for his further improvement for a few years to Italy. He there fell in love with a young English actress, and he sought to depict his passion in his first Symphony, an "Ep-

isode in the life of an Artist." When he returned after several years of absence, his steady perseverance succeeded in prevailing on the shy beauty to become his wife.

In 1832 his Symphony was produced at the Conservatoire. After the close of the concert a man pressed through the crowd which surrounded Berlioz, embraced him with glistening eyes, crying out: "You begin where all the others have left off." That man was Paganini.

A multitude of compositions by degrees flowed from Berlioz's pen—The "Harold Symphony"—"Romeo and Juliet"—a "Funeral Symphony" for the fallen heroes of July—"Faust's descent into Hell"—the overtures to "Waverley," "King Lear," "Rob Roy," "Carnaval of Venice";—a Mass;—a *Requiem*;—the opera "Benvenuto Cellini." He also instrumented Weber's *Invitation à la Valse*; arranged *Der Freischütz*, with the recitatives, and edited many smaller compositions for singing, part of them with piano, others with orchestral accompaniment.

In Weimar at this time the music director Götze conducted the overture to "Les Francs Juges," and the effect upon the orchestra and audience was electric.

Afterwards Berlioz made, at various times, journeys through Germany, England, and Russia, giving concerts in the principal cities, in which he conducted his own compositions. Many marks of honor, orders, and musical memberships were showered upon him, and success was not wanting wherever his works appeared.

V. A. H.

(To be continued.)

## The Polonaise.

(From *Liszt's Life of Chopin*, translated by MARTHA WALKER COOK.)

... His (Chopin's) *Polonaises*, which are less studied than they merit, on account of the difficulties presented by their perfect execution, are to be classed among his highest inspirations. They never remind us of the mincing and affected "*Polonaises à la Pompadour*," which our orchestras have introduced into ball-rooms, our virtuosi in concerts, or of those to be found in our "Parlor Repertories," filled, as they invariably are, with hacknied collections of music, marked by insipidity and mannerism.

His *Polonaises*, characterized by an energetic rhythm, galvanize and electrify the torpor of indifference. The most noble traditional feelings of ancient Poland are embodied in them. The firm resolve and calm gravity of its men of other days breathe through these compositions. Generally of a martial character, courage and daring are rendered with that simplicity of expression, said to be a distinctive trait of this warlike people. They bring vividly before the imagination, the ancient Poles, as we find them described in their chronicles; gifted with powerful organizations, subtle intellects, indomitable courage and earnest piety, mingled with high-born courtesy and a gallantry which never deserted them, whether on the eve of battle, during its exciting course, in the triumph of victory, or amidst the gloom of defeat.

Their chivalric heroism was sanctioned by their grave and haughty dignity; an intelligent and premeditated conviction added the force of reason to the energy of impulsive virtue; thus they have succeeded in winning the admiration of all ages,

of all minds, even that of their most determined adversaries. They were characterized by qualities rarely found together, the description of which would appear almost paradoxical: reckless wisdom, daring prudence, and fanatic fatalism. . .

While listening to some of the *Polonaises* of Chopin, we can almost catch the firm, nay, the more than firm, the heavy, resolute tread of men bravely facing all the bitter injustice which the most cruel and relentless destiny can offer, with the manly pride of unblenching courage. The progress of the music suggests to our imagination such magnificent groups as were designed by Paul Veronese, robed in the rich costume of days long past; we see passing at intervals before us, brocades of gold, velvets, damasked satins, silvery soft and flexible sables, hanging sleeves gracefully thrown back upon the shoulders, embossed sabres, boots yellow as gold or red with trampled blood, sashes with long and undulating fringes, close chemisettes, rustling trains, stomachers embroidered with pearls, head dresses glittering with rubies or leafy with emeralds, light slippers rich with amber, gloves perfumed with the luxurious attar from the harems. From the faded background of times long passed these vivid groups start forth; gorgeous carpets from Persia lie at their feet, filigreed furniture from Constantinople stands around; all is marked by the sumptuous prodigality of the Magnates who drew, in ruby goblets embossed with medallions, wine from the fountains of Tokay, and showed their fleet Arabian steeds with silver, who surmounted all their escutcheons with the same crown which the fate of an election might render a royal one, and which, causing them to despise all other titles, was alone worn as insignium of their glorious equality.

Those who have seen the *Polonaise* dance even as late as the beginning of the present century, declare that its style has changed so much, that it is now almost impossible to divine its primitive character. As very few national dances have succeeded in preserving their racy originality, we may imagine, when we take into consideration the changes which have occurred, to what a degree this has degenerated. The *Polonaise* is without rapid movements, without any true steps in the artistic sense of the world, intended rather for display than for the exhibition of seductive grace; so we may readily conceive it must lose all its haughty importance, its pompous self-sufficiency, when the dancers are deprived of the accessories necessary to enable them to animate its simple form by dignified, yet vivid gestures, by appropriate and expressive pantomime, and when the costume peculiarly fitted for it is no longer worn. It has indeed become decidedly monotonous, a mere circulating promenade, exciting but little interest. Unless we could see it danced by some of the old regime who still wear the ancient costume, or listen to their animated descriptions of it, we can form no conception of the numerous incidents, the scenic pantomime, which once rendered it so effective. By a rare exception this dance was designed to exhibit the men, to display manly beauty, to set off noble and dignified deportment, martial yet courtly bearing. "Martial yet courtly" do not these two epithets almost define the Polish character? In the original the very name of the dance is masculine; it is only in consequence of a misconception that it has been translated in other tongues into the feminine gender.

Those who have never seen the *Kontusz* worn, (it is a kind of Occidental kaftan, as is the robe of the Orientals, modified to suit the customs of an active life, unfettered by the stagnant resignation taught by fatalism,) a sort of *Feredgi*, often trimmed with fur, forcing the wearer to make frequent movements susceptible of grace and coquetry, by which the flowing sleeves are thrown backward, can scarcely imagine the bearing, the blow bending, the quick rising, the fineness of the delicate pantomime displayed by the Ancients, as they defied in a *Polonaise*, as though in a military parade, not suffering their fingers to remain idle, but sometimes occupying them in playing with the long moustache, sometimes with the handle of the sword. Both moustache and sword were essential parts of the costume, and were

indeed objects of vanity with all ages. Diamonds and sapphires frequently sparkled upon the arms, worn suspended from belts of cashmere, or from sashes of silk embroidered with gold, displaying to advantage forms always slightly corpulent; the moustache often veiled, without quite hiding, some scar, far more effective than the most brilliant array of jewels. The dress of the men rivaled that of the women in the luxury of the material worn, in the value of the precious stones, and in the variety of vivid colors. This love of adornment is also found among the Hungarians, as may be seen in their buttons made of jewels, the ring forming a necessary part of their dress, the wrought clasps for the neck, the aigrettes and plumes adorning the cap made of velvet of some brilliant hue. To know how to take off, to put on, to manœuvre the cap with all possible grace, constituted almost an art. During the progress of a *Polonaise*, this became an object of especial remark, because the cavalier of the leading pair, as commandant of the file, gave the mute word of command, which was immediately obeyed and imitated by the rest of the train.

The master of the house, in which the ball was given, always opened it himself by leading off in this dance. His partner was selected neither for her beauty, nor youth; the most highly honored lady present was always chosen. This phalanx, by whose evolutions every fête was commenced, was not formed only of the young; it was composed of the most distinguished, as well as of the most beautiful. A grand review, a dazzling exhibition of all the distinction present, was offered as the highest pleasure of the festival. After the host, came next in order the guests of the greatest consideration, who, choosing their partners, some from friendship, some from policy or from desire of advancement, some from love,—followed closely his steps. His task was a far more complicated one than it is at present. He was expected to conduct the files under his guidance through a thousand capricious meanderings through long suites of apartments lined by guests, who were to take a later part in this brilliant cortege. They liked to be conducted through distant galleries, through the parterres of illuminated gardens, through the groves of shrubbery, where distant echoes of the music alone reached the ear, which, as if in revenge, greeted them with redoubled sound and blowing of trumpets upon their return to the principal saloon. As the spectators, ranged like rows of hedges along the route, were continually changing, and never ceased for a moment to observe all their movements, the dancers never forgot that dignity of bearing and address which won for them the admiration of women, and excited the jealousy of men. Vain and joyous, the host would have deemed himself wanting in courtesy to his guests, had he not evinced to them, which he did sometimes with a piquant naivete, the pride he felt in seeing himself surrounded by persons so illustrious, and partisans so noble, all striving through the splendor of the attire chosen to visit him, to show their high sense of the honor in which they held him.

Guided by him in their first circuit, they were led through long windings, where unexpected turns, views, and openings had been arranged beforehand to cause surprise; where architectural deceptions, decorations and shifting scenes had been studiously adapted to increase the pleasure of the festival. If any monument or inscription, fitted for the occasion, lay upon the long line of route, from which some complimentary homage might be drawn to the "most valiant or the most beautiful," the honors were gracefully done by the host. The more unexpected the surprises arranged for these excursions, the more imagination evinced in their invention, the louder were the applauses from the younger part of the society, the more ardent the exclamations of delight; and silvery sounds of merry laughter greeted pleasantly the ears of the conductor-in-chief, who, having thus succeeded in achieving his reputation, became a privileged Coryphæus, a leader *par excellence*. If he had already attained a certain age, he was greeted on his return from such circuits by frequent deputations of young ladies, who came, in the name of all present, to thank

and congratulate him. Through their vivid descriptions, these pretty wanderers excited the curiosity of the guests, and increased the eagerness for the formation of the succeeding *Polonaises* among those who, though they did not make part of the procession, still watched its passage in motionless attention, as if gazing upon the flashing line of light of some brilliant meteor.

In this land of aristocratic democracy, the numerous dependents of the great seigniorial houses, (too poor, indeed, to take part in the fête, yet only excluded from it by their own volition, all however noble, some even more noble than their lords,) being all present, it was considered highly desirable to dazzle them; and this flowing chain of rainbow-hued and gorgeous light, like an immense serpent with its glittering rings, sometimes wreathed its linked folds, sometimes uncoiled its entire length, to display its brilliancy through the whole line of its undulating animated surface, in the most vivid scintillations; accompanying the shifting hues with the silvery sound of chains of gold, ringing like muffled bells, with the rustling of the heavy sweep of gorgeous damasks and with the dragging of jewelled swords upon the floor. The murmuring sound of many voices announced the approach of this animated, varied, and glittering life-stream.

But the genius of hospitality, never deficient in high-born courtesy, and which, even while preserving the touching simplicity of primitive manners, inspired in Poland all the refinements of the most advanced state of civilization,—how could it be exiled from the details of a dance so eminently Polish? After the host had, by inaugurating the fête, rendered due homage to all who were present, any one of his guests had the right to claim his place with the lady whom he had honored by his choice. The new claimant, clapping his hands, to arrest for a moment the ever moving cortege, bowed before the partner of the host, begging her graciously to accept the change; while the host, from whom she had been taken, made the same appeal to the lady next in course. This example was followed by the whole train. Constantly changing partners, whenever a new cavalier claimed the honor of leading the one first chosen by the host, the ladies remained in the same succession during the whole course; while, on the contrary, as the gentlemen continually replaced each other, he who had commenced the dance, would, in its progress, become the last, if not indeed entirely excluded before its close.

Each cavalier, who placed himself in turn at the head of the column, tried to surpass his predecessors in the novelty of the combinations of his opening, in the complications of the windings through which he led the expectant cortege; and this course, even when restricted to a single saloon, might be made remarkable by the designing of graceful arabesques, or the involved tracing of enigmatical ciphers. He made good his claim to the place he had solicited, and displayed his skill, by inventing close, complicated and inextricable figures; by describing them with so much certainty and accuracy, that the living ribbon, turned and twisted as it might be, was never broken in the loosing of its wreathed knots; and by so leading, that no confusion or graceless jostling should result from the complicated torsion. The succeeding couples, who had only to follow the figures already given, and thus continue the impulsion, were not permitted to drag themselves lazily and listlessly along the parquet. The step was rhythmic, cadenced, and undulating; the whole form swayed by graceful wavings and harmonious balancings. They were careful never to advance with too much haste, nor to replace each other as if driven on by some urgent necessity. On they glided, like swans descending a tranquil stream, their flexible forms swayed by the ebb and swell of unseen and gentle waves. Sometimes, the gentleman offered the right, sometimes, the left hand to his partner; touching only the points of her fingers, or clasping the slight hand within his own, he passed now to her right, now to her left, without yielding the snowy treasure. These complicated movements, being instantaneously imitated by every pair, ran, like an electric shiver, through the whole length of this gigantic serpent.



Although apparently occupied and absorbed by these multiplied manœuvres, the cavalier yet found time to bend to his lady and whisper sweet flatteries in her ear, if she were young; if young no longer, to repose confidence, to urge requests, or to repeat to her the news of the hour. Then, haughtily raising himself, he would make the metal of his arms ring, caress his thick moustache, giving to all his features an expression so vivid, that the lady was forced to respond by the animation of her countenance.

Thus, it was no hacknied and senseless promenade which they executed; it was, rather, a parade in which the whole splendor of the society was exhibited, gratified with its own admiration, conscious of its elegance, brilliancy, nobility and courtesy. It was a constant display of its lustre, its glory, its renown. Men grown gray in camps, or in the strife of courtly eloquence; generals more often seen in the cuirass than in the robes of peace; prelates and persons high in the Church; dignitaries of State; aged senators; warlike palatins; ambitious castellans:—were the partners who were expected, welcomed, disputed and sought for, by the youngest, gayest, and most brilliant women present. Honor and glory rendered ages equal, and caused years to be forgotten in this dance; nay, more, they gave an advantage even over love. It was while listening to the animated descriptions of the almost forgotten evolutions and dignified capabilities of this truly national dance, from the lips of those who would never abandon the ancient *Zupan* and *Kontusz*, and who still wore their hair closely cut round their temples, as it had been worn by their ancestors, that we first fully understood in what a high degree this haughty nation possessed the innate instinct of its own exhibition, and how entirely it had succeeded, through its natural grace and genius, in poetizing its love of ostentation by draping it in the charms of noble emotions, and wrapping round it the glittering robes of martial glory.

When we visited the country of Chopin, whose memory always accompanied us like a faithful guide who constantly keeps our interest excited, we were fortunate enough to meet with some of the peculiar characters, daily growing more rare, because European civilization, even where it does not modify the basis of character, effaces asperities, and moulds exterior forms. We there encountered some of those men gifted with superior intellect, cultivated and strongly developed by a life of incessant action, yet whose horizon does not extend beyond the limits of their own country, their own society, their own traditions.—During our intercourse, facilitated by an interpreter, with these men of past days, we were able to study them and to understand the secret of their greatness. It was really curious to observe the inimitable originality caused by the utter exclusiveness of the view taken by them. This limited cultivation, while it greatly diminishes the value of their ideas upon many subjects, at the same time gifts the mind with a peculiar force, almost resembling the keen scent and the acute perceptions of the savage, for all the things near and dear to it. Only from a mind of this peculiar training, marked by a concentrative energy that nothing can distract from its course, every thing beyond the circle of its own nationality remaining alien to it, can we hope to obtain an exact picture of the past; for it alone, like a faithful mirror, reflects it in its primal coloring, preserves its proper lights and shades, and gives it with its varied and picturesque accompaniments. From such minds alone can we obtain, with the ritual of customs which are rapidly becoming extinct, the spirit from which they emanated.—Chopin was born too late, and left the domestic hearth too early, to be himself in possession of this spirit; but he had known many examples of it, and, through the memories which surrounded his childhood, even more fully than through the literature and history of his country, he found by induction the secrets of its ancient prestige, which he evoked from the dim and dark land of forgetfulness, and, through the magic of his poetic art, endowed with immortal youth. Poets are better comprehended and appreciated by those

who have made themselves familiar with the countries which inspired their songs. Pindar is more fully understood by those who have seen the Parthenon bathed in the radiance of its limpid atmosphere; Ossian, by those familiar with the mountains of Scotland, with their heavy veils and long wreaths of mist. The feelings which inspired the creations of Chopin can only be fully appreciated by those who have visited his country. They must have seen the giant shadows of past centuries gradually increasing, and veiling the ground as the gloomy night of despair rolled on; they must have felt the electric and mystic influence of that strange "phantom of glory" forever haunting martyred Poland. Even in the gayest hours of festival, it appalls and saddens all hearts. Whenever a tale of past renown, a commemoration of slaughtered heroes is given, an allusion to national prowess is made, its resurrection from the grave is instantaneous; it takes its place in the banquet-hall, spreading an electric terror mingled with intense admiration; a shudder, wild and mystic as that which seizes upon the peasants of Ukraine, when the "Beautiful Virgin," white as Death, with her girdle of crimson, is suddenly seen gliding through their tranquil village, while her shadowy hand marks with blood the door of each cottage doomed to destruction.

### An Operatic Eclogue.

(From Punch).

*Damotas, Mr. Gye. Menalcas, Mr. Mapleson. Palamon, Mr. Punch.*

*Punch.* Sing, Gye, and thou, O Mapleson, rehearse

Thy singers' fame in smooth Virgilian verse;  
While I at ease enjoy my morning smoke,  
And weigh the merits of each vocal bloke.

*Gye.* That word sounds masculine, but *place aux dames*:

*My prime donne* sure must bear the palm.  
Say who can match my charming Adelina,  
As fair Amina, or as sweet Zerlina?  
All other songsters must to her give place,  
For vocal sweetness and for girlish grace.  
My little Patti all the world must own  
The nicest little party ever known.

*Map.* For me great Tietjens deigns this year to sing,

And countless myriads to my doors will bring.  
Now Gries' gone, who is there that will dare  
As Norma with my Tietjens to compare?  
Who in *Les Huguenots* is half so fine  
As she who comes to be my Valentine?

*Gye.* Tietjens to thee reluctantly I yield,  
But there are other charmers in the field.  
Say, hast thou e'er my sweet Carvalho heard,  
My Fricci too, who warbles like a bird?  
Then for contralto parts who is there, pray,  
That can compete with deep-toned Didiee.

*Map.* Vain boaster, cease! I'll bet an even pony,  
She ne'er will hold a candle to Alboni.

Alboni's voice must drive all rivals crazy.—

*Gye.* Yes, but you must allow she's sadly lazy.

*Map.* Then whom with my Trebelli can you match?

And my Lemaire?

*Gye.* I'm sure *she's* no great catch.

*Map.* You're very rude; but I de Ruda boast.

*Gye.* I've Rudersdorff, who's ever at her post.

And if you come to *debutantes*, my buck,

My Pauline Lucca ought to bring me luck.

Demi, I've Demi too.

*Map.* My Gye, don't swear.

*Gye.* Demi, I don't; I'm merely naming her.

*Map.* Leave we the ladies now, and say, O Gye,

With my Giuglini who of yours can vie?

Which of your tenors sing so sweet, so high?

*Gye.* As is the rose than buttercups more sweet,

So doth my Mario your Giuglini beat;

As doth the lark outsoar the humble bee,

So lifts my Tamberlik his high chest C.

He, when he tries a high-pitched note to sing,  
Fills the pleased house and makes the rafters ring.

*Map.* My Delle Sedie as a bass is known.

*Gye.* He's not a bass: he's but a baritone.

*Map.* My Santley is a finished singer now;

*Gye.* Yes, but his name is English, you'll allow.

*Map.* Baragli, Bossi, Bertacchi, Bettini,  
Bagagiolo, Gassier, Zucchini,  
Gambetti, Fricca, Soldi, Casaboni—

*Gye.* Not one of them can equal my Ronconi.

Besides I've Formes, Fellar, Ferenesi,  
Capponi, Zelger, Obin, and Lucchesi,  
Ciampi, Naudin, Graziani, Rossi,  
Neri-Baraldi, Faure, and Patriossi.

*Map.* My brave Rovere I have yet to name:

*Gye.* My Tagliafico is more known to fame.

*Map.* My Violetti too—

*Gye.* He's getting old:

*Map.* And my Fagotti—

*Gye.* He's a stick, I'm told.

*Map.* The skilled Arditì will conduct my band,  
Who are well practised to obey his hand,  
Start at his nod, and cease at his command.

*Gye.* As doth the column in Trafalgar Square  
O'er top the fountains feebly squirting there,  
So Costa doth all rivals far excel,  
Costa, whose praise no pen can fairly tell;  
Costa, on whom I ever have relied,  
Costa, my friend, my hope, my joy, my pride!

*Punch.* Contend no more, who can the loudest squall,

But send me every night a box or stall;

Thus I the palm of merit may award.

Meanwhile, let's liquor. Both I look toward!

### The English Opera Experiment in London.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*).

Sir,—A well known theatrical paper in its remarks on the English Opera at Covent Garden, states that the past season has not been successful in a pecuniary sense; and further, attributes this want of success to the unreadiness of the English public to support English Opera.

Will you allow me as one of the public, no musician as you will discover, and not in any way connected with any member of the profession, to state my impressions in regard to the past season, believing as I do that the managers have to thank themselves for whatever want of success has attended their no doubt strenuous exertions to make English Opera pay. Let me analyze the company to begin with, and beginning with the end. Bases: Messrs. Weiss, Santley, Corri, Patey, John Rouse, &c.; these with one exception are all good names, more efficient could not be found. Mr. John Rouse, however, was a sorry substitute for Mr. George Honey, and altogether unqualified for his position. Contraltos: Miss Susan Pyne and Madame Laura Baxter; no one would say a word against this provision of Contraltos, except that Madame Laura Baxter, like her predecessors each season, was a novice to the stage, and that there is no advantage whatever as an attraction to the public in introducing novices.

Tenors—Here's the rub—Mr. W. Harrison and Mr. George Perren. Mr. Harrison has been on the stage, I believe, a great many years, has a capital stage presence, and used to sing first tenor parts with very great success, notwithstanding the fact that his voice, I should suppose, could not be termed a legitimate tenor, and his singing not half so remarkable for musical propriety and correctness, as for an amount of expression, and energy that even now, that his voice is a wreck of its former self, bears him up wonderfully. In such characters as Corentin, Miles na Coppaleen, Rochester, and even Don Caesar de Bazan, I do not think he could be equalled by any English tenor; but in such parts as Ruy Blas, or the Armorer in Balfe's last opera, or in short in any part in which the music is not exactly fitted to his powers, he is most unsatisfactory. I believe that the imperfect success of *Ruy Blas* and the *Armorer of Nantes* may be attributed to Mr. Harrison's inability to give the tenor music the important place it should fill in a musical banquet. Why does not this clever artist confine himself to comic parts, which his undeniable talent in that line enables him to fill so well—leaving the sentimental to—Mr. George Perren? No! This gentleman has a pleasing voice, and sings admirably.

I have heard no English tenor after Mr Sims Reeves who satisfies my ear so well, but he is entirely wanting in the superior physique and histrionic ability which stand Mr. Harrison in such good stead. Who that saw Mr. George Perren steal upon the stage during the finale of the first act of *Love's Triumph*, to have his clothes brushed, could have fancied him to be the hero who had just rescued a Princess from the jaws of a wolf? Sopranos: Miss Louisa Pyne and Miss Parepa, both first-rate vocalists, and had they sung on alternate nights throughout the season, I for one would have cried content, but Miss Pyne sang four nights, sometimes five, and even six nights a week, to the manifest injury of her beautiful voice. Miss Parepa was too seldom heard, her place being frequently filled by one of two debutants, who, whatever promise of future excellence they may give, are not at present qualified to replace that lady. It is, however, due to the fair manageress to acknowledge that exclusiveness was much less strictly the rule in her department than in the tenor.

The following composers were to be heard during the season, viz., Balfé in five operas, Wallace in three operas, Howard Glover one, Benedict one, Anber three, Meyerbeer one. Macfarren, Loder, Mellon, Barnett, F. Mori and J. L. Hatton, Leslie, &c., &c., showed no sign.

Of Mr. Balfé's five operas, four had been played in London upwards of 100 nights each. It was not likely, therefore, that they would draw very large audiences. Yet the *Bohemian Girl*, the oldest and most hackneyed of all of them, was played some twenty nights; and so with Wallace's operas. The puzzle is, why, if these operas did not pay, they were kept on the stage so long. I heard a musical professor remark the other day that one successful ballad paid the whole expense of an opera. Can you tell me, Sir, if Coveat Garden Theatre is kept open for the sale of "When other lips" and "Scenes that are brightest?"

The ballads are said to attract the million. As a unit of the million, I protest against this. At the very least, the million goes to the opera because the feelings and motives of the actors in a tale are made more apparent by music, which should thus, of course as well as the singers, be appropriate and fitted to the situation.

When these ballads are necessary to the story, are well written and well sung, they are not unacceptable: but when they take the form of such unwelcome interruptions as "These withered flowers" (*Love's Triumph*) or "Not till Time her glass shall shiver" (*Armorer of Nantes*), to name two amongst two hundred, they contribute merely to the success of the singer, and interfere with the success of the opera by attracting attention from what is more genuine and important.

The public will not listen night after night, week after week, and year after year, to the same opera unless it be something rare; if therefore the management would make the Royal English Opera attractive to those who care for music, they must not exclude all composers but the one or two who are famous for writing taking ballads, nor shut their eyes to the fact that there are other singers whom their audiences would like to hear besides themselves. If on the other hand they are content merely to keep the doors of Covent Garden Theatre open, they may give two acts of the *Bohemian Girl* and the pantomime all the year round. Only no one of musical tastes will visit the house twice or three times a week, as he probably would if his tastes were always gratified.

8th April, 1863.

ROBIN HOOD.

### Wild Flowers.

(From the Independent).

The one who would find the earliest wild flowers of the season must look for them betimes, for they follow the snow so closely that they are likely to be gone before we have suspected their coming.

While snow-banks are upon one side of the hill, liverwort, spring beauties, yellow violets, and trailing arbutus are beginning to bloom upon the other. The woods is the place to find them; for these are the spring-beds of God's garden. In the southern edge of any mixed grove we shall find some if not all the above-mentioned varieties, nearly, if not quite, as early as the first crocuses of the garden.

Earliest of all are the liverworts; an impatient flower; it does not wait for its own leaves to grow, but while these are slowly unfolding, loitering in their leafy bed, they have sprung up fully dressed in white, lilac, violet, and pink, and are already enjoying the sun, and bending and bowing in constant coquettings to the frolicking spring winds.

Spring beauties come next, and but little behind; a cluster of small, starlike flowers, white, veined with pink; rightly named.

It will surprise you to find the yellow violet at this season, but here it is among the first, hanging its head as do all of the name, asking pardon as it would seem for appearing so early; the very picture of modesty and beauty.

Rake over the leaves of the open chesnut woods, and find if you can the arbutus. If not on one hill, look for it on another; find it, if possible, it is already in bloom. And it gives your collection what, without it, with all your spring flowers, it would lack, an exquisite fragrance. There, take these; they are all the flowers you can find now, for the anemones and blood-root are not out yet. Carry them home carefully, but first pull a few shoots of the pigeon-berry, with its dark, fresh green leaves and bright red fruit. Get a clear glass, or better, a pure white vase, let the vine hang down the sides, and put the flowers in the centre. And as they lift their heads from the refreshment of the water about their broken stems, clear white, delicate pink, lilac, violet, yellow; star-shaped, cup-shaped, rose-shaped, single, double—tell me if you are not a thousand times paid for your rambles and search, even if the clear air, the smell of the forest, the landscape with the shadows of clouds coursing over it, and the song of the birds, had not already paid you an hundred-fold?

House and garden flowers are certainly more gorgeously tinted, more fragrant, the arbutus being excepted, than are these wild sisters of the wood; but they are not so delicate in their tints, nor so exquisite in their structure. Neither does the finding of them give us such sweet surprise from contrast. What a rough mother for such delicate offspring is this wild wood! What a foster father for such frail and tender beauty is the scraggy old oak and ragged chestnut under which they grow!

Are all woods like this, and wherefore are they so bedecked? Whose hand planted the seed here, and buried the delicate bulb? Who guided the winds, that in their fierceness made the very trees creak and groan, that they harmed not the germs of these delicate flowers, but became their very servants instead, covering with leaf after leaf tenderly as a mother would wrap her child for slumber?

Who made the tempests and storms of winter serve the same purpose of protecting these tender and helpless plants, making the howling winds bear the snow and drop it over this bed, flake by flake, so softly that you could not hear the sound—so gently that not a single protecting leaf was disturbed? This is our God who so protects the helpless ones of the wood, and of all the earth. These simple wild flowers are in his garden—pluck them reverently, for his hand was upon them last before yours.

S. S.

## Music Abroad.

LEIPZIG.—The programme of the 19th Gewandhaus concert was made up entirely of French compositions, ancient and modern. First Part: Overture to *Semiramide*, by Catel, written in a simple and grand style; two popular *Chansons* of the 17th century; Arietta and ballet chorus from *La Mascarade de Versailles*, by Lulli; Rode's violin variations, executed by concert-master David; air and chorus from *Hippolyte et Aricie*, by Rameau; Overture to *Jean de Paris*, Boieldieu. Second Part: Symphony by Méhul (author of "Joseph"), which was received with marked favor; chorus from *Les deux Azares*, by Grétry; *La Fée Mab*, Scherzo from the *Roman and Juliet* Symphony by Berlioz; and finally a march and chorus of the Magi, from Lesueur's *Alexandre à Babylone*. All this must have been in strange contrast with the usual Gewandhaus programmes: that of the 20th and last, for instance, which consisted of Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis-Nacht* and the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven.—A new opera, "The Abbot of St. Gall," by Herther, was produced for the first time on the 29th of March.

As a farther specimen of the adventurous spirit which has prevailed of late in Leipzig programmes, we copy the following:

The programme of the Eighteenth Subscription Concert, on the 19th of February, was a peculiar one. First Part:—Symphony in C major, by the Abbé Vogler; air from *Hercules* by Handel, sung by Madlle. Amalie Weiss, of the Royal Opera House, Hanover; D minor Concerto, by Mozart, executed by Herr Reinecke, *Capellmeister*; recitative and aria from Gluck's *Orfeo*, sung by Madlle. Weiss.—Second

Part:—Overture (No. 3) to *Leonore*, by Beethoven; Clarinet Concerto in E flat by C. M. von Weber, played by Herr Landgraf (member of the orchestra): songs with pianoforte ("An die Leier," by Schubert; "Frühlingslied," by Mendelssohn, and, additional, "Reiselied"), sung by Madlle. Weiss. The great feature of the concert was the young vocalist, who was fortunate enough to achieve an unusual and well merited success. Indeed, a fair artist, possessing a powerful and pleasing organ, and free from the bad habits indulged in by vocalists of the present day, while, at the same time, she boasts of an excellent method, a plain and beautiful pronunciation, and a most intelligent style, noble and delicate, but full of warm feeling—such a person is a phenomenon sufficiently rare for us to congratulate ourselves most heartily on. When, in addition to this, the lady, as yet so very young, displays such good taste in the selection of her songs, singing Handel, Gluck, Schubert and Mendelssohn, whose compositions she really can sing, and sing, too, in the most entrancingly beautiful style (some few exceptions which we might take to her reading of the songs are too trifling for us to speak of them to-day), we feel ourselves transported to the palmy days of genuine singing, which, unfortunately, have almost completely faded from our recollection. In a word, Germany possesses a treasure which we cannot sufficiently prize.

VIENNA.—On the 3d of April, a *Stabat Mater* by Franz Schubert was executed in one of the largest churches. It is said to contain fine passages, while as a whole the music is too secular, and lacks unity of style.

At the Italian Opera *Don Giovanni* had been poorly given. Mme. Lafon was Donna Anna, an eminent singer, with impaired vocal powers. Adelina Patti saved the opera, and was presented with a golden laurel crown. The *diva*, as the French enthusiasts already call her, was next to sing in *La Sonnambula* and *L'Elisir d'Amore*.

On the 27th March, the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde gave an evening concert, at which they executed a chorus by Schumann (Hebbel's "Nachtlied"), an "Adoramus" by Palestrina, and a newly discovered fragment of an oratorio, *Lazarus*, by Franz Schubert. The first piece has considerable pretensions to grandeur, to which, however, the general result does not attain. The "Adoramus" is a fine specimen of church music. Both pieces had been carefully rehearsed. They went with precision, the second being executed, moreover, with much delicacy. The greatest stress was laid, very justly, in the programme, on the fragment by Schubert, which was listened to with anxious attention, and partially received with lively applause.

We cannot, however, agree with the hymns of praise struck up on this occasion, as they always are when anything left by Schubert is to be brought into notice. It is true that in *Der hässliche Krieg* an incomparable gem was brought to light, but such is not the case with *Lazarus*. The former was something perfect of its kind. The *Lazarus* fragment, on the contrary, presents us with an attempt made by the prince of song-composers in a sphere very foreign to his natural bent; an attempt of a most peculiar kind, from which we may obtain many useful hints, but not artistic satisfaction of the highest order.

To judge by the fragment performed, from the outset Schubert did not plan his oratorio in the style justified by history, and suggested by experience for the treatment of Biblical subjects. He has rather unconditionally chosen decidedly romantic ground; his oratorio pursues its course exclusively within the sphere of that sweetly unsteady frame of mind, that magical narcotic perfume, and that half-dark system of mystery, which afterwards found their culminating point partly in Wagner and partly in Schumann; so that, in a certain sense, *Lazarus* struck us, so to speak, as a presentiment of the forms in *Paradies und Peri*, *Der Rose Pilgerfahrt*, and Wagner's "Elizabeth" and "Elsa." This would not be a fault were the subject a romantic one; but how an episode from Holy Writ—even though it be one which by its nature is purely lyrical—can justly be subjected to this romantic treatment, vacillating between the mysticism of the East and that of the West, is something we cannot comprehend.

Having stated this fundamental difference existing between what we are historically entitled to expect from an oratorio, and the purely subjective course pursued by the composer, we must proceed to point out in the fragment performed a certain monotony, springing partly from the text, naturally in the highest degree uninteresting, and partly from the recitative arioso-like treatment to which Schubert at the

commencement gives the pre-eminence, whence the real melodic beauties contained in the work are often not fully perceived, and, therefore, not appreciated by the hearer. That there are more such treasures in this fragment than in the entire "opus catalogue" of many a popular composer of modern times is beyond a doubt; as is, also, the fact that the various beauties contained in the work would have been more easily perceived, and more highly appreciated, had the style of performance placed them in a more favorable light. The chorus and orchestra were, it is true, energetically kept together by Herr Herbeck, but the soloists, on the contrary, did only scant justice to that which was entrusted to them. Madame Wilt, as *Jemina*, was the best. She sang her part with perfect correctness, and her emphasis was invariably good. Madlle. Tellheim is deficient in delicacy of intelligence, and sings everything with equal force. Her voice is a fine one and her seal indisputable; but, in the development of her voice, in vocal art, and in the power to conceive anything, she is far, very far behind-hand, and has much, very much to learn. In his *Lasarus*, Herr Olshbauer portrayed scarcely anything but the lassitude of the part, while Herr Mayerhofer thundered forth over much. Finally, Madlle. Kling and Herr Schultze can scarcely be regarded as singers. Both possess more seal than voice.

Of the intrinsic importance of Bach's *Matthaus-Passion*, and of the value of its introduction into the concert-repertoire of Vienna, so much was said by us on the occasion of its first performance by the Singakademie, now nearly a year ago, that we should only be repeating what we then said were we to go into a detailed account of its second performance, also by the Singakademie, on the 31st March. We will content ourselves, therefore, with mentioning the sympathetic earnestness and almost humble admiration with which the public listened to this miraculous work.—*Recensionen*.

COLOGNE.—On Palm Sunday, the 29th March, the managers of the Gesellschafts-Concerts gave, as usual, a performance of sacred music, selecting Johann Sebastian Bach's *Passion nach dem Evangelium des Matthaus*, which was executed for the fourth time in Cologne, under the admirable direction of Ferdinand Hiller, and according to his arrangement of the score. The united performers constituted four different choruses; the members of the Concert-Gesellschaft and of the Gesang-Verein took the first and second principal chorus; the female pupils of the Conservatory, supported by a few *dilettanti*, the smaller chorus of youths and of the congregation of Jerusalem; and a select number of the pupils of the Friedrich-Wilhelm-Gymnasium, the boys' chorus for the *cantus firmus* of the figured chorales and choruses. Then there were two separate orchestras, in which the stringed instruments were strongly represented, and, lastly, to crown the whole, the organ,—admirably played and registered in the true church style by Herr Franz Weber—which, in the chorales and grand choruses, united, if we may so express it, like the mother of the holy art, all the varieties of song and instrumentation under its wide-spread tone-wings, and gathered them up into one lofty whole. The co-operation of the organ raised this performance far above the performances of former years, for, after all, every performance of sacred music without an organ is something incomplete. The audience was most numerous and brilliant; the seats in the hall, which had been increased until they numbered more than fourteen hundred, were all occupied. The galleries, also were quite full, many professionals and non-professionals from the neighboring towns being present. This immense assembly followed the performance with a degree of anxious attention and devotion which even restrained, until the conclusion of the first part and then until the termination of the entire work, the expression of applause, despite the evident effect produced by the music; the audience gave themselves up to the influence of the oratorio, which portrays the elevated character of its subject by means of music, with incomparable richness of melodic invention, touching truth of expression, and a depth of religious feeling, equaled only by the profundity of musical knowledge thanks to which the composer has left for his successors a never to be rivalled model in the fashioning of its tone forms, the floods of polyphony of its songs, and the coloring imparted to the essential instrumental accompaniment. The solo parts were thus distributed: Soprano, Madlle. Buchner of Cologne; contralto, Madlle. Weis, from the Theatre Royal, Hanover; tenor (the Evangelist), Dr. Guns, from the same place; Bass (Christ), Herr Hill, from Frankfort-on-the-Maine; second bass (Peter, etc.), Herr Bergstein from Aix-la-Chapelle.

BERLIN. Gluck's *Armida* was performed at the Royal Opera on the King's birthday. Fran Köster rendered the part of Armida with a dramatic power that recalled her best days. Wowersky, the tenor, and Fri. de Ahna also won applause. Mlle. Artot surpassed herself in the part of Angèle in *Le Domino noir*, which she sang in German, with only some slight French inflexions. Formes was equally good in the part of Horace.

#### London.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS. The twelfth season began about the middle of April, with a "magnificent orchestra of 85 picked players," Dr. Wylde, as heretofore, conducting. Beethoven's "*Eroica*" Symphony, Gluck's first *Iphigenia* overture and Spohr's *Faust* overture were finely played. Also a clarinet Concerto of Mozart, played by Mr. Lazarus, and an early piano Concerto in C, by Weber, played by Arabella Goddard. Mme. Sherrington and Sims Reeves sang several pieces. There were 1850 hearers.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. The *Musical World* (April 18) says:

A word must record that the 124th concert (Monday last) was for the benefit of Mr. Hallé; that M. Vieuxtemps made his first appearance; that the quartets were, Haydn in E, and Beethoven in C (Rasounoffsky); the solo sonata, Beethoven in G (Op. 31), to which Mr. Hallé added some gavottes and musettes from J. S. Bach; that the concert ended with Beethoven's grand trio in B flat (Op. 97); that the singers were Misses Banks and Eyles; that M. Vieuxtemps was warmly received, and created a "sensation" in the Beethoven quartet; that Mr. Hallé played his best, and was, very naturally, in high favor; that the hall was very full; and lastly, that it was one of the best concerts Mr. Arthur Chappell has provided.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. April 18.—On Thursday *Masaniello* was repeated. Signor Naudin does not impress us greatly, but he has decided qualifications and may be found more than useful in parts of less importance than the King-Fisherman. On Saturday *I Puritani* was given for the introduction of Madlle. Fioretti as Elvira. Madlle. Fioretti comes with a good name from Vienna and St. Petersburg, and has not belied her reputation.

*I Puritani* was repeated on Tuesday. On Thursday there was an opera, followed by a concert. Madlle. Antonietta Fricci made her first appearance this season, and her first essay as Norma; and Madlle. Carlotta Patti sang for the first time to a European audience. Both ladies were successful—Madlle. Fricci being recalled after each act, and Madlle. Carlotta Patti greatly applauded in three songs and a duet. The songs were "O luce di quest' amica," from *Linda*, one of the grand airs of the Queen of Night from the *Flauto Magico* ("Gli angeli inferni"), and Eckert's "Echo Song;" the duet, "Quanto Amore," from the *Elisir d'Amore*. The voice of Madlle. Carlotta Patti somewhat resembles that of her sister Adelina in quality, but has a still higher range. It is indeed an exceptional soprano, reaching to F in *alissimo* with apparent ease, as was shown in Mozart's air, the *staccato* passages in which we have never heard surpassed in clearness, crispness, and purity of intonation.

April 25th.—On Saturday and Monday—*Norma*—followed by the concert, and Madlle. Carlotta Patti was repeated.

On Tuesday, *Masaniello*.

On Thursday, *Guillaume Tell*, for the first time this year, with two changes in the cast—Signor Caffieri for Signor Tamberlik (Arnold), and Madlle. Dottini for Madame Rudersdorff (Jemmy). The new tenor did not come up to expectations. He was, however, nervous, and may improve. The general performance was good. The overture and chorus of the canton of Uri were encored.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. April 18.—The season opened on Saturday with *Il Trovatore*, the cast embracing the names of Madlle. Titiens, Madame Alboni, Signor Giuglini and Mr. Santley. Of the opera and the singers not one word need be said. A splendid performance—the usual encores for "Il balen," "Ah! si ben mio," and the "Miserere"—the house crowded in every part—*voilà tout*. On Tuesday the *Puritani* was given, with Madlle. Titiens, Signors Giuglini, Gassier and Vialletti.

April 25.—On Saturday the *Trovatore* was repeated.

On Tuesday, *Lucia di Lammermoor* was performed for the first time this season, with Madlle. Titiens, Signors Giuglini and Gassier, followed by *La Fafalletta*.

On Thursday, *Lucrezia Borgia*, first time this season, introducing Madlle. Ellinger in the character of Maffeo Orsini—her first appearance on the English stage. The *débütante* was encored in the *Brindisi*.—Madlle. Titiens, Signors Giuglini and Gassier sustained the principal parts.—*Musical World*.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MAY 11.—Otto Nicolai's comic and fantastic opera "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*," text very closely after Shakespeare, was given by Anschütz's German company at the Academy, April 27th. It is to be regretted that this opera was not given earlier; such charming music would have borne frequent repetitions, although, being of a finer grade of comicality than that of Lortzing, for instance, (the broad German comic, is to our thinking, heavy) it would perhaps have been less generally enjoyable to the German audiences, that form the majority of Anschütz's patrons. "*Die lustige Weiber*," abounds with beauties, and those of no common order, sparkling melodies, effective concerted pieces, and the instrumentation is most admirable. The fairy music in the last act is very fairy-like, and there is a dust between "*Sweet Anne Page*" and Fenton, in the second act, remarkable for its charming treatment. The overture, much better known in America than the opera itself, which, we believe, Anschütz's company has been the first to produce, is very brilliant. It is needless to say anything of the plot, save that it gives abundant opportunity for dramatic-comic musical situations, while the variety of character in the dramatic personæ is most favorable to the composer. The performance was tolerably good.

On the 29th, a benefit performance was given, at the Academy, to PALMO, the veteran manager, which realized the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, or more, to him. Although many of the Italian artists now in New York assisted, the performance, consisting of "*Il Trovatore*," a concert, and ballet, was very indifferent. On Monday and Wednesday evenings, and at the usual Saturday's matinee, Verdi's unsuccessful opera "*Aroldo*" was produced. Did Mr. Maretzek think that an opera that had failed in Europe, would still do for New York? If so, he was mistaken—just for once. The opera fell flatly even on the ears of the Academy audience. Except the finale to the first act, we cannot recall any portion of it that possesses Verdi's merit—that of striking dramatic effect. There is a churchyard scene—almost as common with Verdi as his two horsemen with James, the late novelist; also a *Miserere* heard outside, after the *Trovatore* pattern. A (scenic) storm on Loch Lomond, with aerial counter currents driving banks of clouds in different directions, and waves leaping up in spasmodic jerks, and clinging with tired pertinacity to the rocks, reminded us of Hugo's and Berlioz's stories of the gambols of the little beggar boys, who, for a cent an hour, simulate, on Parisian stages, the effects of violent winds. "*Il Trovatore*" will be given again at the Academy on Monday night; a Miss LIZZIE PARKER will *débüt* as Leonora.

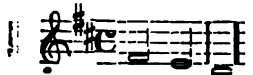
The most attractive concerts of the past two weeks have been those of Mr. CASTLE and Madame URZO, at Irving Hall, and especially that of Mr. THEODORE THOMAS, which took place on Saturday night last. There was a fine selection of orchestral works:—Beethoven's C minor Symphony, Mozart's *Zauberflöte* overture, and Berlioz's Symphony, "*Harold in Italy*" (first time in America). The programme of the Symphony—for it belongs essentially to programme music—is as follows: Harold, tired, disappointed, and spoiled by a too early and unenviable acquaintance with the bad side of humanity, finds himself amid the rich nature of Italy, too worn out to feel moved by its beauty, or by the emotions which he witnesses in other men; he finally throws himself into a wild brigand orgy, where he perishes. This is by no means Byron's Harold, with all deference to Berlioz,

and to Liszt, whose long article on Berlioz's music in general, and this Symphony in particular, may be read with some interest in the 43d volume of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*; the noble Childe, with his Anglo-Saxon energies, had his destiny called him from among us before he had fully felt the certainty that truth, no matter how melancholy, is at the bottom fairer than illusion, might have perished, if by his own choice (as we poor mortals say!) in a noble cause—but would not have died of total exhaustion of moral and intellectual stamina. No:—Berlioz's Harold, as we gather from the music, is a Childe of weak heart and head, (and those French, to boot,) who gives way in the struggle between his good and evil nature. How is it that Berlioz so often selects repulsive subjects for musical illustration? This work is no exception; for a blasé man is the type of all weak, despicable, pitiable, (and alas! now vulgarly common) littleness.

The first movement of the Symphony is entitled: "Harold in the mountains; scenes of melancholy, happiness, and joy." The second: "March and evening prayer of the pilgrims." The third: "Serenade of a mountaineer of the Abruzzi to his beloved."—Fourth: "Orgy of brigands, with reminiscences of the preceding scenes." Berlioz represents Harold by the tones of the viola (often solo, or with harp accompaniment), "whose sonority better expresses the melancholy and extinguished hue of departed illusion, than the violin, which has too much color for these peculiar feelings," (says Liszt!) The first movement, although grandiose in parts, by no means places us in the mood which the view of a beautiful nature creates; rather in that produced by the sight of a savage, barren landscape (we do not allude to Harold's voice, the viola monody, but to the orchestral ensemble). The second and third parts are truer to their plan, and more beautiful; the second of poetic effect, the third very characteristic. The fourth is noisy, lengthy, and the "monody" of the viola here sounds childish and inexpressive. Berlioz has used every orchestral resource, with his well-known ability, in order to heighten the effect of the Symphony. The viola solo (the rôle of Harold!) was taken by Mr. E. Mollenhauer; the harp was in the hands of Mr. Toulmin.

What can we say of the *Zauberflöte* overture?—Who does not know that it is a lovely marriage of musical beauty and science? Here, indeed, is rich nature, art, beauty,—and how it satisfies the ideal desire within us! Beethoven's Fifth was finely played by the admirable orchestra Mr. Thomas had gathered together—and a glorious masterpiece it sounded! Such exuberance of musical idea, such purity of form, can dispense with orchestral embodiment, and yet remain a thing for love and wonder.—Mme. D'Angri sang the fine scena "Oh patria," from *Tancredi*, and an aria from "*Romeo e Giulietta*" with her accustomed breadth of style, and finished vocalization. Mr. Mills played the Chopin Polonaise in E flat, opus 22. We were glad to see a numerous and appreciative audience at this fine concert.

M. CARL BERGMANN promises, among things new and good, to be performed at his concert next Saturday week, Liszt's "Faust" Symphony, the introduction to Wagner's "Lohengrin," &c.



PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 25.—The fourth and last soirée of Messrs. CROSS and JARVIS was given on the 15th. Messrs. Cross and Schmitz played Beethoven's Sonata in A major, for piano and cello; Mr. Gaertner played Spohr's "Gesang-scene," and led in a Haydn quartet; Mr. Jarvis played Chopin's second Concerto, in F minor, following it with Henselt's arrangement of a Polacca of Weber's, as an encore.

The Larghetto of the second Concerto is exquisitely beautiful, and is one of those creations, the proper effect of which is lost amidst the glare of lights and the many distracting features of a crowded concert saloon. One wishes to be alone when listening to such music, and feels that if the performer were, at the same time, invisible and unknown, the effect would be heightened. You may think that the accessories I desire are rather romantic. To this I reply in advance, that those who are never guilty of romantic inspirations (or vagaries) are not apt to feel in fulness the beauties of Chopin's *Nocturnes*, *Ballades*, &c. Trust me, I would as lief give my days and nights to the study of Gyrowitz and Krommer, as to play any of those tone-poems to some of the peripatetic counting rooms that are so plentifully distributed in our best circles.

GOTTSCHALK gave a concert here, last Friday evening, with the assistance of Messrs. Charles Schmitz and Geo. Simpson, and a Mlle. Vivier. Whenever I think of Gottschalk, I am moved to pity. Not that I compassionate him, for that were impertinent. It is those who would hear better music at the hands of him, whom they justly designate as our best pianist—that I pity. There surely has been some improvement in the taste of the concert-going public since Mr. G. first played here, and yet his selections are what they always were; his own compositions. Were we malicious in our chagrin, we might say that it is well that he plays them, for other artists will not. If he would, in each concert, give only one composition of a purer school than his own, he would increase his audiences by those who prefer hearing worse performers play good music, to Mr. Gottschalk's playing of *morceaux* that seem better adapted for the "pieces de resistance" of a boarding school exhibition than any other purpose. Even as I would rather endure Forrest's gory Hamlet than (just think of it!) Edwin Booth as Metamora.

To finish the week, there were two concerts. One was that given to Mr. CORTESE by his pupils. The other, Mr. WOLFSOHN's fifth soirée, with the following attractive programme:

Moonlight Sonata.....	Beethoven
Trio: "Fantasie-Stücke".....	Schumann
Piano Solo: "Schlummerlied".....	Weber
Quartet: Piano and Strings, op. 8.....	Mendelssohn
	NIEMAND.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 16, 1863.

### Concert Review.

MR. HERMANN DAUM'S Soirée Musicale, at Chickering's Hall, Wednesday evening, May 6th, was very fully attended. Clearly an eager, sympathetic audience. Mr. Daum has won many friends, as well as the general good opinion as a conscientious artist of no mean ability, during his residence among us. He was assisted by Miss ADDIE S. RYAN and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. The programme was as follows:

1. Grand Trio in E flat, op. 14, for Piano, Clarinet and Viola.....Mozart  
Andante—Minuetto—Rondo Allegro.  
Messrs. H. Daum, T. Ryan and C. Meisel.
2. Canzonetta: "My mother bids me bind my hair." Haydn  
Miss Addie S. Ryan.
3. Funeral March for Piano. (MS.).....H. Daum  
(By particular request.)
4. Trio in F op. 80, for Piano, Violin and Violoncello. Schumann  
Allegro: Adagio: Scherzo: Finale.  
Messrs. H. Daum, Wm. Schultze and Wm. Fries.
5. German Ballad, "In the eye there lies the heart." Kücken  
Miss Addie S. Ryan.
6. Andante Cantabile from Quintet No. 20, in D minor, op. 45.....Onslow
7. Grande Polonaise Brillante for Piano, op. 22.....Chopin

With the Mozart Trio Mr. Daum had favored us once before at a concert of the Quintette Club. Both for its curious combination of instruments, and its fresh, genial, Mozart-like qualities, it was very welcome again. In the great Thematic

Catalogue it is numbered op. 498, instead of op. 14. Jahn tells us that Mozart wrote it for one of his fair pupils, who was a good pianist, in 1786, (five years before his death—it belongs therefore to his riper period), and that it goes by the name of the "Nine-pin alley Trio", because he is supposed to have written it while engaged in playing nine-pins. The combination of instruments is certainly interesting. He seems to have treated the viola with especial fondness, giving it characteristic and important passages. The Andante has two broad motives, treated in a facile, charming manner. The Minuet is full of life and positiveness, and reminds one a little of a movement in Beethoven's Septuor; the Trio to it is very beautiful. The Rondo, which is the longest movement, is also very interesting. Mr. Daum's rendering of the piano part was neat, clear, graceful and unaffected, and clarinet and viola did their duty well.

The great Trio by Schumann was the most important novelty of the evening. We can only say that we listened with great interest to all its movements, which are full of meaning, the Scherzo being particularly charming, and that we desire to know it better. Mr. Daum's most effective exhibition of his skill as an executive pianist was in the very brilliant and poetic Polonaise by Chopin; in this he covered himself with applause, and it made an excellent finale to the concert. His own Funeral March—a thing in which of course it is not easy to be original—was really solemn and impressive, moving in broad, rich chords, which showed a refined feeling, removed alike from common-place or clap-trap. The sweeter episodic part, commonly called Trio, has much beauty.

The Quintette Club had selected one of the most euphonious passages from the Quintets of Onslow, who always puts the tones upon the strings where they will sound well; and the Andante Cantabile was much enjoyed. Miss RYAN did herself more than usual justice in her singing; all that we could have wished modified or rather mitigated, was a certain stiff uniformity of full power of tone; the simplicity of style was good, but in Haydn's Canzonet there was room for finer shading which would have made the whole thing more light and graceful.

Mr. J. C. D. PARKER'S CLUB gratified their friends by a second performance of "Paradise and the Peri" on the evening of the 6th instant. The Chickering Hall has seldom, if ever, been the scene of a more delightful occasion. Making all the allowances for amateurs, for absences, for the substitution of a piano-forte for an orchestral accompaniment, for the need of first-rate solo singers in some pieces, the Cantata left an impression of beauty, variety, originality, poetic truthfulness and completeness, which every listener will cherish gratefully. It was a new sensation, and an exquisite one. A few passages may have cloyed the sense somewhat, drooping with sweetness and with heavy fragrance; but even in this the musical picture was the truer to the drowsy luxury of Eastern scenery and atmosphere; while certainly such traits are continually relieved by others of dramatic energy and fairy-like imaginativeness. Schumann has even improved upon Moore's poem to ensure these very contrasts, interpolating his own thoughts and verses here and there, as in the chorus of the Houris, which has a freshness of immortal youth, and that delectable fancy of the quartet "of Peris fair," who meet their sister, singing: "Peri is't true? Dost thou to Heaven's gate aspire?"



which breaks so happily the monotony of the long and somewhat drowsy, but yet exceedingly beautiful bass solo, describing "Syria's land, where blooms the rose." (Unfortunately, in this second performance this had to be omitted).

In general the whole thing went better the second time than it did the first; and there was much to praise on both occasions. The gain was chiefly in point of animation and expression, the natural result of more familiarity and freedom. The illness of Miss HUNTLEY made it necessary for Miss HOUSTON to assume the principal part, that of the Peri, which she did most kindly at a few days' warning; and though her voice is not so well adapted to it, she put so much true feeling and expression into nearly all of it, that she had the warmest sympathies of an intent audience. At certain important crises, too, the phrase was launched forth with a startling eloquence and brilliancy, which lit up all that went before and after; for instance, the high trumpet tones, where she catches the last life drops of the young hero: "For blood like this, for Liberty shed," &c., ushering in that magnificent chorus and finale of the first part.

The choruses in general were beautifully sung, especially those for female voices; and the accompaniments were firmly, clearly outlined. With an orchestra, of course, certain figuration would have come in to relieve the monotony of the long bass solo, to which we have alluded, and which Mr. RYDER, of the voluminous great voice, rendered remarkably well for an amateur. Mr. LANGMAID delivered the tenor recitatives and airs with the same careful, true expression as before. The finished charm of Mrs. HARWOOD's singing only lacked more opportunities to manifest itself. Nor must "the angel" contralto, nor the fine little childlike soprano of "the Maiden" (what tenderness there is in this music, and indeed pervading the Cantata!), pass unnoticed. In our next number we propose to attempt a description somewhat in detail of "Paradise and the Peri."

**GOTTSCALK.**—During the past fortnight, the brilliant piano virtuoso has again been feasting his admirers here, who find his nectar and ambrosia much the same as ever. He has given, as nearly as we can keep the run of them, four concerts in the city (besides many round about it): two in the Tremont Temple, one (a Sacred one!) in the Academy of Music, and yesterday a Matinée at Chickering's. To describe one is to describe them all, except in the accessories. Of these the most novel appeared in the first, and we believe in the second and the "Sacred" concert: the "wonderful BRETTO Brothers," as they are called. They are said to be children of one of the MOLLENHAUERS in New York; handsome, hearty looking boys, both of them. We heard Master Bernard, aged 11, play a well known Fantasia of De Beriot on the violin, which he handles skilfully, with good intonation, neat execution and a good deal of it for a boy, although we can hardly call it "wonderful," since wonders have become so common. There is reason to hope that he may grow up a very accomplished artist, if not too much exhibited and thereby kept under a forcing process to make him excel in shallow showy things. All due praise to the clever and industrious boy, but what privilege is it to hear done by a boy what is every day done quite as well or better by the "old boys" in every city that is musical?—The little fellow, Master Richard, aged 7, made indeed a fairy droll appearance, handling a cornet nearly as big as himself, and indeed producing a pure tone, master alike of its heights and depths, as well as sentimental strains, in a manner truly astonishing. Yet most unnatural; for why should such an infant blow himself bodily through such an instrument? Why be trained to monkey tricks (pretty as they may be, but costing fearfully) of imitating sentiment which he of course cannot feel?

Artistically the most dignified and edifying feature of this first concert was the singing, by Mr. RYDER, of the two noble bass airs of the Priest in Mozart's "Magic Flute"; they were written for a large, deep bass like his, and his voice made the music tell. The first one, though, (*In diesen heil'gen Hallen*) would have told better, had he sung it in Italian or German, instead of in English.

Of Mr. Gottschalk's own performances there is nothing new to be said. In the first concert he played:

first (in place of the "Tell overture, for which a second piano was wanting) a very noisy, extravagant and to our ear unmusical sounding Fantasia, Impromptu, or what not, which charmed by its difficulty and physical display of energy, "plucking chords up by the roots," and all that sort of thing; then a Funeral March and his *Murmures Eoliennes*, more acceptable, though rather an old story; then his *Ojos Creoles*, with Mr. S. BEHRENS, in which he undertakes the part of a Chopin for the Creoles (see programmes *passim*); and finally *Le Barde* and a burlesque on "Malbrook". All compositions of his own. When a real genius, a Chopin, comes along, we certainly wish to hear him play his own compositions; first because we may suppose them to be worth hearing, and secondly, because others can play us Beethoven and the older classics.

A SACRED CONCERT, for the relief of the suffering poor of Ireland, was given at Tremont Temple last Sunday evening, by the Choir of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, under the direction of Mr. WERNER.—Master Julius D. Werner presided at the Organ. We are sorry we are only able to mention the good things which formed the first part of the Programme (the second part was lighter):

Fugue on the Organ for Four Hands. . . . . S. Bach  
Gloria, from the Mass in C, (Solos & Chorus). . . . . Beethoven  
Ave Maria, (Soprano Solo and Chorus). . . . . Donizetti  
Benedictus: from the Mass in C. . . . . Beethoven  
Prayer from Moses in Egypt, (Orchestra). . . . . Rossini  
O Salutaris, (Duet for Soprano and Tenor). . . . . Cherubini  
The Heavens are Telling: from the Creation. . . . . Haydn.

**ERRATA.**—In the hurry of going to press a day earlier than usual, on account of the National Fast, we did not see a proof of our New York correspondent's last letter, and the types played the mischief with it. Thus Robert Franz is said to have "touched us with quick pleasure," instead of *quiet*; and "regret for a musician" should read "regret for a mannerism, that has increased in his last works," &c.

**CONCERTS THIS EVENING.**—There are three announced.

1. CAMILLA URSO, the admirable lady violinist, gives a Farewell Concert at Chickering's, on the eve of her departure for Europe. It will certainly be an occasion of great interest, being the last chance we shall have to hear her for at least several years. She will have the assistance of Miss ADDIE RYAN, Mr. B. J. LANG, Mr. CARL MAYER, and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

2. Mr. P. S. GILMORE, whose noble and wholehearted exertions to raise a fund of \$3,000 for the Massachusetts regiments at Newbern, by means of a whole week of concerts, were crowned with such signal success, richly merits a benefit, and is to receive that compliment at the hands of the Committee, who took his offering in charge, to-night, at the Boston Theatre. Full orchestra and band, and Mme. ANNA BISHOP will make the entertainment rich.

3. Mr. B. A. BURDITT, who has labored so faithfully for many years in connection with the Brigade Band, is also to have a benefit at the Tremont Temple.

**FRENCH COMEDY.**—We regret that the exquisite performances of M. PAUL JUIGNET's company, in the New Tremont Theatre (Studio Building), are limited to this present week; else we should most certainly use all our eloquence to persuade those of our readers, who know even a little French, and who would witness the most natural, easy, elegant, delightful acting, 't that we ever had here, to go just as often as they can. It is something too good, too rare to lose.

CAMILLA URSO was to play on Fast evening at Mr. L. MARSHALL'S second concert in the Tremont Temple.—Mr. GILMORE'S patriotic concerts succeeded to the full mark of his expectation; \$3,000 was the solid result, which he has handed over to the committee for the benefit of our six regiments in North Carolina. Mme. BISHOP entered heart and voice into his plan, presented him a baton at the end and had a fine Sacred Concert complimentary to her, self afterward.

An event of artistic significance is promised in New York. For the first time an opera by GLUCK, the "Orfeo," is to be produced on the 25th of this month at the Winter Garden. It is to be done under the management of the popular contralto, Mme. VESTRALI, who has recently returned to this country and has engaged that theatre for a few nights of English opera. Whether the loves of Orpheus and Eurydice are to be sung in English, or not, we do not learn. But we are assured that Mme. Vestrali, emulating Johanna Wagner and Viardot, has made a special study of the part of Orpheus, and that the noble work will be brought out with new scenery and cos-

tumes and with all possible completeness. This would be a treat for Boston also; may we not hope to have it? Of all our lyrical remembrances of a rich year in Europe, not one remains more whole and pure and beautiful than this. But then such things are not so easily done in the true style here, as they are in Berlin.

NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN have certainly no lack of music to complain of. Among other things announced are:

A concert by CARL BERGMANN, of which the principal instrumental features will be: Liszt's "Faust" Symphony in three parts (1. Faust, Allegro. 2. Gretchen, Andante. 3. Mephistopheles, Scherzo and Finale); Concerto in A minor by Schumann, played by Mr. MILLS; the introduction to Wagner's *Lohengrin*; and the Overture *Carnival Roman*, by Berlioz. Also Mr. Mills will play a Fantasia by Liszt, and Mme. JOHANSEN will sing songs by Schubert and Schumann. "Music of the Future" enough to please our friend of the London Times and Musical World!

Mr. R. GOLDBECK is to give a grand concert on the 19th, at which his new Symphony "Victoria" will be performed for the second time.—The last series of GOTTSCALK concerts commences at Irving Hall to-night. Gottschalk is everywhere—Boston, Salem, Lawrence, Dover, New York—and everywhere the same. Miss DINGLEY, the singer, and CAMILLA URSO, the violinist, have given concerts at Irving Hall; and Signor BARILI has had an exhibition of his singing pupils, at which twenty pieces (choruses, arias, duets, &c.), all commonplaces of the current Italian Opera repertoire, were sung.

In Brooklyn, a concert for the benefit of the German Evangelical Sunday School took place at the Polytechnic Institute, with the following programme:

1. Overture, *Iphigenia in Aulis*, Gluck; 2. Pianos, 8 hands. 3. *Requiem*, Mozart, (No. 3, Solo Quartet, *Tuba mirum*. No. 6. *Confutatis*, and No. 7. *Lacrymosa*.) 3. Trio, (in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3) L. v. Beethoven: For Piano, Violin and Violoncello.—4. Two Songs, for Chorus. a) "Wanderer's Nachtlied," Hauptmann. b) "Jayedlied," Mendelssohn. 5. *Die Glocke, von Schiller* (Schiller's Lay of the Bell,) for Solos and Chorus, Andreas Romberg.

Mr. WILLIAM SCHARFENBERG, of the well known firm of Music-dealers, Scharfenberg and Louis, has been elected President of the New York Philharmonic Society.

HARTFORD, CONN.—The second and third Classical Soirées at the Gymnasium Hall of the Female Seminary, under the auspices of Mr. HENRY WILSON and his associate, Mr. DUDLEY BUCK, Jr., took place on Friday evenings, April 17th and May 8th, and most successfully. They were assisted by Messrs. WULF FRIES and THOMAS RYAN from this city, and the programmes speak hopefully for the cause of music in Hartford. They were as follows:

#### Second Soirée.

1. Quartet. No. 1, in G minor. . . . . Mozart (Piano-forte, Violin, Viola and Violoncello.) Messrs. Buck, Stickney, Mahler and Fries.
2. Concert Aria. Op. 65. . . . . Beethoven Mrs. Strickland.
3. Solo—for Violoncello. . . . . Offenbach (Air de Ballet, of the 17th century.) Mr. Wulf Fries.
4. Solo, a. "Du meine Seele," from Op. 25. Schumann b. "Thro' the Woods," Spring Song. Op. 47. Mendelssohn Mrs. Strickland.

#### Third Soirée.

1. Trio in C. Op. 87. . . . . Haydn (Piano-forte, Violin and Violoncello.) Messrs. Wilson, Stickney, and Fries.
2. Scherzo and Adagio—from Grand Sonata in D minor, op. 121. . . . . Schumann Messrs. Stickney and Buck.
3. Grand Fantasia, for Violoncello. . . . . Selligmann "Reminiscences of Halévy." Mr. Fries.
4. Ballad. "When Night hath drawn her veil." Lachner Mrs. Strickland.
1. Trio, in E flat, op. 12. . . . . Hummel (Piano-forte, Violin and Violoncello.) Messrs. Wilson, Stickney, and Fries.
2. Larghetto. Solo for Violoncello. . . . . Mozart Mr. Wulf Fries.
3. Scene and Prayer, from "Der Freischütz." Von Weber Miss Ramsey.
4. Clarinet Solo. "Una Voce poco fa." . . . . . Rossini Mr. Ryan.
5. Meditation, (on the 1st Prelude of Bach). . . . . Gounod For Violin, Piano, and Violoncello.

1. Grand Quartet, in E flat, op. 16. . . . . Beethoven (Piano-forte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello.)
2. Ballad. "The Dream of Home." . . . . Franz Abt Mrs. Strickland.
3. Piano Solo. "Rondo Capriccioso," op. 14. Mendelssohn
4. Violoncello Solo. "Idylle." . . . . . Kummer Mr. Fries.
5. Duet. "Autumn Song." . . . . . Mendelssohn Mrs. Strickland and Miss Ramsey.

Mr. F. Leyboldt, in Philadelphia, has already followed up the good work of publishing Liszt's Life of Chopin, by giving us the "Travelling Letters" of the young MENDELSSOHN, which need no recommendation to the readers of this Journal. He has reprinted, in the same beautiful style and form with the "Chopin", the translation of the "Letters from Italy and Switzerland" made in England by Lady WALLACE. The translator has done her work very conscientiously and carefully, rendering the exact meaning of the author, so far as we could perceive, in every instance. To our taste, however, she has been somewhat over anxious to convert every thing into conventional pure English, as if the letters had been originally written in English. By this process somewhat of the individual and German flavor of the expression is lost. Even at some expense to the king's English we prefer such a close-fitting English counterpart as Mr. Brooks has given us in his almost perfect rendering of Jean Paul's "Titan." It is the surest way to keep in all the real juice and poetry of the original thing, and the process may be just as truly reproduction, just as far from merely mechanical (witness Mr. Brooks's wonderful success), as the most free re-casting of the thoughts into our own English moulds.

But we do not mean to say that the "Letters" suffer much in this respect in Lady Wallace's translation. It is on the whole a remarkably satisfactory performance. We are glad to see, too, that Mr. Leyboldt's edition is enriched by Mendelssohn's charming little pen and ink sketches of Swiss scenery.

Our excellent singer of Mozart, Schubert, Franz and Schumann, Mr. AUGUST KREISSMANN, seems to have almost turned the heads of the best music-lovers in New York, by his performance at Mason and Thomas's last Soirée. All the first musicians and amateurs were present, and he was so warmly appreciated, that we feel really uneasy lest they steal him away from us. The German papers particularly are most glowing in his praise; the *Abend-Zeitung* says: "New York must envy Boston the possession of the best Lied singer in America, who has indeed few equals in Germany."

Mr. B. J. LANG gave recently a concert in Salem, his old home, with so excellent a programme, that, even at this late hour, we wish to record it.

1. Grand Sonata, Op. 22.....Beethoven
2. "Jerusalem," from "St. Paul".....Mendelssohn
3. Scherzo, Op. 81.....Chopin
4. Andante for 2 Pianos.....Schumann
5. Song of Spring.....Mendelssohn
6. Rondo Capp. Op. 14.....Mendelssohn
7. { a. Prelude in E. minor.....Mendelssohn
- { b. Fugue.....Handel
8. The Mother's Song.....Kucklen
9. Concerto, acc't by 2d Piano.....Hummel
10. { a. Mazurka, F sharp minor.....Chopin
- { b. Impromptu.....Mason

Mr. G. W. STREELE played the second piano, and Miss J. E. HOUSTON was the vocalist. The Salem people do not often have so fine a treat.

A letter from New York says: "Our practical musicians are not exactly on a 'strike', but they are dissatisfied with the prices paid for playing at theatres and balls, and intend to arrange a new tariff. I understand that \$8 or \$9 per week is all that members of the orchestra in a theatre receive, and \$5 per night for playing at a ball, which is little enough in all conscience. The new rates have not yet been agreed upon."

The Chicago Musical Union sang Mendelssohn's "Elijah" on the 14th of April, under the direction of Mr. BALATKA. The performance is said to have been the best of the kind ever given in the West, and much praise is accorded to the contralto, Mrs. Mattison, and to the raw material for a great baritone in Mr. Jules Lombard.—The Philharmonic Society, in the same city, gives every Saturday afternoon an instrumental concert, or "Matinée."

PHILADELPHIA.—The "Creation" was announced for performance on Thursday evening, in Musical Fund Hall, by the Handel and Haydn Society, numbering over two hundred singers, with the aid of some of the best artists and the Germania orchestra.—The Germania Afternoon Rehearsals still continue on Saturdays. This was the last programme (they have not yet reached the point of giving an entire symphony):

1. Overture—Le Colporteur.....Onslow
2. Introduction and Variations for two Clarinets (Stoll and Schubert).....Mueller
3. Eulogy of Tears.....Schubert
4. Waltz—Kroll's Ball Sounds.....Lumbye
5. Andante of Symphony No. 1.....Beethoven
6. Overture—In the Highlands.....Gade
7. Barcarole and Prayer—North Star.....Meyerbeer
8. Finale—Jewess.....Halévy

We clip a very pretty compliment from the London *Musical World* of April 25: "DWIGHT'S BOSTON JOURNAL OF MUSIC, the best Art Journal in America, one of the best, most independent, and most honorable in Europe, is henceforth to appear once a week, instead of once a fortnight." This is the kindest cut of all!

WORCESTER, MASS.—"Stella" writes:

The musical soirée recently given by the pupils of Mr. B. D. Allen was repeated at Brinley Hall on Friday evening, drawing high encomiums from the large audience present. The young amateurs acquitted themselves well, as on the previous occasion, and the programme was varied by singing, by Mrs. A. S. Allen and Messrs. Metcalf and Hammond, the former singing Schubert's "Praise of Tears," and a pretty barcarole by Stigelli. The Beethoven Trio Club played a romance by Gade, and a favorite Scherzo by Fesca.

An organ for the Mechanics Hall is now talked of, and there is a probability of something besides talking being the result. It is to be hoped that the instrument will be worthy of its place, and of the uses to which it will be given. A good organ in the hall, and none other should be admitted, our citizens will wonder that they have allowed the organ-case to stand empty thus long. The time may come when the painter and the sculptor shall adorn the empty panels and niches with the beauties of their respective arts. But that time will not come in a day. When it does may these walls, now white and cold, glow with the story of the nation's struggle for life, its earnest effort, and its final victory!

Mr. EDWARD DANNREUTHER, the young Cincinnati-an, whose success at the Leipzig Conservatoire has been so marked, has recently appeared in London as pianist. The *Athenaeum* bestows extraordinary praise on his performance:

Unless we are mistaken, Saturday last showed a remarkable first appearance in a world where first appearances become, year by year, more and more difficult, the world of pianoforte players. Mr. Dannreuther is a player requiring small consideration on the score of youth; less allowance for inevitable inexperience; least of all, no silly sympathy such as those melancholy creatures called prodigies easily manage to engage, to the destruction of their future progress. He is simply an artist who enters his profession with an armament of means, powers, and intellectual endowments, regarding the future issue of which there can be no doubt, life and health permitting: His success, from first to last, was remarkable, we repeat. Chopin's first *Concerto*, the one in F minor, is no piece of pleasantery, but a difficult, dreamy, elaborate composition, in places weak—the beauty of which (and the beauty is great) can only be developed by one who commands rare powers of execution and an innate delicacy of sentiment not to be assumed nor counterfeited—the true musician's sentiment. This difficult *Concerto* was delivered with so much command of the instrument, so much energy (when energy was wanted) and poetical grace, as not merely to hold fast a large and miscellaneous audience, to whom it was strange, but to assert, to all those who have ears to hear, the arrival of a great new player. A feat much more difficult has not often been accomplished. After this, Mr. Dannreuther played Prof. Moscheles graceful Serenade, (Op. 103), a charming, real and sound single movement, and then Dr. Liszt's brilliant transcript of M. Gounod's brilliant and natural Faust Waltz. The themes seize the ear, and the treatment of them is most effective for every purpose of display. Better played the piece could have hardly been, save, perhaps, by Dr. Liszt himself.

## Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE  
**LATEST MUSIC.**  
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Village Bells Ring Merrily. Bridal Song.  
C. J. Hargitt. 25

A true, pure, chaste, sweet bridal song, in which the village chimps peal their good wishes, and village maidens wait, with rose decked hair, for the bride, in the village church.

When we went a Maying. A. Mattock. 25

It might have been in the same village as the other and a right pleasant village, too, if these songs are specimens of its music and pleasures.

Onward forever. F. Gumbert. 25

Bold and spirited.

Cradle Song. J. R. Titcomb. 25

When last they met. Ballad. A. Greville. 25

Haste then, sweet hour of vengeance.  
Lucretia Borgia. 35

Marion. 'Tis said there's an altar in each heart.  
J. W. Turner. 25

A new song by Mr. Turner cannot well help being a good one, and those who sing it will, no doubt, agree that it sustains his former reputation.

Instrumental Music.

The Hundred Pipers. Jacobite Air.  
Brinley Richards. 25

One of the most sprightly of Richard's transcriptions. Will be welcomed, both by teachers and amateurs, as a good, bright piece. Not difficult.

Song Chimes. Six transcriptions. C. T. Brunner.

Of the six pieces, the following are now ready:

Good Night, my Love. Gute Nacht mein Lieb. 25

Whispering Breezes. Lüftchen, Ihr plaudert.  
Melody from Marschner. 25

The Lark. Zieht in Herbst die Lerche fort. 25

The melodies are those of good German songs, and the transcriptions graceful and pretty.

Heather Bell Waltzes. L. H. H. 35

Five waltzes, with an introduction. Very heather-bell-y in their simplicity and beauty. Would be an acceptable musical bouquet to present to a lady friend.

Books.

OPERATIO BOUQUET. By Ed. Bruce. Cloth, \$2.00  
Boards, 1.75  
Paper, 1.50

Every choir should be able to sing chorus music. At least, in every village, there should be a musical association able to do it. For such bodies of singers the Bouquet is very valuable, containing, as it does, the music arranged by Mr. Bruce, which has contributed not a little to the profit and interest of his choir rehearsals for years.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 578.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1863.

VOL. XXIII. No. 5.

Translated for this Journal.

**Hector Berlioz.**

From *Fliegende Blätter für Musik.*

(Continued from page 25).

Opinions in regard to Berlioz are even to-day very diverse, and oftentimes diametrically opposed. Thus briefly, writes Richard Wagner:—"Berlioz has, it is true, continued Beethoven, but in a direction which he (Beethoven) had very rightly abandoned. The often bold and carelessly thrown off pen-strokes in which Beethoven, hastily and without examination, wrote down his attempts to discover new means of expression, fell into the hands of the eager scholar, as almost the only heritage of the great artist; and it is certain that Berlioz produced artistic effects out of the adored marvels of those strange pen-strokes. Amazement and transport filled the heart of Berlioz at the sight of those strange characters, in which the master had endeavored to make known the mystery which he believed Music alone to be capable of expressing, but which he vainly tried to express by music. Berlioz's inspirations, however, were only artistic tumult and feverish agitation. When, as in the relaxation of one stupified by opium, he beheld but a dreamy blank around him, he tried to arouse himself by recalling the feverish excitement of his dreams, which he accomplished only by the most painful and laborious employment of his musical faculties."

Now how may Berlioz be considered? Is he, according to Paganini's opinion, a true musical genius, or, after Wagner's view, a man without imagination, who is merely *noisy*? Does he indeed overstep the utmost limits of musical art, or only those of petty custom? His compositions give to this a candid answer.

Berlioz shows, first of all, in his works, *originality of conception*. Not one single *borrowed* idea can be authenticated. This is of not much importance, since it is easy to be original if one neither minds law, nor aims at beauty; and indeed he has been charged with this, by many people, who also reproach him with having no melody. Melody, say they, is the soul of music, and where that is lacking, there can be no true music. With this I entirely agree; but what do they mean to express by the term melody? There appear no melodies like those in the Strauss Waltzes; but there are musical thoughts which touch the heart, and delight the ear, by their simple design, by their instrumental euphony, and by their expression of emotions, and therein no judicious hearer will deny the existence of genuine music. I maintain this kind of ideas to be above mere melody, and as regards expression they are surely not unwisely formed. In this respect (of melody) the majority of Berlioz's ideas are as good as those of Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven.\*

Of course, sometimes, a thought runs under, which, more or less, lacks this character, either in the graceful harmony, the unity of construc-

\*Tastes differ here decidedly.—Ed.

tion, or in the rigorous, precise, rhythm. But as in him these are often found wanting, so they are likewise in the works of all the great musicians.

I recollect, for instance, a fugued passage in the trio of the C minor Symphony of Beethoven which the basses commenced, and the beginning of the Allegro of the Overture "Calm at Sea, and happy Voyage," of Mendelssohn.

Besides the above mentioned kinds of genuine musical ideas, there are the *popular melodies*, appearing in dances, marches, people's, and other simple songs. They are universal, and immediately interesting, they spread quickly far and wide, and are to be found especially in the old operas. They are heard, like home-tunes, in the instrumental compositions of our great masters, although rarely—in their Symphonies, Overtures, Quartets, &c.

The overture to *Coriolanus* contains but one single melody. The first movement of the C minor Symphony, but one.

Berlioz has many gleams of popular melodies in his compositions; as in the *Francs Juges*, for instance; and at the same time he is very skilled in the knowledge of instrumentation. He is reproached with lavishness and extravagance, especially in the immoderate use of brass instruments. Many of his works contain few of these, and a great number are instrumented in the softest and faintest manner. Where the charge seems established in many places in Germany, when his compositions were performed, they compared the orchestra, which they heard, with the one his score demanded, and for which he had estimated his effects. He sets down for the string quartet: at least fifteen first violins, fifteen second, do: violas at the least ten, 'celli twelve, contra-bassi, nine, at least. With only four or five, or even eight first violins, eight second violins, two or three weak violas, and just as many 'celli and bassi, put in the orchestra, certainly effects come to light which he never intended, but by which every one criticizes him. It is the same as if one should give a Symphony of Beethoven with two or three first violins, and the other stringed instruments in proportion. Then, without doubt, half the sound of the strings would be lost, among the horns, trumpets and kettle drums!

One might inquire, why he calculated his effects for a string-quartet thus powerfully constituted; the reply is: precisely therein lies his prodigality of means. But who censures Gluck for employing a more powerful orchestra than Lully and Rameau, and introducing clarinets and trombones? Who blames Beethoven for using bassoons in the last part of the C minor Symphony? or Mendelssohn, because, in his overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," he has introduced ophicleids?

Berlioz makes use of new means to produce new, and truly artistic effects, and never employs them otherwise than artistically. If he used brass instruments in the delineation of tender

sentiments, or soft emotions, the censure would be well grounded, but we seek in vain, in his score, for such absurdities. Mighty feelings are expressed, wherever a mighty sound is heard. Some new composers wrongly urge the objection of over-loaded instrumentation, because they do not observe the disproportion arising, in later times, between string-quartets, and brass instruments, in music, but they unjustly accuse Berlioz, since, by means of his large experience in instrumentation, he has removed this disproportion in his orchestra, by merely increasing the number of the stringed instruments.

His figures are magnificent, bold, soaring, diversified—here brief, there extended, but always in spirit suitable to the object, in such unity and correctness technically, as if Beethoven himself had constructed them.

Berlioz is oftentimes more clear in his phrasing, than many new composers who come after Beethoven. Mendelssohn himself has at times ideas well formed on the whole, which approach more nearly perplexity and confusion than any one of our masters. I cite only the beginning of the Allegro of the "Calm at Sea and Happy Voyage." I do not say all Berlioz's phrases are models in this respect, but in general they need not shun comparison with the best of the great masters.

The preeminence of his music consists in the very original way of working up the theme of the principal idea; but since by reason of its novelty it cannot immediately be perceived as such, therefore what is only a subject is oftentimes taken for a new idea and by this means the opinion arises that he strings together ideas on ideas, without any real relation to each other and that his compositions lack fluency and coherence in their structure.

V. A. H.

(To be continued.)

## Scribe.

(From "Spiridon's" Letters to the Evening Gazette.)

I am at the door of the French Academy. Enter. You will hear Mons. Feuillet deliver an eulogy upon Mons. Scribe, his predecessor—an eulogy which reads much better than it was heard, for Mons. Feuillet was monotonous to fatigue while reading a speech (like some pied pigeon's neck which loses all its beauty unless the sun plays upon its feathers) whose beauties were unseen until placed in light by all the coquettish arts the voice possesses. Mons. Feuillet began his speech by eulogizing modern French novelists, not one of whom, by the way, except Mons. Jules Sandeau, was or is a member of the French Academy. Mme. de Stael was excluded by her sex, de Balzac and Alex. Dumas by their private character, Mme. George Sand has no place there in the first place because she is a woman. It was therefore not without some good ground of reason that Mons. Feuillet said: "It seems to me that I gather here the prize of their efforts rather than of my own, and I should look upon myself for ungrateful were I not at this moment to associate their souvenir with my appearance here and their merit to my fortune." He then proceeded to sketch Mons. Scribe's character. Let me quote the more salient passages of this portrait:—

"Eugene Scribe was born at Paris in 1791, of

an honorable family of tradesmen under the shadow of those Halles even then haunted by an illustrious shade. There the Muse elected him—not that Muse who a century before sought Molière in that neighborhood and whose hearty, large and profound laugh reminded us of the bronze laughter of antique comedy—but a younger, lighter, gentler sister, whom we may call the Muse of Smiles. She seemed to accompany him to the celebrated college where he studied and where she bestowed on him a great deal of success and a great many friends. Everybody knows how Scribe's memory remained faithful to college and to friends during the whole course of his life and of his labors. Those fervent college friendships, which are one of the favorite fictions and one of the graces of his plays, that affectionate solicitude which he constantly felt in the welfare of the institution where he found his intellectual family, do honor both to the delicacy of his heart and of his memory. He left Sainte Barbe College in his eighteenth year. He was an orphan, he was not wealthy, he was still uncertain what career to pursue. It seems that even then uncertainty like this in the mind of them who were embarrassed for themselves or for others had, as it has now, an inevitable solution: the toga of the advocate. Scribe's worthy guardian, and estimable advocate of that day (Mons. Bonnet, who was more than "an estimable advocate;" he was the head of the French bar then) and who had connected his name with a generous action, with the defence of Gen. Moreau, neglected nothing to assure the progress of his pupil in the career whither he attracted him. While he made him follow a course of Roman law, he selected for young Scribe's private tutor, with a reach of foresight which honors him, a young lawyer who was to be, who is one of the most eminent orators of the French tribune and of the French Academy (Mons. Dupin aîné). At the same time Scribe studied practice in an attorney's office where he was supposed to be engaged as clerk. But Scribe's zeal was not equal in degree to all those ardent efforts to advance his legal career. If we may credit an anecdote preserved in his guardian's family, he did not shine by assiduity as a clerk. He had one morning the ill fortune to meet in a street of Paris the attorney, his master, and who appears to have been an excellent man, for he contented himself with making no reproach to his clerk, who blushed up to the eyes, except to say: 'Ah! Monsieur Scribe, I am delighted to see you. I have been long anxious to speak to you. I wish to say that if ever, by some good fortune, you should happen to be passing any where in the vicinity of our neighborhood, I shall be very glad if you will call at my office.' Scribe stammered: 'Monsieur, I am on my way there.' He did that day go to the office; but this day had few successors, and the intelligent attorney did not even dream of again complaining of it, since he discovered, as he himself said, that Scribe's presence in the office was equivalent to the absence of two clerks. Nevertheless the explanation of the young clerk's lack of zeal was soon given. In 1811 his name was heard for the first time in one of those halls whose familiar and glorious echo he was so long to be. The Theatre de la Rue des Chartres had just played a short piece entitled *Les Dervis*, a lively and spirited work of the pen which was essaying its powers. All the details of this delightful evening remained present to Scribe's memory, who delighted to recall them. He was associated in this first campaign with a literary partner, young as himself, and both were enjoying with delicious intoxication the applause of success, when an old author, like the antique slave, entered the smiling group that surrounded the triumphant authors, and said to them: 'Young men, that will do for once; but do not try it again, or at least prepare yourselves for less complaisance and especially for fewer friends.' The prediction of this forgotten sage was entirely fulfilled. Scribe's efforts were repeated in different sorts of dramatic productions during the following years; although they were equal, and sometimes superior in merit to the promises of his first work, success was denied them. It seems that there is in real life as well as in en-

chanted countries a sort of jealous guardian at the entrance of every career and of all the paths which lead to fame; a guardian who longs for prey, who is sometimes surprised, but who always avenges the surprises put upon him.—Scribe was not one of them who are enervated and disheartened in these inevitable and doubtless salutary combats. He had confidence in his talents, his powers were strengthened by the struggle, and he soon forgot the trials of his early career except to avert their bitterness from his younger literary brethren. At last he quitted that 'Artists' Garret' (the title of one of Scribe's pieces) whose fleeting pains and permanent hopes he, a few years afterwards, took pleasure in painting, or rather in singing, and when he placed in the mouth of one of his heroes these words, 'twas Scribe himself who spoke with the sincere eloquence of his heart: 'My friend's fortune henceforth is ours. We have only to push on; but when we become rich and celebrated let us always remember the difficulties of our first steps—and when a young painter brings you his first sketch, when a young musician shows you his first score, when a young literary brother comes to consult us, let us encourage their weak efforts, let us aid them with our advice, our purse, our friendship, and let us never forget that the most difficult thing in the world to them is the first step in their career.' I may say that in writing these lines Mons. Scribe traced the noble principles of his life.

"From this moment and for many a year, if a dramatic production was recommended by singular merits, by the fascinating invention of the subject, by the unrivalled suppleness of the intrigue, by the sparkling vivacity of the dialogue, by a marvellous art of precipitating or of suspending interest, of mingling gaiety and emotion, tears and smiles, grace and good common sense, the public did not wait to acclaim Scribe for the prompter to name him. Never, perhaps, was a master of the stage more completely master of the public of his day, and never was master so beloved. This constant and warm favor, marked with a sort of especial cordiality by audiences, Mons. Scribe pretended to explain to his young literary brethren by revealing to them with his sprightly good nature the great mystery of his art: 'The public likes me, he used to say, because I always take care to put it in my confidence; it is in the secret of the comedy; it has in hand the wires which move my personages; it knows the surprises I have in store and it believes it has them itself in store; in fine I take the public for my literary partner; it imagines it writes the piece with me and naturally it applauds the play.' This explanation, despite the delicate information it conveys, I confess is not sufficient for me. I find a better explanation to account satisfactorily—not for Scribe's success, since his talents commanded them—for that profound and almost cordial sympathy which united Scribe to the public, and which has survived him. One of the most difficult arts in the domain of literary invention is to charm the imagination without troubling it, to amuse men without corrupting them. This was Scribe's great art. To what a genial, sunny, consolatory world his familiar poetics transported the spectator! The curtain scarcely rises and discloses the opening scene, when this gentle magic takes possession of you! You see a vine-covered arbor before some inn-door and a soldier passes singing as he goes; or some lane in a park where a young girl all in white is seen walking; a summer drawing-room where a widow of twenty indulges in reverie; sometimes a grand-mother who has not seen thirty springs—for in this fairy-land it seems there is but one season, which is summer, but one age, which is youth! Nevertheless, to discover the whole secret of this incomparable popularity I must enter upon a delicate portion of my subject; I must not be afraid to utter in Scribe's praise a word which has often been thrown at him as a bitter criticism, the word 'middle-class writer,' which it is astonishing to find, with the accent of disdain and railery in the mouths of children of modern France. Ay, unquestionably the intimate, cordial agreement of this delightful genius with the principles, sen-

timents and impressions of that middle-class from which he issued, and which form the immense majority and body of the public of our day, was one of his most powerful means of action; but never was means of action more lawful, since Scribe drew all of it from the sincerest vein of his talents and the healthiest inspections of his conscience. And most assuredly he never would have repudiated this title of 'writer of the middle-classes;' he would rather have claimed it proudly in his father's and in his own name, in the name of his modest origin and brilliant fortune, the pure work of his own hands, in the name of his labors, of his own dependence, of his probity, of his spotless life and of all his middle-class virtues which he could openly profess, for he constantly practised them. I shall not glance at a considerable portion of Scribe's labors, that delightful series of lyrical dramas on which he succeeded in throwing an interest which this class of works seemed scarcely to admit before his day. Without wishing to exaggerate in these difficult compositions the share of the poet at the expense of the composer's labors, it is proper to notice that among all the fairy tales which have been told on our lyric stages these thirty years gone, those which still live in greatest glory are, with few exceptions, Scribe's pieces. Doubtless there is some good fortune in this; there is the good fortune of being selected by the most illustrious composers; but why was Scribe chosen? Because they knew that Scribe alone possessed the art of throwing into a 'book' that action and dramatic life without which the most potent charms of melody are scarcely tasted by a French audience.

It seems there is a symbolical meaning in the proverbial action of a theatrical manager, who, having no singers and yet anxious to initiate his patrons to the beauties of an opera in vogue, boldly suppressed the music. The audacious stroke was successful, for the 'book' was by Scribe.

The alliance—so rare among men!—of the fascinations of talents and the virtues of the soul reigned in Mons. Scribe with a seductive harmony which his very appearance, which his first glance, seemed to reveal. In his glance full of fire and gentleness, marked with ardent sympathy and a sort of timidity which was touching in a man of his fame, one seemed to discover the effulgence of all the distinctions of this rare life wholly dedicated to labor, to glory and to good deeds. With Mons. Scribe the man was so equal to the writer that in studying his works I have been unable to separate this double character in him. In recalling what he wrote I have told you what he was. His fortunate literary copartners, some of whom were his worthy rivals and his worthy colleagues, all remained his friends, to prove that his thoughtful kindness, his integrity, his delicacy to his literary brethren were not relegated as dead letters to the fictions of the stage. He liked, in the world as well as upon the stage, to invest the realities of life with all the poetical coloring that reason and truth would warrant. So far as one may penetrate the secret of his private life—one of whose merits and good fortune it was to be obscure—this delicate turn of his thought was visible in all his tastes and all his habits, in the freshness of his youthful souvenirs, in the graceful arrangement of that beloved retreat to which his souvenirs had guided him, and especially in the choice of her whom he associated with his destiny by one of his most disinterested and happiest inspirations, of her who now honors his memory as much as she charmed his life. The same romantic grace garlanded the combinations and the mysteries of his inexhaustible benefactions. This wealth so often reproached to him—for it was allowed Scribe, ignorant as he was of envy, to be spared by it—this wealth so lawfully acquired would have embarrassed him had his hand, always filled by labors, not been open to charity. It was not enough to him to throw all his heart into his benefactions, he threw all his talents into them too. He delighted to play in real life the part of that fictive providence which in the enchantments of his theatre suddenly brings to misfortune its unexpected consolation and to merit its unlooked for reward. Some of the most touching instances of this ingenuous charity are

now familiar to everybody. The greater number remain the secret of them who received it; I know, an ill-kept secret by many of them. I shall not betray it. 'Tis to pay pious homage to Scribe's memory to respect the generous veils with which he always covered his beneficence."

### Chopin's Polonaises.

(From LESTER'S Life of CHOPIN, translated by MARTHA WALKER COOK.)

The primitive music of the Polonaise, of which we have no example of greater age than a century, possesses but little value for art. Those Polonaises which do not bear the names of their authors, but are frequently marked with the name of some hero, thus indicating their date, are generally grave and sweet. The *Polonaise* styled "*de Kosciuszko*," is the most universally known, and is so closely linked with the memories of his epoch, that we have known ladies who could not hear it without breaking into sobs. The Princess F. L., who had been loved by Kosciuszko, in her last days, when age had enfeebled all her faculties, was only sensible to the chords of this piece, which her trembling hands could still find upon the key-board, though the dim and aged eye could no longer see the keys. Some contemporary Polonaises are of a character so sad, that they might almost be supposed to accompany a funeral train.

The *Polonaises* of Count Oginski, which next appeared, soon attained great popularity through the introduction of an air of seductive languor into the melancholy strains. Full of bloom as they still are, they soothe by their delicious tenderness, by their naïve and mournful grace. The martial rhythm grows more feeble; the march of the stately train, no longer rustling in its pride of state, is hushed in reverential silence, in solemn thought, as if its course wound through graves, whose sad swells extinguish smiles and humiliate pride. Love alone survives, as the mourners wander among the mounds of earth so freshly heaped that the grass has not yet grown upon them, repeating the sad refrain which the Bard of Erin caught from the wild breezes of the sea:

"Love born of sorrow, like sorrow is true!"

In the well known pages of Oginski may be found the sighing of analogous thoughts: the very breath of love is sad, and only revealed through the melancholy lustre of eyes bathed in tears.

At a somewhat later state, the graves and grassy mounds were all passed, they are seen only in the distance of the shadowy background. The living cannot always weep; and animation again appears, mournful thoughts, changed into soothing memories, return on the ear, sweet as distant echoes. The saddened train of the living no longer hush their breath as they glide on with noiseless precaution, as if not to disturb the sleep of those who have just departed, over whose graves the turf is not yet green; the imagination no longer evokes only the gloomy shadows of the past. In the *Polonaises* of Lipinski we hear the music of the pleasure-loving heart once more beating joyously, giddily, happily, as it had done before the days of disaster and defeat. The melodies breathe more and more the perfume of happy youth; love, young love, sighs around. Expanding into expressive songs of vague and dreamy character, they speak but to youthful hearts, cradling them in poetic fictions, in soft illusions. No longer destined to cadence the steps of the high and grave personages who ceased to bear their part in these dances,\* they are addressed to romantic imaginations, dreaming rather of rapture than renown. Mayseider advanced upon this descending path; his dances, full of lively coquetry, reflect only the magic charms of youth and beauty. His numerous imitations have inundated us with pieces of music, called *Polonaises*, but which have no characteristics to justify the name.

The pristine and vigorous brilliancy of the *Polonaise* was again suddenly given to it by a composer of true genius. Weber made of it a

Dithyrambic, in which the glittering display of vanished magnificence again appeared in its ancient glory. He united all the resources of his art to ennoble the formula which had been so misrepresented and debased, to fill it with the spirit of the past; not seeking to recall the character of ancient music, he transported into music the characteristics of ancient Poland. Using the melody as a recital, he accentuated the rhythm, he colored his composition, through his modulations, with a profusion of hues not only suitable to his subject, but imperiously demanded by it. Life, warmth, and passion again circulated in his *Polonaises*, yet he did not deprive them of the haughty charm, the ceremonious and magisterial dignity, the natural yet elaborate majesty, which are essential parts of their character. The cadences are marked by chords, which fall upon the ear like the rattling of swords from their scabbards. The soft, warm, effeminate pleadings of love give place to the murmuring of deep, full, bass voices, proceeding from manly breasts used to command; we may almost hear, in reply, the wild and distant neighing of the steeds of the desert, as they toss the long manes around their haughty heads, impatiently pawing the ground, with their lustrous eye beaming with intelligence and full of fire, while they bear with stately grace the trailing caparisons embroidered with turquoise and rubies, with which the Polish Seigneurs loved to adorn them. How did Weber divine the Poland of other days? Had he indeed the power to call from the grave of the past, the scenes which we have just contemplated, that he was thus able to clothe them with life, to renew their early associations? Vain questions! Genius is always endowed with its own sacred intuitions! Poetry ever reveals to her chosen the secrets of her wild domain!

All the poetry contained in the *Polonaises* had, like a rich sap, been so fully expressed from them by the genius of Weber, they had been handled with a mastery so absolute, that it was, indeed, a dangerous and difficult thing to attempt them, with the slightest hope of producing the same effect. He has, however, been surpassed in this species of composition by Chopin, not only in the number and variety of works in this style, but also in the more touching character of the handling, and the new and varied processes of harmony. Both in construction and spirit, Chopin's *Polonaise* in A, with the one in A flat Major, resembles very much the one of Weber's in E Major. In others he relinquished this broad style: shall we say always with a more decided success? In such a question, decision were a thorny thing. Who shall restrict the rights of a poet over the various phases of his subject? Even in the midst of joy, may he not be permitted to be gloomy and oppressed? After having chanted the splendor of glory, may he not sing of grief? After having rejoiced with the victorious, may he not mourn with the vanquished? We may, without any fear of contradiction, assert, that it is not one of the least merits of Chopin, that he has, consecutively, embraced all the phases of which the theme is susceptible, that he has succeeded in eliciting from it all its brilliancy, in awakening from it all its sadness. The variety of the moods of feeling to which he was himself subject, aided him in the reproduction and comprehension of such a multiplicity of views. It would be impossible to follow the varied transformations occurring in these compositions, with their pervading melancholy, without admiring the fecundity of his creative force, even when not fully sustained by the higher powers of his inspiration. He did not always confine himself to the consideration of the pictures presented to him by his imagination and memory, taken *en masse*, or as a united whole. More than once, while contemplating the brilliant groups and throngs flowing on before him, has he yielded to the strange charm of some isolated figure, arresting in its course by the magic of his gaze, and, suffering the gay crowds to pass on, he has given himself up with delight to the divination of its mystic revelations, while he continued to weave his incantations and spells only for the entranced Sybil of his song.

His *Grand Polonaise* in F sharp Minor, must be ranked among his most energetic compositions. He has inserted in it a *Mazourka*. Had he not frightened the frivolous world of fashionable life, by the gloomy grotesqueness with which he introduced it in an incantation so fantastic, this mode might have become an ingenious caprice for the ball-room. It is a most original production, exciting us like the recital of some broken dream, made, after a night of restlessness, by the first dull, gray, cold, leaden rays of a winter's sunrise. It is a dream-poem, in which the impressions and objects succeed each other with startling incoherency and with the wildest transitions, reminding us of what Byron says in his "*Dream*:"

"... Dreams in their development have breath,  
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;  
They leave a weight upon our waking thought,

And look like heralds of Eternity."

The principal motive is a weird air, dark as the lurid hour which precedes a hurricane, in which we catch the fierce exclamations of exasperation, mingled with a bold defiance, recklessly hurled at the stormy elements. The prolonged return of a tonic, at the commencement of each measure, reminds us of the repeated roar of artillery—as if we caught the sounds from some dread battle waging in the distance. After the termination of this note, a series of the most unusual chords are unrolled through measure after measure. We know nothing analogous to the striking effect produced by this in the compositions of the greatest masters. This passage is suddenly interrupted by a *Scène Champêtre*, a *Mazourka* in the style of an Idyl, full of the perfume of lavender and sweet marjoram; but which, far from effacing the memory of the profound sorrow which had before been awakened, only augments, by its ironical and bitter contrast, our emotions of pain to such a degree, that we feel almost solaced when the first phrase returns; and, free from the disturbing contradiction of a naïve, simple, and inglorious happiness, we may again sympathize with the noble and imposing woe of a high, yet fatal struggle. This improvisation terminates like a dream, without other conclusion than a convulsive shudder; leaving the soul under the strangest, the wildest, the most subduing impressions.

The "*Polonaise-Fantaisie*" is to be classed among the works which belong to the latest period of Chopin's compositions, which are all more or less marked by a feverish and restless anxiety.—No bold and brilliant pictures are to be found in it; the loud tramp of a cavalry accustomed to victory is no longer heard; no more resound the heroic chants muffled by no visions of defeat—the bold tones suited to the audacity of those who were always victorious. A deep melancholy—ever broken by startled movements, by sudden alarms, by disturbed rest, by stifled sighs—reigns throughout. We are surrounded by such scenes and feelings as might arise among those who had been surprised and encompassed on all sides by an ambuscade, the vast sweep of whose horizon reveals not a single ground for hope, and whose despair had giddied the brain, like a draught of that wine of Cyprus which gives a more instinctive rapidity to all our gestures, a keener point to all our words, a more subtle flame to all our emotions, and excites the mind to a pitch of irritability approaching insanity.

Such pictures possess but little real value for art. Like all descriptions of moments of extremity, of agonies, of death rattles, of contractions of the muscles where all elasticity is lost, where the nerves, ceasing to be the organs of the human will, reduce man to a passive victim of despair; they only serve to torture the soul. Deplorable visions, which the artist should admit with extreme circumspection within the graceful circle of his charmed realm!

### Handel and Haydn Society, Boston.

SECRETARY'S REPORT, MAY 25th, 1863.

Mr. President:

No very important results have been realized from the labors of the society, during the past season, beyond those usually attained during an ordinary

\* Bishops and Primates formerly assisted in the dances; at a later date the Church dignitaries took no part in them.

concert season. Consequently there is but little for your Secretary to do but to state, in plain and simple language, the number of public performances given, and the general success of the same, with such other information pertaining thereto as may suggest itself.

The first work of the season just closed, which the Society engaged in, was in giving a concert in connection with the several Military Bands of the city, and other artists, all of whom volunteered their services for the occasion, for the benefit of the 41st Regiment of volunteers, and which was also understood to be in compliment to our late President, the gallant commander of the Regiment: Col. Thos. E. Chickering. The society was enabled through this means to pass over for the benefit of that Regiment the liberal sum of Five Hundred Dollars; which, we have no question, has been judiciously expended for the comfort of the men under Col. Chickering's command.

Our usual Christmas Oratorio, "The Messiah," was given in a very creditable manner, and proved to be, pecuniarily, highly successful. From this time until the 15th March our weekly rehearsals were devoted almost exclusively to the study of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," when it was given to a full house, with extra vocal assistants, and in all respects in a superior manner. It was repeated with the same cast, one week from the time of the first performance, and resulted in a loss to the society of some Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars. Comment, considering the nature of the work, and the manner in which it was produced, is unnecessary.

Very few, with the exception of those immediately interested, know the labor of preparing a great work like the "Elijah," for performance. It is a labor of weeks for those even, who have been familiar with it for years, and who have assisted in its performance; and for those who take it up for the first time, it is a labor of as many months; but all feel a satisfaction in devoting the time necessary for a perfect representation of a work of this magnitude; for who can listen to the sweetly flowing melodies, the expressive recitatives, the majestic choruses interlaced and encircled with orchestral harmonies of the richest tints of tone-color, like the chaste and beautiful setting around some precious stone, and not have the conviction forced upon him that the mind that conceived, and the hand that executed, must have been guided and directed by an overruling power?

Such, to my mind, is Mendelssohn, as exemplified in his "Elijah," and I am sure that no one can attentively follow the windings of his wonderful harmonies, and feel that the picture is overdrawn, or too highly colored. On us is devolved the responsibility of adequately producing these great works.

No other similar society exists among us, and there is no necessity for the formation of one; but the Handel and Haydn Society, though by far the largest, and most effective choral society in the country, is, nevertheless, defective in many important requisites for a perfect rendering of works of this class; and as we should strive to remedy all existing defects in a more perfect organization of our chorus with particular reference to a better balance of parts, and a more constant attendance at rehearsals on the part of each and every member; so we should reasonably expect, as we should then deserve, the public patronage in a corresponding degree.

A serious drawback to a perfect performance of any oratorio is found in the too prevalent custom of many members absenting themselves from rehearsals, on the plea that there is no particular necessity of their rehearsing; as they are thoroughly acquainted with the whole thing, have sung it for years, and can sing every note without rehearsal. To all such let it be said, that when mistakes do occur, they are readily traceable to those persons who are so perfectly acquainted with all the difficulties of the composition as to require no rehearsal; and until some remedy can be found to relieve the society from this incubus, occasional defects will be observable. An attempt was made during the past season to secure better attendance at rehearsals, by a frequent calling of the roll, which resulted in the discharge from the society of seven members, who had proverbially been absent from rehearsals, the receipt of a large mail of excuses from sick and disabled, and a much fuller attendance on each evening of the roll-call. Unless some more simple mode can be adopted, it may become necessary hereafter to resort to the calling of the roll at every meeting.

The erection of the Great Organ in the Music Hall, one of the largest and finest instruments ever built, immeasurably superior, without doubt, to anything of the kind ever seen in this country, should be a sufficient incentive to all lovers of the Oratorio to come forward and assist in augmenting the ranks of the society up to the number of Four Hundred, at least, thereby enabling the society to secure a more perfect balance of the four choirs than has ever yet been attainable, and to fitly render the massive double and single choruses of Handel and Mendelssohn, with the powerful Organ referred to. The taste of the musical public would very soon be educated up to a full appreciation of the immense effects, nowhere else to be found in the whole range of musical composition, which would thereby be developed.

Being fully alive to the pecuniary embarrassments of the society, and believing that the time has now arrived when an effort should be made for securing a fund, so often alluded to by your Secretary in his former reports, and so often discussed in meetings of the Board without coming to any definite conclusion as to the best mode to be adopted to secure the desired object; your Board of Trustees, at a recent meeting, voted to make an appeal to the friends of the society, and the public at large, for aid in establishing a fund, to be permanently invested; the proceeds to be expended in giving to the public, each season, such works as in their judgment may best tend towards elevating and cultivating a taste for the higher order of sacred compositions. Should this much desired object be accomplished, it will enable us to institute a series of Musical Festivals, combining all the choral force of the large cities and towns in the immediate neighborhood of Boston, in addition to our own, in one great choir, after the manner of similar periodical gatherings in London, Birmingham and other places in England; and in imitation also of the great Festival held in Boston by the Handel and Haydn Society in 1857, with this difference only, that the choir at that time numbered six hundred only, whereas with our present facilities a chorus of twice that number might easily be gathered. The material is at hand, but funds are necessary to carry out plans of this magnitude, and, which cannot fail of perfect success, if properly managed.

The fiftieth anniversary of the formation of the Society occurs two years from this time, when a festival should be given, and long months of preparation must be devoted to it in order to insure success. To stand still is to be left behind; for while all the world is pushing along, they that were first will soon find themselves last, unless an effort be made in the direction in which the tide is setting; and as the Handel and Haydn Society has ever been first in the particular department of art chosen, so let it maintain that enviable position by every honorable means within our reach; and as time rolls on, the memory of those who gave to us this honored institution shall be held dear, and handed down to our successors as names indissolubly connected with the fortunes and fame of the Handel and Haydn Society. All of which is respectfully submitted.

LORING B. BARNES, Secretary.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MAY 25.—The most interesting concert of the past two weeks was that given by Mr. CARL BERGMANN on Saturday evening last, at Irving Hall. The programme consisted almost exclusively of what old people call "future music"—that is, music by composers yet living, or not yet cold enough in their graves to have become "classic."

Liszt's "Faust" Symphony was the feature, performed here for the first time. The whole work is too "long drawn out," not always in "linked sweetness"; it consists of three movements, 1. *Faust* (Allegro). 2. *Gretchen* (Andante). 3. *Mephistopheles* (Scherzo and Finale). In programme music, one naturally expects to hear the poetic subject very clearly presented; but although Liszt has successfully embodied Mephisto in the closing movement, which is malicious, witty, diabolic with a will,—the musical Faust is uncharacterized—and as to Gretchen! Liszt brings her before us from the cradle to the grave, apparently, yet his Gretchen is but an insipid servant maid. The other orchestral numbers were Berlioz's fanciful "Carnaval Romain" overture, and the introduction to Wagner's "Lohengrin," which sounded knightly, pure, poetic, as it always does:

"Aus alten Mäahren winkt es  
Hervor mit weisser Hand."

Mr. MILLS played Schumann's A minor piano-forte Concerto—fine music! and finely rendered; also a transcription by Liszt from "Sonnambula," which proved Liszt's appreciation of what is fine in other composers. Mme. JOHANNSEN sang Schubert's song "Liebes-Cotschaft," and that *Wanderlied* by Schumann, which sounds as though Schumann had not written it.

If we may believe managerial assertions, the Italian company has closed its present season; and, to judge from appearances, with less success than the opening performances promised. Peri's "Judith" was announced, but not given.

Mme. VESTALI will open the Winter Garden to-night, for an operatic season, commencing with Gluck's "Orpheus," to be sung in English. If this great music is even tolerably well presented, it will indeed be something to hear; and as Vestali has recently had an opportunity to study Mme. Viardot-Garcia's wonderful performance of the part of "Orpheus," as well as the whole opera as produced under Berlioz's direction in Paris, we may hope to see some of the great points outlined, at least. Mme. ROTTER is to be the Euridice; Mr. ANSCHUTZ will conduct.



NEW YORK, MAY 26.—Musical matters are at present in a very spasmodic state, and the epidemic of Italian and English opera, "Anniversary Concerts," "Gottschalk Matinees," "Victory Symphonies," quite bewildering in its effect. MAX MARETZEK of the Italian Opera promised and gave six nights of opera, with an additional one thrown in as a gratuity. "Aroldo" and "Ione," with a fragment of "Rigoletto" at a matinee, were the attraction; but unfortunately the anniversaries and other matters combined made the week one of pecuniary loss to the manager and caused him to withdraw for a temporary breathing spell. Signor BELLINI, the popular and meritorious baritone of the troupe, took a benefit at a matinee on Saturday, when Petrella's "Ione" was given to a large and brilliant audience. It is pretty well known that when Mme. MEDORI returns from the settlement of her family affairs in Belgium, the Maretzek troupe, thus re-enforced, will go into action again, and the news will be doubly welcome when Max announces the revival of "Ione". It is certainly one of the richest, most original and meritorious works that has been brought out at the Academy for a long time, and if Medori could have remained with the company until the close of the season it would have drawn the same magnificent houses that "Norma" did.

Maretzek is still planning, and his generalship, as evinced in the past campaign, is undoubted. With the return of the legions from the watering-places, and the arrival of cool and enjoyable weather in the fall, Maretzek will astonish the public with something that cannot fail to pay them and him.

Irving Hall, second in importance to the Academy, has been the theatre of great musical events.—THEO. THOMAS's concert and performance of "Harold in Italy" has already received a review from the pen of a correspondent. GOTTSCHALK has been revelling in all his brilliancy and fascination, and, with Sanderson, Miss Krowlikowska, Mlle. Barnetche, Mr. Castle, Campbell and the Bretton children, has been giving concerts and matinees without number. Miss KROWLIKOWSKA and Miss BARNETCHE have also given concerts and all have been quite successful. On Saturday evening last CARL BERGMANN gave a concert and introduced Liszt's "Faust" Symphony. This was the first performance of this composition in America, and, judging from the uni-



versal on-dit, its repetition will not be solicited save from mere curiosity. It is divided into three parts :

1. Faust (Allegro)
2. Gretchen (Andante.)
3. Mephistopheles (Scherzo and Finale.)

Even the most enthusiastic of the German school pronounced it wild, disjointed, unsatisfactory. A succession of broken, angular sounds; a sort of chaotic mass, no melody distinguishable; a labored seeking but never finding—in fact bewildering and beyond description. How much sweeter and how charming was the Schumann Concerto in A minor, and Wagner's "Lohengrin" with Berlioz's "Carneval Romain" as a *finale*! Mme. JOHANNSEN sang a couple of happy German songs: "Liebesbotschaft" by Fr. Schubert, and "Wanderlied" by Schumann; and S. B. MILLS played a fantasia on "Sonnambula", and in the Schumann Concerto.

GOLDBECK repeated his "Victory and Peace" Symphony at the Academy, on Tuesday evening.

Last night, Mlle. VESTVALI inaugurated a season of opera at Winter Garden, the scene of her former success. Gluck's "Orpheus," an English translation of the libretto—was the announcement for the evening, with Mlle. Vestvali as Orpheus; Mme. Rotter, Euridice; Miss Geary, the Goddess of Love; Miss Kemple, Hymen; Miss Drome, a Blessed Spirit; and Mr. Fouche, Pluto; with a corps of assistants in the shape of nymphs, spectres, furies, demons, spirits, &c. A glance at the cast will lead to the correct supposition that Mlle. Vestvali and Mme. Rotter have the fate of the opera resting upon them. Such is the fact. The first three acts depend solely upon the vocal and dramatic success of Mlle. Vestvali. The music of the opera is very pleasing, the general nature of it sad and plaintive. The *mise en scene* is very creditable, and, although it is a matter of considerable doubt as to its meeting with the success here it did in Paris, yet it will be attractive for a number of representations. Mlle. Vestvali looks as beautiful as ever and still may claim the favored title "Vestvali the Magnificent".

T. W. M.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 25.—As I see but little in your Journal in regard to musical matters in this town, I take the liberty of sending you the enclosed programme of a "Musical" given by the "Orpheus Club" (a male chorus) at the Piano Ware Rooms of Messrs. Henry Baker & Sons, for the gratification of their particular friends. Everything passed off pleasantly and to the satisfaction of all present.

#### Part I.

1. Overture to "Jean de Paris".....Boieldieu  
Two Piano, Eight Hands.
2. Chorus. "Praise of the Soldier".....Boieldieu  
Orpheus Club.
3. Chorus. "Two Roses".....Werner  
Orpheus Club.
4. Solo—Piano. "Variations" on March "Il Pavitani".....Hurs
5. Chorus. "Artillerist's Oath".....Adam  
Orpheus Club.

#### Part II.

1. Trio—Piano. "Airs from Mozart's Operas".....Cserny  
One Piano, Six Hands.
2. Solo and Chorus. "Image of the Rose".....Reichardt  
Orpheus Club.
3. Chorus. "Rhine Wine Song".....Zollner  
Orpheus Club.
4. Duet—Piano. "Airs from Norma".....Schubert
5. Chorus—March.....Becker  
Orpheus Club.

The lady pianists played creditably to themselves, and the Club sang in a manner which showed that they were interested in their work, and that they had practised diligently to acquire the proficiency which they manifested in their performance.

We hope to be able, ere long, to claim for Providence as fine a male chorus as their name-sake in Boston, and they have certainly made a good beginning; although mostly amateurs, they have several of the best professional musicians in the state, (both vocal and instrumental) among their numbers; and have voices ranging from the highest tenors to the *bassi-profundi*; being able to sing music of more than 3 octaves in compass.

As to musical matters generally, but little can be said for this place; concerts are not very numerous here; occasionally we have a visit from some celebrated artist, and then a long time passes without anything to stir the musical public, the generality of whom do not appreciate anything much better than a "nigger concert." Would that something could be done to elevate the musical taste in this place, for it is decidedly below par.

We have a few good choirs; and are afforded an opportunity almost every sabbath, of hearing some one of those fine old English Cathedral services, by the choir of the Grace Church (Bishop Clarke). This choir consists of about 30 singers, and is under the direction of Mr. L. T. DOWNES, who gives us by far the best church music we have ever had in the city.

Hoping for better times (musically), I remain yours, respectfully,

N. E. D.

#### A Letter from Timothy Trill.

My dear Journal:

I believe I do not often trouble your columns with my remarks, not half so often as I would like to, were it not for other duties—but now and then steam accumulates, and an escape at the safety valve of one's intellectual being is healthy.

My text on the present instance is a very grand choral service at Trinity Church, New York, on Ascension day, May 15th, by a reinforced choir of 60 boys and men, composed of the regular choir of the church, that of Mr. Frank Gilder of St. George's Church, Flushing, and a number of stragglers from other quartets. The service was at eleven o'clock, A.M., and long before that hour there could hardly be obtained standing room in the vast edifice, so thronged was it, despite the rainy weather.

After a voluntary by Mr. Henry S. Cutler, the organist of the Church, (an improvisation, by the way, which did him great credit), the clergy and choristers defiled from the robing-room doors into the chancel, all in their milk-white surplices, which, reflecting the light of the brilliant candelabra, presented a most impressive picture, and one which strongly contrasted with the murky state of atmosphere out of doors.

To make a very homely, but perhaps pardonable comparison, the two sides of the crowded chancel where the clergy and choir sat, looked like two huge musical snow-banks, and I hope the reader will not be pierced with "a cold shiver of delight" at the thought, as Charles Lamb says! However that may be, it certainly was one of the most beautiful sights imaginable, viewed from the organ-gallery, and was a fit precursor to the beautiful sounds which were to follow.

The *Venite Exultemus Domino*, sung to a Gregorian tone in unison, and of course, antiphonally, Mr. Cutler keeping up an interesting though not always felicitous change of harmony during each verse, until the *Gloria Patri*, when the voices branched out into full parts and the organ formed a glorious foundation for the entire musical structure. The effect of this immensely powerful choir was irresistible. It was actually more noble than I have ever heard from choruses of mixed voices, two and three hundred strong, and made me long to hear Handel's or Mendelssohn's choruses sung in such a manner and by such material, but quadrupled numerically.

The service consisted of Nares's popular but effective *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* in F, sung with great accuracy and an ensemble truly surprising. They also performed Cutler's Anthem to Psalm XLVII, verses 5 and 6, "God is gone up with a merry noise and the Lord with the sound of the trumpet," all done in the same careful manner. The verse passages were sustained by Masters Hopkins, Ehrlich, and Grandin, the first being no relation however of the Vermont tribe by the same name. A tenor solo was also

sung in pure choral style (which is saying a good deal now-a-days) by Mr. Sam. D. Mayer, an amateur, but who should rather be called an amateur artist.

This was the most successful trial yet made here of the effect of a purely male chorus on so grand a scale, where the soprano and alto parts were sustained by boys alone, and it has equalled the most sanguine expectations of all.

Great credit is due Messrs. Cutler and Gilder; especially the latter, he living in a small country town, and having struggled against the petty jealousies and old-womanish antipathies to anything like "popery" which are always rife in such cess-pools of artistic ambitions; besides which, both these gentlemen have had to furnish means for bringing about so fine an exhibition of the possibilities of boyish capacity.

Our New York dilettanti are gradually becoming reconciled to boy choirs.

Truly yours,

TIMOTHY TRILL.

#### Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 30, 1863.

#### Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri."

The romantic element in musical art has perhaps no finer illustrations than three modern works, which, differing essentially from one another, are equally worthy to be called exquisite imaginative creations. Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, Weber's fairy opera "Oberon," and Schumann's Cantata, for orchestra and voices, for which Moore's poem "Paradise and the Peri" furnishes the poetic theme and text. All three are works of genius; "Oberon" perhaps having the best claim to be considered the most genial of the three. Those of our readers with whom we shared the pleasure lately of hearing the "Peri" sung by Mr. Parker's club of amateurs, will scarcely wonder at our naming it in such great company. To the unprejudiced and best informed in German music, it can need no justification. But Schumann is so much a mooted question, and many music-lovers, otherwise appreciative, find him so hard a dose to swallow,—partly, no doubt, because he is so unequal in his works, being sickly and obscure in some, as he is clear and strong and heavenly in others,—that we feel it a duty to those who furnished and those who enjoyed the recent feast, to note it with a broader mark than we have yet had opportunity to do. We would fain try at least to set down some of the characteristic traits and beauties of the Cantata in detail and in order.

We are the more moved to do this, because once we copied, by way of specimen of bigoted English anti-Schumannism, some of the cross things which the critics (of the *Musical World*, *Athenæum*, &c.) wrote on the morning after its first production in London (in 1856), when Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt sang the part of the Peri, and Sterndale Bennett conducted. A few sentences picked out from their columns full of ravings will read curiously here. For instance:

"Mme. Goldschmidt's singing was entirely thrown away, the music being everywhere unvocal, and scarcely anywhere interesting." (The great song-tress doubtless would agree that it was thrown away upon such critics, but not with the rest of the statement.)

"In short, a more dreary concert was never listened to at the Philharmonic."



"Judged by the standard of the great writers, it can hardly be considered music at all." . . . "There is no melody, no form—nothing that 'appeals' to the ear—nothing that touches the heart."

"Dr. Schumann, in short, is not possessed of that musical organization, without which all the talent and ingenuity in the world avail nothing. He has mind—but his mind is not musical. He has power, but he lacks the instinct for music. He produces by some mysterious rule of his own; but nothing he does springs naturally from the heart."

"It was sad to listen to the efforts of Mme. Goldschmidt Lind and her associates—so clever, intelligent and zealous—to give life to music which has no more spark of vitality than a corpse."

And so on through all the symptoms of the raving epidemic, which prevails in certain quarters, and especially in England, "Anti-Schumannism." It is safe to say, however, that in most musical circles the disease has long since materially abated, and seems to be giving place to a hearty, wholesome admiration, none the less warm because qualified in some respects. The conviction, which places Schumann as a musical genius more nearly on a level with Schubert, Mendelssohn, Weber, &c., than with any lesser names, certainly gains ground, and just in proportion to the more intimate acquaintance with his works—that is, with the works which best represent him. Yet still we hear repeated these wholesale denials. For you he has "no form," because his forms are not always those in which all your ideas of music have been moulded; "no melody," because his melodies wear not a close family resemblance with the darlings of your memory and fond associations; nothing that "appeals" to the ear, because your ear is obstinately otherwise accustomed, and keeps listening for what it does not hear, regardless of what it does; nothing that "touches the heart," because your heart is set too exclusively upon its idols, and against whatever can come out of Nazareth; and this being the case, no wonder that nothing he does appears to you to "spring from his heart"; no wonder, either, that the habit so tyrannical in you should deny the "instinct" so original and free in him. Now in proof that Schumann *had* the musical instinct, so fine and sure that he could find the latent music in a poem and transmute the poem into music; that he has melody, both exquisite and tender, such as springs from the heart and goes to the heart, melody from a right original, exhaustless vein too; that there is life, "vitality" in his music, such as we commonly ascribe to artistic or poetic inspiration, such as quickens and inspires; and "form" too, such as easily and fitly clothes that life, form not unsymmetrical, and logically developing out of a germ or *motive*; in short that he holds the keys that unlock some of the most interesting chambers in the divine wonder-world of music sealed up in the hearts and the imaginations of us all—we propose to examine this very "Paradise and the Peri," which not even Jenny Lind could save from being "dreary" to the Philharmonic conservatives in London.

We are too well aware, from plenty of experience in such attempts, of the difficulty, in most cases the impossibility, of giving anything like a clear and satisfactory idea of such a composition by any description in words. Our own conception of it, even, must lack color and completeness, from the fact that our studies of it have been made merely from the voice parts with piano-forte accompaniment, we having heard it only once performed with orchestra, and that more than two years ago. Then again our means of conveying any notion of many an important

passage are sadly limited by the inability to adduce it here in musical notation. Yet we indulge the hope that, while we are pretty certain to convince the reader of the rashness of our undertaking, we may at the same time succeed in conveying, here and there at least, such inklings of our meaning as shall lead him to suspect that there is really some rare charm in the music that could so prompt us and almost compel us to run such a risk.

We take it for granted, reader, that you know Moore's poem. And, if you think of it, you must see at a glance how admirably it lends itself to musical treatment, how noble and spiritual a subject it offers the composer; what room for many shades and contrasts of emotion, sad, heroic, timid, tender, hopeful, joyful, all tending upward to pure heavenly triumph; for play of fancy in the story of spirits beautiful and free as air, yet human; for wealth of color and of imagery in the warm luxury of Oriental scenery and atmosphere and fable; what chance too for dramatic episode and climax. No one can doubt it after hearing Schumann's music. It was the right poetry for him, at all events; not that he had not in him a musical vein as well for other poetry and other subjects. But this one touched the musical springs in him as naturally and truly as Shakespeare's fairies did in the young Felix, or the wonder-horn of Oberon in Weber. Moreover Schumann was himself poet enough to make his text conform more perfectly to the musical conditions, here by wise abridgement, there by the insertion of new verses quite in keeping with the rest.

The three gifts which the Peri bears to Eden's gate, in hope to gain admittance there, naturally suggested the larger divisions of the Cantata, which contains 26 musical numbers. But it must be remarked, as a peculiar structural feature of the work, that these numbers run without pause or period into one another. Only at the end of each of the three Parts does the movement actually stop; one or two pieces only in the whole work are separable from the rest, so as to form wholes in themselves. In each Part it is a continuous flow from the first measure to the last, the transition from one piece into another being beautifully and almost imperceptibly achieved by means of commonly a few chords of most ingenious and poetic modulation. To some ears this method may be ungrateful; they may crave the frequent point of rest; and this is probably a good part of what the English critics meant by want of melody and form. At the worst it is but the difference of the unrolling panorama from a series of detached pictures, each in its own frame. There is this in favor of this continuous form, that it accepts itself from the poem; the music runs along with that, contentedly and loyally, not parting with its own nature in the least, or violating any unity of music. And is there not a charm in this continuous web? We like to see the story weave itself all out before us, not knowing where a thread is dropped, nor noting new beginnings; it can have as many colors as Joseph's coat, and yet be woven of one piece; in fact this is the way that Nature weaves, and by this very continuity she fascinates us and keeps up our interest in her. And this is one of the secrets which Art learns of Nature. In Schumann here it likes us well; continually the music moves, fresh images emerging in clear outline, each so gracefully succeeding, that you feel no

lack of alternation or repose. It is pleasant to have the melodies take you up and leave you, without announcement or leave taking, like chance companions on a journey, not even claiming separate remembrance. But to our task—a formidable one—twenty six musical numbers or pieces waiting to be registered.

1. *Andante*, an instrumental symphony or prelude of some little length. In the opening phrase, first breathed or sighed out by a single instrument, then woven as a motive into the whole harmonic web, mark with how sure an "instinct" Schumann has caught the tune, the musical throb, as it were, of the poem and the subject; just as Beethoven in that little phrase that steals in leading after it the whole first movement of the Pastoral Symphony, has caught the very tune of summer in the fields. This little phrase is pensive, sad and full of longing. It reveals the sense of loneliness and exile within hearing of the heavenly harmonies. A beautiful spirit is this that longingly listens at the gate; an earnest spirit, that will fly through the universe to do the penance, or to find the gift whereby she may rejoin her pure and happy sister spirits.—This instrumental *Andante* sets the poetic key of the entire Cantata; out of its little motive naturally develops all that follows. It is characterized by a deep tenderness of feeling, and a certain ethereal fineness, with a touch of somewhat mystical in the more involved middle portion where a new subject enters. But it comes back to the first one, lending to the phrase this time the new charm of a certain smile of hope; and thus it feelingly and gracefully preludes to a few lines of Alto solo:

One morn a Peri at the gate  
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;  
And as she listen'd to the springs  
Of Life within, like music flowing,  
And caught the light upon her wings  
Thro' the half-open portal glowing,  
She wept to think her recreant race  
Should e'er have lost the glorious place!

What the Alto sings, beautiful as it is, is not a melody, so much as a sort of *recitative cantabile*. The pensive figure of the prelude steals in again after the utterance of the first two lines; then a pause, filled by mysterious *tremolo* of strings, while the voice, listening "to the springs of Life within", forgets its sadness in a few excited, rapturous utterances; then, where the Peri thinks of the doom of "her recreant race", droops to a close through a retarded, thoughtful phrase, in which you recognize essentially, though somewhat modified, the pensive little motive of the prelude.

2. So far it has been narrative. By a single dominant chord, on which the recitative ends, we are in a beautiful, strange key, surprised by the Peri's song. A most lovely song it is, the melody full of longing, of rapture and regret, with a fluttering accompaniment (for her heart beats quick), and a delicious strangeness in the harmony, the key playing in opaline colors between minor and major, and the time accelerating with her excitement, as she goes on picturing to herself:

How happy the spirits who wander there,  
Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall!

To what a pitch of earnest eloquence the strain rises, (a strain of which we shall be again reminded in her final song of triumph), as she sings:

Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,  
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,  
One blossom of Heaven outblooms them all!

And still more earnest and emphatic, where the voice climbs through an octave of accented notes, each strengthened with full harmony, as if striving to embrace the idea of illimitable space and splendor, at the words here italicized:

Go, wing thy flight from star to star  
From world to luminous world, as fur  
As the universe spreads its flaming wall:  
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,  
And multiply each through endless years—  
One minute of Heaven is worth them all!

Indeed she is a beautiful, true-hearted, earnest Peri; she loves the things of earth too little to be kept long out of her true home above; aspiration, pure, sleepless, uncontainable breathes in this exquisite, this unique song. The Peri claims your fullest interest and sympathy from this moment.

3. A short tenor recitative, (that original motive phrase of the prelude filling the pauses again, tells how the "glorious Angel" who keeps the gates, hears her and drops a tear. Henceforth all the connecting bits of narrative are given to the tenor. Upon the last chord (dominant seventh in E) two flutes suddenly strike in above with D and E, filling out the measure with a strange sense of expectancy, commanding silence while the Angel speaks (an Alto voice), deliberate and grave, with crystal clear aerial chords pulsing in triplets, though the melody keeps on in steady two-fold measure. This heavenly announcement, relieving musically what has gone before by perfect contrast, sets before us the shining goal to which the whole is tending.

4. Quick, eager, broken phrases in the orchestra, as the Peri exclaims: "Where shall I find this gift?" Then gradually retarded, by a subtle modulation, the key (A major) settles down into A flat major, and a broad, luxurious melody succeeds, reinforced by clarinet and fagotto in thirds, while for bass the viola runs rippling and semi-quavering along in constant rapid alternation between the tonic and the tone below, the figure now and then for just an instant overleaping this contented liquid level, as she counts over in thought the rare things that she knows, the "Isles of Perfume", the "jewelled cup" of the king of the Geni "with life's elixir sparkling high", &c. But the strain murmurs itself away, and gives place to a sequence of serious, thoughtful phrases, of which the echo lingers in the instruments, as the question occurs: "But does Heaven want such gifts?"

Where was there e'er a gem that shone  
Like the steps of ALMA's wonderful Throne?  
And the Drops of Life—oh! what would they be  
In the boundless Deep of Eternity?

5. The key brightens into the sunshine of F major, as the time quickens and the measure broadens, and the Tenor recites:

While thus she mus'd, her pinions fann'd  
The air of that sweet Indian land.

Then a quartet of mixed voices take up the strain, and launch forth into a rapturous contemplation of the beauty of the scene,

Where palms breathe in whispers light,  
Where glitters the starry night—  
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads  
O'er coral rocks, and amber beds;  
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam  
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;  
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,  
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;  
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice—  
Oh Paradise!

A buoyant, sunny, clear and happy piece of harmony, as serene and sweet as the most perfect of June days. As seeming endless, but alas! as

short! "O Paradise!" the voices linger on the exclamation; but even now the ground begins to tremble, the harmony grows dark and threatening; this peaceful air is even now disturbed with war's alarms, and swells of death; these streams are red with blood.—But our types are inexorable, and we must break off for the present, before even reaching the stirring and dramatic climax and conclusion of the first Part. We shall take up the thread again next week, with the hope of going through, with more concise speed, to the end.

### Music in Boston.

With the two concerts, which we must now briefly notice, we suppose our musical season may be considered fairly closed.

1. Mlle. CAMILLA URSO had a good farewell benefit at Chickering's Hall, on Wednesday evening of last week. The audience were numerous, refined, enthusiastic, and the music all good of its kind, and mostly good in kind. This was the selection:

1. Grand Duo Brilliant, Piano and Violin. *La Muette de Portici*..... Wolff and De Beriot  
Mlle. Camilla Urso and Mr. B. J. Lang.
2. Spring Song..... Mendelssohn  
Miss J. E. Houston.
3. Andante and Rondo Russe. Violin..... De Beriot  
Mlle. Camilla Urso.
4. { a. Prelude in E minor..... Mendelssohn  
b. Fugue in E minor..... Handel  
Mr. B. J. Lang.
5. Reverie, Violin..... Vieuxtemps  
Mlle. Camilla Urso.
1. "Oh! weel I mind the days..... Scotch Song  
Miss J. E. Houston.
2. Elegie. Violin..... Ernst  
Mlle. Camilla Urso.
3. Rondo Capriccio, op. 44..... Mendelssohn  
Mr. B. J. Lang.
4. Slumber Song..... Kucken  
Miss J. E. Houston.
5. Grand Duo, Piano and Violin, William Tell.  
Osborne and De Beriot  
Mlle. Camilla Urso and Mr. B. J. Lang.

The serious young face of Camilla looked uncommonly radiant, and she exerted all the fine witchery of her art triumphantly as usual. The *Elegie* by Ernst we do not remember to have heard played by her before; she rendered it with true feeling and expression. Mr. LANG's aid was most efficient in the brilliant Duos; and he made admirable choice in the three pieces which he interpreted alone. The Mendelssohn Prelude and the Handel fugue were particularly welcome once more; and both these and the Rondo Capriccio were artistically played. Miss Houston gave much pleasure by her songs. The "Spring Song" of Mendelssohn was a particularly good choice, and Mr. CARL MAYER left nothing wanting in the rich accompaniment. There were eager calls for repetition after several pieces; but the artists showed more good sense than the public, in politely declining to repeat in every instance. Hearers, in their desire to prolong a momentary pleasure, forget how easily they take the life out of a programme thereby, making the whole concert tedious. The repetition of a piece too often spoils three or four pieces that come after it; the appetite for them is gone. Sometimes, however, it is safe to arrange a programme with pre-allowance for "imperative encore."

Mlle. URSO has gone on a short artistic visit to the British provinces, after which she will sail for Europe, having accepted engagements for the summer in England. It is her purpose to visit the Continent also, and hear and learn as much good music as possible for several years to come, and then return to us with a rich repertoire of classical as well as merely concert music. May success attend her!

2. MR. THOMAS RYAN, whose labors in the cause of classical music, in connection with the Mendelssohn Quintette Club from the very birth thereof, as well as with all our orchestras, and with hosts of pupils, have so identified him with the musical life of Boston, and the country round, had an interesting benefit concert at Chickering's last Saturday evening. The gathering of his friends, both from the city and the suburbs, was quite large. The stage was tastefully adorned with flowers by some fair hands, together with a fine bust of Mendelssohn wreathed with ivy. The programme consisted of choice favorite pieces, all well played or sung.

- 1—Quintet in C, op. 29, Moderato..... Beethoven
- 2—Recitative & Aria, "Dove Sono," from *Le Nozze di Figaro*..... Mozart  
Miss Ryan.

- 3—Piano Trio in D minor, op. 49, Allegro and Scherzo. Mendelssohn  
Messrs. Lang, Schultze and Fries.
- 4—Rode's Air and Variations, Transcribed for the Saxophone. (Played by request)..... Rode  
Thomas Ryan.
- 5—"O, rest in the Lord," Air from *Elijah*..... Mendelssohn  
Miss Ryan.
- 6—Songs without words for Piano,  
A { Gondellied in G minor, book 1 }  
B { in C, No. 5, book 5 }..... Mendelssohn  
Mr. B. J. Lang.
- 7—Clarinet Quintet in A, op. 108..... Mozart  
Moderato—Larghetto—Minuetto—Tema con Variazioni.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. The *Advertiser* reports the annual meeting of this society, which was held in Chickering's Hall last Wednesday evening, the President, Dr. J. Baxter Upham, in the chair. The reports of the Secretary, Loring B. Barnes; Treasurer, Matthew S. Parker; and Librarian, Geo. H. Chickering, were read and accepted. Mr. Barnes in his report (we print it in full upon another page), alludes to measures in progress to raise a fund of \$20,000, the income of which shall be devoted to musical entertainments, more especially chorus festivals, which, with the aid of suburban talent, can be made superior to anything of the kind in the country. It is also contemplated to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Society, which occurs in two years. Mr. Parker's report showed the receipts of the year to be \$4787 79, and the expenditures \$4937 79, leaving a balance of \$150 against the Society, which with a note of \$700 due makes the Society's liabilities \$850; to meet which the Society holds an Ogdensburg bond worth \$1040, thus leaving an actual balance of \$190 on hand. The old board of officers were reelected for the ensuing year, as follows:

President—Dr. J. Baxter Upham.  
Vice-President—Oren J. Faxon.  
Secretary—Loring B. Barnes.  
Treasurer—Matthew S. Parker.  
Librarian—Geo. H. Chickering.  
Trustees—William Hawes, H. Farnham Smith, George P. Carter, Isaac Woodward, William O. Perkins, Samuel L. Thorndike, Edward Faxon, Geo. Fisher.

We understand that Miss CAROLINE RICHINGS, the singer, has bought of Mr. EICHHORN the right of performing his popular little Museum operas, "The Doctor of Alcantara" and "The Rose of Tyrol," for twenty-five hundred dollars. This looks really like the beginning of worldly success for an artist in this country. No doubt the composer will continue to work so promising a mine.

THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND and its exhibition, at Irving Hall, on the 15th inst. Music entered largely into the exercises of the pupils, under the direction of their earnest teacher, Mr. S. LASAR. Among other pieces were sung: the *Gloria* from Mozart's "Twelfth Mass" (so called); the *Hallelujah* chorus; a solo from the *Creation*; a song by Robert Franz: "Now the summer days are ours"; a couple of old English madrigals, by Ford and Morley; a three-part song: "Chorus of Mermaids," by Gade; divers glees and rounds; Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," to the "John Brown" tune; and the "Star-spangled Banner." There were also Band and Piano-forte performances.

### Music Abroad.

GENOA. It must be a rare God-send to almost any theatre in Italy nowadays, to hear a tenor who is so true an artist as Stigelli. A friend sends us clippings from Italian musical papers, glowing with the impression he produced during the winter past in Genoa, on the occasion of his debut in *La Favorita*. With all these critics Stigelli shares the highest honors with the prima donna, Signora Tosi; and the baritone, Rossi Ghelli, also a debutant, is highly praised. One says: "Signor Stigelli (*Fernando*), throughout his part, obtained one of those triumphs of which any artist, however great, might be proud." "The dramatic accent, the energy and the fine coloring with which the brave tenor reproduced the grand final scene of the third act, approved him a consummate artist. The Romanza '*Spirto gentil*' was divinely executed." Sig. Stigelli (or Herr Stigel, for he is properly a German) made friends in this country, who will be glad to hear of his success in Europe—and in Italy.

### London.

A few paragraphs, culled from the *Musical World* of May 2, will show that the great metropolis is as full of music as usual during the spring and early summer. For instance:

**MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.**—The third concert, last night, was marked by two events of uncommon interest—viz, the success of a new violinist, and (*mirabile dictu!*) the success of a new symphony. The following was the programme:—

- Part I.  
Overture (Leonora, No. 3).....Beethoven  
Recit. and Aria: "A te riedi".....Mercadante  
Concerto (violin) in D minor.....Molique  
Duet (Jessonda).....Spohr  
Overture (Melusine).....Mendelssohn  
Part II.  
Symphony, No. 1, in A major (Op. 15).....Siles  
Aria (Le Pre aux cleres).....Herold.  
Overture (Freischutz).....Weber  
Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.

**THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION** (conductor, Mr. Benedict) produced another novelty, at its fourth concert, in the shape of an operetta, the words and music by Mr. Chalmers Masters, a professor favorably known in musical circles. The name of the operetta is the *Rose of Salency*. The music, comprising three choruses, a serenade (also for chorus), a duet for soprano and tenor, a trio for soprano, tenor, and bass, two soprano solos (one with chorus), a ballad, and a *finale*—is of a light and agreeable texture, tuneful, cleverly written, and never dull. The singers were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Messrs. Tennant, Sims Reeves, and Weiss; the accompaniments were played upon two pianofortes, by the composer himself, Messrs. G. Baker, Frank Mori, and Emile Berger. This was, of course, a drawback; but, as the Vocal Association boasts of no orchestra, it was inevitable. The operetta was entirely successful, piece after piece (the solos especially) being applauded.

**PHILHARMONIC.**—The time-honored "Philharmonic"—as hopeful and vigorous in its 51st year as though it were still in the heyday of youth—presented its subscribers, at its third concert, with an admirable programme, including Mozart's queenly symphony in E flat—his most graceful and beautiful, if not his finest; Mendelssohn's in A major—the one with which the enthusiastic young musician was inspired by the sights and sounds and sunny clime of Italy; Beethoven's overture to *Leonora*—the third and grandest of the *Fidelio* series; and Weber's impetuous *Ruler of the Spirits*. All these well-known and universally-admired compositions were admirably given, perhaps the most striking display of the evening being that bright and genial work which was written expressly for the Philharmonic Society, and first performed, under its author's own direction, on the 13th of May, 1833. The 30 years that have transpired since then—during scarcely half of which the ever-striving and ever-progressing Mendelssohn was permitted to enrich the art with new masterpieces (he died in 1847)—have not robbed this fascinating symphony of any of its freshness, any of its melodious spontaneity; and certainly we have never heard it played with more fire, precision and correctness, the times of each movement being indicated by Professor Sterndale Bennett with such punctilious exactness that one might have fancied Mendelssohn himself (whose high opinion of our countryman's ability as a conductor is on record) was directing the performance. The concerto—Weber's in E flat, for pianoforte—besides being a masterwork, was heard with all the more satisfaction in consequence of its being entrusted to one of the youngest and most steadily advancing of our English pianists—Mr. G. W. Cousins, who played better, far better, than we remember him to have played on any former occasion, exhibiting qualities both of style and mechanism that brought out in effective relief all the more salient features of the music—music which bears the impress of Weber's romantic spirit in every movement. The singers were Mademoiselle Parepa, who gave "Ocean, thou mighty monster," with remarkable energy; and Mr. Santley, who in the splendid song of Count Almaviva, "Vedrò mentr'io" (*Le Nozze di Figaro*, act 2), showed the qualifications most essential to a singer of the "classical" (genuine) school.

**HERR PAUER'S HISTORICAL PIANOFORTE CONCERTS.**—The second performance came off on Monday, and was devoted to various schools, ranging from Scarlatti down to Kullak and Willmers. The selection comprised—*Presto* in G minor, and *Allegro* in G minor, Scarlatti; two fugues, Porpora; Sonata in C minor (No. 11), Martini; *Sonata di clavicembalo*, Paradisi; Sonata in C major, Clementi; Studies, Cramer; "Canon a due," and "Fugue on an air by Mozart," Klengel; *Nocturne*, in A major, and *Diversissement*, in E major, John Field; Two Studies, Kalkbrenner; Fantasia, in B major, Charles Mayer; "La Violette," Henri Herz; "Les Arpèges," Kullak; "Sehnsucht am Meere," Willmers.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—On Saturday *Rigoletto* was given for the first time this season, with Mlle. Fioretti as Gilda, M. Naudin as the Duke, both "de-

buts," and Signor Ronconi in his original part of the Jester. The performance was excellent, Mlle. Fioretti made even a greater impression than in *Elvira* (*I Puritani*); and, unless we are very much mistaken, this young singer is destined ultimately to fill up the void left by Angiolina Bosio—than which a greater compliment we could not tender her. Mlle. Fioretti is a real Italian vocalist—how rare in the present day, we need not remark—and her voice is fresh and sympathetic in quality. She sang some of Gilda's music exquisitely, and was enthusiastically applauded. M. Naudin was better, perhaps, as the Duke of Mantua than as Masaniello; but, though his singing was always correct and sometimes passionate, Signor Mario was sadly missed. Signor Ronconi never produced a greater effect in *Rigoletto*.

On Monday, an extra night, *Guillaume Tell* was repeated for the second appearance of Signor Caffieri.

On Tuesday the Prince and Princess of Wales paid a state visit to the theatre, when *Masaniello* and the National Anthem were performed.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—On Saturday *Lucia di Lammermoor* was repeated with *La Farsulella*. *Lucrezia Borgia* was given for the second time on Tuesday, again followed by the new ballet. On Thursday the *Troisvire* was repeated, with Madame Theresé Ellinger, vice Madame Albani, in Azucena. Madame Ellinger acted and sang with great energy as the horrible old gipsy, Azucena, and created a most favorable impression.

To-night the *Ballo in Maschera* will be given for the first time. A new Oscar appears in the person of Mlle. Iradier, a *débutante*, and Signor Delle Sedie makes his first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre in his popular character of Renato. The rest of the cast is as formerly.

Mlle. Trebelli makes her *réentrée* on Tuesday in *la Barbiere*, and Signor Schirn's new opera, *Nicodé de Lepi*, is positively announced for this day week.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—M. Vieuxtemps is reviving the old impression at the Monday Popular Concerts. At the 12th (Monday week) he again led the "Rasoumoffsky" quartet of Beethoven (No. 3, in C), besides playing with Mr. Hallé, his own remarkably ingenious and original sonata in B flat, for viola and pianoforte, showing himself, not for the first time, as accomplished a master of the viola as of the violin. Mr. Hallé gave Beethoven's solo sonata in E flat (No. 29, Op. 27), the companion of the more famous "Moonlight," and in the ready hands of the German pianist quite as effective. He also—in conjunction with M. Vieuxtemps and Signor Piatti—performed Hummel's brilliant trio in E flat, Op. 96. MM. Wiener and Schreuz took second violin and viola, in the quartet. The singers were Miss Banks and Mr. Weiss—both established favorites at these concerts.

The 126th concert (Monday last) brought us, once more, Mad. Arabella Goldard, as usual with something new and attractive. Hummel's last pianoforte sonata (Op. 106, in D). It was played magnificently by Madame Goldard, and received enthusiastically by the audience, who recalled her unanimously at the end. Her other performance was one of Mozart's violin sonatas (in D), with M. Vieuxtemps, with which the audience were no less enchanted, and reasonably, inasmuch as the music is full of genuine melody, and the interpreters were both high-priests of art. The first quartet was the one in B flat, by Ernst. Enough that it is a striking, symmetrical and wholly original composition; that it was superbly executed by MM. Vieuxtemps, Wiener, H. Webb, and Piatti.

**NEW PHILHARMONIC.**—The second concert took place on Wednesday, and attracted an audience that filled St. James's Hall in every part. An excellent and well-varied selection, combined with the first appearance in a London concert-room of Mlle. Carlotta Patti, will readily account for the crowd. The principal pieces for the band were Mendelssohn's A minor symphony, and the overture to *Medea and Jessonda*—Cherubini and Spohr. The concertos were Beethoven's for the violin, M. Vieuxtemps executive, and Chopin's in E minor for pianoforte, Herr Alfred Jell, pianist. Herr Jaell recommended Chopin to the heat of his ability, playing with great power and facility, and winning unanimous approbation. M. Vieuxtemps gave Beethoven's magnificent concerto magnificently, and created a *furor*. The band in both concertos was irreproachable, and a finer performance of the "Scotch" symphony has rarely been heard.

Mlle. Carlotta Patti having selected the three identical songs in which she had already thrice been heard at the Royal Italian Opera. Concerts, we have nothing more to say than that she produced much the same impression upon Dr. Wyld's company as upon Mr. Gye's.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Alpine Girl's Song. Words by Linley.

W. Maynard. 25

A Swiss song, with rather more variety than the average, and the usual *tra-la-la* at the end. Quite pretty and fresh.

I really couldn't see it. Comic Song. Bowmar. 25

English comic song, in which "I really couldn't see it, couldn't see it, couldn't see it," comes in very funny.

Within the Convent Garden. Die Nonne, von Uhland. Music by S. Thalberg. 25

A sweet little ballad of Uhland's, admirably fitted to music by an admirable master. The accompaniment is very fine, and a good tune by itself.

O Love, thou'rt like a reed bent low. Song from *The Armorer of Nantes*. Balfe. 25

The first of a series of songs from a new opera which excites considerable attention in England. While there is much music in the *Armorer* which must be heard in connection with the rest to produce its full effect, there are also a few melodious songs and duets which may well sustain a separate existence. This song of Raoul the Armorer will no doubt be a favor to it.

Little Nell. Ballad. C. Packer. 30

An exquisite little song, composed for Mad. Bishop, whose beautiful and touching rendering of it is familiar to those who have attended her concerts.

O wake her not, my mother. Ballad. T. B. Bishop. 25

Instrumental Music.

Les Diamans de la Couronne. Die Krondiamonden. Beyer's *Bouquet of Melodies*. Op. 42. 50

Another of Beyer's collections of opera airs, which now include, probably, nearly every favorite opera melody in existence. Those who like the Crown Diamonds, will find it here served up, ready for the fingers.

Hymn to Love. Hymne an die Liebe. T. Oesten. 40

One of Oesten's most recent pieces. Contains a melody of great beauty. Of easy-medium difficulty.

The Flower Show Galop. F. Reyloff. 35

Very easy; enough so to render it just the piece to give at the end of a first quarter's instruction, and at the same time brilliant and musical.

Fidelio. Bouquet de Melodies. F. Beyer. 50

The favorite melodies of the opera *Fidelio*.

Corinna Polka. H. Pond. 25

A bright composition, with some quite novel effects.

Mine alone. German air, varied. 35

Books.

**JOHNSON'S SYSTEM OF HARMONY.** Practical instructions in Harmony, on the Pestalozzian, or Inductive System, and the art of extemporizing Interludes and Voluntaries. By A. N. Johnson. 1.00

The number of those who study Harmony is comparatively small. It should be larger. The above system will enable one who has no teacher (of course it is greatly better to have one), to master the art of writing music. It contains a great quantity of exercises, perfectly progressive, and plain directions for working out each musical problem.

**MUSIC BY MAIL.**—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 579.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1863.

VOL. XXIII. No. 6.

Translated for this Journal.

Hector Berlioz.

From *Fliegende Blätter für Musik*.

(Continued from page 53).

It is with him, in this respect, as with Beethoven, who was at one time censured for the same thing, until Hoffmann opened the eyes of the reviewers. For example:

In the second part of the Allegro of the *Frances Juges* overture, we find the following passage for the violoncellos, as may be seen at B,



It might be that at a casual glance, or in the first hearing, this would appear like a new idea; but transpose now the melody from A flat major, which stands above, to F major, and note the same decline of tone, which is shown by the principal accent, and which, on account of its clearness, I have placed above at A—and it will be seen that the violoncellos bring in nothing but was there before; excepting that the melody was given to other instruments, transposed to a different key, and otherwise accompanied and varied. These means can all, at once, be applied, and are to be found in the works of all good masters. The rule of construction which underlies this, is one long known, although Berlioz's model is entirely his own, not formed of the materials of others, but stamped with his own individuality throughout.

Further, one will find often in his works bold and startling modulations. Once upon a time, the uninterrupted progression of two parts in fourths and fifths gave the greatest delight to the listeners; but the modern ear would be in despair. When the first septachord was hazarded, they thought the inventor only fit for the madhouse. And thus it is to-day. Having no musical discipline, the present age is not so charitable to *harmony* as to the *theory* of harmony, which crawls after music at a snail's pace, and still remains far behind! Already the new, free thinking doctrines of harmony deride every symphony of Haydn!

The first steps of all ingenious composers are transgressions, apparently, of harmonic laws; they are plausible, but seldom correct. "Theory forbids that," said a critic once to Beethoven. "And I allow it," returned he.

I will not here point out the passages which might be charged upon Berlioz, as containing crude harmonies; but it is certain, that his bold-

ness in this respect goes no farther, relatively, than other masters have gone in earlier times. He has not overstepped the boundaries of art, but he has certainly discovered and pointed out new paths, wherein dwell marvellous effects of harmony, and of which our childish harmonists know nothing.

Of all reproaches which they make to Berlioz, done is to me more incomprehensible than that "he lacks expression" (feeling); that his heart is cold, and that he constructs his musical fabrics only by the aid of his reason. Berlioz wishes to portray the affections, feelings, and passions, which arise in men in certain situations, and because this exceeds the capability of purely instrumental music, he adds thereto a sufficiently clear verbal explanation.

Æsthetic writers maintain that "Programme-music" is a violation of the privileges of instrumental music—but of late, most composers have written programme-music. Which are we to believe the former or the latter? A negative dissertation on programme-music; or the emotion and pleasure which we feel in hearing the "Pastoral Symphony", the "Midsummer Night's Dream", and many similar works?

"It is absurd" one often hears, "to try to represent outward phenomena by musical sounds".—"Calmness" is an outward appearance; and, "A happy voyage" is an outward event. The former Mendelssohn has manifestly portrayed. But must one declare to any reasonable person, that this was not the chief object of Mendelssohn, but that he wished to represent the emotions which arise in men in certain situations and aspects?

And Berlioz wishes nothing more than also Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Spohr, and many others desired. Therefore, his design is not unartistic, at least to those on whom "programme-music," (in the above meaning) depends for its estimation. Every important artist has to create his own model, to express and portray his inclinations for special objects in his own way; these means are, and must be manifold in every art; they cannot fail of possessing in themselves, according to their nature, a power of attraction in larger or smaller circles of mankind. Schiller has a larger audience than Goethe. Kotzebue had, perhaps, in his time, a still larger one. The higher the style of art, the smaller will be the number in proportion of those who unite together musical ideas and a perfect form. It is truly said, like can be fully understood by like alone.

Berlioz inclines to select as subjects of his pen, the tragic heights and depths of human circumstances and passions. But he does not disdain the comic, the droll element, which he has in him the capability of expressing. At the same time, he endeavors to urge powerful emotions to the extreme; thus he may well be named the Shakespeare of music.\*

I should not wish that Berlioz became the only model of imitation, any more than I would have Wagner's operas "of the future" furnish the only

\* If endeavoring would only make a Shakespeare!—Ed.

kind of opera; but in the manifold series of musical splendors I would receive these like all other genuine works of art, and leave them not to the future. I confide a work of art to no future, if it does not interest in the *present*, since men do not change so completely as that a whole subsequent generation can enjoy what a former one had actually with ill-humor, repulsed. And where can be found, in the whole history of music, a single example of a composer, who influenced, not his own time, but a future one? Mozart is cited as an example! But what do we understand by the "future"? Mozart died in his thirty-sixth year, already acknowledged by the greater part of the nation. Beethoven? I think he may be satisfied with the homage which he received from the greatest of his own time.—Possibly, J. S. Bach? He is even now the first in the present age, and has been known as a great genius during the last hundred years. He has given more pleasure to the ear and mind of our own time, than actually to his own contemporaries; yet he will also be acknowledged the greatest organ-player, and composer, of his own age.

Is Wagner a composer of the Future? In his writings, in which he disappoints himself and others, he is; but not in his operas, which have already found an audience. And so the works of Berlioz belong to the present time, in which they are oftentimes well represented.

Thus, briefly, writes an Englishman, who heard Berlioz's operas and other compositions lately in Weimar: "The revival (of the opera) has made a *real sensation*, in which there has been *nothing factitious*, or managed. Let the critics be ever so critical on the school to which M. Berlioz belongs, every generous person must have found pleasure in witnessing the cordial manifestation of sympathy, that greeted the French composer in Goethe's town."

Thus the works of Berlioz please in the present time. He does not require the future, in order to become known; he needs, actually, only the *good will of the conductor and orchestra*. With an increased number of instruments, and greater skilfulness in the orchestra, the high claims of the composer will be established. What Mozart required to have performed, was found very difficult by the orchestras of his own time; fifty years before they would have declared his works impracticable. They are now merely child's play! And from Beethoven's ninth Symphony many orchestras recoil yet. Perhaps Berlioz's works make even greater pretensions, but certainly they are not impracticable. Weimar and Brunswick have proved this. But does any one believe that, until now, his compositions have ever been perfectly well performed anywhere? A composer must have conducted his own works, in order to know how far the effect of the first orchestral performance falls short of the complete effect, which he hears, in his own mind.

How was it for many years with the Symphonies of Beethoven? Having incurred censure by



unsatisfactory representation, his works were criticized with severity; and from this injustice Berlioz suffers to this day. Even now, some of them are called odd, because the effects therein are entirely original! Mozart was odd, Beethoven was odd, and so Berlioz is odd.

(To be continued.)

### A Letter from Rome.

The London *Musical World* adopts the following for its "leader," having translated it from some humorous German writer in the *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

\*\*\*\* After what has preceded, you will naturally expect that a man who is great as a musician, not less important as an author, and unrivalled as a tourist, should send you at least an appendix to Mendelssohn's Letters from Rome. But no! I will not cast into the shade poor Mendelssohn, if merely out of a feeling of respect for my old master. I leave this task to others, say, for instance, Franz Liszt, whom I met yesterday in St. Peter's; but I could scarcely recognize in an old, bent-down man, leaning against a pillar, the lively, blond-haired, genial companion of former times.

Since, in the true poetic fashion, I have now plunged you in *medicus res*, I may return to the chronological course of my travelling epic. After I had somewhat deadened, by a farewell *Soirée* of solid musical cheer, with due addition of creature-comforts, the grief experienced by my Viennese friends at parting with me, I hastened, at the beginning of March, towards that quarter of the South where Goethe's believing admirers expect to perceive, on all sides, only verdant groves and glowing golden orange-trees. I saw and experienced, however, in the month of March, on the Brenner, and even a considerable distance further, a great deal which could be designated neither glowing nor verdant. Innsbruck, Verona, and Milan were evidences of the difference between poetry and prose; it was not until I proceeded from Genoa along the Riviera di Levante that a clear-blue sky was to be seen; but I beheld Chiavari and La Spezia already completely decked out in the garb of Spring; while the fortress-walls of Varignano appeared to me less grey than they appeared probably to Garibaldi. I would fain have sent you, from some local admirers of yours, a stone from the walls, but I restrained myself, pursuing, also, though with far greater difficulty, the same system of abnegation, on seeing the fine blocks of marble from Carrara, so that my letter might not be unconscionably heavy.

From Massa, I went by rail to Florence, and so on, by land, past Viterbo to Rome; *summa summarum*: rolling along uninterruptedly for twenty days in horse-dragged or steam-snooting vehicles. I could not, therefore, suffer from sea sickness, unless it had been in the Scala at Milan, or the Pergola at Florence. In the Scala, I heard an opera which was meant to be Gounod's *Faust*, but, from the mode in which it was executed, might just as well have been called *Fra Diavolo* or *Il Trovatore*. At the Pergola, on the other hand, I was treated to Verdi's epileptic music, as represented by his horrible *Nabucodonosor*. In *Faust*, not less than the greatest portion of the third act—the Garden-scene; the Walpurgis-Night; the Festival-scene; and other trifles—was cut out, while the remainder was made up with additions and interpolations from other operas, arranged à l'usage de chacun, and newly scored in such a way, that, as a rule, whenever there was a burst, all the violins and wood-instruments, as well as, sometimes, the brass, like so many pots and pans, blurted forth in unison with the singer, and remained hanging as long as possible upon a high note, until, gradually the wind-instrumentalists lost their breath, and the bow fell from the hands of the fiddlers, nothing being left but a vermilion-colored tenor, who, blessed with better lungs than any one else, still squeaked out his high *a*, till even he, succumbing to the power of time, broke down in his turn. This was followed by endless jubilation among the audience, the more roaring and deafening the

more roaring and deficient in good taste the mode in which the singing athlete had taken advantage of his *a*. A German musician, however, feels broken-hearted on hearing these magnificent Italian larynxes so shamefully misapplied, and thrown away on such musical rot as most of Verdi's operas. At such performances, any one might fancy that all the persons before and around him were suffering from St. Vitus's dance.

During the journey from Florence to Rome I had time to recover from the musical impressions received in the chief city of Tuscany, and to look back with rather more satisfaction on the Palazzo Pitti than on the Pergola.

On Wednesday, in Passion Week, with restored vigor, therefore, I set about the Herculean task of listening, in the Sixtine Chapel, to the five-hour evening service—"Lamentationes," "Tenebræ," "Miserere," &c. I must again inform you, as I have already done in the exordium to my epistle, that, humble individual as I am, I obtained, on this occasion, a place which Princes and Ambassadors might have envied; a comfortable seat under the singers' tribune; I was indebted for it to the great kindness of a papal official, to whom I had been recommended by an influential German ecclesiastic. If you should happen to recollect, in connection with this fact, the fable of the lion, the mouse and the net, I have no objection, for all the lions in Rome could not have obtained for me the place rendered accessible by an apparently little mouse, who smuggled me in close to the Cardinals, and thus enabled me to see everything very comfortably, while many other persons were carried fainting out of the throng.

In a seat, therefore, which I shall, probably, never be able to obtain again as long as I live, I was present at one of the most impressive of religious ceremonies; one which, in its general effect, was of a most elevating nature. So much in compliance with truth! If, however, you ask what were my feelings and impressions as a musician, I must, once more in compliance with truth, give vent to the disappointment I have brought back with me. The intonation of these world-wide celebrated singers of the Sixtine Chapel is positively false; they sing without taste, and, to my ear, at least, possess repulsive voices. If this chorus of men, or rather of *castrati*, would, instead of indulging in four octaves, be content to sing in two pure and full-toned octaves; would round off their cadences quietly and in a dignified manner, instead of finishing with flourishes and blundering shakes; and emit their voices not through the nose but the throat, the strangeness of many other details which characterize them would be bearable, for the style of some among them is peculiarly interesting, and never heard, or to be heard, elsewhere—especially that of one old soprano of sixty-five years of age! Unfortunately, however, their voices remind the hearer only too often of those of the harp-girls in the "Café-Concerts" of Paris. Even if I am excommunicated on account of my compa ion, I cannot help it, and I must say, despite of all the *fanatici* in the Sixtine Chapel, that this style, which claims to be traditionally classical, strikes one as very unclassical, and could never be elevated into an indisputable dogma of our religion, either by the primitive fathers of the Gregorian chant, or by all the fathers of the Church put together. Any one who dared to make this assertion here in Rome would actually be stoned by every musician.

But now that I have given utterance to my especial musical discontent, I return to my previous opinion of the whole—to my assertion, that at this service, as in everything a person hears and sees in Rome, the general impression is grand and overpowering, and that nothing would ever cause me to wish that the hours I spent in the Sixtine Chapel were effaced from my memory. There, too, I heard, surrounded by the approaching night, as well as by the more palpable night with which the magic of Michael Angelo has adorned the walls, a "Miserere" by Allegri—or, in his style, by Baini (I could not learn with certainty the name of the composer)—which would have been very beautiful, if the way in

which it was performed had been equal to the talent with which it is written. As an excuse for the Sixtine singers, I must, by-the-by, mention that, in conformity with the Italian fashion, they are treated just like the hackney-coach horses; false intonation is intelligible in the case of individuals whose services are regularly called into requisition six or eight hours every day during Passion Week.

### Singing Societies in Germany.

Singing societies of all sorts of names, for the cultivation of all sorts of vocal music, consisting of all classes of society, but mostly for the working people—both exclusively of male voices and of mixed voices—are as numerous in Germany as are churches and Sunday-schools in America.

That a deep love for song is planted in the heart by a regular musical instruction in childhood, and favored by a mild, even climate, which makes the lungs and whole body strong, and withal, as their every-day labor is not of that exhaustive kind which renders man even unfit for pleasure—that all this should call into existence numerous singing societies, is just as natural as that the Puritan principles of Sabbath-keeping have given us our large number of churches and Sabbath-schools. Nor is the nursing of these institutions as different as it would seem at first. Wise Sunday-school superintendents take good care to have successful Christmas festivals, picnics, anniversaries, concerts, &c., and no pains or expense is spared to make their localities as attractive as possible. The singing societies in Germany, in like manner, while meeting mainly for the cultivation of song, always find occasion for some extras in the shape of serenades, concerts, excursions, &c. By the last steamer we received an annual report of one of the oldest societies in Germany, the Stuttgarter Liederkrans. Of its 1,091 members 38 are honorary members, every one of whom owes this honor to personal attainments either as a successful laborer for the cause as master singer, composer, or poet; and all of whom, with but few exceptions, live in the little kingdom of Wurtemberg. The active and passive paying members are from all classes of society; men of high literary attainments and reputation—government officers of all ranks, merchants, tradesmen, mechanics, and one or two gentlemen of noble birth.

The active members meet every Tuesday evening to practice in good earnest, as well as for social enjoyment; in which last, with German singers, next to song, lager-beer plays a prominent part; the luxury of smoking being excluded from the hours of exercise. The programme of the large entertainment of the Stuttgarter Liederkrans, during the last year, was the following:

- January 1. Celebration of New-year's day.
- " 12. Social meeting to pay homage to the celebrated Nuremberg feast-beer.
- " 29. Reunion (social meeting with singing).
- March 1. Grand Redoute (masquerade), said to have been a most splendid affair.
- " 30. Grand public rehearsal.
- April 12. Entertainment with brass band.
- " 26. Uhlend festival.
- May 11. Picnic.
- " 19. Public entertainment in connection with the Turners.
- " 28. Schiller festival.
- June 8 & 9. Song festival in Kirchheim.
- " 12. Serenade to the new City Mayor.
- " 29. Garden-concert to raise funds for Körner's statue.
- July 13. Inauguration of the standard of a neighboring singing society.
- " 27. Union-concert of all singers of Stuttgart and environs, to raise funds for Körner's statue.
- August 3. Excursion to the woods.
- " 24. Anniversary of the Society.
- Sept. 14. Excursion to a neighboring locality.
- October 3. Serenade to their newly married Musical Director.
- " 11. Annual autumnal feast, followed by a grand ball.
- Nov. 9. Public rehearsal.
- " 16. Trip to Tübingen to do honor to the departed Ludwig Uhland.
- " 29. Performance of Mendelssohn's "Antigone."
- " 21. Meeting in honor of Ludwig Uhland.

As a substantial proof of the success of this Society, we may add that it has commenced the building of a "Sängerhalle" (song-hall), 180 feet by 160, and three stories high, to cost 112,000 florins (\$45,000). Let us crush out the rebellion, and then see whether we cannot do something to compare with the Stuttgart singers (not drinkers).—*Zundel's Monthly Choir*.



## Musical Blunders.

(From the Philadelphia Dial.)

The blunders of the New York musical critics are sometimes very amusing. The New York Times, speaking of the Vestvali English Opera, thus trips over Gluck's famous work—very dangerous music, which has been fatal to more than one critic and singer. "We are very glad to see," says the Times, "that the first attempt is to be made with Gluck's celebrated 'Orphée,' a lyric, comic opera with which all Europe, and especially all Paris, has been simply wild. The incidents, based on a burlesque rendering of the classic story of the luckless Orpheus hunting after his abducted wife, Eurydice, in the infernal realm of Pluto, are side-splitting if not heart-rending, and the music brilliant and fascinating beyond words." It will be news to most musical men, that Gluck's sublime music is comic, and that its side-splitting incidents are based on a burlesque. The great air of Orpheus, "I have lost my Eurydice," is considered one of the most touching and beautiful melodies in all music. After a while we may hear that the "Messiah" is a comic Oratorio, or read a complimentary notice of "Polly put the kettle on," praising that familiar melody for its sublimity. The Times evidently confuses with GLUCK's work, a comic opera of the same name by OFFENBACH.

The success of "Orpheus" has not been very great in New York, owing to its imperfect production. Mr. ANSCHUTZ has made the most of a small orchestra, but the vocalists are not able to do full justice to the grand music. Among the funny notices of the Opera, is the following from the World, which apparently possesses a critic who cannot endure any music that is written outside of New York, and who thinks all music obsolete which was written before he was born. We seldom find the same spirit of depreciation in literature, yet the man who would call GLUCK's greatest Opera "a curious fossil," might as well ridicule MILTON as an old fogey.

"The music of 'Orpheus' may be superior in every respect, but in this degenerate age there are few persons among the public who would prefer it to the ornate compositions of the present period. Its attractive qualities are much like those of a curious fossil. The solemnity of the melodic themes introduced forbids applause, and suggests the idea that the fountain source of several village psalm books has been reached at last. People laugh at the eccentricities of an 'Old Folks Concert,' yet the spirit of the music which is usually offered at such entertainments is identical with that which pervades the scores of operas, sonatas, etc., of one hundred years ago. Why, then, it should be considered desirable to revive a work like 'Orpheus,' except in view of the opportunities afforded for scenic and ballet display, or as an antiquarian specimen, we cannot discover. In the present instance Mdle. Vestvali earns whatever success it is in the power of the representation to convey."

## Scribe.

We copied last week Mons. Feullet's eulogy of Scribe before the French Academy, as reported by "Spiridion" to the Evening Gazette. Here is a portion of M. Vitot's reply:

We must look at the essence of the man himself for the true cause of his success. Scribe possessed a powerful and really eminent faculty, which assured to him and which explains to me his supremacy on the theatre of his day. This was a gift of dramatic invention which, perhaps, nobody ever possessed to the degree he had it; the gift of discovering at every step, at every trifle, theatrical combinations of a new and striking effect, and of discovering them not merely in germ or rough sketched, but in relief, in action, and ready for the stage. While his literary brethren are preparing for one plot, in the same period of time he prepares more than four, and he attains this prodigious prolificness at the expense of his originality. He does not cast his fictions in a common-place mould. If he has his secrets, his methods, he never uses them twice in the same way. There is not one of his works but has at least its spark of originality. But then his whole life was absorbed by weaving plots and knitting incidents and catastrophes. Night and day, travelling and at home, a-foot and in carriage, silent and talking, under the shadow of the Alpine glaciers and in the green-room of the Opera he did, he thought of nothing else. A mathematician brooding over some great problem, a commander-in-chief meditating over the plan of a

campaign, were never absorbed by more obstinate, more incessant mental labor. Such was the imperative necessity to him of inventing constantly and introducing everywhere dramatic fictions, that he introduced them even into his alms. He was for years seen to exhaust all the stratagems and all the ingenious fictions of use on the stage to persuade poor literary brethren that they were his partners, and that they lived upon the returns of their works, when in reality 'twas he who supported them. A predominant faculty excited in this way is almost a genius. This word is not too strong to be used here: Scribe had the genius of dramatic invention. But the great art of dramatic composition does not live alone on calculations, scenic effects, agreeable surprises, and unexpected solutions. Its work cannot be accomplished, its work cannot last unless there be flesh upon these muscles and color upon this flesh; in other words, style and character are necessary. I hasten to say that in these two particulars Scribe never had even the pretension to be equal to himself. Had his temperament allowed them, he would upon principle have refused them. I agree that he is less prompt, less bold in inventing characters than in creating situations; but even in these very particulars it is not his vein which abandons him. Take his characters—they are humorous, various, amusing. Life is abundant in them, although, perhaps, a little facetious. He communicates to them his sprightliness, his gaiety, his giddiness, his amiable malice. What then do these figures, or rather these portraits, lack? A little consistency and solidity. They seem colored crayon drawings. One feels that they will be effaced like a photograph likeness which begins to fade. There is not a copper-plate engraving among them; nothing is deep, everything is on the surface. Why? Because he knew that if he penetrated deeper, if he delineated his characters with stronger outline, he would be less certain to please everybody; he would create contradictions which he was especially desirous to shun. He thought it best to catch the new fashion, yesterday's epigram, to-day's *bon mot*, and the new manners as they rose. This ephemeral truth displeases nobody. By limiting himself to sketches on his canvas he aimed at assuring his success.

I make the same remarks upon Scribe's style: between his fingers the pen slips even more quickly than the pencil. His style is simple, natural, with nothing like turgidity and nothing like effort; but what absence of everything like asperity! It has not an angle, not a salient point, not the least effect of color! Was this, too, a calculation? Was he afraid of diverting the attention of the spectator from his principal object and of coming into competition with himself? Was it from coquetry for his scenic effects that he remained in this crepuscular light? I know not; but this mode of writing (which, I agree, will not be without danger for the permanent reputation of his works) did not militate against the extent of his success. His cosmopolite fame most surely did not suffer by it. An unmarked style is almost a passport, especially to foreigners.—Had Molière written less admirably, had he been less an artist in our language, perhaps he would have been better understood beyond the Alps and the Rhine. Therefore I conceive how it is that Scribe never made any strenuous efforts to give greater individuality to his character and brighter colors to his style. He was too popular as he was. To win was to lose as far as he was concerned. But does it follow, as he has pretended, that he was by nature indifferent, nay, insensible, to these beauties of form and style from which he almost entirely abstained? I say that it is to ill-comprehend, it is but to half-see, that strange nature where all the contraries coexist, economy and munificence—enthusiasm and grovelling nature. While for his own works he neglected these sort of beauties, I assert that his heart felt, that he instinctively knew the most secret mysteries, the most hidden laws; and for proof I would refer only to his lyric dramas, that is, to the intelligent aid, to the adroit and impassioned assistance he lent to music, to that art which is in reality but a brother of the art of

writing—a more cadenced and more harmonious brother. The riches of color and style which by this alliance cover his ingenious web—I know he is not the author of them—are in part his work, so great is his share in inspiring them. Let me here make Scribe reparation. A long time ago, even before he wrote his operas comiques, I confess I greatly pitied the musicians who would one day have commerce with him. How could one think that this great conqueror, this king of the vaudeville, suddenly forgetting the cavalier manner in which he treated music every evening, would willingly consent to become its humble servant? I was convinced, I even wrote that when he changed his stage he would retain his habits; but when he set to work, when I saw that without abdicating, without yielding everything to his guest, he did the honors of the house, and, not content with this defence, surrounded her with the tenderest attentions, suggested her ideas, prepared her happy contrasts, gave her ample developments, and especially when I saw him accepting with stoicism the tyrannical asymmetry of musical phrases, bravely throwing his lines upon the bed of Procrustes and condemning his hemistiches to the most painful operations, I confess I was seized with singular esteem for this unexpected auxiliary. Such resignation of vanity, such devotion to the common cause, such love of art, carried to sacrifice, revealed to me unknown regions in him. So he did then understand something else than his *bon mots* and his songs! I saw him from this day in an absolutely new light, and the impression remains as fresh as ever. Consequently, I declare, while recognizing the incontestable merit of more important works, and while classing apart the charming pieces he wrote for the Gymnase Dramatique (which possess in their favor his youthful bloom and frank originality) the plays I place in the front rank of Scribe's vast works are his lyrical dramas. To justify this preference, perhaps, little in conformity with the laws of hierarchy, it would be necessary for me to point out how much imagination, suppleness, penetration, and true sentiment of art there are in these little master-pieces of art, which no one would have dared foresee even in a dream—a prolific union of two arts, which double their power by aiding each other with discipline, without contest and without jealousy.

## Verdi's "Aroldo."

NEW YORK ACADEMY, MAY 4.

(From the Tribune.)

Last evening was unpropitious for the Muses, especially as they put on a spick-and-span new dress—new at least to this latitude—in the shape of an opera by the redoubtable Signor Verdi. We beg to mention, as a stage aside, that this opera is not new in Italy. Years back it was born and baptized under the name of *Stephen*, or something of that sonority. But *Stephen* was martyred. There was something in the plot worse than politics, namely religion, for the land in which it saw the light: there was Protestantism and Olympus knows what all in the story, and so *Stephen* was martyred and forbade the boards. But happily an opera has a dual life. It is words and music: and although the words were killed—they were but the letter, while the music was the spirit which gave the work life. So *Stephen* was re-bathed literature-wise. A new text was set to music. And the result is before us.

The plot has the merit of simplicity. Harold, a knight bedeviled by the preachings and screechings of Peter the Hermit, leaves, like an ass, a beautiful young wife to recover the holy sepulchre. The wife must love something, as Harold was away so long bawling at the heathen, and assisting, probably, in that memorable transaction, the capture of Jerusalem, when the victors put the Jews inside the wall to death—believing, in their ecstasy, that they were the Original Jacobs who were guilty of the crucifixion (so history reporteth of the blind zeal and fury of the invaders, who thus and there abolished time to the tune of twelve hundred years). The love of the wife of Harold for something was only a sort of flirtation after all, but it terribly distressed Harold on his sudden return, for he saw that Mrs. Harold behaved in a monstrous queer manner generally. Mrs. Harold, however, wishing to give over the flirtation, writes a letter to the gentleman, and puts the note in a well-bound volume for his "single eye." The course of

true love, however, runs rough, and this letter was picked out by Harold of the well-bound tome lying on a table, in a grand ball-room, where knights in real armor were doing everything but dance. Harold availed himself of the opportunity to denounce his wife in a most tempestuous manner before the whole crowd, who, previous to that time, had been elaborately gay, and singing like doves to the soft accompaniment of the brass tubes and kettle drums, and cymbals and great drum. The Harold lady, however, had a father, who interfered, and made the quarrel his own. The *pater-familias* did not allow the documents to be read, and so-forth. Finally, Harold is about to kill the sentimental gentleman who admires his wife; but a Hermit, a man with a beard, bass-voice, and that truculent manner which belongs of right to stage-hermits (who were the Broadway squad in the rough, of the Middle Ages), interferes, and assures Harold that bloodshed is contrary to the canons of the church. Harold, being a good sort of a fellow, relents, spares the sentimentalist, and emigrates to Scotland. Notwithstanding that country was the dullest place in Christendom at the time, Harold contrived to exist there, but only as a Hermit—in company with the other Hermits. Mrs. Harold being out on an emigrating tour herself, happened to be wrecked, one fine morning, upon the very coast where the Hermits were. One of the Hermits, finding that the sentimentalist had been killed by the irate father of the lady, and being assured that the whole affair amounted to nothing but a little pastime to while away dull hours during his Saracenic business, and feeling finally complimented thereby, rushed into the lady's arms. Not necessary to say that this Hermit was the junior member of the dry-bean and cold-water firm.

There is of course a terrible (musical) pothole, leading, one would suppose, to no end of lyrical bloodshed; and there is bitter disappointment felt by the audience that blood did not stream down the stage, and overwhelm the prompter in the immensity of tragic wrath. But when authors forget their duty and make jolly conclusions, all the critic can do is to utter a caveat and submit.

The music, the main thing, now claims a word. Up to the time of the apparition of Bellini's *Il Pirata*, in or about the year 1828, Rossini's music, and that of a few imitators, ruled. The introduction of a new style, in which a large simple theory and practice of declamation—(and after all the talk about recent musical declamation, we find nothing superior or purer in its *genre* than the revelations of that now old work *Il Pirata*)—had an immense effect on the works of others. Donizetti, like a skillful general, changed *fortiori* tactics, and wrote his *Lucia*; and no composer could hope for mercy who did not accept the new light—that is the old one—the Gluck theory of declamation—adding thereto the higher ecstasy of modern, and the nineteenth century, melodies, and the increased sonority and prominence of the orchestra, with the fresh and improved instruments. In this opera of *Aroldo*, we find the new school—phrasing, climax, declamation—all adopted—but with the touch of genius of course—for without that, Signor Verdi could not have made his mark.

The first act—often the least impassioned one of dramas and operas, in this instance rules the night. It is the most surcharged with melody and interest. We may note the fine bits assigned to Signor Mazzoleni, whose terseness and resonance of delivery electrified the house. The finale of the second act, however, is one of the best pieces in the opera: it is splendidly worked up—has good counterpoints in running syllabled phrases, and a happy contrast to this in subsequent long-drawn notes.

The baritone's solo—a piece of sweet revenge in prospect—is a happy inspiration.

The prima donna is all grief—and in dulcet tones means to do poetical justice—but the plot is against her—and it is only in the fourth act that her happiness is achieved.

There was not as large an audience present as we expected—but there was a great deal of applause—and we beg to say quite as discriminating as it would have been in any European Opera House.

The cast of characters was as follows: Aroldo, a Saxon Knight, Signor Mazzoleni; Mina, his wife, Mlle. Ortolani Brignoli; Egberto, father of Mina; Godrin, a Knight Crusader, Herr Rubio; Enrico, cousin of Mina, Signor Reinhart; Bryan, a Hermit, Herr Muller; Ellena, cousin of Enrico, Mme. Ficher.

LISZT, with several other musicians, has founded an Academy in Rome for the "Revival of Classical Music, Sacred and Profane." They have already given five concerts, which were well attended.

## Music Abroad.

BERLIN. The *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* announces the death (which occurred April 27) of its editor, GUSTAV BOCK, the well-known music publisher (Bots & Bock). Herr Bock was one of the most active friends of music, particularly in the higher walks of art.—RICHARD WAGNER had arrived, intending to make a visit of some length.

The Royal Opera House, by last accounts, was still pursuing its eclectic policy, giving on one night Auber's *Domino Noir* (with Mlle. Artot, Herren Formes, Wowsorsky and Bost in the principal rôles), successfully for singers not entirely at home in the light French *opera comique*; then Gounod's *Faust* and *Margaret*, still French, but of a more serious aim; then a couple of their own immortal classics: *Don Juan*, (with Frl. Maria Müller, from Hanover, as Donna Anna,) and *Le Nozze di Figaro* (with Frl. De Ahna to succeed Mme. Köster as the Countess, Mlle. Lucca as Cherubino, and Frau Harriers-Wipern as Susanna); then another little French piece, Grisar's *Monsieur Pantalon*; with due admixture now and then of Verdi.

Out of the unceasing list of interesting concerts let the correspondent of the London *Musical World* (who of course is always present and hears all—else how could he write such long letters about it) select, as follows:

First and foremost, in point of time, comes the last Soirée for Chamber Music given by Herren Lange and Oertling in the Englisches Haus. It began with a Trio by Grädener. This composition was given, if we are to trust the bills—and when was anything in print not scrupulously exact?—at the wish of several persons not named. I cannot say that I particularly admire the taste of these unknown venerated of Herr Grädener's talent. The most salient features in the Trio consisted of reminiscences of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. When I wish to refresh my recollection of those great master productions, I prefer consulting them myself to meeting with their *disjuncta membra* in the trios of any "Grädener" that ever lived, does live, or will live in *secula seculorum*. The Trio was well played by Herren Lange, Oertling and Espenhahn. Herr Lange then performed three solo pieces of his own composition; and Herr Oertling the first movement—amply sufficient—of Herr Anton Rubinstein's Violin-concerto. Schumann's Pianoforte Quintet concluded the programme. In the course of the concert Mlle. E. Hautscheck sang several songs, including one by Schumann, one by Franz, and the cavatina from *Norma*.

Herr Ehrlich and Signor Sivori announced a Soirée for Chamber Music, but it could not take place, in consequence of Sig. Sivori being detained by serious indisposition in Dantzig. Herr Ehrlich consequently got up a concert the next day, in the rooms of the Sing-Akademie, when, with Herr de Ahna and Dr. Bruns, he played Schubert's Trio in B flat major, together with a number of small pianoforte solos ancient and modern. The concert was invested with a certain additional interest for some persons by the fact of its being the last at which Mlle. Artot would make her appearance previously to her departure. She sang an air by Handel and the "Aragonaise" from *Le Domino Noir*, but even her greatest admirers were obliged to admit that the last fell flat. And so, farewell, Mlle. Artot, until next season!

The programme of the eighth Sinfonie-Soirée of the Royal Chapel comprised "Schottische Hochlands-Overture"—Niels Gade; A major Symphony—Mendelssohn; Overture to *Coriolanus* and Pastoral Symphony—Beethoven. All these were played in first-rate style, though the palm for execution must certainly be awarded to the symphony by Mendelssohn. The next and ninth concert brought the series to a brilliant close. The pieces selected for the delectation of the audience were Cherubini's Overture to *Lodoiska*; Schumann's Symphony in B flat; the Overture to *Oberon*; and Beethoven's Symphony in C minor. The last two were executed in a manner that sets all attempts at criticism at defiance.

The fourth and last concert for the benefit of the Gustav-Adolph-Stiftung was got up by the members of the Sing-Akademie, in whose rooms it came off. Handel's *Alexander's Feast* was selected, and the result was eminently satisfactory. Greater effect might, it is true, have been got out of the solos, had

the latter been entrusted to experience, professional artists; but it is a rule that they shall always be sung by members of the Academie, and so, on the principle that a man must not look a gift-horse in the mouth, the public have no right to complain. They may, however, express their regret, I suppose, and, therefore, I, as one of them, now do so.

On the 26th of April, Herr Fritz Hartvigson, from Copenhagen, and a pupil of Herr Hans von Bülow, made his first bow to a Berlin audience, in Bechstein's rooms. By the way, I must mention the fact that all present obtained admission by special invitation. It is a bad thing for a young artist to begin his career before an "auditorium" filled with his own friends and those of his instructor. The programme comprised Liszt's Concerto in A, No. 2, and Fantasia on Hungarian National Melodies; "Giga con Variazioni" from Op. 91, by Raff; Herr von Bülow's "Mazurka Impromptu" (I wonder how many months were consumed by the composer in producing the said "Impromptu"?); "Au Lac de Wallenstedt," and "Tarentella," from Auber's *Muette*, by Liszt, and the "Galop de Concert," from "Le Bal," by Anton Rubinstein. Herr Hans von Bülow presided at a separate grand pianoforte and played the orchestral accompaniment to the first two pieces.

A second volume of MENDELSSOHN'S Letters is said to be forthcoming.

LEIPZIG. The first *Haupt-Prüfung*, or grand examination, of the Conservatory of Music took place on the 18th of April in the hall of the Gewandhaus. We translate from the report of it in the *Signale*:

"All the performances bore the stamp of carefulness and solidity; not one of the young men and women need to shun the light of publicity; and some among them rose far above the level of pupil performance. To name them in order:

"1. Concerto for piano, by Moscheles, played by Fräulein Emma Mayer, of Riga.—Right thoroughly studied and technically well executed; the delivery too was animated and showed much sense for musical expression.

"2. Concerto for violin, Spohr (No. 2, D minor), played by Georg Hünlein, of Breslau.—Great cleanliness and solidity; the youthful pupil will soon acquire the nerve yet wanting in his tone and delivery.

"3. Capriccio for piano, in B minor, Mendelssohn, played by Frl. Nanette Müller, of Lucerne.—Delivered with a very easy hand and in the liveliest tempo; a little more marrow wanting in the touch.

"4. Concerto for violin, F. David, played by Otto Peiniger, of Elberfeld.—An almost thoroughly successful performance.

"5. Concerto Fantastique, for piano, by Moscheles, played by Mr. CARLYLE PETERSHLEA, of Boston, U. S.—Altogether excellent in technical respects, and with much definiteness and ripeness of expression. The best piano performance of the evening.

"6. Concerto for violin, Mendelssohn (2d and 3d movements), played by Otto Freiberg of Naumburg. Tone and technique betray good foundations and tentative study.

"7. Concerto for piano, Chopin (F minor, 3d and 3d movements), played by Miss Emily Matthews, of London.—Showed a respectable fund of execution, equal to her task; room for finer shading, &c.

"8. Hungarian Concerto, for violin, by Joachim (1st movement), played by Aug. Wilhelm, of Weisbaden.—Praised in the highest degree.

VIENNA. Mme. Mulder-Fabbri (who sang in New York and Boston with Stigelli) has distinguished herself in the rôle of Valentine in the *Huguenots*. Herr Walter was the Raoul. Next followed Meyerbeer again—*L'Etoile du Nord*, in which the part of Peter is said to have been marvellously sung by Herr Beck.—Adelina Patti is said to be already reengaged by Merelli for the months of February, March and April of next year.—No great success without its parody! says the *Gazette Musicale*. When Catalani was at the height of her career, they played in Vienna a piece called *La Fausse Catalani*; and now the Josephstadt theatre announces *La Fausse Patti*: the

principal part to be played by Herr Siebert, who, they say, imitates the singing of "the *diva* Adelina" to perfection.—The tenor Wachtel has been engaged at the Court Theatre at a salary of 18,000 florins per annum, with a *congé* of three months.

At the Court Theatre from the 4th to the 10th of May, the following operas were given: *Robert le Diable* (Mme. Fabbri as Alice), *Lohengrin*, "Lalla-Roukh" (by F. David, not relished by the Viennese apparently), *L'Etoile du Nord*, and *Les Huguenots*. Mme. Fabbri is to stay through the season.—Offenbach had arrived, to preside over the bringing out of a romantic opera, "The Daughter of the Rhine," which he has composed for Treumann's theatre.

The newly discovered Mass by Robert Schumann was executed in two churches on the same day, May 3.—List was expected.—Merelli's Italian troupe next Spring is to include, besides Patti, Mlle. Trebelli and Signors Giuglini and Bettini.—Ferdinand Stegmayer, conductor of the Sing-akademie, died last month.

HANNOVER. Gluck's "Orpheus" was produced here for the first time on the 15th of April, at the suggestion of Herr Joachim, who conducted the performance. Fräulein Weis (said to be betrothed to Joachim) won the highest praise by her noble and artistic rendering of the part of Orpheus. Mme. Caggiati did equal justice to Eurydice; and Frl. Abrieh to that of Amor. Chorus and orchestra were excellent.

COLOGNE. On the 19th ult., a *matinée* was given, under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, in the Casino, for the Schadow Monument in Düsseldorf. After Chopin's "Funeral March," Herr Zadernak, of the theatre here, recited a poem, by Dr. Wolfgang Müller, in memory of Schadow. The programme included, further, the Twenty-third Psalm, for female chorus, by Wold Bargiel; Pianoforte Trio, op. 70, in D, by Beethoven (Herron Ferdinand Hiller, Von Königsgow and A. Schmidt); "Nachtlied" and "Volklied," for female chorus, Herr Ferdinand Hiller; and J. S. Bach's Concerto for Three Grand Pianos, admirably executed by Mlle. Mathilde Bruch, of the Conservatory here, Herren Hiller and Bargiel. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Zu Hohenzollern, with their family, and the Prince of Altenburg, were present.—On the 28th ult., the sixth and last *Soirée* for Chamber Music took place in the small room of the Gürzenich. The programme comprised Beethoven's Quartet in A major, op. 18, No. 5; Pianoforte Trio, op. 6, in F major, by W. Bargiel (the pianoforte part being played by the composer); and Mendelssohn's Quintet for stringed instruments, op. 87, in which Herren F. Weber and C. Venth performed. These *soirées* have been more numerous attended during the present season than they were last.

#### London.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The principal event of the last month was the production of the long promised new opera, *Nicola de' Lapi*, by Signor Schira, since Garcia the first master of singing in London, a sound musician, and not at all fond of Verdi. It appears to have been a success; and certainly it was brought out under the best conditions, since the parts were taken by some of the very best of the great singers: Milles, Tietjens and Trebelli, Signors Giuglini and Bettini, M. Gassier and Mr. Santley. One critic says the new opera is a happy example of what is roughly designated by the phrase "good second-rate" composition. "It would be vain to pretend that the work is a masterpiece; but it is genuine music, and it is not dull." "No remarkable brilliancy of melody, nor originality of setting; but it is delightfully vocal, as might be expected from the chief of a great school of singing; it has the true glow and swing of the Italian manner; and there is a general air of freedom and lightness about the writing, which marks the hand of the practised musician." The *Musical World* says of it:

The success was doubly flattering to the composer, inasmuch as he had a somewhat cumbrously constructed story to illustrate by his music. The plot is taken from a well-known romance by the Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio, founded upon an incident in the history of the Florentine republic, at the time of Pope Clement VII.; and most of the characters are historical. The drama, although containing one or two powerful situations, does not hold the attention spell-bound. The entrance of Selvaggia in the first scene awakens an interest which is not sustained, and our sympathy, but for the music, would be but little excited in favor of Niccolò de' Lapi, the patriot, Landomia, his gentle daughter, or Lamberto, the republican warrior, her betrothed. At the same time there are passages in the story of *Nicola de' Lapi* calculated, we can understand, to fascinate a composer who looks to particular scenes and incidents rather than to the general march of the "passionate." Signor Schira's opera is that of a musician who has a thorough command of the resources of his art; his music is stamped with the martial vigor and republican spirit which breathes in the story; it has abundance of tune, and is everywhere dramatic and effective.

With the above exception, several weeks presented nothing new. *Lucrezia Borgia* and the *Trovatori* (with a new contralto, Mlle. Therise Ellinger); then Trebelli as Rosina in the *Barber*, and again as the gypsy Azucena. Then *Lucia*; then *La Figlia*, with Mlle. Artôt; and *Trovatori* again, with Alboni, and so on.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The report reads much the same as last year: PATTI is still the word. On the 7th of May the little "diva" made her first appearance in the *Sonnambula*, "singing with even more brilliancy and expression than last year." Then she played Rosina in the *Barber*, with Mario and Ronconi. *William Tell* has been performed, with Tamherlik, Faure and Formes; and *La Traviata*, with Mlle. Fioretti, and a new baritone, Colonese, "with a remarkably good voice, of which he has yet to learn the use"; and *Tell* again, three times; and the *Barber* again; and *Don Giovanni*, with Patti for Zerlina; and *Martha*, with a new soprano, Mlle. Demi, Mario being Lionel; and *Masaniello*, and Patti again with her "inimitable" Zerlina. The sister Patti (Carlotta), too, is promised,—"two Patties," as PUNCH sings:

Your new Bill of Fare,  
My dear Gye, I declare,  
With embarrass de richesses you smother,  
When at bottom and top  
Of your bill down you pop  
Two Patties, one after the other.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The grand performance of Mendelssohn's music to *Athalie*—to inaugurate the tenth season, on Friday the 1st inst.—realized all the success anticipated. The band and chorus were two thousand five hundred strong, and the solo parts were allotted to Mlle. Parepa, Miss Martin and Madame Sainton-Dolby.

Of the execution it is impossible to speak too highly. The choir, indeed, surpassed all former efforts; and it does not require very acute ears to discover the extraordinary improvement in the soprano voices—we especially allude to members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, which supplied the major part of the "London Contingent" in the Handel Festival Choir. There was, perhaps, not the same thrilling effect produced as at Exeter Hall, where *Athalie* had been heard some weeks previously; but allowance must be made for the impossibility of some fourteen thousand persons scattered over an immense area hearing all to equal advantage.—*Musical World*.

MADAME JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT.—The concert was for the benefit of the Royal Hospital of Incurables at Putney, and the programme consisted of Handel's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, preceded by one of the same composer's concertos for string instruments. Madame Goldschmidt was assisted by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Mount Smith, and Mr. Weiss; and Mr. Goldschmidt presided over the band and chorus, which consisted of some 250 performers; Mr. Lindsay Sloper was at the pianoforte, and Mr. E. J. Hopkins at the organ.

It is not our habit to criticize performances got up for charitable purposes. We may say, nevertheless, that Handel's Cantata was, to a large part of the au-

dience, a novelty, it having been rarely heard as a whole since Handel's time. *L'Allegro ed Il Penseroso* was last performed in 1813 under the direction of Sir George Smart. Some few years ago Mr. Hallah brought out the first part, but was not induced to repeat it. Even last week at St. James's Hall the cantata was not given precisely as Handel wrote it. The cantata was originally entitled *L'Allegro, Il Penseroso ed Il Moderato*; Charles Jennens, author of the books of the *Messiah* and *Belshazzar*, having added a third part to Milton's poem, which so pleased Handel that he set the three parts together. *Il Moderato*, after a few performances, was "shelved," and has never (happily) been revived.

The chief points of the performance were, we need hardly say, the airs allotted to Madame Lind, of which, "Come rather, goddess," "Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly" (flute *obligato*, Mr. Pratten), "Hide me from day's garish eye"—all allotted to *Penseroso*—most thrillingly exemplified her powers, and (especially the Bird song) were rapturously applauded. That the great singer had lost nothing of her art was apparent in all her efforts, and though, as far as regarded her physical means, Madame Lind is no longer the Jenny Lind of 1847, she still retains her supremacy as a vocalist. Madame Lemmens Sherrington sang the music of *Allegro* very charmingly. Miss Lascelles gave due effect to the contralto songs; and Mr. Mount Smith and Mr. Weiss did ample justice to the tenor and bass music. The band and chorus under the able direction of Herr Otto Goldschmidt were in all respects excellent.—*Ibid.*

HERR PAUER'S HISTORICAL PIANOFORTE PERFORMANCES.—The third performance, on Monday, was devoted to composers of the German school—unless we may except Herr Anton Rubinstein, who is a Russian, and not much of a composer—the first period dating from 1680. Herr Pauer commenced with Kuhnau, whom he styles the "inventor of the sonata," and gave his sonata in B flat. This was followed by the "Suite Seconde pour le Clavecin," in A major, of Matthison—"the diplomatist, linguist, actor, singer, &c."—including "Toccata, Allemande, Courante, Aria, Gigue." From Kuhnau to Sebastian Bach was a jump of about twenty years only. The sample of the works of the great composer of Eisenbach, Weimar and Leipzig was the "Partita," No. 1, in B flat, comprising *Preludium, Allemande, Courante, Sarabande, Minuets and Gigue*. Wilhelm Friedemann Bach, eldest son of Sebastian, supplied *Polonaise* (No. 2) in C minor, and *Fuga* (No. 6) in E minor. From the works of Johann Ludwig Krebs, a favorite pupil of Sebastian Bach, we had "Prelude and Fugue in A minor." Carl Philip Emanuel and John Christian, second and eleventh sons of Sebastian Bach, furnished—the former, *Sonata in A minor* (Op. 2, No. 1), the latter, *Sonata in A major*, (No. 5 Op. 17). The composers of the third period, ranging from 1790 to 1825, included August Eberhard Muller, from whose works was selected "Caprice in C minor," (Op. 39, No. 24); Johann Wenzel Tomaschek—the son of a poor linen-weaver—whose style was exemplified in "Two Eclogues (Op. 25);" and Johann Hugo Wörzischek, represented by "Two Rhapsodies" (Op. 1, No. 6 and 8). Mendelssohn, Schuhooff and Rubinstein represented the "Fourth Period." From Mendelssohn was selected the "Seventeen Variations *Sérieuses*" (Op. 54); from Schuhooff, *Two Idylls*, "Etoile du Soir" (Op. 36, No. 1) and "Dans les Bois" (Op. 27, No. 2); and from Herr Rubinstein, "Barcarolle" (Op. 30) and *Polonaise*, "Le Bal" (No. 3, Op. 44). The performance was, perhaps, a greater treat to antiquaries and musical historians than to amateurs and connoisseurs of the pianoforte. Certain pieces, nevertheless, were highly interesting on their own account, especially when so strongly recommended by the vigorous playing of Herr Pauer.

THE BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The annual statement of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society for the past year shows that it now contains 793 members, and 158 professional subscribers. Five concerts have been given during the past season. The receipts from all sources were \$7,813 03; disbursements, \$7,440 03, leaving a balance of \$373 40 on hand.

MESSRS. CHICKERING & SONS have just completed No. 25,000 of their excellent pianos. We are happy to hear that never were their instruments in such demand. The only trouble is that orders come in faster than it is possible to execute them. Thousands must rejoice in this renewed prosperity of a house, a name, which has been so long a pride of Boston and the Union.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 18, 1868.

## Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri."

SECOND ARTICLE.

We left the Peri on her first search for the gift most dear to Heaven. "Her pinions fanned the air of that sweet Indian land", whose earthly Paradise, rhapsodically described in the beautiful chorus (No. 5) with which we left off, already smells (not *swells*, as our types had it) of death, whose streams are red with blood. The key has changed; a few bars of dark and threatening tremolo lead into the thrillingly dramatic and heroic scenes, which with the great chorus (Nos. 6—9), conclude the first part of the Cantata.

6. A fiercely energetic chorus (D flat), opening with tenor voices, full of wild alarm, and hurried movement in the orchestra:

But crimson now her rivers run  
With human blood.

Land of the Sun! what foot invades  
Thy Pagoda, shrines, and Idol stones,  
Thy Monarchs and their thousand Thrones?

The voices are suspended momentarily, as if listening to the scouring blast of battle in a swift, wild gust of instrumental symphony, before they answer, while the same symphony is spending itself: "Tis He of Gazna! in his fierce wrath he comes." Tenors and basses then divide into two opposing choruses; the basses in unison, barbaric: "Long live Gazna!"; the tenors in harmony, ringing heroic: "The tyrant he shall die!" Then another bit of symphony, suggestive of the tumult and the very thick of battle, clash of swords and whirl of arrows, and (here the art is shown) the strange wild modulation of the mingled mass of sound, so near to nature, and yet musical, and just long enough.

7. Tenor solo, recitative-like, with flowing serious accompaniment, tells how the Peri

Beholds a youthful warrior stand,  
Alone, beside his native river—  
The red blade broken in his hand,  
And the last arrow in his quiver.

"Long live Gazna!" breaks out again in full chorus (tenors and basses), with the battle tumult for accompaniment; and Gazna (bass solo) bids the youth surrender, offering him his life. The splendid declamation of the few bars, in which the young hero hurls back his defiance, is unsurpassed in oratorio or opera. It needs a robust, high and ringing tenor. A half dozen bars of the instruments (the flight of an arrow, vainly aimed, a pause, quick startled chords) announce the result; which becomes at once the theme of the next number:

8. Chorus of lamentation; sopranos and altos in four parts alternate with tenors and basses divided in like manner; key F sharp minor:

—Woe! woe!  
False flew the shaft, though pointed well,  
The Tyrant lives, the Hero fell!

This is indeed a most beautiful and touching chorus. The exclamations "Woe! woe!" are given out in long tones, in thirds, first the sopranos, the altos joining while their sound is still protracted; then the basses, joined in like manner by the tenors. The higher instruments join with the long wail of the voices, while between them and prolonged tones of sub-bass a contrapuntal cello figure steadily traverses the space upward and downward, making the reluctant

harmonies to blend more readily (for these are only passing discords, or rather harshnesses; it is motion, intention, direction that explains them and resolves them, as in so much that otherwise might seem harsh in Bach's perfect contrapuntal weaving). But what have we to do with these technicalities? It is the expression of this chorus, that we would draw attention to:—who can hear it and still say that Schumann never "appeals" to the heart!

9. Finale to Part I. This is the great number of the work. A few bars of thoughtful prelude, and the Tenor in a tone encouraging and tender, almost melting into song, tells how the Peri saw the young hero offer up his life, and,

Swiftly descending on a ray  
Of morning light, she caught the last—  
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,  
Before its free-born spirit fled!

A harp comes in with heavenly suggestion, and the Peri's heart leaps high, and her voice too, as she exclaims:

Peri and Chorus.

Be this {thy} gift at the Gates of Light!  
For blood like this,  
For Liberty shed, so holy is,  
It would not stain the purest rill  
That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!  
Oh, if there be, on this earthly sphere,  
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,  
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws  
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!

Winged by the shining arpeggios, her clear soprano cleaves the sky; and while they swoop down to earth, her voice goes straight to the highest mark, they rushing after to rejoin it there. But this is only momentary foreshine of the real climax, which comes a few bars later, when she strike the high A again, flashing down in trumpet tones (silvery trumpets in thirds accompanying), on the words "for LIBERTY shed," which wakes the chorus to repeat the phrase in a broader and still brighter blaze of harmony. The Peri leads off in an exulting strain in very lively tempo: the chorus takes it up, and works it up (as musicians say) with wondrous wealth of harmony and counterpoint; faster and faster; an exciting, whirling, glorious on-sweep of mutually pursuing, richly mingling sounds; written in long notes, because each so full of weight and energetic accent, but swiftly executed; now climbing to a height of ecstasy and holding out the tone through many measures in the upper part, while the other parts pursue their restless impulse; now subsiding to more level, quiet harmony; while from time to time the ardent Peri's voice is still heard "singing and soaring", lark-like, at Heaven's gate, leading and marshalling the vast choir on and upward, and fanning the sacred flame of aspiration and of triumph. How she lengthens out the rapturous high tones just before the end! Like the skylark, she seems to float there in that upper air, (that "privacy of glorious light") poised upon even wings, which vibrate ecstatic music. Our Peri is after the spirit both of Shelley's and of Wordsworth's Skylark; for while she soars, she also thinks of earth; she is heavenly and yet human,

Higher still and higher  
From the earth thou springest,  
Like a cloud of fire;  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.  
In the golden lightning  
Of the setting sun  
O'er which clouds are brightening,  
Then dost float and run,  
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

At the same time her sympathies are with Man in this grand Liberty chorus, this apotheosis of patriotic martyrdom:

—Thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;  
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam;  
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

We have ventured the opinion that this Finale of the First Part is the greatest piece in "Paradise and the Peri"; and in that view it seems almost a pity that it could not have formed the close and climax of the whole Cantata; but the closing piece, when we come to it, though less great in itself, will be found worthy of its place, a fit song of triumph crowning the successful search. This hymn of the holiness of "blood for Liberty shed" is surely in a right heroic, manly, wholesome vein; if there is more than enough of mystical and tender sentiment, of drowsy, dreamy Oriental luxury for Schumann's critics in other portions of the music, this certainly relieves them in strong contrast; for this, together with the whole series of pieces which we have just been endeavoring to describe, is altogether strong, dramatic and concise; and, properly performed, must thrill accordingly. It needs, to be sure, a large chorus, thoroughly drilled and animated, together with an orchestra, to make its relative importance fairly appreciable without study. With an amateur club of only twenty or thirty voices, and a piano-forte accompaniment, this was hardly the piece to make the greatest impression. Yet it did make a great one—and so timely too! It is a good piece, however, for a Finale to to-day's instalment of the too long task to which we find ourselves committed, and as we have got to stop somewhere short of the end, we will e'en stop here.

## A New Libretto of Don Juan.

During the last eight years, various prominent members of the histrionic art, such as Franz Kugler, Alfred von Wolzogen, and Dr. Viol of Silesia, have sought to reproduce Da Ponte's version of Don Juan more in consonance with the original design, as rendered on the first representation, Oct. 29th, 1787. Finally, a new translation of the text has been offered to the Munich Theatre by Dr. Wendling; so this gem of musical art can henceforth be produced in a manner worthy of Mozart's genius. The original recitative has been retained, and the three arias subsequently added by Mozart: "In quai eccessi, o numi"; "Dalla sua pace"; "Deh fuggi," are placed in appropriate position. The equestrian statue will, according to the first edition of the text, be placed as a simple statue in a chapel-like mausoleum. The Finale to the opera will be purged of its too tangible hell; the fireworks, and red devils with flaxen hair and fiery jaws (which suited the taste of our forefathers), will be replaced by tongues of fire and clouds of gauze. Don Juan simply disappears.—This will be welcome news to the musical public, and we may reasonably expect to hear Mozart's immortal work given here in accordance with his original intention, and enjoy its manifold beauties uncurtailed.

WAGNER'S "TRISTAN."—The Imperial Opera in Vienna, after a half-year of rehearsals (57 in number) of Richard Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*, has finally concluded to give up the idea of its performance, the part of Isolde being beyond the powers of endurance of the principal artists. The next attempt is now being made at Prague. Very characteristic and true is the assertion made by Robert Schumann to a prominent author in Vienna, concerning Wagner's operas, ten years since: "Wagner is



no good musician; he lacks the idea of form and euphony. But you should not judge him from the Piano score. Many scenes from his operas, as heard from the stage, will not fail to impress you deeply. If not the clear sunlight, that genius emits, there is yet some mysterious spell to enchain our senses. But, as was said, the music apart from the representation is deficient, often too much of the *diletante* order, again mediocre and repulsive; and it is alas! a proof of perverted musical taste, when, with all the numerous dramatic masterworks that Germany has to show, preference should be so often given to "music of the Future."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The venerable, and highly esteemed DR. HODGES, for many years the distinguished organist of Trinity Church, New York, and director of the music of that parish, has within a short time resigned his position, and on Wednesday the 3d inst., he embarked in the steamship "Persia" for England.

For the past three years, Dr. Hodges has been compelled from feeble health to live in retirement, and relinquish all participation in the musical services of the church, and the position he once so much adorned, by his rare musical learning, skill and talent, as well as by his truly Christian character, has now passed into other hands; worthy we hope to fill that position in the church, which the talents and virtues of Dr. Hodges have in past years rendered so prominent and distinguished.

Inquiries having been made regarding the publication of certain portions of Dr. Hodges's compositions for the church, it may be well to state that the collection of psalm and hymn tunes, chants, Communion and Burial Services, as formerly used in Trinity Church, New York, including valuable additions by the Editor of the work, will be issued by Messrs. O. Ditson & Co., early in the ensuing autumn.

This collection of Church Music is earnestly recommended to the attention of all persons interested in the subject, and especially to those who desire a purer, and better style of music, than is usually found in our churches.

S. F. T.

ORGANS will probably become the leading musical subject hereabouts for the year to come, so much will the musical mind be turned in that direction by the opening of the Great Organ in the Boston Music Hall next Autumn. And this reminds us that we had designed ere this to call attention to a new Journal, of which we have seen several numbers, devoted chiefly to the discussion of questions relating to the duties and the art of Organists and Organ-builders. It is called *The Monthly Choir and Organ Journal*, published at 452 Broome St., New York, and is edited by Mr. JOHN ZUNDEL, the distinguished organist, who is highly qualified to diffuse wholesome light upon such subjects. We hope we are not heaping coals of fire on anybody's head!

By our reports of "Music Abroad" it will be seen that one of our Boston boys, the son of Mr. PETERSILEA, the well known music teacher, who went to Europe hardly a year ago to complete his musical studies at the Conservatorium, in Leipzig, has distinguished himself at the annual examination of that famous school. The standard there is high, and young Petersilea's piano playing is pronounced (by one of the critical journals) "the best of the evening," while all the rest are praised. This speaks well, not only for the pupil, but also for his only teacher, his father, from whose hands he so lately went to Leipzig.

It is said that Manager MARSHALL intends to give a series of grand PROMENADE CONCERTS at the Boston Theatre (Academy of Music) this Summer, under the conductorship of Mr. CARL ZERRAHN.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE from New York and Philadelphia must cease to be regular for the remainder of the Summer, for the reason that there is no music to speak of, and that correspondents are sensible enough to wish to rusticate a little. Would'n't we do so, if we could! We are sorry, however, not to have one more letter reviewing the Gluck's "Orpheus" experiment in New York. We are privately assured, though, by good judges, that the performance was a great failure, that the noble work was travestied, so that the common run of musical sensationists could not have been expected to find much in it, and therefore the less said the better.—But pray send at leisure, O thou of the musical signature, that *resumé raisonné* of the past musical season in New York, and "on 'over the hills and far away'" to heart's content, so you come back again when Music comes!

BOSTON MUSIC HALL ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of this Association was held in Chickering's Hall Wednesday at 3½ P.M., Dr. J. Baxter Upham in the chair. A more than ordinarily full attendance of stockholders was present. The report of the Treasurer, John Rogers, Esq., was read, showing the receipts for the past year to have been \$4983 92, and the expenses \$5973 60, being an excess of expenses over receipts of \$989 88.

This deficit, it was stated, was owing, in part, to the closing of the hall consequent upon the arrival of the great organ, and also to the absence during the past year, of all rents from fairs, which have heretofore added largely to the receipts. It was also stated, as an indisputable fact, that the number of concerts and musical entertainments of various kinds have decreased within the last few years.

The treasurer's report having been accepted and placed on file, the President being called upon gave a brief sketch of the Grand Organ enterprise from its first inception down to the present time—touching upon several interesting incidents and events in the history of its progress—and mentioning in detail some of its many points of surpassing beauty and excellence—showing the care and toil and patient study that has been bestowed during the last seven years upon this great work, on the part of all concerned, no pains nor expense being spared to make it what it is, the best, most perfect and comprehensive work of the kind in the world. It is indeed a marvel of art and skill, and will be prominent as a permanent object of attraction in our city.

It was stated that the setting up of the organ would be completed in October. Its cost will be fifty or sixty thousand dollars, and it is now some seven years since the work was first projected. It will be the combined result of the experience of all the noted builders of the world, and will amply repay the time and labor spent on it.

The Board of Directors for the ensuing year was chosen as follows:

J. B. Upham, R. E. Apthorp, E. D. Brigham, J. M. Fessenden, H. W. Pickering, Eben Dale, J. F. Putnam.

EMIL PRUDENT, the pianist, died recently in Paris.

The decease of the well known composer and arranger, Fred. Beyer, in Mainz, Germany, is announced.

Both are names dear to music publishers, both here and abroad, and very familiar to piano-forte teachers and pupils.

GRU'S ITALIAN OPERA company are still performing, with fair success, in Western cities. Brignoli is with them.—Mme. ANNA BISHOP is making a concert tour of the New England States.

WAGNER IN ZURICH. The many admirers of the eminent composer of "Music of the Future," Richard Wagner, are rejoicing at his recent brilliant successes in Russia. Many of his finest operas were written while a resident of Zurich, and his wonderful creation of "Tannhäuser" was first brought out at our city theatre, under his own direction, he supervising

the minutest details of stage arrangements, and overlooking each separate article of dress, even to the stockings of the chorus, which he imperatively demanded should in no instance be other than silk.—His dwelling-house was situated upon a charming hill on the western bank of Lake Zurich, on the very spot formerly occupied by a little summer house, where Lavater used to repair every Saturday afternoon to prepare his sermon for the succeeding day. It commands one of the finest and broadest views in the vicinity, including a whole half circle of Alps on the south.

IN A NUTSHELL. The following paragraph, which we find in the *Chorister and Musical Adviser*, a monthly paper published in New York, contains the whole art and science of the psalm-tune manufacturer.—Ringing the changes upon given numbers would seem to be his idea of musical creation. His trade is lucrative, and by a simple mathematical computation he assures himself and us that his stock in trade will not soon be exhausted. Hear:

An English mathematician has made a computation of the number of tunes that can possibly be made from the notes of only one octave. He finds that from the major-scale alone, when used only in one key, 40,320 different tunes may be constructed, without any repetition. Of course the same number can be made from the minor-scale; so that in the natural key alone there can be 80,640 different tunes. Singing six of these each Sabbath in the year, it would take nearly two hundred and sixty years to sing them. Now when we consider that there are twelve major and twelve minor keys, and that the rhythmical combinations are still greater than those arising from the notes, we can see that we cannot begin to know the endless variety yet to come. Go on, then, tune-makers. There is room enough for you all to spread yourselves. Be original, don't imitate one another so much. You can't possibly use up all the ground before the war is over.

Could not some cute Yankee invent a machine to do it?

CAMBRIDGEPORT. Wallace's Opera "Lurline" was sung here by a society of amateurs, under the direction of Mr. Jos. B. SHARLAND, on Monday evening, June 1st. Miss ADDIE S. RYAN sang the part of Lurline in a manner which gave pleasure to every listener; we have never heard her when she appeared to better advantage. The other soloists were apt in their parts, and some of them made quite an impression. The chorus numbered over forty voices, prompt and efficient in every respect.—The proceeds were given for the relief of the families of deceased volunteers from Cambridge. Great praise is due Mr. Sharland and the society for the admirable manner in which this work was given. We only remember of its being given once before in this country, although it may have been. We refer to its performance under direction of Mr. Geo. W. Morgan in New York.

[If we mistake not, it was given during the past Spring at South Boston, by another club of amateurs.—ED.]

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. The 128th Concert (London), on Monday night, passed off in a wonderfully cheerful manner. All the instrumental pieces were by Mendelssohn. The departure of M. Viouxtemps, the absence of Herr Joachim, and the impracticability (not his own fault) of M. Sainton, made the question of a first fiddle one of some difficulty. Mr. Arthur Chapell, however (as is his wont), speedily solved it; and the hitherto unknown name of Herr Japha was announced. That Herr Japha is a practised artist, was soon made apparent in the quartet, Op. 12 (E flat), with which the concert opened brilliantly. The quaint *canzonetta* (G minor), which occupies the place of *scherzo*, was unanimously encored, and the new violinist's position thus at once established. The other players in the quartet were M. L. Ries, H. Webb and Piatti. Her Japha subsequently joined M. Hallé and Signor Piatti in the second trio (C minor), with which the concert ended as brilliantly as it had begun, and M. Hallé (in excellent play) selected the well known *Andante* and *Rondo capriccioso* (E minor) for solo, and being encored, substituted two of the *Lieder ohne Worte*; he also joined Signor Piatti in the charming *Tema con variazioni* (D), which has on several occasions delighted the patrons of those concerts, but never more completely so than now.



"FASHIONABLE"—yes, that's the word. In musical criticism it is sometimes exceedingly difficult to adapt one's style to one's subject; but here is an instance, taken from the New York Sunday Times, where happily the right vein is hit, and the prominent characteristics of a phenomenon are seized and held up in their true light. To be sure, it wanders a little from the main point in the second paragraph, talking about a charm that is "artistic," "spirituelle," and all that, but it returns to the keynote and ends in it, as a true composition should.

The Gottschalk concerts are very fashionable, there is no doubt of that. They are put down in the list with opera, with shopping, with dropping in at Mrs. B——'s reception, and other things that must be done, and bring out more of the stylish girls, who are the adoration of the clerks of the establishment they patronize, than any other public entertainment that New York city can boast. Not that the young ladies are "all in love with Gottschalk," as vulgar newspaper writers sometimes say; on the contrary, they are not at all in love with him, or, at any rate, not in the sort of way that need cause the slightest uneasiness to father, mother, or even accepted lover.

The charm which attaches to the great pianist is artistic, the interest he inspires, tender, but *spirituelle*, not at all of the hearty, material kind which healthy girls take in the gentlemen of whom they intend to make lovers and husbands. Gottschalk, in public, has the air of being either indifferent or absorbed—indifferent to others, absorbed, perhaps, in his art or in himself, and this does not suit our haughty belles, who require homage in return for their devotion.

Nevertheless, the Gottschalk concerts are fashionable; they are patronized by nearly all married ladies of distinction and recognized position, and, as a matter of course, by the light brigade, in buff and lavender kids, who are always found fluttering in the vicinity of persons who give large entertainments and have handsome daughters.

The proper dress, on these occasions, is remarkably elegant and tasteful. It is not so gay, or so nearly like evening full-dress toilette, as that allowed for the opera, it not being considered in good taste to dress in such a way as to distract attention from the artist and from the performances. But the most charming bonnets of white *crêpe*, or puffed *tulle*, are worn, lightly trimmed and slightly depressed on the top, accompanied by small velvet basquines, or scarfs, lined with white taffetas, with dress of the pale drab, grey, or lilac silk, ornamented with full narrow ruches of the same material &c., &c.

This, then, it seems, is what is meant by an artistic success!

**PITY PATTI.** A New York weekly tells a story, which is going the round of the newspapers, in its own pretty style, as follows:

Yes, pity Patti—the charming Adelina, we mean,—for if her own story is correct, she is very much to be pitied. According to the Paris correspondent of the *Courier des Etats Unis*, she has been crossed in love and fearfully depleted in pocket. The pecuniary loss she doesn't mind, but the heart affair cuts deeper. It seems she has addressed a letter to the press, over the water, in which she intimates that the Pater Patti, her sire, and her brother-in-law, M. Strakosch, have used her vilely—in fact, choused her out of one hundred thousand dollars and a husband. All her earnings, it appears, have passed into their hands—and remained there. Not a fig does pretty Patti care for the money. She can make more, by discounting the notes of which her dainty throat is full. But to be prevented from getting married is a more serious affair. She was wooed and won, we are told, by a rich and honorable Spanish don. He implored Patti's pity and Patti pitied him. She asked her papa about it, and he replied that if the don's paternal derivative said "ay," he said ditto. The senior don did say "ay," and there seemed to be no "just cause or impediment," &c., &c. But at this point the elder Patti turned ogreish, forbade the banns, and refused to let the sweet songbird bill and coo with her intended mate. Then forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and she told her sad story to the public through the newspapers. And won't the public sympathize with its favorite? Rather! Miss Patti lacks some six months or so of twenty-one, and she wishes to be taken in charge by the English Court of Chancery until she obtains her majority. If the said Court of Chancery has a spark of gallantry about it, it will comply with her request.

**TERESA CARRERO** was to leave Havana on her return to New York, on the 30th June. She has won a most splendid success there, receiving, besides other flattering testimonials, under her sweet pet name of "Teresita," membership in the Havana Lyceum, which many able artists have striven after in vain for half a lifetime.

**SCHUMANN-OPHOBIA** still rages in England. The critic of the *Athenaeum*, in a recent number, utters himself in this wise about the composer of the "Peri" and the "Manfred" music, the noble symphonies, &c.

We cannot, for the sake of a few songs (which make a sort of oasis, overvalued by reason of the barrenness of the desert which they diversify), and a few juvenile pieces for the pianoforte, disdained by their writer as obvious and trivial, consent to "enter on the list" of great composers a man so deficient in melody, so licentious to impurity in harmony, so imperfect in technical skill, and so frequently false in expression, as Schumann. It is a treason to beauty, to truth, to knowledge, to represent him (as Germany is now disposed to do) in the light of Beethoven's continuer—as the man in the depths of whose poetic genius the shallow and correct works of Mendelssohn are being rapidly swept out of sight to their right level, as so many mediocrities.

This dreary platitudinal utter want of freshness if not feeling—have, nevertheless, a great advantage for the person who can induce his audiences to consider him as profound. The public comes to prize the plainest of chords, the most obvious of contrivances, the most paltry bar of stale melody, by contrast, as so many revelations.

**PHILADELPHIA.**—The sixth and last classical soirée of Mr. CARL WOLFSOHN took place May 28, with the following programme, which certainly is out of the beaten track, though all the names are classical:

Part I. Sonata (C major, op. 24). C. M. Von Weber. Played by Mr. Wolfsohn.

Part II. 1. *Fantasia-Stücke* (for Clarinet and Piano). Schumann. Messrs. Stoll and Wolfsohn.

2. Sonata in F major (Horn and Piano). Beethoven. Messrs. Birgfeld and Wolfsohn.

Part III. Sestetto (Piano and wind instruments). Onslow. Messrs. Koch, Stoll, Birgfeld, Müller and Wolfsohn.

The musical season proper is winding up with one or two remaining Public Rehearsals of the Germania Orchestra. This was the last programme:

1—Overture; Fra Diavolo. Auber  
2—Serenade. Schubert  
3—Waltz: The Troubadours. Lanner  
4—Andante of Jupiter Symphony. Mozart  
5—Overture; Prometheus (by request). Weber  
6—Cavatina; Prophecy. Meyerbeer  
7—First Finale: Martha. Flotow

During the summer months the "city of brotherly love," when it wants musical refreshment, will betake itself occasionally to Fairmount park, where Bandmaster Birgfeld, having made up a large subscription for the purpose, will give a number of open air concerts.

The Lutheran and Missionary says:

We claim that at the present time, Philadelphia is not unmusical. But one thing is very certain, that its taste is better developed in every other department of the art than in Church music. The popular funeral march for a military band is Chopin's. Very good so far. At the Saturday afternoon popular Rehearsals, where the programme is miscellaneous, selections from Beethoven or Mozart are uniformly insisted upon. Still very good. Beethoven's *Fiddio* packed the Academy,—the fullest and most enthusiastic audience known for many years. Also very good. But in church, at least in the Protestant churches, woe be to the man who hopes to find much music appropriate to the place. Snatches of operas, incoherent fantasias, finger exercises, startling combinations of the stops, see-saw on the swell pedal, these things are actually popular in many of the first churches. The idea of a style of music peculiar to the place, different from other music, is generally ignored. Such churchly playing as that of Mr. Zundel of Brooklyn, or Mr. Paine of Boston, would be generally insufferable.

MR. C. JEROME HOPKINS lately gave a "piano forte and vocal concert in aid of a fund for supporting a Brooklyn Free Chorister School," and has issued a brief treatise addressed to the intelligent citizens of Brooklyn entitled "Free Musical Instruction for the Poor." At the concert Mrs. Jenny Kempton, Mr. Reis, Mr. Brannlich, Mr. Rudiger and Mr. E. Mollenhauer assisted. The programme was "eminently Hopkinsonian."

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Logger's Song. Song and Chorus. S. Clarke. 25  
A spirited piece, interesting to all who love a forest life.

Early Flowers. Chorus (3 female voices) and solo. J. Concone. 35

The Procession. Chorus and solo (3 female voices). J. Concone. 35

Two excellent trios, by the celebrated composer and teacher. Send for them immediately, all teachers in female seminaries, for they are just what you need.

Kiss me once more, Mother; or, The Shadowless Shore. Ballad. Words and music by H. S. Thompson. 30

Another sweet ballad, by the author of "Lilly Dale" and "Anna Lale." Simple, and full of melody.

He who bears the prison keys. From the "Armourer of Nantes." Balfe. 25

A serio-comic song, by Pascal the Jailer, introducing, as a strange feature, the jingling of the prison keys: "Jingle, jangle, clink, clank, clank!"

Not till Time his glass shall shiver. From the "Armourer of Nantes." Balfe. 25

The songs of this new opera seem to have a more easy flow of melody than those in the Bohemian Girl, and will, perhaps, be considered improvements on those.

Morn is the time for me. E. L. Hime. 25

Peggy Dean. From "Patchwork." H. Paul. 25

#### Instrumental Music.

Victoire! Galop Militaire. J. Ascher. 50

In these days of battles, and, we hope, of victories, this style of music is appropriate. Bold, spirited and well put together. A fine show piece for seminary exhibitions. Of medium difficulty.

Ah! Che a voi perdoni. Quartett and Finale from "Martha." Operatic tit-bit. C. Grobe. 40

To write the name of Grobe, describes his pieces; well adapted for instruction; easy to the hands.

Cavalry Quick Step. Dedicated to Gen. Stoneman. S. Glover. 35

Easy and pretty.

Children's Toys. Twelve easy, melodious and instructive pieces for piano. A. Baumbach. Each, 15

Twelve little pieces for beginners. Good pieces for young learners are not yet numerous. It is a favor to teachers that so musical and tasteful a composer as Mr. B. should turn his attention to writing this kind of music. Two pieces are out this week, namely: No. 1. Harmonica. No. 2. Jew's Harp.

#### Books.

WINNER'S PERFECT GUIDES FOR THE FIFTH, FLAGEOLET, FLUTE, GUITAR, ACCORDION AND VIOLIN. Each, 50

One would think, from the general appearance of keyed instruments in houses, and the preponderance of music for them in stores, that no one played anything now-a-days, but pianos and melodeons. But there are multitudes who practice upon the smaller instruments. For such, Winner's guides are very extensively used, and are thought to be among the best of cheap instruction books.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 580.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1863.

VOL. XXIII. No. 7.

Translated for this Journal.

Hector Berlioz.

From *Fliegende Blätter für Musik*.

(Concluded from page 42).

Let us now examine a fragment of one of his Overtures, which is profound, scientific and beautiful, in order to see if the opinions of R. Wagner were too severe upon him. I select the Adagio of the *Frances Juges* Overture; it was written to an opera, but also belongs to programme-music.

The Overture contains the chief incidents of the opera, and is not without merit, as representing the imagined feelings of the *dramatis personæ*. One must regard them, as the composer has portrayed them: with the assistance of the title, the "*Frances Juges*," endeavoring to find out, by the music, what the composer has so skilfully expressed.

The defendant is led with bandaged eyes before the judges, who in a gloomy place, at midnight, pronounce their terrible sentences, and execute immediately the criminal, in case of his proven guilt. In extreme anguish he stands there scarcely daring to breathe.

*Adagio Sostenuto.*



This first period of six bars, considered scientifically, contains two phrases of three bars each. The second repeats the first phrase, one degree higher, a manner of construction of the simplest, clearest, most comprehensible style. There are no difficult successions or unpleasant modulations therein.

2nd Period. 13 bars.



The bandage is removed from the eyes of the prisoner, and horror seizes him at the dismal preparations before him; he trembles, and believes himself to be utterly lost. The end of this period from the (7th to the 13th bar) portrays

his emotion at his unhappy situation; a psychological passage, the truth of which no one can judge, who has not observed a culprit before a tribunal, or placed himself in a like position.

In a technical point of view, the first six bars of this period, are elaborated from the first phrase of the first period. There, the theme was carried by the upper parts, here it is in the bass. It is throughout like it in rhythm, though the progression of the tonic is somewhat altered and it disappears in the sixth bar.

The seventh bar brings in a new subject, which in the next (eighth bar) continues, and which furnishes another idea, that in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh bars, which keep on in imitation. In the eleventh bar another theme is added to the former, which continues to the end of the period. There appear, then, in this period, thematic subjects obtained from the first period, and later new ones, employed precisely in the same manner as by other masters. And as such long periods are capable of being divided into several parts, so the foregoing may be separated into two smaller ones, viz., a seven-barred period, (from the first to the seventh, where a resolution into F minor, takes place) and a six-barred one, going from the eighth to the thirteenth bar.

Both the before-mentioned periods, together, from the first group of pictures. They resemble each other in their hidden meanings, and the imagination is engrossed with the situation of the criminal, and the nature of the emotions aroused by it.

Another incident now takes place: amongst the isolated entreaties and prayers for mercy from the prisoner, continually interrupted by the thundering "No!" of the chorus—the terrible accusation of the judge is heard, until, affrighted and exhausted by his fruitless attempts, he at last resigns himself to his fate, and succumbs. These are the chief points of the Adagio, as intimated by the title, and could not be treated effectively in any other way. Could any listener maintain that there is no resemblance between the music and the incidents therein depicted? Does not the effect answer the complete idea of the composer?

This can be demonstrated by the second group.

The third period, of eight bars, hardly needs comment.



It is formed of three distinct subjects, which are seen in the first, third, and fourth bars. The second phrase is a repetition of the first, in another key. A simpler, clearer melody cannot be constructed. The modulations are

plain, but the instrumentation extremely effective in the powerful unison of the brass instruments.

The fourth period is similar, but the same themes are more difficult to recognize. Those dissimilar to each other, are found in the first, fourth, sixth, eighth, and ninth bars. The first is repeated in the second bar, but not easily recognized, from the *legato*, and contrary motion. The theme in the third bar continues the second subject originating in the former bars.

The subject in the fifth is a repetition of the fourth bar, with the exception of the last crotchet. That in the seventh is rhythmically like the first, but in regard to tone, more fully treated. One must have an expert glance, and a still more experienced ear, in order to comprehend the relation of these several subjects to each other, and to estimate the freer, and therefore more intricate construction of these periods individually considered.

The subject is completely finished in the following fifth period, where it may be seen that all the former ones are repeated. All masters introduce into their works direct repetitions, following each other through whole periods, especially when the model has a somewhat complicated structure, because they maintain that these modes of construction form an excellent method, absolutely indispensable to the coining of melody, and musical ideas. But our fifth period contains a new attraction, by the entrance of another accompaniment—the imitating octave figure in the different parts, which was obtained by analyzing the subject of the sixth bar of the preceding period.

The sixth period is woven throughout from the ninth bar of the fourth period. Also the slight resemblance in the sixth and seventh bars is not to be mistaken, when one glances at the foregoing fifth bar, where the *fortissimo* suddenly divides the second part of the theme.

At last, in the seventh period, appear, with the exception of the seventh bar, still earlier, existing subjects, and portions of themes. The first part of the subject in the first bar is a repetition of the second idea, which was heard in the ninth bar of the fourth period, for the first time. The second part of the theme is similar in rhythm, but changing its position. The second bar continues this. In the third, fourth and fifth bars, the first theme, of the first period, again emerges; the seventh bar shows the second phrase of the first period, without the first minim, and in contrary motion.

The first observation which the reader now makes to himself, probably, is, that in this little Adagio, which contains only seven periods, more subject matter is used, than lies at the elementary basis of the whole finale of Haydn's Symphony [which one? №.] of thirty-six periods. While this great model, strictly considered, is woven from only six different ideas; in this little Adagio of Berlioz there enter at least twelve new ones, dif-

fering from each other; and while in that finale, throughout, all the periods are formed from the first two subjects, there appear in this Adagio three periods containing entirely new subject matter. This observation is just. But although the finale in Haydn's Symphony may be an example of the strictest melodic treatment, the later masters, (and Haydn himself in many of his works) allowed freer ways of treatment; and I must here limit myself to the assurance that there are introductions to overtures, and symphonies of good masters, which are still more freely treated than the one in question, without therefore wishing to deny that they possess a good technical construction. I have here, unfortunately, given only one selected example, and could not show the beautiful instrumentation of the ideas; but the foregoing facts, it is to be hoped, will not contradict the subsequent statements.

This Adagio, for instance, does not violate any scientifically constructed rule, whether in regard to melody, rhythm, modulation or instrumentation; but it is, on the contrary, throughout, correct and clearly defined.

Within this legitimate barrier all are new ideas, and, in regard to their objective expression, are of a plastic skill, and fidelity, which can seldom be found clearer, or more effective in the best compositions of the great masters.

Berlioz proves himself also, in this his *first* little music sketch, to be, not merely an artist endowed with a great invention, and creative skill, but also one who preserves the essential laws of his art, has them completely under his control, and is a pleasing, rational, and truly great musician.

Were it possible, in the present space, to analyze the Allegro of the Overture, with all other compositions by him, just so intimately, it would be shown that he has accomplished no more than in the before mentioned Adagio.

Now, whence come the numerous opponents of this composer? whence the constant ignoring of his works in German concert rooms? One reason is, few search for themselves, but echo the sentiments of others. Among a hundred who fearlessly give their verdict against Berlioz, ninety-nine have never heard one of his compositions; still fewer have read one of his scores, but are familiar with newspaper opinions of him, which they take without proof, as correct, and spread abroad.

A second cause is the following. They concede that Berlioz continues Beethoven, but only in an exaggerated fashion. Beethoven may have also continued Mozart, but how differently! There is somewhat of truth in this observation, but also some injustice towards Berlioz. Beethoven in the commencement did not continue Mozart, but imitated him very faithfully. His first periods are all in Mozart's graceful style, first in the Trios, then in his first and second Symphonies, which were welcomed as unmistakably legitimate offspring of his own model.

Those first compositions were not uncommonly original or progressive. Berlioz, on the contrary, does not make his first appearance as a recognizable imitator of Beethoven, although his chosen subjects are earnest, gloomy, passionate, and like the ninth symphony in their purely, instrumental parts. He, however, out-did his predecessor in instrumentation; he made use of entirely new,

and hitherto unknown means of expression, (while Beethoven's manner of instrumentation closely resembles Mozart's) and appears to differ from Beethoven, as the latter does from Mozart. Had Beethoven first appeared before the public in his *Eroica* Symphony, his position, compared with Mozart, would have been the same as that of Berlioz to Beethoven, and the same would have happened to him, as now to Berlioz; for as he stepped forth, self-reliant in his own character, what opposition would have been raised against him! how the critics would have censured him, the orchestra resisted, and the public opposed him!

The directors, besides, who will not study his scores, are opposed to Berlioz; and the orchestra, who wish to avoid the multiplied and constant rehearsals, which the proper performance of his works requires.

Another opposing obstacle may be found in the notion of many critics, that the analyzing of musical works is prejudicial to the enjoyment of them, and especially can only be an accurate estimate of individual works, and not of the whole of them. But this kind of analysis is actually that, which, the proper understanding of higher musical works imposes on the public, and this means alone can win for them a better opinion. It is owing to this analyzation that progress in clearness of expression is aimed at, that is, that the young artist is incited to really say *something*, and, not as often happens, to write merely notes, without any definite object.

Finally, it must be acknowledged by every creative talent, that if an entire work is to possess any signification, it must preserve its individuality. To defend this point, and by similar treatment to make important works still more impressive, I should allow myself to be perplexed by no contradiction; and I have the firm conviction, that this progress in criticism will by and by remove all those æstheticists, who deal in mere assertions, which can not be proved. It cannot be disputed that Berlioz is considered, at this time, a mighty phenomenon in the musical world. At the time in which the French composers all more or less sacrificed to the new Italian style, Berlioz stepped forward, unexpectedly, as the only exponent of the German spirit, and clings immovably fast to his principles, notwithstanding the hostile forces opposed to him. Shall the German concert rooms forever be closed to an artist, who ardently venerates the German masters, and ever points to them as the highest models of genuine music—and the little Weimar remain the only German city where his genial creations are known and valued?

In France, Berlioz's Opera, "*Benvenuto Cellini*," was thrown aside with contempt. That was natural. The then prevailing taste, for a music which tickled the ears of the majority, was not adapted to a music which it considered severe in expression, in which grief appears clad in mourning garments, and not in ball costume.

Liszt, who always acknowledges merit wherever he finds it, has already produced this opera on the stage in Weimar, without any especial success the first time. But Liszt is not the one to allow himself to be defeated by a single failure. He sent for Berlioz to go to Weimar, and undertake a few abridgements in the opera. It was repeated, and the effect it produced may be learned from the published statements of the

English, who were present at the representation. A still greater, and more enthusiastic reception, fell to the lot of "*Romeo and Juliet*," and the fragments of "*Faust's* descent into Hell," when heard by the public.

What Liszt, in that little city of Weimar, strove after, and obtained, should not be an insoluble problem for many larger German cities and residences, which have ampler means at command, and boast of higher feeling, and taste for music; and if Berlioz has excelled in nothing but was anticipated by the great masters before him, no one since has attained such proficiency in instrumental combinations. Therefore, it becomes the duty of all Germans, who ardently desire progress, not to neglect or slight the genius which strives, most zealously, to satisfy the German demands; and which, undoubtedly, has most of all sufficed there-to, in modern times.\*

V. A. H.

\* V. A. H. The following letter was written by Paganini to Berlioz, after a representation of "*Romeo and Juliet*."  
 "My Dear Friend:—Since Beethoven is dead, it is only Berlioz who can make him live again, and I who have enjoyed the divine compositions, so worthy of your genius, beg you to accept, as a proof of my esteem, twenty thousand francs, which on presentation of the enclosed, will be handed to you by the Signor Baron de Rothschild. Believe me ever your sincere friend,  
 NICOLÒ PAGANINI."  
 Paris, 18 December, 1838.

#### Mendelssohn and Schumann.\*

Justly was the world of music dazzled when Mendelssohn appeared. After his mode of treating art—a mode at first received with astonishment—had become a power, the attribute, as a rule, of genius alone, the following question forced itself upon every thinking man: Could the gift of musical creation exist in any one after Mozart and Beethoven? Had it really sprung up in Mendelssohn? What novelty was music capable of producing after Mozart and Beethoven? By what paths could it attain to new artistic forms and modes of expression, without doing violence to nature; without overstepping the rules of art and the limits of moderation; without degenerating into artificiality and extravagance? These questions were presented still more emphatically to men's minds when Schumann, with scarcely lower pretensions than Mendelssohn himself, appealed to public notice. As music had attained perfection before the two masters in question, it followed, from the nature of things, that they could not so much surprise us by means of creative forms of art, like their great predecessors, as to obtain a prominent position by the power of their individuality, and the peculiar intellectual stamp impressed upon their works. Mendelssohn is the greater artist, exercising complete mastery over form, his ideas being accompanied by shape during the process of their production, and organically developed within it a sharply marked individuality. He moves with calm certainty in a sphere of lyrical sentiment, which enables him to express his inmost feelings, and whenever he gives scope to his own peculiar frame of mind, inward and truthful accents greet us in appropriate form. This is true of songs, with or without words; of the sonnet; \* and of instrumental compositions in many parts, whether they are trios, quartets, octets, or symphonies. The fundamental tone of Mendelssohn's being is a yearning after the moral Ideal, after the reconciliation of the human with the divine element by means of the Beautiful. Being, as a perfect artist, joyfully conscious of possessing the ideal, in which the moral element is mirrored, he could give utterance to his yearning only in mild lament, and, consequently, the passion of a broken spirit, struggling through the obscurity of life for light, is never apparent in his works.

It is also the yearning after the moral Ideal which imparts to Mendelssohn's works that stamp of nobility and elevation which moves us so beneficially, not alone in those of his creations, in which he directs his glance upwards, but likewise in those which move in the sphere of earthly joy. Whenever Mendelssohn rises with his thoughts and feelings into the regions of faith, in his grand oratorios and psalms, Handel, Bach, and those old Italian sacred composers who had already granted admittance in their compositions to the more lively dramatic accent, were his models. In consequence of a weaker power of faith, and,

\* Translated from the London *Musical World* from the Vienna *Revue* by J. V. Bridgeman.  
 \* Is not Sonata meant here?—Ed.

consequently, strengthened yearning, the expression of his religious feelings was necessarily more elegiacal than that in similar works by the old composers above mentioned, and the more energetic character of which has its root in a firmer consciousness.

With him form, while offering nothing essentially new, is distinguished by a finer finish, by more carefully calculated execution, the smoothness of which, compared with the genial primitiveness in the works of Bach and Handel, strikes us as somewhat fashionably elegant, and weakens the power of objective representation.

The great perfection of form in Mendelssohn's works will always compensate the connoisseur, by the highly æsthetical satisfaction it produces, for the slight touch of monotony which his fundamental tone of mind imparts to them, while his aristocratic manner, which is that of education and not of thought, can never repel or offend, but, at most, only be sometimes rather unwelcome to any one attached to fresh natural sentiment.

That Mendelssohn's sharply marked subjectivity, directly it set about portraying any circumstance of life connected with, or prescribed by, language, could successfully apply itself only to objects intimately allied to itself, is a fact which follows as a matter of course. In the oratorio, and in the musical illustrations of the tragedies of Sophocles, the general mode of expression, striking with vigor and truth, and faithfully conducted through its wanderings the fundamental feeling of the soul, was sufficient; neither the portrayal of the sentiments and passions of the masses in the choruses, nor the solo songs in his oratorios, demand a more marked individualization, while the personages taken from the ancient world can never possess for us more than typical and not living individual life. But on all other occasions that Mendelssohn stepped out of the strictly subjective sphere, it was the world of fairy romanticism which tempted him. It was the impulse of his genius which directed his course to these paths, in which he was destined to celebrate his greatest triumphs. It is in the music to Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; in the fragment of *Lorelei*; in his overtures to the *Schöne Melusine*, *Fingalhöhle*, and *Ruy Blas*; and in parts of his *Walpurgisnacht*, that his genius is exhibited in the most original, boldest, and most charming light. When he sank into this life of romantic nature he was really at home; for it was only by such a poetizing of nature that his constant and decided tendency for the Ideal could feel itself raised above the harassing conflicts of the every-day world.

What lover of music has not revelled in these tones; has not felt himself raised and lowered on this phantastic ladder in intoxicating sweet delight; loosed from the burden of earth, pressed forwards with the joy of a bird; borne over fearful abysses, along the deep night of the wood, upon the silver threads of the moonlight to the ruddy morn; on the golden disk of the sun to the splendor of evening; intertwined with the thousandfold life of nature, till he is one and the same with it, surrounded by elves and gnomes, and striving to attain eternity in his chequered dreams! On this ground Mendelssohn stands alone in his own manner; here his pinions expand freely and easily; his elegiacally melancholy fundamental feeling is not heard in this varied empire of tone, where Fancy, as the sole sovereign, builds herself a motley house, in which spirits merrily flatter up and down.

Schumann was already intimately acquainted with the poetical literature of Germany, especially with Jean Paul and Hoffmann, when his impulse towards musical creation first burst forth. That the high mental tendency of the former, and the fantastic productions of the latter author, should, under these circumstances, not be without influence upon the musical nature of Schumann, who had not then ripened into perfect independence, was to be expected. This will explain why the first works of the composer, too soon impelled to develop himself by the rich stores collected in his mind and soul, on the one hand most sharply stamp his mental peculiarity, while, on the other, they satisfy us least in artistic shape. But a man of so morally serious a nature, aiming at the highest ends, could not remain in the paths of hurried exaggeration, whither a too powerful impulse was leading him; his acquaintance with the high models of the departed masters, as well as his personal acquaintance with Mendelssohn, speedily caused him to recognize the more severe claims of art, and, in the works of his second period, we already behold the blessed influence of his acquaintanceship and of conscientious study. That marked originality of form and of purely musical, that is to say, melodic expression, must not be expected in Schumann, any more than in Mendelssohn, is, after what we have said, evident. In those of his compositions which are alone able to afford us

artistic satisfaction, whether they are sonnets [sonnets?], quartets or symphonies, it is impossible not to perceive the influence exerted by his great predecessors.

The entire course pursued by the art-development of Schumann and of Mendelssohn, springing, as it did, immediately from the mental development of the masters, reminds us of the Epigonian age, in which really new creative forms do not usually arise.

How very differently did Handel, Haydn and Mozart begin; how their first works sprang from a creative impulse of which these masters were unconscious! Still quite dependent, they cling humbly to great models; they knew nothing of any tendency to intellectual significance, and, consequently, bear the stamp of childlike ingenuity, and are only the first messengers of the genial impulse to play and develop themselves. It would have been incomprehensible had a man of so peculiar a mind as that of Schumann not discovered in the inexhaustible store of forms of expression belonging to his pliant art, many new traits and turns in rhythm, harmony or modulation, in which the most hidden feelings of his soul could be uttered clearly and fully; but these touches of originality are by no means of pre-eminent importance, and, while they sometimes served him to achieve great effects, are, not unfrequently, to blame for a disagreeable strangeness and monotony of expression.

The inmost personal feature of Schumann's being, however, is enthusiasm, and this is what lends him, when we have rendered ourselves thoroughly acquainted with his peculiar manner, that power over the mind which in recent times has among the Germans cast even Mendelssohn into the background. A perfect devotion to the life and the idea to be portrayed, to nature and to mind, distinguish the works of Schumann's best period; the vigorously living pulsation in his pieces dedicated to the joy of existence; the warm and profound feeling manifested in his laments and his yearning after love; and the glowing language of his spiritual struggle afford testimony of this. Even in those instances where his art proved powerless, or was not sufficiently strong to complete its flight to the high goal it had set itself, we are carried away by this touching trait of enthusiasm. There will, perhaps, never be another artist whose compositions will vary so much in artistic value and intellectual purport, and who, side by side with so many works which display the hand of the thorough master, and which exhibit so much intellect, will write so many that are incomplete, obscure and purposeless. This is explicable, certainly, by the irritation of Schumann's temperament, which, increased by an over-tension of his mental impulse to creation, laid the foundations of that terrible fate under which this magnificent composer succumbed at an early age. We must turn away from the works of his last period, works which already bore evidences of the obscurity which was afterwards to fall upon his mind and spirit, if we would honor his art—that art, namely, which can be considered a product, as all art must be, of his own exertion.

In the period of his full artistic power and free productivity, we meet, therefore, also with works marked by really vivifying and powerfully exciting beauty. To this period belong his delicious songs, mostly reflecting in a wonderful manner the sense and spirit of the poem, and always flowing from a profoundly moved heart; the cantata, *Paradies und Peri*; the four symphonies in B flat major, D minor, C major, and E flat major, of which that in D minor is distinguished for artistic beauty, and that in C major for intellectual significance; then an orchestral composition, consisting of three movements, charming by its rhythm, and fresh, humorous spirit; the overtures to *Die Braut von Messina*, and *Manfred*; the opera of *Genoveva*, and a host of interesting, and sometimes charming specimens of chamber-music; a pianoforte quintet, and quartet, two pianoforte trios, studies and sketches for the pedal grand, pieces for four hands, variations for two pianofortes, pianoforte pieces for two hands, the *Album for Youth*, etc.

Like Mendelssohn, Schumann was a man of strongly subjective nature, and, therefore, his creative power, whenever applied to the portrayal of things beyond the limits of his own inward individuality, always sought the sphere of romanticism, as affording more than sought else free play to the fancy. The extraordinary creative impulse within his breast, an impulse which urged him on to find in musical utterance a vent for every feeling, to fashion musically every thought which struck him, either from the inward or the outward world—so that for him, as for Rückert, every emotion of life became a poem—was by no means in keeping with his art capabilities, which did not command such stores of independent originality as had in readiness for every utterance of

the mind, and for every emotion of the soul, an æsthetical expression equal to the importance and force of the intention to be conveyed. His genial calm and freedom suffered also, not unfrequently, from the pressure of his irritable temperament, and many of his most beautiful intellectual inspirations are artistically unsatisfactory. This artistic incompleteness, through which, in many of his compositions, the first qualities requisite in every work of art, namely, clearness and equality, appear to suffer, as well as the diminution of musical charm, properly so called, resulting from overpowering pretensions to intellectual profundity, and an entering into broadly developed frames of mind, is most certainly the principal cause why Schumann has, up to the present time, found but little favor any where save in Germany; not even among the English, allied to us by descent, and partial as they are to German art.

We must not judge Schumann simply by isolated specimens; we must make ourselves acquainted with the whole man; we must render ourselves intimate with his artistic and mental peculiarities, and hear his best works performed in a manner which does justice to the many new, free and profound traits in them, if we would appreciate and enjoy the rich beauty which this master, whenever he was not led astray in the unfettered exercise of his talent, has displayed in his productions, and we shall then be astonished at finding what fresh, foaming life, rich in joke and pleasing wantonness, gleams forth from them in combination with the most ardent language of the soul, and the most dazzling intellectual brilliancy.

† "Vornehm."

### The "Pity-Patti" Story.

The rumored appeal of Miss ADELINA PATTI to the English Court of Chancery, for protection against her own father and brother-in-law, turns out to have been a piece of unwarrantable interference in her affairs, which she entirely disowns. The following is an extract from her Affidavit, sworn in the cause in chancery "between Adelina Maria Johanna Clorinda Patti, an Infant under the age of Twenty-one years, by James William Macdonald, her next friend, Plaintiff, and Salvatori Patti and Maurice, Strackosch, Defendants."

I, ADELE JUANA MARIA PATTI, in the Bill filed in this Cause, wrongly called Adelina Maria Johanna Clorinda Patti, at present residing at Number 22 High Street, Clapham, in the County of Surrey, the person above named as the Plaintiff in this Suit make oath and say as follows,—

I have had read to me carefully the Bill of Complaint and the Affidavit of Henri de Lossy, Baron de Ville, Hester Day and Sarah Eliza Elliott filed in support of it, and I say, that, although my name is used as the Plaintiff in this Suit it has been done entirely without my sanction, and even without my knowledge.

Until I read the name of James William Macdonald, of Number 15 Howard Street Strand, who styles himself my next friend, I never heard of such a person, nor did I ever, to my knowledge, see him, nor did I ever communicate with him in any way.

The said Defendant, Maurice Strackosch, is the husband of my elder sister, to whom he has been married many years, and he has been my professional instructor from the earliest period. There is not one word of truth in any of the allegations against him or against my said father, in any of the Affidavits filed in this Cause. I wholly deny that I am, or ever was, treated with cruelty by them, or either of them, or that my liberty is or ever was controlled, or that I am or ever was kept short of money, or that my jewellery or any part of it has been or is appropriated by them or either of them. On the contrary I have and always have had whatever money I require, and all my jewellery has always been and is under my own control, and I could convert the whole of it into money at once if I were so disposed.

It is, however true, that the Defendant, my father, takes care of the bulk of my earnings as an Operatic Singer for me, and I say that I have the most entire confidence in and the greatest love and affection for my dear father, and also for the Defendant the said Maurice Strackosch, both of whom have always treated me with the most affectionate kindness.

And I say that I am quite satisfied with any and every arrangement which my father sees fit to make on my behalf, and I do not desire to have any other care or guardianship but his.

I say that ever since the marriage of the Defendant Maurice Strackosch with my sister, I and my father have lived together with the said Maurice Strackosch,



and my said sister and we have always lived most happily and affectionately together.

A very large number of letters, sometimes to the amount of thirty and upwards, are daily sent to me, and as most of such letters relate to business matters I requested my said brother-in-law to open all my letters and to consult with my father and answer for me all my business letters, and to hand over to me any private letter, and this course has for several years been pursued with regard to my letters, and I am and always was perfectly satisfied therewith, and desire that the same may continue.

A. J. M. PATTI.

Sworn this 11th day of May, 1853.

To this affidavit the young Baron de Ville, to whom the young lady was reputed to be engaged, replies through the London papers in the following note:

"To the Editor of the Daily Telegraph:—

"Sir—It has long since become a matter of public record that the object of the proceedings in the Court of Chancery was never explained to Miss Adelina Patti by those who would have acted in her interest; but that, on the contrary, they did it who at the same time were living upon her earnings, and whose fees are paid for out of them—under whose influence she was living. Every one who knows me will pity Miss Patti, when she could be induced to swear that she did not believe that I entertained honorable intentions to her. Whether she was so prevailed upon, or whether she did this of her own free will, I was at once determined to give up all thoughts of a person who would break off an engagement in this libellous and perfidious manner. I beg, therefore, that you will give it the utmost publicity that there is not the remotest probability of my marrying Miss Patti, and some day it may be an impossibility.

"The affection at one time was sincere; but Strackosch and S. Patti, who had a momentary interest at stake, were determined it should not last. I have demanded a return of my letters and a mutual exchange, but it has not been complied with.

"I am sir, yours, &c.,

DE VILLE."

4, Old Cambridge terrace, May 30.

We add the following comments on this curious history from the *Morning Star* of June 3d—greatly at variance with an article in the same paper only two days before:

Mdlle. Adelina Patti and her family are the latest sufferers through the propensity to swallow at a gulp any narrative which wears a romantic aspect. For a few days past their private affairs have been made the topic of town talk, and damaging statements have passed from mouth to mouth, growing rapidly, as a matter of course, in the process of transmission. We have been led to believe that the captivating and gifted vocalist is groaning under a heartless and oppressive bondage. She has been pictured to us as spending her leisure hours hemmed in by bolts and bars, and proceeding to the scene of her professional labors in the custody of a stern and lynx-eyed keeper. We have been told that she is not allowed either to see a friend or to write or receive a letter—that her very large income is pocketed entirely by somebody else—that engagements are made for her by her tyrants without her consent and against her will, which she is forced to fulfil by threats of violence—and, worst of all, that she has been forcibly debarred from the gratification of an honorable attachment, simply because her marriage would prevent her gains from flowing into the pockets of her relations. All these allegations were put forward in support of the petition to Vice-Chancellor Stuart, in which Mr. James Macdonald, styling himself the next friend of Mdlle. Adelina Patti, besought that potent functionary to appoint a guardian to the young lady, and rescue her from a thralldom which made her life a torment.

Now a great many people labor under the disadvantage of not having as many friends as they fancy; but very few indeed are the favored mortals who possess more friends than they are aware of. Mdlle. Adelina Patti is one of those thus exceptionally blessed by fortune. She declares that until the commencement of these proceedings in Chancery she never even heard of this chivalrous "next friend" who takes so ardent an interest in her welfare. The solicitors whom he has generously employed in her behalf without her knowledge, admit, however, that he only acted as a substitute for a certain Baron de Ville, with whom she is certainly not unacquainted—though, according to the information which has reached us from the most reliable source, her reminiscences of him are not altogether pleasant, and she and her friends have long since arrived at the conclusion that if she had married him in haste she would in all probability have had ample opportunity

of working out the rest of the adage during the remainder of her existence. But of the treatment which Mdlle. Adelina Patti has received from her family, and the wishes which she cherishes, no one is likely to know so much as the young lady herself, and we must assuredly give her statement the preference over that of a discarded suitor, her engagement with whom, contracted under false impressions subsequently dispelled, was broken off by her own act some time ago. It cannot have been very agreeable to her to find herself compelled to come forward and make a formal deposition with regard to the circumstances of her domestic existence as the sole means of silencing the tattle of scandal-mongers. But she was bound to do so in justice to those near and dear to her, whose characters have been grossly aspersed by these hostile allegations, and she has not shrunk from the discharge of the unpleasant duty. We have been fully apprised of the circumstances under which her affidavit was made, and they leave no room to doubt its perfect candor and spontaneity. Mdlle. Adelina Patti contradicts in the clearest and most emphatic terms the assertions that she has been harshly treated by any members of her family, or deprived of perfect freedom of action, or forced into unpalatable engagements, or prevented from disposing as she sees fit of her property and her salary. In short, Mdlle. Adelina Patti avers that she is a very happy girl, well cared for, and kindly treated by a fond father and an affectionate brother-in-law, and we have unimpeachable authority for asserting that the picture which she has drawn of her position is in all particulars correct. The solicitors for her "next friend" state that they would not have advised the filing of the Bill in Chancery unless they had seen evidence in her own letters of the truth of the allegations which it contained. We do not doubt their good faith, but we are satisfied that they acted under the influence of a delusion. Whether they misinterpreted passages in these letters, or whether any of the letters themselves bore affinity to a certain communication signed with the name of Mdlle. Adelina Patti and addressed to the editor of the *Paris Figaro*, which we have heard spoken of, we shall not pretend to say. It is enough for us to know that our little drama has come to an end—or rather never had a beginning. The pearl of Rosinas puts off the character with her Spanish costume, and emerges from the stage door happy, light-hearted, and free. Herr Maurice Strackosch is no Bartolo, but an upright kindly gentleman, very fond of his sister-in-law—the pupil whom he has trained, and over whose welfare he watches with tenderness and fidelity. Signor Salvatore Patti has not a single qualification for that part of Basilio which we cast to him under the influence of false representations; and Almaviva turns out to be an unauthorized intruder, who, if rumor be not altogether a liar, would not be at all likely, if he won the lady, to follow the example of his operatic prototype by giving up her fortune. The nine days' wonder has collapsed, and henceforward we hope the tattle-mongers will leave Mdlle. Adelina Patti in the undisturbed enjoyment of that domestic happiness which, every body will be pleased to learn, sweetens her life and solaces the cares and toils of her professional career.

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

THE OPERAS. From the *Gazette Musicale* we glean the following summary of operatic doings in the month of May.

OPERA COMIQUE. *La Chanteuse voilée*, a graceful little one-act opera by V. Massé, with libretto by Scribe, has been revived, with Mlle. Marinon, M. Capoul and M. Gourdin for interpreters. Next came Auber's *Haydée*, with M. Achard, a light tenor "now without a rival in France", M. Troy and Mlle. Baret—these pieces continued to be given alternately with *Lalla Roukh*. *Zampa*, with Montaubry and Mlle. Cico, was promised for the end of the month; also Grisar's *Le Diable amoureux* (first produced a dozen years ago, with Mme. Colson, at the Théâtre Lyrique) was to be revived in favor of a new pensionnaire of the Comique, Mme. Galli-Maré. Several interesting debates were to take place in the interval.

The programme of novelties in preparation for the winter is quite rich; for instance: *La Fiancée du roi de Garbe*, by Auber; *Capitaine Henriot*, in three acts,

by Sardou and Gevaert; *Lara*, three acts, by A. Maillart; *La Peruvienne*, three acts, by Victor Massé; *Hermine*, by Felicien David; and finally, *La Nuit des Dupes*, words by Saint-Georges, music by Flotow.

THEATRE LYRIQUE. The month (May) opened with two new comic operas. One, *Les Fiancés de Rosa*, composed by a lady, Mme. Clemence Valgrand, of whom M. Leon Durocher says: "You see, from the first bars of the overture, that she is far above the class of ordinary amateurs; she has worked in earnest. A pupil of the Conservatoire, competing for the grand prize, could not be more *racheté* in his harmonies. She writes well for voices, and her instrumentation is very correct,"—and so on, praising some pieces in the opera, but pronouncing the rest inferior, the ideas common, &c. Mlle. Boyer, a young artist, of good voice and intelligence, but inexperienced, took the part of Rosa; the other parts were agreeably sung and acted by Mlle. Faivre, and MM. Girardot, Wartel and Legrand.—The other novelty, *Le Jardinier et son Seigneur*, in one act, founded on one of Fontaine's fables, was composed by M. Leo Delibes, a pupil of Adolph Adam, who has so perfectly appropriated the manner of his master (according to our critic) that it might pass for a posthumous work of his. A gay, grotesque, bright piece, and well played, it seems, particularly by M. Gabriel and Mlle. Faivre.

Mme. Cabel made her last appearance for the season in *Les Peines d'amour perdues* (Love's labor lost). She was going to replace Mme. Carvalho at Marseilles.

A young singer made her debut, almost incognito, at this theatre, as Agatha in *Robin des Bois*, as the French call *Der Freyschütz*. Her name is Mlle. Doria; she is said to have a mezzo-soprano of rare brilliancy and sweetness, as well as sentiment, intelligence, and all sorts of personal charms; but her vocalization is imperfect; one critic says: "She seems to have stepped down, like Pygmalion's statue, expressly to demand singing lessons of M. Dupres!"

But the best event here has been the revival of Weber's *Oberon*. The part of Rezia was sung by Mme. Ugalde, whose voice is not what it was twenty years ago, but who has "will, audacity and a singular verve." M. Monjaux lacked pleasing voice and easy vocalization for the tenor rôle of Huon, but showed zeal. Mlle. Girard was very piquant in the part of Fatima.

Mme. Carvalho, after her triumphs in Marseilles, gave several performances of Gounod's *Faust*, assisted by a new tenor, Morini, who made a fine impression.

GRAND OPERA. Rossini and Auber—*Tell* and *Masaniello*—shared the stage for a week or two. Then came for novelty a *danseuse* from St. Petersburg, Mlle. Mourawief, to turn the heads of people in the ballet *La Glisèle*. This had its run for several nights, when music recovered its foothold in the shape of Rossini's delicious comic opera, the *Comte Ory*, in which Mme. Vandenheuvel (Duprez's daughter), and MM. Warot and Obin, had the prominent parts.

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE promises to be "Grand" indeed. "Spiridion", describing the Exhibition of Fine Arts, which opened last month, says:

After the battle-pieces which delight French eyes, the object in the Exhibition that commands most attention is the model in plaster of the new opera-house. It is scarcely possible to get near it, so dense is the throng of people constantly around it. What a place does the theatre occupy in the lives of these people! It is by the orders of the Emperor that this model appears at the Exhibition. The architect, Mons. Charles Garnier, was opposed to its appearance, on the ground that this exhibition of his plans was to limit his studies, was to pledge the public that he would select certain forms and ornaments of the edifice which are far from being those he may definitely select, again, that the public could not judge the merits of his work in a reduction which necessarily



excludes all breadth and elegance of style and all purity of form. The new opera-house is building on what will be Opera House Square, fronting on the Boulevard des Capucines and at the head of a broad—and as yet unbuild—boulevard which runs from the new opera-house to the French comedy. The new Rue Lafayette towards the new opera-house on the left, the Rue de Rouen (on which is the Eastern side of the Grand Hotel) bounds it on the left.

Seen from the Boulevard des Capucines, which is in front of it, or from the Rue Neuve des Mathurins, which is behind it, the first objects which strike the eye in the new opera-house are two circular wings or bows, which are reached by a circular terrace in the Italian style, so gently graded as to allow carriages and horses to ascend them and land their passengers under the porticos of the wings. The left wing (looking North) is the imperial carriage way to the Emperor's box; from this portico are staircases which lead to the Emperor's private saloon, to the dressing-rooms, to the saloons of the aides-de-camp, and to the imperial box. There will be a telegraph office in this wing in communication with all the capitals of Europe, and a council chamber too, so that if an important telegram comes during the performance of any opera, a cabinet council may be immediately assembled in the opera-house itself. Isn't that a French idea? The imperial box is on the left of the stage. The architect at first thought of placing the imperial box in the centre of the semi-circle and first tier of boxes; but when he considered that this box would interrupt the semi-circle of all the tiers of boxes and clog the circulation of the main lobbies by separating the right from the left side of the house, and when he remembered that he had seen this state box in the Russian and Italian theatres dwarf all the other boxes by its proportions and chill the actors and audience by forming a huge and almost always unoccupied place in the centre of the house, the architect determined to abandon all thought of placing it there and to keep it where it is commonly to be found in the French theatres, that is to the left of the stage, in fine, the first stage box. The wing to the right is for the subscribers to the Grand Opera; it is sufficiently large to enable several carriages and horses to enter its portico together. It opens into a large vestibule which communicates with the grand staircase. The decoration of the grand staircase consists of immense arcades built on coupled marble columns, which are crowned with the extension of the passages and landings, and with balconies. The whole hall is profusely decorated with marble, bronzes, gilding and sculptures. The subscribers, whose seats are in the "amphitheatre" (seats in front of the first tier of boxes and raised a good deal above the level of the pit), reach their places by the staircase in the axis of the hall. The subscribers whose seats are in the first tier of boxes reach their places by the step on the right and left of the axis. The spectators who have taken the cheaper seats may see the subscribers enter or leave the auditorium by the grand staircase, for the extension of the passages and the landings (and which end in balconies in the vestibule as I have described) enable the spectators of all the inferior places of the theatre (even to the cheapest) to enjoy the brilliant scene to be found in the vestibule and on the grand staircase. It is thought here that Mons. Garnier has displayed more talents in the arrangement and decoration of the vestibule and grand staircase than in any other portion of the building. The lobbies of the new opera house are twice as large as those of the present opera. The present opera house contains nineteen hundred persons. The Government desired the new theatre to contain two thousand. The architect has by "some skillful arrangement contrived that the new house may contain as many as three thousand spectators without inconveniencing any person." I have been unable to ascertain what the proposed "skillful arrangement" is. Every box has a saloon, which is an elegant, comfortable, well-lighted, well-aired, and large parlor. The old chandelier is to be retained, but the new fashioned ground glass roof lighted from above is to be introduced in part. Mons. Garnier insists that the sight of the gas lamp is cheering, and there is the same moral difference between the new ground glass roof and the chandelier as there is between the steam-heated room and the room heated by a gas, sparkling fire in the chimney. What diner-out does not know the difference! There is an immense promenade saloon in the usual place; it has at each end a small saloon which looks on the boulevard, and between these small saloons there is a sort of porch called *loggia*, which is built for a summer promenade for those spectators who may wish to stretch their legs between the acts.

The canon of proportion in stage construction being that the depth of the stage should be equal to twice its width at the curtain, the stage of the new opera house is sixty feet deep, and it may be made seventy-

eight feet without much trouble, and even as deep as 150 feet by removing some of the inside partitions. The perpendicular depth of the cellar beneath the stage is so great as to allow any scene—even a cathedral or a mountain—to be lowered in one piece, without rolling or dislocating it, instantly down the trap-door. All the scenes are suspended from the roof, and they are moved on rollers on moveable rails. As the scenes are balanced with the utmost exactness a child can move them in any direction; they turn upon their axis and can be placed in any, even the most oblique position. Each side of the stage are cases for scenes, in which the scenes are placed in the position they are to occupy at the moment when they are to be used. The moment the whistle gives the signal they are moved forward in front of the spectator. As these cases are half as deep as the stage is broad, the scenes placed in them may have these dimensions; the moment the whistle gives the signal the scenes on the right and left of the stage are put together and the stage is filled. The width of the stage from wall to wall (including the cases for the scenes) is 168 feet, and consequently it is large enough to contain the scenery of twelve operas or ballets constantly ready for use. No less than 560 workmen are daily engaged in Paris in the new opera house, of whom 300 are stone-cutters. The stone-cutters' yard occupies 120,000 feet of ground. It is provided with railways and eight steam engines of twenty horse power. The stones used are brought from the department of L'Yonne. They are enormous; many of them weigh 20,000 pounds.

**CONCERTS.** The same journal (over the signature of Adolph Botte) reports from week to week a long list of "auditions musicales", chiefly of virtuosos producing themselves on their own account, in order to win or brighten up a Parisian reputation. M. ALEXANDRE BILLET, pianist of high standing, played in Erard's rooms a Beethoven Trio, and won new applause in a variety of styles, as works of Field, Weber, Chopin and Mendelssohn.—M. VAILATI, a blind man, created enthusiasm, at the Salle Herz, with a mere mandolin, playing the "Carnival of Venice" on one string, fantasias on *Norma*, *Travatore*, &c., and seconded by Braga, violoncellist, and the famous ophicleide of Colosanti. A cricket concertizing with the assistance of the roaring ball of Bashan!—Then came a lady violoncellist—young, pretty, capital musician, first prize at the Conservatoire of Brussels, Mlle. HELENE DE KATOFF by name, pupil of Servais. She was well seconded by other artists, and the high expectations of her talent were not deceived.—Then one GIUSEPPE GARIBOLDI, a flutist of talent brought out, in the circle of some learned Societies, vocal and instrumental compositions of his own, which are moderately praised; among others a *Scène fantastique* for violin, piano and organ.—So much for one week.

**Second week (in May).** Concert at the hotel du Louvre of Mme. de VILLETTE, with other singers; miscellaneous, dilettante affair.—M. EDOUARD CAZANEUVE, pianist, got together various attractions of "youth and talent"—some "pleasant voices needing discipline"; Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*, and "graceful pages" of his own; a Concerto of Vieuxtemps, an oboe solo, &c.—M. F. BRISSON, who concertized in company with M. PORTEHAUT, played some melodious little pieces of his own upon the organ, viz., his *Ronde de Nuit* and his *Fête des Porcherons*; also the piano part in a Trio by Auber (much admired by the reviewer); also his own Trio on *I Puritani*, for two pianos and 'cello. M. Portehaut sang a grand scena from *Charles VI* and something from a comic operetta by M. Brisson.—Of more importance was a concert of the "Academie Society of Sacred Music" conducted by M. VERVOITTE, having for its object to restore the taste for what is classical and noble in church music. The *Subat Mater* of Haydn, the *Tantum ergo* of Bortnianski, the *Gaudeamus* of Carissimi, the *Paulus* of Mendelssohn, furnished some of the choruses sung, besides pieces by Marcello, Palestrina and Jomelli.

**Third week.** Concerts of Mlle. CAUSSEMILLE, fine pianist, (C minor Trio of Mendelssohn, and lighter things); Mlle. TIEFENSEE, vocalist, mezzo-soprano

of rich quality, large and finished style (pieces from Handel, Mozart and Rossini, as well as *Casta Diva* difficult variations and national airs, Russian, Spanish, Irish, Bohemian, Tyrolean and Hungarian); and Mlle. MARIE TRAUTMANN, once an infant prodigy and first prize at the Conservatoire, pupil of Hers (Mendelssohn Trio in D minor, Thalberg's *Don Juan* fantasia, a Concerto by Herz, &c.)—SILVESTRO NICOSIA, a "very unequal violinist, fond of capricious fantasies", gave a concert, at which the chief enchantment was the appearance of his son CARLO, a little virtuoso of five years and a half, who played a prelude of Bach and a duo of his father's with extraordinary accuracy, aplomb and expression.—LEOPOLD DE MEYER played with great acceptance at one of the Princess of Metternich's soirées.

The only concert we see noticed in the last week of May was one by SIVORI, the violinist, who, it would seem, never played more admirably. His selections were the "Kreutzer" Sonata, Mendelssohn's C minor Trio, and some of the common show pieces. LEOPOLD DE MEYER was lionizing at all the private Soirées in aristocratic houses.

### Leipzig.

The following letter appears originally in the London *Athenæum* of May 30, and reappears, quasi originally under the head of "Our Musical Correspondence," in the New York *Musical Review* and *World* of June 20.

My last report of the season will deal more with revivals than with new compositions. None of the latter have been produced in the *Gewandhaus*—but the former have been very interesting. A Symphony by the Abbé Vogler showed more life and freshness than could have been expected; the first movement, which is decidedly the best, contains some devices, not to say tricks, which speak more to the eye than to the ear; the other movements fall off somewhat. Very solemn, and excellently fitted for its purpose, is Mozart's 'Masonic Funeral Music,' written for the funeral of the Grand-Master, Prince Esterhazy. I must return to the concerts devoted to French music, having sketched the programme:—Overture to 'Semiramide,' Catel,—two Choral Songs (Brunettas) of the middle of the seventeenth century,—'La Violette' and 'Grisélidis,' compositions of exquisite grace and beauty,—Ariette and Chorus from the ballet 'La Mascarade de Versailles,' Lully; strangely Handelian in many touches,—Violin Variations, Rode, superbly played by Herr David,—Aria and Chorus from 'Hippolyte et Aricie,' Rameau; graceful and pleasant, but with rather too many bird-effects for modern taste,—Overture 'Jean de Paris,' Boieldieu,—Symphony in G minor, Méhul; the longest, but the least interesting, work of the evening; some of the themes are good enough, and the *scherzo* and *finale* have piquancy and life, but the way in which the whole is worked out makes the effect monotonous; the second movement is a singular anticipation of Mendelssohn's four-part song, 'Ein Vöglein in den Zweigen schwank,'—Chorus from 'Les Deux Avaros,' Grétry,—'Fée Mab' *Scherzo*, Berlioz, a wonderful piece of orchestral sonority, but in which the harp effect was lost, only one harpist being engaged,—Le Sueur's March and Magicians' Chorus from 'Alexandre à Babylone'—a good winding-up piece.—In one of the *Gewandhaus* Concerts, M. Auguste Werner, of Geneva, a pupil of the Leipzig Conservatory, made his first appearance, and proved himself a thoroughly well trained pianist; his touch is strong and his technical acquirements brilliant. He chose Herr Hiller's *Concerto*; the second and third movements may be placed by the side of any piano concerto of later times. Herr Wilhelm has again won deserved applause by his rendering of Bach's 'Chaconne' and Ernst's 'Elégie.' Hanover has sent us a most welcome contribution—two singers who can really sing. Fräulein Weiss has a high and sweet *contralto*, and uses it with true musical and poetical feeling. The other guest was Dr Gunz, likewise a member of the Hanover Opera, with a tenor voice of pleasant quality: if not very powerful, well suited for lyrical music, which he sings with great purity.

At the *Euterpe* Concerts, M. Rubinstein's Overture to 'Dimitri Donskoi' was produced for the first time—the best of the works of this very unequal composer which I have heard this season. Dr. Liszt's music to Herder's 'Der entfesselte Prometheus' does not grow upon us; though it contains some

good passages, the Reapers' Chorus especially, the greater part is an extravagant use of means, with a result most disproportionately meagre and unpleasant.

Two chamber compositions call for notice. The first, which was given in a *Gewandhaus* Quartet Concert, is a String Quartet in E minor, by Herr Musik Director Richter, a Professor of Harmony in the Conservatory. Most refreshing is it in these excruciating times to find a writer who does not think it beneath him to be cheerful and gracious. Herr Richter's name is a sufficient guarantee that his Quartet would be clear in construction and judicious in his treatment of instruments; but, besides, there is a pleasant and novel elegance which will recommend his work. Very different is Herr Volkmann's Trio in B flat minor, for piano, violin and violoncello, given in an *Euterpe* Chamber Music Concert. This composer seems to despise beauty of sound and clearness of form; his themes, however good in themselves, make no pleasant effect, and the hearer is sent away dissatisfied and weary. Belonging to the same class is another *Suite* for the Piano in E minor, Op. 72, by Herr Raff, which was played by Herr von Bülow in the last of his Pianoforte *Soirées*. Besides this *suite*, the aforesaid pianist gave us, among other things, Sebastian Bach's 'Italian Concerto' and a *Sonata* in A flat, by Philip Emanuel Bach, a new edition of which has been somewhat strongly 'edited' by the player. Herr von Bülow also introduced two new pieces by Dr. Liszt—'Venezia e Napoli.' The first, a *Gondoliera*, is very graceful.

In a Concert of the Dilettanti Society, for the conducting of which Herr von Bernuth deserves all praise, Mr. Danreuther played Mendelssohn's 'Variations Sérieuses,' as well as other music by Bach, Schumann and Chopin, with remarkable power and promise.

Herr Riedel's Choral Society always gives an interesting programme. In the last concert we had Gluck's only known sacred composition, a 'De Profundis,' a work very monotonous, and quite unworthy of the master. Its dreary effect was not removed by the three next pieces,—a song 'On Death' by Beethoven, a composition rarely heard, and its effect marred by the substitution of a very injudiciously 'stopped' organ accompaniment,—the Requiem and Kyrie from Berlioz's 'Requiem' and the 'Agnus Dei' and 'Dona nobis' from Schumann's Mass. But the concluding two numbers made rich compensation; two of Bach's best Cantatas, 'Ach wie flüchtig,' and 'Ein feste Burg.' A page might be written upon the beauties and strong contrasts of these two works,—the one so tender,—the other as strong as some old-world fortalice.

Herr Louis Lubeck, whom I mentioned in my last letter, has been appointed to the several posts lately held by Herr Davidoff, in the Conservatory and in the Church, Gewandhaus, and theatre orchestras.

A 'Concert Grand,' of a new form, has just been built by Herr Julius Blüthner of this city; each side has a curve similar to the one curved side of the ordinary instrument. This symmetry of shape makes it much more easy to dispose of this usually so despotical instrument in any part of the room. Internally it is provided with two sound-boards, and the lower bass strings are made to cross the others obliquely. For a concert instrument the tone is brilliant and penetrating, but is a little too hard for a small room. The touch is excellent. A.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 27, 1868.

### Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri."

THIRD ARTICLE.

PART II.—The Peri has found a gift worthy to bear to the gates of Heaven; she has caught the last life drop from the heart of the young hero who falls fighting for his country, and the praise of "blood for liberty shed" has been sung in the magnificent chorus which forms the finale of Part I. We wait the result with the opening of the second Part.

The first piece (No. 10) is altogether lovely. A slow, thoughtful melody of the oboe, with a syncopated, faltering accompaniment, preludes to and accompanies the Tenor solo, which recites (what the music has already in itself suggested) the timid and wistful approach of the Peri to

to the gate of Eden, scarcely daring to ask herself if it stands open. The oboe still pursues its theme, while the Angel (Alto) addresses her:

Sweet is our welcome of the Brave,  
Who die thus for their native Land—  
But see—alas! the crystal bar moves not—  
Holler far the boon must be,  
That opens the Gates of Heaven for thee!

The musical phrase (taken with the instrumental harmony), to which the last two lines are set, is exquisite beyond description; it is indeed angelic music; and instantly an angel chorus (female voices in four parts, four voices on each part) echo the passage *pianissimo*, the same delicious harmony being caught up into the ethereal octaves; and the very brief, but not to be forgotten piece ends, as it began, with the oboe theme and syncopated harmony. There is such purity, refinement, tenderness in this passing breath of melody and harmony, that it may well seem to come from upper air and from a heavenlier sphere. The tenderness and sweetness with which this heavenly No! is uttered, contains assurance of the final victory—is victory, if you listen only to the music, which reveals the deeper truth beneath the words.

11. This number opens with Tenor recitative again, the pauses filled with rustling of wings, as the disappointed Peri flies away upon another quest, to "Afric's lunar mountains."

Far to the South, the Peri lighted;  
And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains  
Of that strange tide—whose birth  
Is hidden from the sons of earth.  
Deep in those solitary woods  
Where oft the Genii of the Floods  
Dance round the cradle of their Nile.

The last three lines suggest to Schumann a happy interpolation of his own: a chorus of Genii of the Nile:

Come forth from the waters, appear!  
Come, spirits! What form divine lingers here?  
'Tis a Peri, see how wondrous fair;  
Take care, take care!  
List to her song!  
Hear her complaint!  
Listen! still!

It is a chorus for three parts, soprano, alto and tenor, and is one of the most delightfully original, romantic and poetic creations to be found in the whole repertoire of fairy music. The slumber song of the Elves in "Oberon," the Naiad chorus in the same, the fairy choruses of Mendelssohn are no whit more remarkable nor steal upon the sense with a more exquisite surprise. The key is B minor. The cool and watery shades, the steady flow and ripple of the stream, whence these startled sprites emerge and call to one another, are indicated by a rapid and continuous violoncello figure, which runs through the whole, while flute and clarinet and oboe sing in chords above, like little calls and signals, helping to mark the nervous accent of the vocal phrases, which are treated fugue-wise, with bits of imitation in the violins. The creature whom the Genii rush out to see is not more "wondrous fair" nor more alive, than is this music; it excites in you the sweet and strange surprise it sings of. The picture is not in the least commonplace, nor is it in the least misty or indefinite; it is not unsubstantial, dream-like, sentimental, but real and objective; it is as sound and wholesome as it is thoroughly imaginative music. You cannot listen to it unrefreshed. But we have not told all;—the Peri's voice is heard from time to time blending its sad strain with the chorons; and

bark! it is a snatch of that same yearning, earnest melody, which she sung when first we heard her (No. 2), as she thought of the happiness of the spirits in Heaven; now, to the same tune, she sings (and beautifully it is worked in with the bright themes of the chorus):

O Eden, fair Eden, I'm longing for thee!  
Ah when shall thy portals be open to me?

12. The running accompaniment to the chorus of the Nile genii dies away, gradually slackening its pace like a spinning wheel as it goes to sleep, and disappearing in the new chord (G minor) upon which the Tenor solo tells of her further flight:

Thence over Egypt's palmy groves,  
Her grots and sepulchres of Kings,  
The exiled spirit sighing roves;  
And now hangs list'ning to the doves  
In warm Rosetta's vale; now loves  
To watch the pelicans that break  
The azure calm of Moeris' Lake.  
For ne'er did mortal eye behold  
A fairer scene; a Land more bright.  
Who could have thought that there, ev'n there,  
Amid those scenes so still and fair,  
The Demon of the Plague hath cast  
From his hot wings a deadly blast!

The style of this recitative is serious, sweet, sympathetic, graphic, fully in keeping with the words and situation. As it goes on the accompaniment takes the form of a steady alternation of a low chord of strings answered by a higher chord of reeds and flutes, giving the idea of a wide, rich, tranquil scene. Presently these harmonies grow dull and close and sweltry, like the very atmosphere of pestilence: diminished sevenths to satiety; a creeping, lifeless, would-be modulation, restless, finding no outlet; a turgid, over-crowded, helpless sort of harmony; in itself not very beautiful or musical, certainly not refreshing, but wonderfully suggestive of the scene it introduces, while you have the comfort that is very short. It soon dies away, and a holier calm begins to fill the air as the Peri's voice is heard, in a few tender phrases, sighing over these sad fruits of the fall of man; her strain grows exquisitely touching as it takes the rhythm of the last two lines:

Some flow'rets of Eden inherit ye still,  
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!

13. This triple (3-4) rhythm keeps on in the accompaniment, accelerating, brightening into the major, giving a buoyant lift to a charming page of symphony, in the course of which the Tenor solo (melody and bass now in 4-4 against 6-4) tells how the Peri wept and instantly the air around grew pure and clear. The symphony suddenly ceases, and a quartet of mixed voices sing, first in plain choral form:

For there's a magic in each tear  
Such kindly spirits weep for man!

And then the voices separate in imitative phrases, with accompaniment, and recombine again, and the piece ends with a return of the opening instrumental motive.

14. A short Alto solo, in E minor, a sort of Romanza, a sad and simple tune, which repeats itself, dividing the words into two stanzas; and the same tune is sung a third time, in the tenor, by the plague-stricken youth:

Alto Solo.

Beneath that fresh and springing bower,  
Close by the lake, she heard the moan  
Of one who, at this silent hour,  
Had thither stol'n to die alone.  
One who in life, where'er he moved,  
Drew after him the hearts of all;  
Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,  
Dies here, without one tear-drop's fall!

The Youth.

None to watch near me; none to slake  
The fire that in my bosom lies;  
Oh for a sprinkle from that lake,  
Which shines so cool before mine eyes.

15. This number is perhaps more amenable to the charge of that peculiar "Schumannism", which has been a stumbling block to many.—That is, it seems at first sight, not quite so clear and natural as most that we have been through; over-ingenious, crowded, more like an orchestral fantasia, some might think it. But it is certainly expressive and has traits of rare beauty. To the first portion of it, however, the (Alto or Mezzo) Soprano Solo there can be no objection on the score of clearness or beauty—a well defined and tender melody, moving in six-four measure,

accompanied by full, evenly divided chords :

*Soprano Solo.*  
Deserted Youth! one thought alone  
Shed joy around his soul in death—  
That she, whom he for years had known,  
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath,—  
Safe in her father's princely halls,  
Where airs from fountain-falls,  
Perfum'd by many a brand  
Of wood from India's land,  
Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

*Tenor Solo.*  
But see—who yonder comes by stealth,  
This melancholy bower to seek,  
Like a young envoy, sent by health,  
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?  
'Tis she—far off, thro' moonlight dim,  
He knew his own betrothed bride.  
Her arms are round him now,  
His livid cheek to hers she presses,  
And in the lake her loosened tresses  
Dips, to bind his burning brow.

*The Youth.*—Thou here! O fly!  
One breath of mine brings death to thee.

As the Tenor solo enters, the time is hurried, the rhythm syncopated and disturbed. the modulation strange, and the widening chords appear to take great rapid strides, raising a passing doubt of perfect fitness; but as the music grows more excited, it grows more beautiful too, the orchestra giving free reins to its fancy at the thought of the devoted maiden clasping the dying youth.

16. But now listen to the Maiden, as the key modulates enharmonically into that singularly pure, fine sphere of F sharp major.

*The Maiden.*—Oh! let me only breathe the air,  
The blessed air, that's breath'd by thee,  
And whether on its wings it bear  
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!  
There—drink my tears, while yet they fall—  
Would that my bosom's blood were balm,  
And well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,  
To give thy brow one minute's calm.  
Nay, turn not from me that dear face—  
Am I not thine—thw own loved bride—  
The one, the chosen one, whose place  
In life or death is by thy side?  
Think'st thou that she, whose only light,  
In this dim world, from thee hath shone,  
Could bear the long, the cheerless night,  
That must be hers when thou art gone?  
That I can live and let thee go,  
Who art my life itself!—No, no!  
Oh, let me only breathe the air,  
The blessed air, that's breath'd by thee,  
And whether on its wings it bear  
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!

The song suggests not a large, but a fine, high, bird-like, earnest little soprano voice; and the whole soul of unselfish, passionate, devoted, pure first love pours itself out in this most musical and touching strain. Sure never was a truer, sweeter love strain. The Tenor solo briefly describes the rest of the mournful, but morally beautiful scene:

She falls—she sinks—as dies the lamp  
In charnel airs, or cavern-damp,  
So fades the sweet light of her eyes,  
One struggle—and his pain is past—  
He is no longer living!  
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,  
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

A few softly breathed low chords, from the trombones, fill the sacred silence, and then, the key changing to B major, we have

No. 17. The wonderfully beautiful Finale to this Second Part. It is a heavenly Requiem sung over the lovers, by the Peri, joined by a silvery choir of angel voices (in six parts: two soprani, two alti, two tenors). These are the words:

*Peri and Chorus.*  
Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,  
In airs balmy than ever yet stir'd  
Th' enchanted pile of that lonely bird,  
Who sings at the last his own death-lay—  
Sleep on, in dreams thine eyelids close,  
Sleep on, thou true one, gently repose!

*Basses.*  
Thus saying, from her lips she spread  
Uncerthly breathings through the place,  
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed  
Such lustre o'er each paly face,  
That like two lovely saints they seem'd;  
While that benevolent Peri beam'd  
Like their good angel, placed to keep  
Watch till their souls should rise from sleep.

It is impossible to conceive of melody more crystal clear, serene and luminous with light from heaven than this sweet, simple melody, in which the Peri's voice leads off, or of harmony more pure and chastely rich than that which accompanies it. When this pure white beam of melody divides into the prismatic colors of harmony, as the angel voices take up the lovely theme, the chords in the accompaniment are broken into light, hovering wing-like figures,

which seem to buoy the strange, delicious music up and hold it poised in upper air still within reach of mortal ears. At intervals the Peri's voice adds itself to the heavenly chorus. Nor is this all. The basses all the while are chanting, in deep tones, a wholly different motive, which supports the rest, supplying (in the words above) the narrative description of the scene *ab extra*, while the angels sing.

And here endeth the Second Part. Will the last sigh of these true lovers open Heaven's gate to the Peri?

### Paragraphs from Vienna.

BY A. W. T.

May 4.—The *Presse* this evening says that Herr Dr. Ludwig Nohl, tutor of music in the University at Munich, and known as the author of the much-read essays upon "The Magic Flute," "Der Geist der Tonkunst" (the spirit of Music) "Mozart" and others, has come to Vienna, and will occupy himself here for some time in preparations for a biography of Beethoven.

Very well, the more the better, provided that these biographers (!) will begin to make some original researches, and no longer content themselves with simply plundering Wegeler, Ries and Schindler.

May 5.—The same paper this evening has this paragraph: "Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*, it is said, is now finally laid aside (at the Karnthner Thor theatre.) At least, the *Recessione* says, Frau Dustman has declared, that she has not the power to commit to memory the principal female part."

This reminds me of what an intimate friend of Mad. Viardot told me two years ago, to wit:—

She related to him that when Wagner came to Paris on that *Tannhäuser* expedition, he wished she would do him the kindness to let him hear some of his music, to *Tristan and Isolde*. She willingly consented, and with great pains learned portions of it, and a private concert was given in her residence. This was to be repeated the next week, but she was so utterly unable to remember the part, as to be obliged to go through the drudgery of studying it all anew! And this is music! This begins where Beethoven left off! This is to make Mozart forgotten!

Very well, so be it; it will not be in my day, I know.

This morning's *Presse* (May 5.) has an article by Hanslick on a certain Mad. Fabbri-Mulder, in which truth is spoken without fear or favor. People who are so sensitive at home, if a notice of them does not make them compounds of Lind, Sontag, Alboni, Malibran, Patti, and all the other great singers, may think themselves lucky that they have no Edward Hanslick to tell them plain truths.

May 10.—I see by the papers that the Archbishop of Cologne has invited the King of Prussia to be present at the celebration of the completion of the Cathedral, to take place October 15th next. This refers, of course, only to the body of the church, the two great towers remain still to be erected. On the 23d of this month, it will be fourteen years since, coming from Antwerp, I first saw that famous structure. Then little more than the choir stood complete, and people shook their heads at the idea of its ever being finished. I never doubted it, nor do I doubt the completion of the two glorious towers, which are embraced in the plan. But what music will be selected for that celebration? Well, I can only say, that if they do not play the Overture "Consecration of the House," and the Grand Mass in D, both written by the sometime organist of the last Elector of Cologne, both works in music what the cathedral is in architecture, I shall have no great opinion of the musical taste of his reverence, the Archbishop!

### New Music.

ROBERT SCHUMANN. Op 28, No 2. *Romanze*, for the Piano. (O. Ditson & Co.)

This is not one of the "Studies and Sketches for the Pedal Grand," referred to in the enumeration of Schumann's best works in an article which we copy to-day upon another page; although the way in which it is engraved, on three staves, with the word *Pedal* affixed to the lowest of them, might lead one to suppose so. It is to be played by the usual two hands, without aid of the "nether continuations," so important to an organist. Nor is it very difficult. It is only written in this way, to make the construction of the piece clearer, and to call more strict attention to the melodic theme, which is placed on a middle staff, while the broken chords of the accompaniment, both above it and below it, are placed on the first and third staff; but two hands easily grasp the whole. It is a very pleasing, pensive melody, full of feeling, enriched and made somewhat mystical and dreamy by the aforesaid accompaniment. It is one of Schumann's truly poetic little pieces; and affords a good initiation into a new and interesting style. It here figures as one of a little series of pieces under the title "Concert Gems from Schumann's piano-forte works." We hope the others, named on the title page, will be forthcoming. They are: "Valse Nobla," from the *Carneval*; *Eusebius*, ditto; *Nocturno*, from the *Nachtstücke* (night pieces), and *Fughetta* (Op. 32).

MEYERBEER. *Three Morceaux de Salon*, from *Robert le Diable*, arranged for Piano by OTTO DRESE. (Ditson & Co.)

So this classical artist and skilful arranger does not disdain to turn his hand sometimes to the creations of brilliant popular idols. Robert certainly abounds in original and captivating ideas, and these which he has chosen make very graceful, fanciful and unique pieces for the parlor. The first is the "Procession of Nuns and Scene of Introduction," which we do not happen to have by us. No. 2. *Romanza*, the Trio with the low bass muttering in triplets, a very striking moment of the opera, is very clearly and fairly outlined in the not difficult transcription. No. 3, The Aria of Isabel, with its appurtenances, chorus of ladies, &c., from the brilliant scene of the second act, is a regular bravura piece, full of flowery ornaments and passage work; good for light-fingered practice, and fascinating just in proportion as it is well played.

We are happy to be able to inform our readers that Mr. JOHN K. PAINE will give one of his very interesting Organ Concerts, on Saturday afternoon, July 11th, at the West Church, in Cambridge Street. On that occasion he will play the famous *Passeccagli* of Bach, and a Trio Sonata in C of the same incomparable master, both pieces for the first time; and also the *Toccata* in F, which has made such an impression in his former concerts.

CARL ANSCHUTZ is in town, we understand, making arrangements to bring his German Opera troupe here in the fall. He has engaged various new singers in Europe, including, it is said, Formes the basso, Formes the tenor, and Formes the baritone. Then we may hope to hear *Fiddio*, and many a good thing that will be quite new to a Boston public.

MR. MOLLENHAUER'S NEW OPERA was performed last week, for the first time, at the Winter Garden in New York. The *Sunday Times* reports as follows:

The production of Mr. Mollenhauer's tragic opera of "The Corsican Bride" drew a large and fashionable audience last Monday evening, all of whom, from the display of cordial and kindly feeling, seemed desirous of testifying their good will and appreciation of the composer as artist and gentleman. The circumstances under which the opera was produced could not well have been more unfavorable. It was the close of the season, and so closely followed upon Vestvali's disastrous term that superficial people would confound one with the other.

Some of the artists were fair, but the cast altogether was not one that could secure prestige or success to any work, however great its intrinsic merit. The redeeming features of the presentation were the excellence of the orchestra, and of the chorus in the male department, and the heartiness with which nearly every one who took part lent themselves to the rendering of their roles and the final success of the performance, to the best of their ability. This was especially the case with Madame Kotter, who, though

appearing in a part wholly unsuited to her style, and quite opposite to the light, arch characters she has been in the habit of assuming, infused into her impersonation a vitality so real and earnest as to animate others, and render much pleasurable that otherwise would only just have been endured.

Of the opera itself, we can speak in terms of greater satisfaction. The music is emotional and expressive in a very high degree. It does not often rise to positive grandeur, but it never sinks below successful effort to portray human passion in its different phases. It is difficult to tell what could be done with Antonio's part in the hands of a capable artist, which Mr. Quint is not. Mr. Weinlich, as Rosa's father, was only tolerable, ditto De Sennville (Hartmann). Rosa herself was the only one who did full justice to Mr. Mollenhauer's idea. In the second act there are some fine passages, which were received with great enthusiasm, and the opening chorus was also so good and so spiritedly rendered as to merit the nightly encore which it has received. If the opera lacks anything, it is an evidence of genuine creative power. There are few distinct melodies which can be carried away to the street or the fireside. Instrumental and concerted music there is of a very high order, but there is a lack of that individuality which appeals strongly to the feelings and the imagination.

Three other representations were given during the week, which, although gratifying in their results to Mr. Mollenhauer as showing an appreciation of his work, were not, from causes we have intimated, peculiarly successful.

The *Tribune* says: "The main characteristic of the music is a measured dramatic recitation to chords and musical figures in the orchestra; this, in contradistinction to the cantabile style and square-cut melodies."

GRAU's Opera Company have had a successful time in Cincinnati, having given there twenty-four performances, and eighteen different operas.

WORCESTER, MASS. Those who truly enjoy that which is pure and refining in music must have been highly gratified with the fine performance of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club last evening. The programme was an excellent one, and was rendered still more so by the presentation of the entire Beethoven Quintet, only two movements being at first announced. We desire to heartily thank the club for this favor, and to assure them that a complete work of this kind will always be acceptable. We will not attempt a criticism of the quintet, being satisfied that at this time we should fail to do justice to so magnificent a work. Mr. Schultze played a very difficult fantasia for the violin, with great energy of expression, receiving the most generous applause. Mr. Fries delighted all by his beautiful rendering of the solo for the violoncello, on familiar Scotch airs. Messrs. Goering and Ryan also gave us very interesting solos for flute and saxophone. Altogether, it was one of the most interesting concerts which has been given by the band.—*Spy*, June 12.

RICHARD WAGNER cleared about \$10,000 by his concert in Petersburg, not to mention a villa in Switzerland, of which the Grand Duchess Helena made him a present.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—The Mendelssohn Society, consisting of about 150 voices, aided by a select orchestra from New York, under the leadership of J. NOLL, gave a miscellaneous concert June 10th, under the direction of G. J. STOECKEL. The following was the programme:

- Part I.
1. Overture: William Tell. . . . . Rossini
  2. Duo: "Quis Est Homo?" (*Stabat Mater*). . . . . Rossini
  3. Concerto. G minor; (Piano and Orchestra.) . . . . Mendelssohn
  4. Prayer and Aria: *Der Freischütz*. . . . . Weber
  5. Symphony No. 2, in D. . . . . Beethoven
- Part II.
1. Overture and Chorus from "Mahomet. . . . . Stoeckel
  2. Angel Trio: "Elijah." . . . . Mendelssohn
  3. Chorus: "Come gentle Spring." (Seasons). . . . . Haydn
  4. Wedding March. . . . . Mendelssohn
  5. Double Quartet (Angels) *Elijah*. . . . . Mendelssohn
  6. March and Chorus. *Tannhäuser*. . . . . Wagner

The orchestral portion of the programme was finely rendered. For the first time, an entire Symphony of Beethoven was played in New Haven, and in spite

of the length, it was attentively listened to and warmly applauded. Mr. WENNER rendered Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto with accuracy and precision, although at times wanting in feeling and fire.

Of the vocal selections apart from the chorus, the Prayer from *Der Freischütz* was best rendered. The Trio and double Quartet from *Elijah*, had been better left off entirely.

Mr. Stoeckel's overture and chorus from his opera of "Mahomet" were well received. We must confess however that the overture did not strike us favorably. There seemed to be too much rambling; a lack of form, and too frequent use of the side drum and cymbals. Perhaps another hearing would improve our impression of it.

The choruses were given with considerable promptness. The chief objection to the whole is, that there was too much of it, and not sufficiently popular in its character for a New Haven audience. We were glad the Society brought out a Symphony, but think the audience would have been better pleased with a single movement than with the whole. However, we are glad to report a favorable sign of improvement in musical matters in New Haven.

### ALLEGROTT.

SARATOGA, N. Y.—During a short stay at that most fashionable of watering places, Saratoga Springs, we were favored with an invitation to the closing exercises of the "Temple Grove Female Seminary," which we accepted.

At this Institution, which is most delightfully situated on one of the finest streets in the town, surrounded with a beautiful grove, the young ladies enjoy every advantage for a solid and ornamental course of study, together with free access to those delicious and healthful fountains whose waters are so well known and sought for all over the world.

The following was the programme of the soirée, given on Thursday evening, June 18th, under the direction of Prof. G. D. Wilson, recently of New York, to a large (and I may say, fashionable) assembly.

#### Part I.

- |  |           |
|--|-----------|
| Overture, to "Euryanthe." (Two Pianos).          | Weber     |
| Terzetto. From "Belshazzar," "Si il Fratello."   | Donizetti |
| Invitation à la Valse. (Two Pianos).             | Weber     |
| Cavatina. "In Questo Semplice."                  | Donizetti |
| Grande Fantasia. "Homage a Verdi." (Four Pianos) | Duroc     |
| Ballad. "Softly ye Night Winds."                 | Wallace   |

#### Part II.

- |  |         |
|--|---------|
| Overture, to "Tancredi." (Four Pianos).              | Rossini |
| Cantata. "Fairies of the Hills."                     | Enslin  |
| 1. Solo. "Right Jovian Sprites be we."               |         |
| 2. Chorus. "And a dainty life we live away."         |         |
| 3. Semi-Chorus. "We build the woodland arches fair." |         |
| 4. Solo. "And glad always is our dainty life."       |         |
| 5. Duet. "Thus we live."                             |         |
| 6. Semi-Chorus. "We crimson the Maple."              |         |
| 7. Finale. "Farewell to the Bowers."                 |         |
| Waltzes. "Rosemary." (Four Pianos).                  | Arditi  |
| Arietta. "Il Bacio."                                 | Cesary  |
| Grand Quatuor, for Four Pianos, Op. 816.             | Rossini |
| Chorus. From "Semiramide." "Hail to thee, Liberty!"  |         |

Rarely if ever, have we listened with as much interest to a school concert as on this occasion. The selections which were given, both for the Piano and Voice, evinced careful study and a well directed taste. [If their tastes run in the same direction with their devotions, what shall we think of the taste which united all those young ladies in that early act of "homage to Verdi"?—Ed.] Some of the young ladies who sang acquitted themselves in a manner deserving of great credit both to themselves and their teacher.

On the whole, the evening passed so pleasantly, that all seemed to regret that it was not longer, and we could but congratulate the heaves of fair young ladies as they gathered in dazzling groups in the large drawing-rooms of the Seminary, on their superior advantages for the pursuit of their musical studies at Temple Grove.

J. K. D.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- When first the bells. . . . . George Perren. 25  
Gentle Bessie. . . . . E. Lund. 25

Two simple, pure and affectionate ballads. Both have very pleasing melodies.

- From the church tower falling. Das Züggelöcklein. . . . . Franz Schubert. 25

Called one of the very best of Schubert's songs. It is the custom, in some parts of southern Germany, to ring one of the church bells while a person is dying. Probably, originally, by its hallowed tones it was thought to purify the air of evil spirits, and facilitate the passage of the new-severed soul to its home on "the other side," as, in Deutschland, they often term the region beyond the grave. The song is simple, yet expressive, the accompaniment full of rich harmony, chiming to the ever recurring peal of mellow bell-tones, which sound through the entire piece.

- The Miseries of Sneezing. Song and Chorus. . . . . Ossian E. Dodge. 30

One of Dodge's super-comic odes. Well calculated to make one laugh heartily.

- Keep this Bible near your heart. Song and Chorus. . . . . H. S. Thompson. 25

Very sweet and touching. Mothers who have sent their boys to the war with a similar charge, will love the song, though it is to be hoped its sad termination may not be appropriate in their case.

- Close his eyes! His work is done. A dirge for a soldier. Song and chorus. . . . . Asa B. Hutchinson. 25

Pure, clear, simple and melodious. A regular Hutchinson song. Those who have heard it, as sung by the "Tribe of Asa," will welcome its appearance in print.

#### Instrumental Music.

- Venice Quadrille. . . . . Charles D'Albert. 35  
Quite equal to, or a little above, the average of D'Albert's compositions, which are nearly all good.

- The Portuguese Hymn. Adepts Fideles. . . . . Brinley Richards. 60

An excellent transcription of the good old melody, which fits into variations better than many other sacred airs. Fine for practice.

- On the Rialto. Auf den Lagunen. Barcarolle. . . . . Theo. Osten. 30

A barcarolle, in Venice, approaches in character a serenade, and the melody of this fine composition would be well fitted for chanting by the gondoliers. Not difficult.

- Money-King Polka. . . . . Chas. A. Shaw.

Of moderate degree of difficulty, and considerable variety. Commended to Money-Kings and their daughters, and the many who like to dance with them.

#### Books.

- STABAT MATER. . . . . Rossini. Cloth, \$1.00  
Paper, 75

One of those books that choirs and musical societies should include in their libraries. A choir which confines itself to the singing of easy music will never be able to sing difficult music, nor sing easy music well; while a vigorous practice of a book of choruses, or a mass, or pieces like the above, shows very soon its result in the superior singing of common church tunes.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 581.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1863.

VOL. XXIII. No. 8.

Translated for this Journal.

## The Concerts of Amateurs.

### TRIBULATIONS OF A MUSICIAN.

From "Souvenirs d'un Musicien," by Adolph Adam.

There is a proverb which says, that there is nothing more to be dreaded than a dinner of friends or a concert of amateurs. Proverbs are the wisdom of nations, and nothing is more veracious than the maxim which we have just cited. One ought to esteem himself very fortunate when he is not smitten with both these plagues at the same time; but it is very rare that, after having been obliged to swallow the *diner d'ami*, composed, ordinarily, of the classic soup and boiled meat, followed by some one of those beneficial vegetables which recall to you the pleasant times and the succulent repasts of the college; it is very rare, I say, if, after this disagreeable feast, you are not still farther regaled with a little impromptu concert after the dessert. It is the little daughter of eight years who is to have you judge of her progress. The piano is opened, to which are wanting about half a dozen strings, seeing that it has not been tuned since the last *soires* when they danced to the piano, and the dear child is prayed to play something in order to give pleasure to the friend of the family. But the dear child, who usually takes her recreation after dinner, does not find it at all amusing to give an exhibition of her talents at such a time, and makes a wry face a yard long. "Come, come show to *Monsieur* that you are quite a young lady even now," says the papa, drawing his daughter to the piano. The child resists, the papa gets angry, and the budding virtuoso begins to cry. The mamma then introduces herself into the affair: "Why treat her so brutally?" says she to her husband. "You know how timid she is, she will now no longer dare to play. Come my child, if you will play your piece well you shall go and embrace the gentleman, who is very fond of little girls who are good." Pleasant perspective. You think to be rid of it by hearing a little bad music; you will be obliged whether you will or not to go and embrace this charming little girl, who, with the aid of her father's handkerchief, is occupied in a corner drying her tears. You must be resigned; after many ceremonies you have the pleasure of hearing: "*Ah vous dirai-je, maman? Je suis Lindor, Triste Raison,*" and other little airs of that novelty executed out of tune, and with an obligato accompaniment of false notes.

After this charming concert you are obliged to endure the promised embrace, and to mingle your compliments with those of the enchanted family. "Is she not truly astonishing?" says the father. "Oh, she is organized for music as few are. She retains all the airs that she hears: . . . She has taken lessons only two years. Her mother teaches her. She is an excellent musician. Have you never heard my wife sing? She has a magnificent voice. Come now, my dear, you must sing something to *Monsieur*. Come,

do not play the child now." You must join your entreaties to those of the husband, who has gone to take down an old guitar, which he spends a quarter of an hour in tuning. Then, mingling his voice with that of his better half, he refreshes your ears with "*Fleuve du Tage*" or "*Dormez donc, mes chères amours,*" for two voices. Ordinarily one takes his hat after the last couplet and retires, thanking the amiable couple for the delightful evening which they have given him, and never sets foot in the house again. I, who have very irritable nerves, and who, in my quality of musician, hold the music of amateurs in abomination, always take care to inform myself if the people with whom I am about to make acquaintance cultivate music; for, if they have the least taste for exercising that enchanting art—your servant—I will no longer hear them spoken of, I withdraw into myself, and, firm as a rock, I remain deaf to all supplications. You will conceive that, with such principles, I move often. I have never been able to find a landlord who consented to require of my fellow lodgers a certificate of musical incapacity; and as soon as, notwithstanding the listing at all the doors and my windows constantly closed even in Summer, the sound of a piano, a violin, a flageolet, or a voice reaches me, the next day I give leave. I will not speak of the organs of Barbary (hand-organs) and of the hunting horns, which play before the windows of the wine shops: I have admitted long since that it was a plague which it is impossible to avoid in a city a little civilized, and that all quarters of Paris are subject to it.—I have tried the most isolated lodgings; the street organs have pursued me there. I thought at one time to be rid of them; I had rented a small house in the plain of Monceaux; for three days I there enjoyed an absolute silence, when, one fine morning in Summer, I was awakened suddenly at four o'clock by "*La generale*," which was which was being beaten under my windows. I arose in all haste. Judge of my despair when, putting my nose to the casement, I saw about twenty drummers of the National Guard grouped about my habitation, and making a general rehearsal of all the *fla* and *rrra* which could be drawn from that harmonious instrument. I saw surely that repose is not for man on this earth. I moved, I returned to the bosom of the great city. I stop up the chinks of my dwelling, and I try to cork up my ears sufficiently to imagine myself deaf, when there passes in the street any singer or cursed instrumentist. I have become a misanthrope. I am out of temper with the human species from my rising till seven in the evening. Then I go out, and I proceed to l'Opera or l'Opera Comique, and I saturate myself with true music, which has no analogy to the music of amateurs. I take care to place myself in some very obscure corner, in order to be isolated as much as possible; for amateurs pursue you everywhere, and there are those who have the habit of beating the time (nearly always out of time) or of humming with the actors; those people shrivel

my nerves, and turn a pleasure into a torment. I am at variance with all my acquaintances who have musical families, and I have preserved relations only with an old retired bailiff, entirely a stranger to the fine arts, at least I believed so.—But the traitor has just broken the last link which bound me to humanity, he has become an amateur, and that without knowing a note of music, and what is worse, he has enticed me into a horrible den where they scrape and blow and scorch the ears and the composers in the most atrocious fashion, all for a hundred sous per month. Listen to the story of my misfortune.

It is not quite fifteen days since my old bailiff invited me to take dinner with him. It was the first time he had invited me, and though he had apprised me that it was *un diner d'ami*, I should have been in the right to have told him in leaving the table: "I did not believe myself so strongly your friend;" but, as that is but the least of the evils which awaited me on that fatal evening, I will not expatiate too much on that first calamity. The repast terminated, I made ready to quit the chamber without fire and lighted by a single candle (it is from modesty that I say candle), where we had dined, in order to go to the opera to hear *Robert le Diable*, when my old villain of a friend, retaining me by the skirt of my coat: "Why the devil! do you escape so suddenly? Can you not consecrate to me an entire evening? You imagined, perhaps, that I have not thought of preparing you an agreeable after-dinner? I have reserved a surprise for you this evening; give me time to take my hat, let me conduct you; and if you are not satisfied, you are very difficult to please." I let him do as he pleased. We went out and arrived at the *rue des Petits-Champs*. "Now we are going to wait for the conveyance, said my bailiff,"—"What conveyance? to go where?"—"My young friend, let me do as I please. I repeat, when you are there, you will be enchanted." After having waited a quarter of an hour in the rain and cold, we saw at last coming in the distance one of those monstrous carriages, which by night announce themselves by their great flaming eyes, red, blue, or yellow. We mounted, I gave my six sous, as did my companion, abandoning myself to my fate, which some presentiment, I knew not what, caused me to dread. After a half hour of progress the omnibus stopped; we descended.—"Where are we?"—"Rue de la Harpe." Singular locality for a pleasure party! We were before a great homely house, very high, very black and very dirty, as were all in the vicinity. "Do you see that light in the fourth story? It is there we are going," said my guide. "I understand." We mounted, groping our way, a very steep staircase, which brought us finally to a door feebly lighted by a night lamp placed on a neighboring shelf, and I read written in great letters: CONCERT. Here I avow my limbs failed me, and without that weakness perhaps I should have yielded to a horrible inspiration of the devil which seized me suddenly. I had an irresistible



desire to precipitate my unlucky friend down four pairs of stairs, but virtue overcame it. I contained myself, and contented myself with digging my nails into the palm of my hand, when I heard this new Mephistopheles say to me with a laugh of triumph: "Ha! you did not expect this?"—The door opened before us, and I entered. I felt then within me one of those revolutions very natural to the heart of man. To that mortal solicitude which possesses one at the approach of a great danger, succeeds suddenly that courageous resignation which one experiences when the danger is upon you. There was no longer any means to avoid it. I made up my mind to laugh at my misfortune, and to play the part of an observer, in order at least to be able to put my fellow citizens on their guard against a similar mishap. The first room which we entered had nothing in particular, but the second was very remarkable; in the centre was a piano covered with scores and orchestral parts; desks were disposed around, and against the walls were hung all sorts of instruments from the highest to the lowest. A dozen individuals were already grouped in this saloon. On our entrance there were unanimous acclamations. "Ah! here is M. Vincent; good evening, Monsieur Vincent, what a pleasure to see you, etc." Hand-shakings and felicitations came from all sides to my companion, who knew not which to attend to.—After all these polite actions, upon the assurance that the concert would not commence before an hour, I drew my friend Vincent into a little corner, and here are the details which he gave me in regard to the assembly in which we were.—"This re-union has had an existence of more than thirty years. It is a business which is carried on like any species of commerce. Here, for five francs per month, every amateur, whatever instrument he plays, can come once a week and take part in the overtures and symphonies which are executed. The players are furnished with music and instruments, which you see upholstering this chamber. It is warmed, lighted, and one can bring a friend." "But," said I to him, "what do you come here to do?"—"I? I come to do my part."—"You then play some instrument?"—"Not any, I do not even know how to read music; and here is exactly whence comes the consideration which each one shows me here. I take care to place myself at a desk where there are at least two instruments. The leader of the orchestra is a sufficiently good musician to distinguish perfectly those who make what you call mistakes. As I content myself with making a semblance of playing, he has never remarked me as guilty of such a mishap, and I pass here as being of great ability. You ask me why I come here? It is because it is warm, because it does not cost much and because the consideration which I enjoy gives me pleasure.—The society is besides perfectly composed; they are students, employés, tradesmen, who prefer this re-union to the *cafés* and smoking rooms, and you will find among them many people with whom you would be charmed to make acquaintance."

While we were talking many people had come in; each one was already at his desk, and for five minutes the leader of the orchestra had been striking in vain on his book with his bow in order to obtain silence. "Come, Monsieur Vincent, we are going to commence. What instrument will you play to-day? Hold, we have some *debutants*

among the flutes, go and help me a little among those young people." My companion cast a glance at the desk where were seated three young gentlemen armed with their instruments. He seized a flute, hanging on the wall behind him, and blowing with all his lungs as one does in a key, he drew from it a horrible whistling sound which might have been heard at the *Pont Saint-Michel*. "Ah! what a fine *embouchure*," exclaimed one of the apprentice flutists.—M. Vincent smiled with a modest air; and the symphony began. I did not lose sight of my bailiff, who encouraged his young companions with an air of protection, in the horrible *charivari* which they performed. The flutes could not succeed in making themselves heard, but during a fest there was an unhappy alto one measure behind, who began to execute a solo which was unexpected. The leader of the orchestra bounded from his seat, all stopped: "For mercy's sake! Monsieur Vincent, pass to the part of alto, we cannot go on without that." M. Vincent did not wait to be told twice. He put down his flute and took an alto. They recommenced and this time nothing hindered. M. Vincent took some tobacco, blew his nose, or arranged his frill, during the *piano* passages; but when the *forte* arrived he escaped his empty strings with fury, his companions imitated him, the altos predominated over all the orchestra, and at the end of the piece M. Vincent received the felicitations of the leader of the orchestra and of all the players.

Pity me. I was obliged to hear six overtures thus executed. You ask which ones. That would be impossible for me to tell. I did not recognize even one, though I was assured that they were all by the best masters. At the end of the concert my head buzzed. I was forced to take the arm of my old bailiff in order to return home; I should have been crushed: the noise of the carriages and the cries of *garé!* no longer reached my ear; I was completely stunned.—Upon entering my lodgings I mounted to the room of my landlord. I paid him what I owed him, I moved that night, and I had my furniture carried out of Paris. At break of day I found myself in a village, where I hope my old bailiff will come no more to trouble me. I have rented half of a little house occupied by a schoolmaster. But I foresee that I shall soon be obliged to transport my *penates* to other places; as it says in the new law on public instruction, that singing shall form a part of elementary education. I am now alone in the world; the only friend I had has become an amateur of music without knowing a note; how am I to find society now? Several years ago a particular individual demanded in "*les Petites Affiches*" a servant who did not know how to sing the air of "*Robin des Bois*"; I demand everywhere a friend who does not love music, who does not know it, and who dreads above all concerts of amateurs. If you ever encounter that rare man, send him to me; believe that he will find in me a devotion without limits; and that for such a treasure, there is no sacrifice which a poor musician could not make.

#### A Museum of Musical Instruments.

Paris has a new museum, which "Spiridon," writing to the *Evening Gazette*, describes as follows:

This museum is a collection of old musical instruments formed by Mons. Clappisson, the well known composer, and sold by him to the Government. He assembled something like three hundred instruments,

several others have been given since the museum was purchased by the Government, and the collection seems to be in a fair way to grow into an extensive museum. It is interesting as illustrative of the history of music, and from the historical associations connected with many of the instruments. I am not sure that one should not look with even more interest upon a musical instrument, than upon a volume which belonged to some eminent character. The most enthusiastic reader is excited by the book only as the pilgrim at sight of the hallowed shrine; both are passive and above them they move. The musician throws his very soul into the instrument, animates it to a portion of himself and fills it with his own joys, his own sorrows or his own hopes till instrument and performer appear to be one rapt person giving utterance to the o'er-fraught heart. In this way the instrument becomes invested with a particular charm which exceeds most souvenirs in interest. Can one look at Garat's lyre and repress a smile as imagination seems to catch some echo of that divine voice to which Napoleon himself was not insensible? or the harp which belonged to the Princess de Lamballe and feel otherwise than sad at the contrast forced upon the mind between the soft notes of this gentlest of instruments and her most hideous fate?

The collection of pocket violins is extremely curious. There are no fewer than twenty-five of them, and one of them claims (judges agree as of right) to have had Stradivarius for its maker. They are of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. I believe the manufacture of pocket violins is decaying, if it has not decayed. They are scarcely to be seen now away from a dancing-master's chair. You know they give the octave above the violin, standing in the same relation to it as the viol and violoncello bear to the bass. There are a great many clarinettes and their kindred the flutes, the beaked flutes and their original bassoons. Beaked flutes are to be seen now only in museums, which is inexplicable, for musicians regret its disappearance from bands; they think its notes softer, mellower, and less insipid than those of the modern flute which dethroned it. There are some curious drums exhibited, from the old Provençal tambourine with its long narrow case, to Sax's new drum which has no case at all, and consists solely of an ass's skin stretched on a metal circle. The interval is filled with barbaric drums, chief among which figures a Tahitian drum made of a portion of the trunk of some tropical tree, which has been hollowed throughout its length (some six feet) and covered at one end with a goat's or a lamb's skin. When this drum is played it is set in a hollow and two or three brawny fellows belabor the skin with clubs. I forgot to mention that the Provençal tamborin is played with only one drumstick; it is thought a difficult instrument. Mons. Clappisson has in his museum the largest gong to be seen out of China. There are likewise to be seen in this collection many varieties of a musical family, which we know best through the hurdy-gurdy, which belongs to a most ancient family. The museum contains hurdy-gurdys of the reigns of Henry IV., Louis XIV. (and which subsequently belonged to Madame Adelaide, Louis Philippe's sister), Louis XV. (made by Louvet, the eminent musical instrument maker,) and Louis XVI. This last reign is represented by a beautiful hurdy-gurdy made for a child. There are, too, bird-organs (*serinettes*) bound in books, and a wheel orpheon (an instrument something like the harpsichord) in the shape of a three octave volume.

Since I am speaking of the curiosities of the museum, let me add an organ, a church organ, which has even a trumpet stop, contained in a folio volume. You may easily imagine that all the pipes are very short, being in truth little more than reeds; and there are eight instruments in canes. Garat's lyre is a beautiful instrument, admirably painted by Prudhon or Girodet. The museum contains four spinets, which are of great historical interest and most admirably preserved. One is of the reign of Henry II.; it can easily be taken to pieces and packed in a travelling-box or trunk, which is lined with sheet iron. The box is as old as the instrument. Two others were made in the sixteenth century: one of them bears this inscription: "*Francisci de Portalupis Veronen. Opus. MDXIII.*" (the name of the maker and the date of manufacture), which is incrustured in ivory on the instrument. A fourth spinet is of the species called "virginal;" it was made in the seventeenth century and bears the coat-of-arms of the de Penthièvre family. The keys are of amber; the front of the instrument is covered with arabesques of amber surrounded by amber medallions and enamelled flowers, and the whole instrument is gilded. The collection contains two harpsichords of the greatest value. The most valuable of them was made by Ruckers towards the close of the sixteenth cen-

tury, and it is adorned by paintings executed by no less illustrious artists than Paul Bril and David Teniers. The former is the author of the exterior paintings. The latter painted the front of the harpsichord, and in his very best manner; he represents three musicians in a tavern; two are seated, the third is standing and giving the others the key note. The other harpsichord is made of ebony and adorned with ivory and mother-of-pearl. On its interior is the name of the maker and of the date of manufacture: P. Faby Bononiensis. Opus. MDCLXXXVII. The collection contains, too, five beautiful harps, one made in the Regency, the four others in the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. One of them was made by Sebastian Erard and is covered with the famous Vernis Martin; on it is the name of the Princess de Lamballe. You may see there, too, mandolins, mandores, sistras, lutes, theorbs and their child, which has inherited the places of them all—the guitar; Italian (of the seventeenth century), French and Scotch bagpipes; oliphants, Roman trumpets of the sixteenth century, French hunting horns of the reign of Louis XIII., church serpents of the fourteenth century, a timbre in the shape of a spinet adorned with Boule, Pan's pipes from many countries, flutes made of all sorts of materials, trumpets of enamelled earthen ware, a sonorous stone from China, a Venetian horn of glass, key-note flageolets (one of the reign of Henry II.), circular violins made of steel plates; Italian, Chinese and French dulcimers; a counter-bass bassoon six feet long; an Italian music box of the sixteenth century, which still plays its round of dances; soprano bassoons of the reign of Louis XVI., psalterions of the reign of Louis XIII., etc., etc. Musical instrument makers may learn at least one important lesson from this museum. It exhibits in a most striking light their disgraceful inferiority to their predecessors in form. There is not a single instrument to be found in this collection which is not immeasurably superior in form to the instruments on sale in contemporary musical instrument makers' shops. Take, for instance, the key-note flageolet of the reign of Henry II.; it is made of ivory, it is covered with exquisite carvings, and it is as graceful an instrument as a Raphael could place in one of his Muse's hands. The Italian bagpipes are of the most delicate forms,—you know how ungraceful the modern are! The old artists were imbued with a taste of style which seems to have made it impossible for them to violate the canons of grace. They themselves were the first to suffer, and they would have suffered acute pain were the objects on which they had expended all their art, trade and mystery, deficient in those essential qualities of grace and style which recommend to admiration the vilest materials and the humblest instruments. Modern instrument makers have not the excuse (which their advocates urge in their behalf) of want of patronage for these exquisite pieces of art. Broadwood at London and (to a less extent) Erard, here, constantly receive orders for instruments which with excellence of musical qualities combine beauty as objects of art, that they may adorn the drawing-room to which they are destined. Unable to make them beautiful, these manufacturers make them rich. Attempts are made to compensate for the absent beautiful form by bribing the eye with lavish expenditure of gildings, and to make heaviness itself seem an advantage by hinting the heaviness is valuable. We, even the least exacting moderns, may waive the right to challenge contemporary musical instrument makers to rival Stradivarius and the other unapproachable masters; but in a mere question of exterior form it is our duty to insist upon successful rivalry with their predecessors. If they cannot supply us with the nectar and ambrosia their ancestors lavished generously, at least let the beaker avouch them for children of their fathers. If their invention can neither be fogged or shamed into activity—let them servilely copy those admirable models.

### Paragraphs from Vienna.

BY A. W. T.

(Continued from page 55.)

May 10.—Here is a bell story. It comes from a newspaper published at Czrnowitz, in the Austrian province Bukowina.

Not long since the following was related to have occurred at Rarancze, a village near Czrnowitz.

An old peasant, a widower with one son and one daughter, both married, recently died, leaving the son in a state of great rage, owing to the father's refusal to change his will so as to favor him—the son—to the injury of the sister. The unnatural son cursed his dead father, and forbade his wife to enter

the house to assist in preparing him for the grave. She went, however, while her husband was in the field, and performed this duty. As soon as he heard of it, he rushed to the body, uttering foul language, and was about to tear the shroud from it. This aroused the father from a trance, in which he had to this moment lain. He sprang up, grasped the son by his arm—fell back in a fit and really died. I will omit the details which follow—they are really shocking; the substance of them is, that the fingers of the dead could not be removed from the arm of the son, until, after the lapse of thirty hours, they were dissected off.

The report of this strange occurrence, together with the announcement that a committee of physicians and surgeons had been sent to Rarancze to report upon the matter, induced several persons, among them divers students, to go over from Czrnowitz to the village, to look into the matter, more especially as the peasantry were beginning to believe that the case was one of actual resurrection from the dead for the purpose of punishing a son's wickedness. When the Czrnowitzers reached Rarancze, they received the following explanation.

The bells for the new church of the village were to be cast. That the casting might be successful, and the bells ring out right loud and invitingly, it was necessary, according to an old Bukowina superstition, to put some strange and striking story in circulation. So the people concerned got together and discussed the matter, finally, hitting upon this story of father and son, and sending eight messengers—two in the direction of each of the cardinal points of the compass—to set the story going, and to see that it made a great sensation. "We must give these messengers, in truth, the credit of having done their duty in the premises with great zeal and skill," says the reporter. "At the same time the casting has proved a success, and from the tower of the new church resounds already in silver clear tones, loud and cheerful, the music of the bells of Rarancze."

May 22.—The other day the *Fremdenblatt*, one of our daily papers, has the following paragraph.

"We learn from London, that the songstress Adeline Maria Johanna Clorinda Patti has entered a complaint, through her next friend, [as I believe the law term is] James William Macdonald, against her father, Salvatore Patti, and her brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosch. The complaint in all its long printed particulars lies before us, but we hesitate, for the present, to publish the same, notwithstanding the genuineness of the document is affirmed to us here in Vienna by competent authority. The defendants are notified to appear before the Lord Chancellor on the 15th inst."

This is "nuts" for the Vienna theatre-goers, for Strakosch seems to have left no very favorable impression here, and taking advantage of this feeling, a certain Zell, who is a fertile writer of burlesques, has prepared a musical-farcical-dramatic drollery called "Abellina [not Adeline], or, a Brother-in-law for Every thing,"—for the Theatre an der Wien—that theatre, which owed its construction to the success of Mozart's "Magic Flute", and for which Cherubini composed "Faniska," and Beethoven "Fidelio," ever so many years ago. There is a popular songstress here, a Fräulein Gallmeyer, at whose benefit on the 16th inst., the piece was produced before a full house. In the *Presse* it is thus noticed. I have not seen it.

"As a whole, the piece, the object of which is to burlesque the Patti enthusiasm of the Viennese, and the Humboldt of all theatre-fathers, viz., the brother-in-law Strakosch, has not over and above much wit, but the thing amuses through its *hors d'œuvres*. There are several good hits, songs and the like. Fräulein Gallmeyer, with her hair colored black, to resemble in this respect, at least, the original Spanish

maiden, [Patti was born in Madrid, but by no means of Spanish parents], again set the springs of her satire and daring drollery in motion, and the public applauded the popular local songstress, in a manner which might have satisfied all the heroes of art and literature that we now-a-days can reckon up. Herr Zimmerman imitated most capably Carrion's tender, die-away strains, and Herr Swoboda trilled and rouladed excruciatingly an air from *Traviata*. Fräulein Gallmeyer gained excessive applause. The novelty will evidently fill the house many a night."

To-day, the piece is advertised—being interpreted—thus:

Theater an der Wein. For the ninth time.

Abellina, or A Brother-in-law for Every thing;

A burlesque for the times, with song, in three pictures;

By Zell and Mery. Music by various masters.

Adeline Patti again. The last number of the *Blätter für Theater, &c.*, is responsible for the following:

"On the 16th of May, an English legal document was shown in the various editorial rooms of the Paris journals, and the request made for its immediate translation and publication. In this document Adeline Patti, at present in London, is made to apply to the proper court, with the petition, that she be received as a "Ward in Chancery," until, in February, 1864, she shall complete her 21st year, and that she be released from the tyranny of her father and brother-in-law. It is affirmed, that her father in Paris, before a notary public, in 1862, released forever, all rights and powers, as father, to and over Adeline and Caroline [Carlotta?] of every nature whatsoever, to his son-in-law. Since coming in possession of this document, the Herr Brother-in-law has treated the timid, pretty Adeline as a sort of female Casper Hauser. He keeps 'the child' actually locked up, shut out from all society, makes all contracts without consultation with her, takes possession of all the receipts, drags the golden-voiced nightingale at will about the world, and when, now and then, the sweet-tempered dove attempts to defend herself, inflicts corporeal punishment (?) upon her, such as is only due to proved culprits. Miss Patti now prays the authorities to save her from this undeserved and extortionate white slavery; is ready to prove her allegations, and demands a medical examination, and the privilege of exhibiting the marks of personal chastisement. (!!) She declares farther that in eight months she has earned 60,000 francs (\$12,000) but has herself never received a sou of it; further that a gentleman (in Paris, this is supposed to be M. Aguado) has made her an earnest offer of marriage, that he is a man of independent property, and offers expressly to waive any claim to a marriage portion. But, notwithstanding this, she has been taken from Paris to London, with the express object of putting an end to this relation; that all letters to her are intercepted; and, in general, she is subjected to such treatment, that if the honorable court does not soon extend its parental care over her, she cannot answer for the consequence!"

Such is the ridiculous story of the *Blätter für Theater, &c.* Isn't it "werry shocking," as my old French coffee-woman used to say.

Now comes the *Presse* of this morning, May 26, and gives the following edifying history:

"Based upon thoroughly trustworthy letters received from London, we are able to give the following explanation of the complaint said to be entered by Fräulein Patti against Herr Strakosch.

"During the past winter in Paris, a person calling himself Baron de Ville, had pursued Miss Patti with offers of marriage, but making no other impression upon her than that of disgusting intrusiveness. Satisfied of his irresistible attractions, the vain fellow really believed that his want of success could have

no other foundation than that of a tyrannical guardianship. He followed her to Vienna, where he put up at the hotel Munsch, under the name of M. Mougrémon, but where he never was received by Miss Patti. He thence followed her to London, where, after various vain attempts to see her, he determined to try by means of a legal intervention to help himself, or at least gratify revenge. De Ville had the impudence to present to the court in Miss Patti's name, and, as pretended, by her authority, a petition containing a complaint against her father and brother-in-law, and praying for the appointment of a guardian. The parties interested were summoned, and Adelina declared in Court, that she, far from entering such a complaint, was perfectly satisfied with and happy in her family relations, and was particularly indebted to, and grateful for the kindness of her brother-in-law, Strakosch, who, from her earliest childhood had been like a father to her, and who was her first and only teacher. As to the Baron, she declared him to be an adventurer, with whom she would have nothing to do.

"The 'Baron,' her worshipper—who probably is hardly *compos mentis*—was heartily laughed at by the audience, received a reprimand from the court, and was condemned to pay the costs.

"The 'Baron' de Ville, or Mongrénon, it appears, wrote to his friend, Jules Briand, an employé of one of the first — barbers (!) in Vienna, requesting him to obtain the publication of a copy of the petition, which was enclosed. Briand did so, and thus the story got into the papers. An action for slander, which Strakosch threatens to bring here in Vienna, may very probably confirm the facts as here detailed before our tribunals."

I hope Strakosch will pursue the matter, for if there be no redress for the abominable lies and misrepresentations, with which the Horibert Rans *et id genus omne* of novel writers here in Germany and Austria, defame the dead, regardless of the tears and sorrow of the living, it is to be hoped that the muzzle on the press may not be confined to political matters alone, and that in such flagrant cases as this, the authors of the slander may be adequately punished.

### The Mozart Catalogue.

(From the London Athenæum.)

*Thematic and Chronological Catalogue of Mozart's Works*—*Chronologisch-thematisches Verzeichniss sämmtlicher Ton-Werke, W. A. Mozarts*, von Dr. Ludwig Ritter von Köchel. (Leipzig, Breitkopf & Härtel; London, Ewer & Co.)

The musician of any age or country, be his object what it will, may well regard this thick volume with admiration and reverence, as one of the holy books of his art. Five hundred and more pages are devoted to the titles of the creations of one who did not attain middle age, and whose life was largely devoted to active exhibition; among which works are a "Don Juan," a "Figaro," a Jupiter Symphony! We are not of the company of the idolaters, who can see no fault, no inequality, who will admit no mannerism in the works of Mozart. We hold, with a judgment stated a few years ago in print, that he produced nothing which has not been of its class excelled by some other master of music: an assertion which, however startling it seems, can be sustained by fact. Taking, however, Mozart's works as a whole, the union of form and beauty, of skill, of spontaneous geniality presented in them, has never been exceeded, if ever approached. Their evenness of quality is wonderful. There is probably no one musician who has given such vast and lasting delight; and this, not to the learned and refined only, but to the enormous public, that cares merely for passing sensations of pleasure. Then, we are somehow never tired of hearing about the man. Book comes after book, life after life,—each more tedious than the last (Dr. Jahn's being, let us hope, final in point of heaviness).—yet they are not to be parted with when once taken in hand. In brief, he possessed genius in all the fullness of most exquisite charm, and was even more loveable than highly-gifted; as we remember anew while lingering over this list of treasures, just as if a large portion of it was not known to us by heart! Is it complete even now, splendid as it is in length! We fancy not; and that some of the slighter pieces,

which were flung off by him to please his Viennese comrades, or to make the starched men of science at Leipzig stare, are not here included. On the other hand, it is possible that pieces have crept in which are not from his pen—doubts having been thrown on the authenticity of many of the remains sold by his widow after his decease. Complete or incomplete, however, the collection is unique as an example of fecundity, of beauty, of variety. Admirable, too, is the absence of an arrogant and pedantic spirit; and the willingness to be helpful, without thought of self-assertion. Mozart would throw off occasional songs for other men's operas, and additional accompaniments to other men's oratorios. He scored such music of Bach as hit his fancy. He played with the flute or the horn, when some merry and good-for-little boon companion wanted a *concerto*. He wrote dances (there are many waltzes, by the way, passing under his name that are not here). In brief, like all men of real genius, he was abundant, gracious and versatile; and thus to be ranked with the Michel Angelos, the Cellinis, the Shakespeares of Art, who know themselves to be too great, and feel themselves to be too generous, to be pinched by any narrow fears of compromising themselves, let them condescend as they please.

Probably, in all this wonderful accumulation of music, its least precious portion consists of the orchestral masses and the organ pieces. The former fall short in the devotional spirit, which breathes with such a mighty and earnest pathos in his "Confutatio," from the Requiem,—in his "Ave Verum."—His English worshippers will learn with surprise, that the service so hackneyed in this country, and known as his Twelfth Mass—in Germany as No. 7—does not figure in this Catalogue; or if so—for here is a Mass No. 7 in the same key, and in the same rhythm—with different phrases by way of opening. The organ music, though written for Germany, is apparently slighter than Handel's, which was written for England in days when the German pedals were next to unknown, without the occasional pompous grandeur of phrase so distinctive of Handel.

An unusually large portion of the six hundred and twenty-six works here indexed are in autograph manuscript. For one who notoriously took life so lightly, and wrought so hastily, Mozart's manuscript is not bad; clear, comparatively, if compared with Beethoven's. A well-known varied *Andante* in G major, for four hands, is before us, from which that fresh and genial composition has been played. It tells, as does Madame Viardot's famous possession—the manuscript of "Don Juan"—that hasty as he was, and careless, Mozart was not too hasty and careless to reconsider himself;—whether he was pouring out such a burning utterance of passion as "Or sai che l'onore," or merely throwing off a trifle for the amateurs and the shops. To-day, we have lived to see, as rule, the temerity of publishing new works on the largest scale simultaneously with their performance,—works, it may be added, not by Mozart, nor yet, even, by Mendelssohn. This manuscript tells its tale of the "midnight oil," or else of the midnight punch, which Mozart's *Stanser* used to brew for him, when he was busy, in the drops which spot the time-discolored paper. It is here and there smeared, too, as if the diligent author who left his works behind him in Somebody's Luggage had been over the page, to correct it.—But enough of these notes on a Catalogue, wanting which no musician's library of reference can be henceforth rated as complete. We should add, in conclusion, that Dr. Von Köchel's notes and annotations are sensible, to the purpose, and not over-prolix.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JUNE 6.—The past musical season has been, on the whole, a rich one for lovers of music in New York. The German and Italian opera companies, the Philharmonic and Liederkreis Societies, Mason and Thomas's quartet party, the concerts given by Messrs. Anschütz, Bergmann, Mills, Thomas, Goldbeck, without mentioning the lighter entertainments of Carlotta Patti, Gottschalk, &c., have presented us with every variety of music (excepting the great oratorio form), old and new. Some of the works performed were heard here for the first time; a few for the first time anywhere.

Of operas, we have heard some entirely new to New York. Such were Meyerbeer's "Dinorah," Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," Petrella's "Ione," Verdi's "Aroldo," and Gluck's "Orpheus."

"Tone" proved successful even to a *furore*, among the frequenters of the Academy; the causes of this success have been already discussed; the others pleased more or less (even Aroldo!), excepting the greatest beyond comparison—of course we mean "Orpheus," and that proved an unequivocal failure, as might have been almost surely predicted; for this opera requires an undoubtedly great artist in the principal part, a perfect *mise en scene*, beyond the possibilities of the Winter Garden, and an essentially music and art loving audience.

Mlle. Vestval's performance of "Orpheus" was doubtless modelled after that of Viardot-Garcia, which she must have frequently studied in Paris, but most certainly *after* it, if we may believe half the raptures of Berlioz, Scudo, Fiorentino, &c., on the wonderful personation of that great artist, who, never handsome, past middle age, and with a failing voice, had yet the power to enchain by the magic of her genius, the attention of enraptured audiences, for upwards of three hundred nights,—audiences in part composed of people who went to Paris from England, Italy, Russia, solely to hear Garcia in "Orpheus." Mlle. Vestval has great physical beauty, yet little feminine charm; she astonishes, but she does not touch or attract. She did not fill our ideal of the poet Orpheus, who, we imagine from his history (be that fact in part or not), must have been somewhat effeminate,—either in person or action; her gestures and attitudes were too ostensibly intended rather to exhibit herself, than the character or composer. Neither was her voice, and especially her school, sufficient for the great music she undertook to render.

Little Madam Rotter was more satisfactory in the single scene allotted to Euridice; she was, at least, honest, earnest, and touching. The scenic effect was mediocre and often incorrect; the modern ballet skirts, parading round the tomb of Euridice, in the first act, were enough to throw ridicule on the whole opera. It is much to be regretted that the right spirit did not preside over this revival; how many people, unacquainted with the score, and knowing no better, will judge of the sublimely simple melodies, the deeply truthful expression, the dramatic effect of Gluck, merely from the manner in which they heard all this rendered at the Winter Garden, and will, perhaps, deem the weak points of the performance those of the great master! May Garcia's self come here one day, and undeceive New York, we pray! Even the critics (Heaven save the mark!) discoursed unknowingly about the "trotting" of this "old foggy" composer across the Atlantic!!

Somewhere about thirty operas, in all, were performed during the season, by the German and Italian companies, including some by Mozart, Beethoven's "Fidelio," Rossini's "Semiramide," which failed from the same cause as "Orpheus," namely, the want of the right women in the right place. Schubert's operetta "The Family Quarrel," by an amateur society; Offenbach's droll trifle "La rose de St. Fleur," by the French company; Mr. Edward Mollenhauer's tragic opera "The Corsican Bride," performed some three or four times, at the close of the season, with tolerable success, the music being light, and wanting in originality, but the whole thing despite its poor libretto, put together with a certain *savoir faire*, owing, no doubt, to Mr. Mollenhauer's experience as a theatrical orchestra leader, "La Favorita," "Norma," &c., &c.

The list of Symphonies performed last winter is not a short one. Beethoven's No. 1, No. 4, No. 5, and No. 7; Mozart's No. 4; Emanuel Bach's in D; Schumann's two in B. and Bb; Gade's No. 1, Liszt's "Tasso" and "Faust;" Berlioz's "Harold in Italy," and M. Goldbeck's promising original symphony, "Victoria."

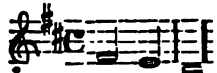
Of Overtures, we had naturally a greater number than of Symphonies, old and new composers having figured equally extensively in the list. Almost all

were noticeable; among them we must mention Gluck's to "Iphigenia in Aulis," Beethoven's "Leonora" No. 3; Mozart's to the "Magic Flute;" Weber's "Jubel," and that to "Oberon;" Cherubini's to "Medea;" Mendelssohn's to Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas;" Schumann's beautiful "Overture, Scherzo, and Finale," his "Manfred," and Julius Cæsar;" Wagner's introduction to "Lohengrin," his "Faust" overture characteristic, and that to "Tannhäuser;" Berlioz's "Francs juges," and "Carneval Romain;" Gade's "Michael Angelo," and "Reminiscences of Osean;" Rossini's to "William Tell," and Litolff's "Rocheperre."

Of sacred music, and of that species, the cantata, which belongs *par excellence* to the concert room, rather than to the church or the stage, we had Sebastian Bach's introduction to "St. Matthew's Passion;" Mozart's "Requiem;" Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," an eight part chorus by Palestrina; Romberg's "Lay of the bell;" the *Credo* from Liszt's "Graner" Mass; Gade's "Comala;" Mendelssohn's finale to "Loreley;" Weber's "Preciosa" music; Meyerbeer's chorus and melo-dramatic music, written for "Struensee," and other things less noticeable.

It would be an endless task to enumerate the miscellaneous instrumental works,—solos, duets, trios, quartets, sonatas, concertos, &c., heard at the various and varied concerts of the winter; it will be sufficient to say, that from Bach and Tartini, down to the composers of our day, many masters of the different schools were generously represented.

For the future season, we have promises of much and good music. Mr. Maretzek will open the Academy in the autumn, with a company of Italian artists, including Madame Medori, Signor Mazzoleni, and others among the singers who gained such popularity here last season. Petrella, the composer of "Ione," is to pay us a visit, for the purpose of bringing out and conducting a new opera of his own in New York; and writing of this visit, reminds us of a report concerning a more distinguished probable visitor, namely, Joachim, the greatest of living violinists, who, in company with his wife, formerly Mlle. Weiss, the singer, is said to be shaping his plans American. But this sounds almost too good to be true. But if true! and if Clara Schumann would only come with them! Then, Mr. Anschütz's future season of German opera promises to be on a more liberal scale than the past; the three Formes, bass, baritone, and tenor, will be induced, it is hoped, to join the company. The Philharmonic, Arion, Liederkreis, and other societies, are also preparing much fine music for future concerts; so that we may hope, not without reason, to enjoy some of the best that is to be heard, at the performances of resident established musicians alone, setting aside the chances of distinguished visitors, should circumstances prove favorable.



## Music Abroad.

### Festivals in Germany.

The London *Musical World* gives the following list of the various Musical Festivals which will take place, or have already taken place, in Germany, this summer. In Aix-la-chapelle, on the 6th and 7th of September, the First Vocal Festival of the Singers of the Rhenish Association, and Grand International Vocal Competition, under the direction of the Aix-la-chapelle Vocal Association for Male Voices—"Concordia." In Augsburg, on the 1st—3d August, the "Liederfest" of the Swabian and Bavarian Vocal Union, comprising 38 smaller Associations with 1062 members. In Bamberg, on the 25th—28th of July, "Das Fränkische Musikfest" in which 2755

singers have announced their intention of taking part. In Brunswick, on the 13th—15th of July, German "Liederfest" under the direction of Herr Franz Abt; the Vocal Associations of 60 different towns will sing on the occasion. In Darmstadt, on the 16th of August, the Musical Festival of the Middle Rhine. In Düsseldorf, on the 24th—25th of May, the Fortieth Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine—conductors, Herren Tausch and Otto Goldschmidt. In Königsberg, on the 27th—29th of May, the Third Musical Festival—conductor, Herr Anton Rubinstein. At Ochringen, on the 28th and 29th of June, the "Liederfest" of the Swabian Vocal Association. At Ohlau, the Vocal Association for Male Voices will celebrate the 25th Anniversary—date not fixed. At Reichenberg, in Bohemia, a grand Vocal Festival will take place some time during August.

From the same journal we take portions of a letter describing the Düsseldorf Festival, dated May 27.

On this occasion, for the first day of the Festival, the work selected was *Elijah*, which had been performed only once previously at any Rhenish Festival. The principal solos were undertaken by Mad. Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt; Mlle. von Edelberg (of Munich); Dr. Gunz (of Hanover); and Herr Julius Stockhausen, the smaller parts being entrusted to Mlle. Büschgens (from Crefeld), and Mlle. Pelasusten (from Cologne). The conductor of the oratorio was Herr Otto Goldschmidt, from London, while Mr. Blagrove, also from London, was the leader. The orchestra comprised one hundred and forty-six musicians, and produced a great effect, more especially by the fullness of the stringed quartet. The performance was rendered particularly brilliant by the new organ, played by Herr Weber, of Cologne. The chorus consisted of 781 persons, thus distributed: 219 sopranos, 159 contraltos, 175 tenors, and 228 basses. Thus much for statistical returns, as far as they are to be gathered from every guide-book. I give them as a matter of form. In stating my individual opinion of the performance, I can be short.—To think of telling your readers anything they have not already been told concerning Mendelssohn's work would argue in me an amount of arrogance of which I should not like to be supposed capable. Admiration for Mendelssohn is at home in Berlin, and I have rarely been present at a grander performance than that of *Elijah*, under Professor Stern's direction, last winter. But what endowed the performance here with more than usual interest was the combination of vocalists who could not be surpassed anywhere.—The youthful charm of Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt's voice has disappeared, as no one can be enthusiastic enough to deny. Its character of sweetness has been obliged to pay a tribute to Time; but the lady still retains the most elevated feminine grace; her profound and gentle feeling is still the same as when I heard her, when Jenny Lind, for the first time as Alice in *Robert le Diable*, in London.—The impression she produced upon me, at that epoch, was one which can never be forgotten, but quite as deep and moving an effect was excited in my breast the other day, by her singing of the air, "Höre, Israel," though two decenniums had nearly elapsed. It is a profoundly pious feeling which steals into my heart, when I hear her sing the air in question; I experience a desire for inward prayer. Mlle. von Edelberg possesses a vigorous contralto of the noblest character, to which is united a very good style. Dr. Gunz was not quite himself, but displayed good musical training and intelligence. Herr Julius Stockhausen sang the bass solos in an exemplary style. Although I am inclined to think the high position of the organ and the softness of its tone not quite adapted to *Elijah*, I cannot help expressing my deep respect for the gentleman who presided at it.—The ladies entrusted with the smaller solos were remarkable for the pleasing quality of their voices.—The chorus and orchestra were on a level with the work. The first day was a worthy commencement of the Festival. It was impossible not to perceive the reverential earnestness which animated the exponents, who, the audience felt, were conscious what kind of a composition they were executing. If I say that the second day satisfied me less than the first, I beg that I may not be misunderstood. If not equal to the first as regards quality, it surpassed it as regards quantity; there was too much music. I am as great a lover of music as ever existed in the wide world; but to sit and listen to heavy music, for four mortal hours, in a crowded, nay, nearly over-crowded hall, was too much even for me. Here, however, is the programme, so that every one may form his own opinion:—1. "Suite" by Bach; 2. Three Psalms by Marcello (scored by Lindpaintner); 3. "Ode to St.

Cecilia" by Handel (with Mozart's instrumentation), 4. C minor Symphony by Beethoven; 5. Third Part of the *Creation*, by Haydn.

You will at once perceive that I was not quite wrong in my assertion as to there being too much music. The conductors on this evening were, for purely instrumental compositions, Herr Julius Tausch and, for the others, Herr Otto Goldschmidt. With regard to the execution of the orchestral pieces, I cannot quite agree with the nearly universal enthusiasm; I have heard the same pieces, especially Beethoven's Symphony, played far more effectively elsewhere; but, notwithstanding this, I must acknowledge the care exhibited by Herr Tausch. In the second movement of the "Suite," Herr Ludwig Strauss, of Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, executed the violin solo with praiseworthy correctness. The gem of the evening was Jenny Lind. How inspiring in its effect was the delicacy of her expression in the "Ode to St. Cecilia!" The voice was no longer that of the day previous, which produced in me so pious a frame of mind by its rendering of the air, "Höre, Israel!" It was a voice calling to me from the heavens above. You are laughing again, I know you are, and thinking to yourself: "Still the same incorrigible enthusiastic dreamer as ever!" But you are mistaken. I give you my word that an air from the "Ode," so sung by Jenny Lind, would convert heathens, render free-thinkers devout, and restore misanthropes to the world and human society. I have not much to say concerning the third day of the Festival, when the so-called "Artists' Concert" took place, that is—a concert at which each person rides his or her own particular hobby. Of what was good, I will mention only the best. Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt sang an air from Mozart's *Rê Pastore*, with *obligato* violin accompaniment, played by Mr. Blagrove; Herr Tausch executed Spohr's Concerto in G minor; and Herr Tausch, Beethoven's Fantasia with chorus and band; while Herr Stockhausen gave us a few airs, songs, &c.

### London.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.** The concerts go on in the even tenor of their way, classical as always under the conductorship of Sterndale Bennett. The programme of the fifth (May 18) had for Symphonies Haydn No. 11 and Beethoven No. 4; for overtures the old *Freischütz* and *Zampa*, and a Fantasia Overture, "Paradise and the Peri," by Bennett, written for the Commemoration of the 50th year of the Society last summer, which, it is said, "gains enormously" on a second hearing. This took the place of the usual Concerto. Airs from Haydn and Mozart, and a *Valse* by Gounod were sung by Mlle. Tietjen's with "all her splendid energy."

Sixth Concert (June 1). Symphonies: Spohr in D minor, No. 2, (composed for the Philharmonic 40 years ago), and Beethoven in F (No. 8). Overtures: *Euryanthe*, and one in C by Mendelssohn, composed for the Philharmonic more than thirty years ago, sometimes called "the Trumpet Overture," which London critics pronounce "a masterpiece in every sense" and blame the Leipzig professors for not publishing among his "posthumous" works. Beethoven's G major concerto (for piano) was played by Arabella Goddard. The singers were Signor Fricka (properly Herr Fricke), Fr. Liebhart, who sang a bravura air from Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, and Mme. Lehmann, from Copenhagen, (well remembered here in Boston,) who sang the scena from *Der Freyschütz*; the *Times* says, "she has a powerful voice, and is earnest and strenuous in her delivery."

Seventh Concert, June 15. Symphonies: Beethoven, No. 1; Mendelssohn, in A minor. Overtures: *Oberon* (Weber), and *Anacreon* (Cherubini.) Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, played by M. Bazian, "a virtuoso of merit, but not equal to that work," Singers: Mlle. Artôt and Sig. Delle Sedie.

**NEW PHILHARMONIC.**—Dr. Wyke, conductor. The fourth concert, (Wednesday, June 3), offered two Symphonies: viz., Spohr's Double Symphony in C, and Beethoven's *Pastoral*; three Overtures: Schumann's to *Genoveva*, Weber's to *Oberon*, and Mozart's to "Magic Flute;" a Piano-forte Serenade and Rondo by Mendelssohn, played by Charles



Hallé; and singing (airs from Donizetti and Rossini, Rode's Variations, &c.), by Mme. Alboni. The *Musical World* says:

The fifth and last concert of the season, attracted the largest attendance of the series. The programme, with one exception, consisted of old acquaintances, but of those whom we reckon among our dearest and best. Let the selection show:—Part I.—Overture (*Leonora*), Beethoven; Song, "Deh vieni non tardar" (*Figaro*), Mozart; Concerto, for violin and orchestra, Spohr; Aria, "Il dolce suono" (*Lucia*) Donizetti; Symphony in A major, Mendelssohn. Part II.—Concerto, for pianoforte and orchestra, in F minor, Wylde; Air (*Der Freischütz*), Weber; Chorus (*Jessonda*), Spohr; Polacca, "Son vergin vezzosa" (*IPuritani*), Bellini; Overture (*Masaniello*), Auber.

The exception to our old acquaintances will be recognized in the concerto of Dr. Wylde, which was introduced by Madame Arabella Goddard, not at the request of the composer, but as a graceful compliment to the director. The concerto in F minor is the work of a thoughtful musician, clearly designed and well developed, often graceful, as often brilliant, and invariably effective. The orchestra is every where well handled, and the solo passages for the piano display both an elegant fancy, and a thorough knowledge of the instrument. Dr. Wylde is not a large producer, but if he had time and turned his attention to instrumental composition we might expect very many good things from his pen. Madame Arabella Goddard's execution of the concerto was splendid from beginning to end. Many of the passages are extremely difficult; but this young lady knows no difficulty.

**MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON:**—The youngest of the Orchestral or Symphony Societies, with Alfred Mellon for conductor. The fourth and last concert of the season gave Beethoven's C minor Symphony, (the *World* says: "We have heard it played, if not with more vigor, at least with more refinement;" and this of "the finest orchestra probably ever assembled in a London concert room.") The overtures were those to *Jessonda* and *Tell*, and one by Mr. Macfarren to *Hamlet*, which the same authority calls "an intellectual and thoroughly poetical composition," having a "smack of the so-called character overtures of Beethoven and Mendelssohn,"—yet coldly received, perhaps for want of more rehearsal. Mendelssohn's D minor Concerto was played by Miss Madeline Schiller, (a young lady of German parentage, but born in England, who distinguished herself at the Leipzig Conservatorium); her reception was encouraging. Sig. Delle Sedie sang airs from Stradella and Verdi.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—The 129th (June 8) was exclusively devoted to Beethoven. The *Musical World* says:

Even the vocal pieces were his; those quaint and pretty *lieder*, "The Savoyard" and "The Stolen Kiss," being included in the first part, and the incomparable "Adelaide" in the second. The singer was Mr. Sims Reeves, who treats Beethoven as he treats Handel and Mendelssohn. Madame Goddard played the *Sonata Appassionata* as it has rarely been played before by pianist or pianiste. She also joined Signor Piatti in the sonata for pianoforte and violoncello in A, the most beautiful of the five which the "immeasurably rich" Beethoven has left. The quartets were those in F and A, Nos. 1 and 5 of the first set (what a first set!), Op. 18. They were admirably given by the new violinist, Herr Japha, Herr L. Ries, Mr. H. Webb, and Signor Piatti. Mr. Benedict—restored, we are glad to say, to perfect health—occupied his usual post as accompanist.

**MR. HALLÉ'S PIANO-FORTE RECITALS**, opened Friday afternoon, May 14, at St. James's Hall. The *Athenæum* says:

Mr. Hallé has a sure place in England—such as can be won here only by an instrumentalist under conditions of remarkable accomplishment and progress. Londoners may well be glad that, after two years of exclusive devotion to Beethoven's *Sonatas*, for his own series of concerts this season, he has recourse to the general library of classical music, and not to one particular shelf of it. Yesterday week, we had Beethoven's *Sonata* in A, No. 3, Op. 2 (a work which breaks down every classifying theory of manners and styles, being, in some features, as boldly new as its writer's last Piano-forte *Sonata*),—a *Partita* in B minor, by Bach,—Mozart's Trumpet

*Sonata*, Op. 21,—Weber's *Solo Sonata* in C, Op. 24, the performance of which could not be surpassed for sentiment, lustre of execution, charm of tone and unfaltering power,—two "Moments Musicaux" by Schubert, the second a quaint *Hongroise* in F minor,—Mendelssohn's "Caprice" in E, Op. 33, this also played to perfection,—lastly, two specimens by Chopin. Better relished the best of music and the best of playing could not be than they were by the large audience assembled.

His second programme was "commanded" by the Princess of Wales, as follows:

Part I.—Sonata in E flat, Op. 29, No. 3, *Beethoven*; Harpsichord Lessons, G and D, *D. Scarlatti*; Gavottes and Musettes, in D minor and G minor (from "Suites Anglaises"), *S. Bach*; Bagatelles, Book I., Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 7, *Beethoven*.

Part II.—Sonata, in C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 1 (The Moonlight), *Beethoven*; Impromptu, in B flat, Op. 142, *Schubert*; Two Valses, in C sharp minor and D flat, Op. 64, *Chopin*; "Lieder ohne Worte," Book II., No. 1; Book IV., No. 5; and Book VI., No. 6, *Mendelssohn*.

THE VOCAL SOCIETIES have not been idle. Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir has given Madrigals, Part-songs, Mendelssohn's *Ave Maria* and "Hear my Prayer," with songs by Reeves, Mlle. Parspa and others, and piano pieces from Bach and Handel by Arabella Goddard. The Harmonic Society sang Mendelssohn's *Athalia*, and Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum," May 15. *Judas Maccabæus* was given at Exeter Hall, by the National Choral Society, under Mr. G. W. Martin, May 28th, with band and chorus of seven hundred. The *Creation* by the Sacred Harmonic Society, May 29. The anniversary meeting of the Charity Children under the great dome of St. Paul's, took place June 11.

Of course there has been the usual abundant early summer crop of concerts by individuals, virtuoso-ish and classical, annual and occasional, for a summary of which we have not room.

As for the two opera houses, we must be content to resume some six or eight weeks history of them in our next number.

**VIENNA.** Among the pieces played at the Court Opera house during the month of May were *Don Juan*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Lalla Roukh*, the *Huguenots*, &c. The corner stone of the new opera house was laid May 20; the minister of commerce opened the ceremonies with a discourse, and a Cantata, written for the occasion, words by Steinhäuser, music by Franz Doppler, was performed.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 11, 1868.

### Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri."

FOURTH AND LAST ARTICLE.

The Third Part opens with a chorus of blissful Houriis singing in Paradise, while the Peri is winging her way up to the gate to offer her second gift.

This chorus (No. 18) is one of the happiest and freshest fancies in the whole Cantata. The idea of introducing such a chorus is Schumann's own, and he has probably composed the words as well as the music, of which the English version before us is rather a free one:

Strew with fair garlands great Alla's throne,  
Roses entwining, bring gayest flowers,  
Till the Eternal's propitious smile  
Graciously fall on Heav'n's utmost bowers.  
His throne surrounding,  
With joy abounding,  
Humbly bow before the Lord!

It is of course for female voices, and is in four parts, soprani and alti. There is a wholesome, serene happiness, a clear, perennial purity and freshness in the music. The joyful melody of the leading theme is divided between the two upper parts, which pursue each other in canon,

while the alti fill out the harmony. The beauty is bewildering, while you feel the perfect unity; it requires no science to enjoy it, if it did to write it. The instruments go with the voices:—what could they do better? Then comes in a second thought:

Let us forget not those we love,  
Wandering o'er the earth in sadness!  
Darkness below us, splendor above,  
Hatred there, but here love and gladness!  
Strew with fair, &c.

These lines are sung by a single voice on each part, in a more thoughtful minor key, while the canon form is dropped. The charm of this middle sentence in the music is worthy to contrast with that of the principal motive (in canon), "Strew with fair garlands," &c., which returns to round off the chorus proper, although the piece is not yet finished. The time is quickened, as the accompaniments break into triplets, and a solo voice calls out in excited tones:

See where comes flying the Peri fair  
Toward Heaven's gate!

and the rest take up the strain in chorus:

Peri, fair Peri, do not despair,  
Faith and Trust will betray thee never.  
Seek for the boon,  
Thou'lt reach it soon,  
What so dear is unto the Lord!

There is a chaste and serious expression in all this; but the next lines, sung by two voices in thirds, in gay, light-hearted triplets, are more suggestive of the common notion of the delights of a Mahomedan paradise:

Let us away to the rosy bowers,  
Pleasure bestowing, pleasure receiving,  
Kisses partaking, warm kisses giving,  
'Mid the cool arbors hanging with flowers.

There is a touch here of the naive Mozart style of gaiety, and you are reminded of Zerlina's wedding day—just for a moment, for immediately, with the next three lines:

See the sun ascending—  
Niles never ending  
Stays for the best who wait on the Lord!

the chorus comes in with a few bars of most solemn and impressive character, with trombones, all *pianissimo*, accompanying. As the last chord dies away, a single violin shoots up the scale, at once suggesting the Peri's eager upward flight, and leading into the next number of the music:

19. Tenor solo, followed by Alto solo. Another of those melodious recitations, with beautiful and graphic accompaniment, telling how she listens to the preceding chorus, as she soars up to the heavenly gate, bearing the last sigh of the lovers; how her heart beats high with hope as she hears the sound of the crystal bells from the trees of Eden (bells imitated in the music); but how, after all, her hope is again deceived; the gate stands not open; and then the Alto (Angel) gives her words of comfort, but: "Far holier must be the gift," &c.

20. Recitative of the Peri: "Rejected! Ah! banished," &c., slow and mournful; but breaking forth directly into an earnest, ardent, beautiful Allegro; her whole soul goes forth in it; it is a song of aspiration, so pure and intense that it can know no failure:

No, let me not rest, but wander forth,  
Earth's farthest shores to wander over,  
From pole to pole seek to discover  
This costly prize I would attain,  
That yields the highest bliss to me,  
When Eden's gate shall open be.  
What though it sleep  
In caverns deep,  
Where darkness reigns—I'll not despair,  
But find the precious Jewel there!

21. Air for a Baritone voice, very slow, with a rich, half slumbrous, humble-bee sort of murmur in it, very melodious and sweet. And very



original; a song that rewards study; difficult to sing well, yet capable of fine effect when so sung; the accompaniment moving in rich and often strangely groping chords; but the seeming monotony relieved in the middle portion by a running figure in the violas, and afterwards arpeggios. This baritone air may be found dull and heavy; but it is designed to illustrate the poetic description of luxurious Eastern scenery, with its heavy, scented air, as well as the fading rays of sunset "on Syria's land where blooms the rose."

Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks  
Of golden melons on their banks,  
More golden where the sunlight falls;—  
And then the mingled sounds that come,  
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum  
Of the wild bees of Palestine.  
Banqueting through the flowery vales;  
And Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,  
And woods, so full of nightingales.

It was no easy task, and a bold one, to set this long stretch of verbal scene-painting, all of such richly mingled hues and images, to music; but it is achieved here by the magical touch of genius. Not the less genius, and not the less interesting, if we do have here, as in a few other places, something of that "magical narcotic perfume" which a German critic has ascribed to Schumann.

22. Here we have another of those happy poetic as well as musical ideas, which Schumann has interpolated into Moore's poem. He supposes the Peri, starting earthward on her next search, to be met by four sister Peris, who sing a most delightful, thoroughly original, refreshing little Quartet; a delicious surprise. "Peri, is't true?" they sing; "dost thou to Heaven's gate aspire? Shall sun so bright and starry night no more delight thee? Then take us with thee!" The inquiring piquancy of the little phrases echoed from soprano to alto (each in two parts); the freshness, brightness, quaintness of the harmony; the lively figure in the accompaniment, which goes fluttering off in octave triplets as the voices cease, has a novel and indescribable charm. It falls like a ray of the newest sort of sunshine into the midst of the golden gloom of the baritone descriptive solo which precedes and follows it, relating how sad the soul of the Peri, how weary her wings as she beholds the ruined temple of the Sun.

23. This number, wholly narrative and descriptive, contains the third and last adventure of the Peri and the finding of the heavenly gift. It is neither melody, nor recitative precisely, although a continuous chain of solo pieces. Perhaps the term *melodious recitation*, which we have before used, will best apply to it. First, the Peri muses over the thought that there may be an amulet hidden in that Temple of the Sun, whose inscription haply she may read, and it will tell her where the charm she seeks may really be found. Then the Tenor takes up "the wondrous tale" in equally wondrous music, changing with all the changes of poetic image, yet with a pervading theme of melody, which passes into a purer, heavenlier key, as it were, and an Alto or Mezzo Soprano voice, where the vesper bell calls to prayer (how tenderly the image of the praying child is given by the lovely music!); then back to the Tenor, who tells the effect on the sinful man; the number ending with the solemn, simple tune of a religious choral, which the man sings, thinking of his own days of infancy and innocence.—We can do scarcely more than cite the words:

*Tenor Solo.*  
Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither:  
Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,  
Nor have the golden bowers of Eden

In the rich West begun to wither;—  
When o'er the vale of Balbec winging,  
She sees a child at play,  
Among the rosy wild flowers singing,  
As rosy and as wild as they:  
And near the boy, who thr'd with play  
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay.  
She saw a wearied man dismount  
From his hot steed, and on the brink  
Of a small fount's rustic fount  
Impatient fling him down to drink.  
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd  
To the fair child, who fearless sat,  
Though never yet bath day-beam burn'd  
Upon a brow more fierce than that—  
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,  
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire,  
In which the Peri's eye could read  
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;  
Oaths broken, and the threshold stain'd  
With blood of guests—the shrine profan'd—  
In blackest drops there written all.

*Soprano Solo*  
But, hark! the vesper call to prayer,  
As slow the orb of daylight sets,  
Is rising sweetly on the air.  
From Syria's thousand minarets!  
The boy has started from the bed  
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,  
And kneels upon the fragrant sod,  
From Purty's own cherub mouth  
Lipping the eternal name of God,  
And looking, while his hands and eyes  
Are lifted to the glowing skies,  
Like an angel child.  
Just lighted on that flowery plain,  
And seeking for its home again.

*Tenor Solo.*  
And how felt he, the wretched man  
Reeling there—while memory ran  
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,  
Flaw o'er the dark flood of his life,  
Nor found one sunny resting-place,  
Nor brought him back one branch of grace.

*The Men.*  
There was a time, thou blessed child,  
When, young and pure as thou,  
I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now!

All this is told quite as much, or more, by the instruments than by the voice. It forms a beautiful connected whole, every detail of which, even to the smallest shade or image, rewards examination. Yet it is not so piquant or so strikingly effective as some portions of the Cantata; it has, perhaps, too much of the "magical narcotic perfume" as of an overlaid atmosphere, and, but for the bright Quartet of Peris, it might, coming so soon after the long Baritone solo, be somewhat wearisome to some ears. But there is in it the charm of a something mystical and sacred. It brings us to the sanctuary, where the Holy Grail is kept.

24. The penitential psalm just sung by the man becomes the theme of a sacred chorus in four parts, with four soli: "Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!" Rich, noble and impressive harmony; church-like and grand, with passages of imitative counterpoint. A refreshing, soul-strengthening piece.

25. The descriptive, mystical, richly accompanied, melodious recitation is resumed again. The Peri muses on the magical power of that "one heavenly drop," the tear of repentance; and then follows in a tender and admiring vein:

*Tenor Solo, with Chorus.*  
And now, behold him kneeling there  
By the child's side, in humble prayer,  
While the same sunbeam shines upon  
The guilty and the guiltless one,  
And hymns of joy proclaim thro' Heaven  
The triumph of a Soul Forgiven!  
'T was when the golden orb had set,  
While on their knees they linger'd yet,  
There fell a light more lovely far  
Than ever came from sun or star,  
Upon that tear.  
To mortal eye this light might seem  
A northern flash or meteor beam—  
But well the enraptur'd Peri knew  
'T was a bright smile the Angel threw  
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear  
Her harbinger of glory near!

At the words: "And hymns of joy proclaim thro' Heaven," we catch as it were the far off angelic harmony, snatches of chorus *pianissimo*, with trombone accompaniment. The tenor completes the strain alone, leading directly into the jubilant and glorious Finale.

26. The Peri's song of joy and triumph, accompanied by the welcoming Chorus of the Blest:

Joy, joy forever! my task is done—  
The Gates are pass'd and Heaven is won!

It is a swift, exciting, heaven-climbing song, full of rapture uncontrollable, springing and falling beautifully as a fountain in the sunshine. The instru-

ments partake of the enthusiasm, and supply bright and stimulating phrases, full of suggestion and sometimes of reminiscence; as for instance, when the Peri compares the worthlessness of all other joys to those of Eden, the orchestra recalls repeatedly, in various keys, and with a rare charm of harmony, a striking passage from her very first song (No. 2) where wistfully she made the same comparison she now makes in triumph. Her ardent, soaring voice keeps on, now alternating with the chorus, now ringing clear upon the top of it. Higher and higher it soars, never weary of repeating the strain, now holding out a long high liquid tone, now disporting itself in shining circles, and climbing at last to the C in *alt*, before it is swallowed up from mortal ears, with the angelic chorus, in heights of heavenly bliss, beyond where mortal ear or eye may follow.

### New Music.

(From Oliver Ditson & Co.)

CHOPIN. *Sixteen Polish Songs.* German words (from the original Polish) by F. GUXBERT; English version by Miss FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

It cannot be pretended that these little songs are by any means of equal importance with Chopin's marvellous tone-poems for the piano. Piano music was peculiarly his sphere. Yet the songs are interesting, full of romantic feeling, individual, and have a decided flavor of nationality. They are for the most part very simple too, and must win their way to many hearts. Of those already before us in print we may mention:

No. 1. "*The Maiden's Wish.*" A simple, naive melody, in waltz form, somewhat Tyrolean wistful.

No. 11. "*Two Lovers.*" A dirge, simple, solemn, heartfelt; a song of the soldier dead upon the field and the maiden broken-hearted.

No. 14. "*The little ring.*" Here Chopin himself peeps out. A faint smile, half sweet, half sad, pervades the music. One of the most beautiful and delicate of the set.

No. 16. "*Lithuanian Song.*" This is another very characteristic one; the maiden's confession to the angry mother.

The translator has appreciated the music and her task.

J. STRAUSS. *Thermen Walzer*, for Piano-forte. pp. 11.

A spirited and luscious set of waltzes, full of pretty fancies. A very good specimen of the gay Viennese dance music, though none of the later waltzes, to our thinking, quite come up to the earlier sets by the elder Strauss.

HANDEL. Song: "*O ruddier than the cherry.*" pp. 7.

This is the famous song of the one-eyed monster Polyphemus in *Acis and Galatea*; a bass song, though here written in the G clef. A robust, rampant, rollicking air indeed, full of roulades, and a good task for a glib and ponderous bass voice.

CHARLES VOSS. *Good Night, Farewell*: Transcription for the Piano. pp. 7.

The sentimental serenade-like theme is very gracefully illustrated in a series of delicate variations, forming as a whole a pleasing and refined, if not a particularly original, sort of *Notturmo*.

MR. J. K. PAINE'S Organ Concert takes place at the West Church this afternoon. His extremely interesting programme will be found in our advertising columns. It embraces some of the noblest works of Bach, Mendelssohn, and that lamented genius, Thiele, who died at the age of 24. Also original compositions, and an improvisation. Mr. KIMBALL, of the choir of the West Church, will sing a couple of bass solos. Such opportunities to hear true organ music are indeed rare.

THE FOURTH.—The music at the City Celebration, in the Academy of Music, was most creditable to Mr. BUTLER, the conductor, and to the hundreds of young ladies, who looked charmingly all dressed in white.

We copy the following (from the *Monthly Choir*), merely for the purpose of saying that there is no foundation for either of the guesses contained in it. The whole question of who is to open the Great Organ, or who is to be the organist, remains undecided, perhaps is not even yet in order with those whose business it will be to decide it.

We read, with great pleasure, the announcement in the *Boston Musical Times*, that Mr. W. Morgan, of New York, is to have the honor of first performing on the new Organ imported for the Musical Hall in Boston. We hear now, however, that Mr. Walcker contemplates importing an Organ-player to his own liking, to do justice to his first American Organ. We should hail the advent of an additional "good" Organist, but should feel sorry to have the gentleman in view come across the Atlantic to find out that America possesses at least *Organists* equal to any emergency, even if the Organ builders of America should prove to be inferior to Europeans—a point which is as yet not settled.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—We have the following letter from a source entitling it to credit:

"On Thursday evening, June 25th, a goodly number of the patrons and friends of the Cottage Hill Seminary, were assembled together by invitation of the Principal, the Rev. George T. Rider, M. A., to attend a Soirée Musicale given by the fair pupils, at the closing of the term. The programme would have done credit to a more strictly professional company of performers, and was not only highly creditable in regard to the selection of *morceaux*, but also in regard to the manner of performance. Among the piano pieces were the *Sonata Pat etique* of Beethoven, which was very carefully and conscientiously played, though, perhaps, lacking somewhat in breadth of style,—the *Air Variée* from *Lucia* by Prudent, a capital performance; and the well-known *Duo*, for two pianos, from *Belisario*, by Gorla, which was given with a degree of *abandon* indicating a thorough mastery of the brilliant difficulties of that composition.

"In the vocal list were included the celebrated *Scena ed Aria* "Ernani, involami," from Verdi, exhibiting on the part of the young and gifted vocalist a marvellous degree of vocal proficiency; the grand *Duo Quis est homo*, well rendered, both by voices and piano, and also the humorous Scotch ballad, "Twas within a mile of Edinburgh, given in true ballad style, and with an expression of archness and simplicity truly mirth-provoking. But this was not all. After this surfeit of good things well done, Sterndale Bennett's Cantata of The May Queen made up the second part of the programme, in which the principal female parts were well sustained by two of the young ladies of the school, assisted by one or two male voices in the concerted pieces. The whole performance went off with great *éclat*, and gave good evidence of the care and assiduous attention paid to the study and practice of music at Cottage Hill Seminary.

"And in this connection let me add a few words. This school is not one of that sort which lives upon a noisy and popular reputation. It is conducted in a quiet and unobtrusive manner, seeking to form and elevate the standard of female character by studies and discipline calculated to promote intellectual strength and power; nor while the mind is expanding is the physical development neglected. Frequent rambles in the fields and woods afford not only an opportunity for the study of nature, but also give a cheerful vigor and elasticity to the system well calculated to enable it to endure the severer studies within the school-room. Nor do salutary influences cease to exercise themselves at the expiration of school hours. Cottage Hill is to each inmate a Christian home, where the gentle spirit of parental care is constantly exercised towards those who may sojourn under its roof."

O. T. C.

New York, June 29, 1863.

TRINITY CHIMES, in New York, gave a grand concert on the Fourth. The *Sunday Times* reports it:

Mr. James E. Ayliffe, of Trinity, gave us, at seven in the morning, and at noon, the following named pieces, which, it is unnecessary to state, were well executed:

1. Ringing the changes on eight bells.
2. Hall Columbia.
3. Yankee Doodle.
4. Old Dog Tray.
5. Grand Medley, arranged expressly for Trinity Church Chimes, by George F. Bristow.
6. Evening Bell.
7. Air by De Beriot.
8. Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.
9. Last Rose of Summer.
10. Rondo, with Variations in major and minor keys composed for Trinity Chimes, by George F. Bristow.
11. Airs from Child of the Regiment.
12. Star Spangled Banner.
13. Blue Bells of Scotland.
14. Home, Sweet Home.
15. Hall Columbia.
16. Yankee Doodle.

ANOTHER AMERICAN PIANIST ABROAD.—A Buffalo journal says:

Our Buffalo artist, Mr. A. H. PEASE, is, it appears, winning golden opinions abroad. A Berlin paper, speaking of a concert given in that city by Mr. Pease, in May last, has the following:

On Thursday, the 14th, we had the pleasure of attending a *matinée* given by a young American, Mr. Pease. The programme comprised some of the most difficult and celebrated pieces of the great masters, and at the same time afforded us an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the gentleman's own compositions. Among other pieces played by Mr. Pease was Beethoven's Concerto in E flat, with orchestral accompaniment, also the famous Waltz from the opera of "Faust," arranged for the piano by Liszt.

The performance proved that the performer has attained a wonderful degree of execution and "technic," and we are happy to say that Mr. Pease, notwithstanding the great difficulties he confronted, accomplished his task throughout with great taste and "freshness" of manner. His touch is powerful, and in the piano passages exceedingly delicate. The difficult cadences in the Waltz were played with the utmost nicety. We are convinced that Mr. Pease has made excellent use of the time in which he has studied and of his fine talents. Of the composition of Mr. Pease, we can only say that in our opinion the method and effect of his instrumentation, as well as the originality of the composition itself, as illustrated, for instance, in his "Bolero," do him all honor.

OXFORD (OHIO) FEMALE COLLEGE. We have before us the programme of the Ninth Annual examinations and Commencement exercises of this institution (lasting a week from June 17 to June 24 inclusive), from which it appears that a much higher idea reigns there in the musical instruction, than we commonly find in the large female seminaries. It shows their teacher, Mr. KARL MERZ, to be enlightened and in earnest. Instead of the vulgar, showy trash, which is sung or thrummed by thousands of young ladies, he has fixed the attention of his pupils upon sterling compositions, and is rewarded by finding that they study them with real interest, and acquire a taste and love for them, thus showing what can be done for music in a Western College, despite so many sickening examples.

In the examinations referred to the musical selections were partly classical and partly light and popular; but the classical by far preponderated. Thus we find scattered along the order of exercises the following pieces:

June 17. Beethoven: Sonata, op. 2, No. 3. Chopin: *Polonaise*, op. 40. Mendelssohn: Song without Words. Beethoven: *Polonaise*, op. 42.

June 18. Mendelssohn: *Rondo Capriccioso*. Mozart: Grand Sonata in C (4 hands). Beethoven: Sonata, op. 49, No. 2. Do: Sonata, op. 27, No. 2. Weber: *Rondo* (4 hands). Chopin: Funeral March. Moscheles: *Rondo*: "La belle Union."

June 19. Beethoven: Sonata, op. 2, No. 2. Schubert: Song: "The Wanderer." Reissiger: Overture op. 71.

June 22. Mendelssohn: Song without Words.—Rossini: "Tell" overture (4 hands). Mehul: Overture "Joseph" (4 hands).

June 23. Overtures by Weber, Herold and Auber (4 hands).

June 24. (Commencement). Beethoven: Overture to *Fidelio* (4 hands). Handel: Chorus. Weber: Jubilee Overture (4 hands).

The music during the same week last year was essentially of the same character. The example is worth imitating.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The following six songs are from Balfe's new opera, "The Armorer of Nantes," and constitute, with the others recently noticed, the principal solo pieces:

Jaded, parched, athirst, and drooping. 25  
Song of Raoul the Armorer. A half melancholy song, bringing in contrast the loving "welcome," which always greets him at home, with the contest, trouble and toil of life without.

Oh, would that my heart. 25  
In nine-eighth time. Glides along swiftly, like the swallow's flight. Graceful melody.

There's one who reard me, loved me. 25  
A song of gratitude, by Marie, the ward and love of the Armorer.

Passion's black and murky night. 25  
A fierce song, full of fire and vengeance, by the Duchess, who has just discovered the infidelity of Count Fabio.

A Flower is Beauty. 35  
A very beautiful song. Key of A flat.

What joy to listen. 25  
Varied, and fine melody.

The Two Pickets. Comic song or duet. 30  
Ossian E. Dodge.  
Gives a conversation between a Yankee and a Scotch picket. Very comic.

#### Instrumental Music.

Echo Idylle. Theo. Oesten. 35  
One of Oesten's most recent compositions. A very delicate and graceful piece, with pretty echoes. In the key of A. Of moderate difficulty.

Union March. Mrs. Laura A. Belknap. 35  
Quite powerful. Full and rich harmony.

The Drum. A. Baumbach. 15

The Shuttlecock. " 15

The Rattle. " 15

The Top. " 15

The Rocking Horse. " 15

The Fife. " 15

Six numbers of Baumbach's "Children's Toys," pieces which can be conscientiously recommended to teachers, as "just the thing" for beginners. Pretty melodies, very easy, and yet each tune has a decided character.

The Postman, or Night Mail Galop. J. P. Clarke. 25

A rattling, bright and noisy thing, introducing, at intervals, the Postman's knock, the flourish of the Post-horn, and cries of welcome at the advent of letters from friends. Easy to those who play octaves readily.

#### Books.

THE HOME CIRCLE. Vol. II. A Collection of Piano Music. Boards, \$2.00  
Cloth, embossed, 2.25  
Full gilt, 3.00

This fine volume contains about one hundred and fifty carefully selected pieces, and is an excellent collection. To judge of its cheapness, imagine the same pieces bought separately, and afterward bound. The pieces would probably average 25 cents each, at which price the aggregate cost would be about \$35, enough to buy seventeen Home Circles in plain covers.—The Piano-forte pieces in the book are acknowledged favorites, and the four-hand pieces will be very useful as well as pleasing to the young players of the family.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 582.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1863.

VOL. XXIII. No. 9.

## Half a Dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

Vienna, May 2d, 1863.

MY DEAR DWIGHT:—I have a mind to write you an article with the above heading, in answer to a promise made to a gentleman in Boston, who has oil portraits of just these half dozen musicians. They are Salieri, Weigl, Hummel, Eybler, Gyrowetz, and Gelinek. And thereby hangs a tale, and one of which a part always causes me lively grief. Did I not lose my sleep in consequence, once on a time?

Where is my old note book of 1860? Dates! Dates! Here follow the entries, but amplified of course.

Friday, May 25.—In the afternoon to Herr Salis, who took me to see a certain Herr Mähler, an old gentleman of some eighty-two years. I found a small, handsome, erect old man, exceedingly yellow with incurable jaundice, which I doubted not would soon induce other disease and carry him off. Ill as he was, he was exceedingly agreeable and communicative. Herr Mähler came from Coblenz, on the Rhine, to Vienna, in the autumn of 1803. Though a jurist by profession, (he spent his life as an official of some sort), he was a man of singular genius and great artistic culture. He painted, wrote poetry and set it to music, sang and played. Soon after reaching this city, Stephen von Breuning introduced him to Beethoven, and within a year or two of that time the great composer sat to him for a large portrait, which is now in possession of Mrs. Van Beethoven, the widow of Beethoven's nephew, and of which I am happy to possess an excellent copy. Ten or a dozen years later, Mähler determined to paint a collection of portraits of the then principal celebrities in the Vienna musical world, and Beethoven and the gentlemen named above sat to him. All these pictures I saw, on this, my first visit, but the Beethoven especially interested me. There I saw the real man's any thing but handsome features. I felt at once: That is the true thing, free from any attempt to invest the face with the painter's fancies of what the face ought to be, but is not.

May, 26. Called again on Herr Mähler—he was very sick and sleeping.

28th. Again to Herr Mähler, and had a pleasant and valuable half hour with him.

I was then away on an expedition to Gratz, of which the *Dwight's Journal* of those days has an account. On my return Herr Mähler was too ill to see any one, and I never saw him again. Afterwards I was making researches in Linz, Salzburg, &c., and was away some six weeks. When I returned the old gentleman had passed away. Feeling delicate about intruding myself upon the residuary legatee of Mähler's property, a woman of refinement, I employed the wife of an artist acquaintance to see her, and (July 10) learned that the price of the Beethoven was 100 gulden, about \$40, as the currency then was. My embassy, in the kindness of her heart, thinking to obtain it for much less, gave, as I afterwards learned, the owner to understand, that I could not think of giving so much; while, in fact, that price was no object, could I raise the money, it being just then (if never before or since) rather a scarce article.

July 13th. Wrote to Mr. —, in Berlin about it.

18th. Letter came in reply, authorizing me to make the purchase for a gentleman in Boston.

19th. To the city to close the bargain. Before I

reached the house, I met an acquaintance, who among other news told me that *two days* before Prof. Karajan had bought a fine portrait of Beethoven!—Oh, Lord! my heart went down into my boots!

I went to the house and inquired about it. "Why," said Miss Blank, "Frau F. said you would not give 100 gulden for it, and day before yesterday Prof. Karajan came, looked at it, and asked the price. I told him 100 gulden, upon which he looked at it a few minutes, took the 100 gulden out of his pocket, gave it me, and walked off with the picture under his arm!" What could be done about it! (*Mem.* Never have a feeling of delicacy again.)

The other six pictures I afterwards secured, had them cleaned and put in order, and two or three of them are very fine portraits indeed, especially Hummel's. But, alas! the Beethoven! Jacobs used to say, "Fortune favors the lucky;" it did not favor your humble servant that time! Mähler copied all these pictures for the Society of Music-Friends here, but the copies do not compare with the originals.

As to the two Beethoven portraits, they have remained unknown thus far, to all who have pretended to give complete lists of likenesses of the composer. The one in question is the only one which corresponds to the mask taken of his face about the year 1817, and this does as well as it could be expected that a painting should correspond to the plaster actually put upon the face. Crawford's Beethoven in the Music Hall might just as well be called Governor Winthrop, so far as any likeness of feature or figure is concerned; or John Milton,—(the poet, not the tailor.)

A. W. T.

P. S. Do not pronounce the *Gy* in Gyrowetz soft as in 'gymnasium'; give them like the *gi* in 'give,' Gy-ro and the 'w' like *v*—Gy-rovets.

## Half a Dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

First, a word or two preliminary.

All the world, meaning the readers of this *Journal* and some others, has heard of Haydn's last appearance in public, March, 27, 1808, when the series of Liebhaber (amateur) concerts for that winter, twenty in number, ended with the "Creation," sung to Carpani's Italian text. On that occasion, doubtless, Beethoven and the half dozen of his contemporaries now in mind, might have been seen together. Beethoven we know was there, and so was Salieri—now fifty-eight years of age, and recently relieved of his office as Imperial Kapellmeister and pensioned—for he conducted the concert. Weigl, Imp. Kapellmeister at the opera, must have been there, for was not Haydn his sponsor, whose name, Joseph, he bore? and was this not the evening before his 42d birthday? Eybler, too; for he was now Salieri's successor as Imp. Kapellmeister, a favorite with Haydn, and also bore his name. He had completed his 43d year a few weeks before. Gyrowetz, now just 45, second operatic Kapellmeister, may possibly have been engaged that evening in the theatre; but Hummel, now in his 30th year, must have been present, for was he not a successor of Haydn as Kapellmeister to the Esterhazys, and was not the then reigning prince of that name one of the principal promoters of

this concert? Moreover, he, Esterhazy, sent his own carriage to the suburb Gumpendorf to bring the old composer, slowly and with the greatest care, to the University hall in the Oberbäcker Strasse, where the performance took place. As for Abbé Gelinek, now in his 50th year, he was, of course, there. You cannot conceive of a man, who has nothing hardly to do, but write variations on musical themes, who knows all the musical people, and lives more in the musical than in his professional, in his case the ecclesiastical world,—you cannot conceive such a man not being present, unless confined to his house by sickness.

It is melancholy to see how men become forgotten. Here are six men, not of the highest order, as Beethoven was, not epoch-makers, it is true; all, save Gelinek, worthy the epithet great in their art, and the excepted one very prolific, and at that time to be found in his works on every piano-forte. O! Salieri, when and where, for the last thirty years, has any thing been performed except the opera "Axur," revived some fifteen years ago on a German stage or two for a very short time, and possibly in some church or other a sacred composition or two? And yet he was perhaps the greatest Italian composer living sixty years ago; for Traetta—a forgotten name!—was dead; Cherubini was just beginning; Rossini had not appeared. Of Eybler, how many have ever heard the name, save students of the Roman Catholic Church music? Of Weigl, who knows any thing, but that he composed that delightful sentimental opera, "The Swiss Family?" Who knows now *anything* of Gyrowetz? And yet symphonies by him were printed in Paris, under Haydn's name! So too Gelinek is forgotten. Possibly some piano-forte "school" may have an example or two from his pen,—but hardly. Hummel has not yet quite sunk into oblivion. Some of his beautiful instrumental music, of the Mozart-Haydn school, and a few of his church compositions still delight, and worthily. Hills are brought low, but the mountain peaks stand unchanged. Handel, Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Gluck, Beethoven, tower as grandly as ever.

One would like to know the feelings with which the Kapellmeisters and composers, then and there present, beheld and shared in paying the honors of that occasion to the old man—the musical father of them all. Haydn had made himself beloved by all, so that no feeling of envy could find place in any heart. But this spectacle! In a city, where rank is to this day a matter of birth alone, the prime minister admitted, just while in office, to society from which his wife and daughters are rigidly excluded!—to see princesses covering the old musician's feet and back with their shawls to protect him from a draught of air; his entrance greeted by shouts of "Long live Haydn!" and the flourish of trumpets usually accorded but to royalty. Some fifteen hundred persons of the highest ranks of society, or distinguished in art, science, and literature, crowding the hall, to hear his work, and look

upon his venerable features—was all this an encouragement to, or did it dishearten the younger men, who were now upon the stage of action, which he was leaving forever? Salieri, author of so many operas, then among the most famous on the stage, played alike in Vienna, Paris, and all the principal cities of the continent, may have thought that, twenty years later, some such festival might be arranged in his honor. It required no great stretch of vanity to have thought this; but no such event cheered his last days. The young Hummel, conscious of great talents, may have felt it possible, that he might at some future time attain some similar position in the estimation of the public; if so, he was mistaken. There was one there, and one only, who could have felt that the time would come when he might claim as a right the place in the musical world then held by his old teacher. And the time did come when Beethoven stood before a somewhat similar audience, but as composer and director of his own immortal works, and not as a guest at a festival in his honor, as was old Haydn to-night.

Had he lived to Haydn's age—he died at 56, while Haydn had completed his 78th year a month before this performance of the "Creation"—who will venture to say that in 1849, Beethoven's Oratorio, "Saul," merely sketched [at his death, might not have been the occasion of a festival to the old man's honor, unparalleled in the history of music! He, as he met Haydn at the door, and, with Salieri and others, accompanied him to his seat, as he heard again the familiar music of the "Creation," listened to and joined in the applause,—he had the right to look forward to the completion of some era-making work which should stand, at least, as worthily beside Handel's immortal productions, as this. To him there could have been nothing disheartening. But Weigl, Eybler, and the others?

The "Creation" lives; all that Beethoven wrote also lives—the weak kept afloat by the stronger works—and what strength!

Our "half dozen contemporaries" were not Haydns and Beethovens—but their lives are parts of musical history, and their works, for the most part, are worthy of remembrance.

"Unto every one which hath shall be given; and from him that hath not, even that he hath shall be taken away from him,"—yes, and the possessor of the ten talents gets the poor devil's one. Of nothing is this truer than fame. As time passes away, the man of the ten talents gradually absorbs all the reputation of his contemporaries; he stands out alone, the one representative of his age in popular estimation; his name alone known to any but the scholar and antiquarian; all that his age produced in his department of science, literature, art, carried to his credit. Had no dramatist but Shakespeare thoughts, 250 years ago? Was there no English mathematician but Newton, when he was on the stage of action? Did nobody but Handel write good music in England, from 1712 to 1750? Had John Milton no contemporaries? In one sense he did stand alone; for like Mt. Blanc, he towered into a region above all others; but other mountains are there.

It is peculiarly the case in music, that the few of any particular period carry off all the honors of their time in the estimation of posterity. Books, statues, paintings, are tangible things, and

require but to be read or seen, and we all learn to make due allowance for the taste and thousand influences of their age in giving them their peculiarities of form and character. We can compare one man's works more easily with those of another, and form some just conception of the real originality of any one. But few can read music so as to catch its full effect, or even so much of it as to gain any clear conception of the true position of a composer's claims to originality and power; and seldom indeed are works of old masters, save the few epoch-makers, produced, that we may have the advantage of hearing them. Moreover, when the opportunity is given, how many are there, who can feel that some apparently simple movement, performed by some half dozen instruments, often really contains more musical thought, than many a modern piece, which demands all the pomp and resources of the modern orchestra?

In music, as in literature, or in the other arts, there are a thousand thoughts, which are common property; and the composer has not yet appeared, whose every melodic phrase or harmonic combination was original with him. Handel's and Bach's are not the only good choruses of their age. Mozart's, Haydn's and Beethoven's symphonies are not the only good ones of their time. But who now knows of any others? Who now can understand the fact that these masters had contemporaries, as highly thought of, as much admired and honored as they? But, he that hath, to him shall be given!

The operatic composer is the one who has the least chance of enduring fame, and for a thousand obvious reasons, such as changing taste, and because he "has his good things" in his life, while the conscientious, laborious man of genius, who is above sacrificing his principles to immediate success, often, like Lazarus, "has evil things." But, of this class of composers, the most unfortunate for future fame are those who occupy the places which all composers have before them as the objects of their ambition—Chapel-masterships in great opera houses; not so much so in our days, perhaps, as in the past generation, when they were often under obligations to produce a certain amount of music annually. Where are Handel's operas? What would Gluck or Mozart have done, to compare with what they did do, had they been confined, night after night, to the opera house, always rehearsing and conducting pieces new and old, good and bad, and forced to write to any text accepted by the managers, and, "in the spirit (of composition) or out of the spirit," no matter—the music is demanded for an appointed time, and must be ready.

How can you expect a great literary work from the man, whose intellectual faculties are always on the stretch to produce editorial articles for a morning newspaper? How expect grand, enduring works of dramatic music, from men who, like Weigl and Gyrowetz, were at the beck and call of operatic managers, and whose contracts forced them to make music, as the decorators made scenery, for any new piece in hand?

But I do not regard Weigl or Gyrowetz, as men whose native genius was such, as to have given us imperishable works, had they been otherwise situated in life; nor have they probably contributed much to that fame and reputation, which in after years will be absorbed by "him who had;" still their music "was lovely and

pleasant in their lives, and in their death they have not been divided," for most of it has sunk into like oblivion.

I do not then write upon these half dozen men as of giants, but hope, nevertheless, that my account of them may not prove unpleasant for hot weather.

A. W. T.

(To be Continued)

### Schubert and Chopin.

(From the Vienna Recension).

When the name of Schubert is mentioned, the "Lied" of Germany is presented, in all its irresistible power, before our mind. Whatever else Schubert produced—including the whole of his instrumental music, however it may have been lauded in recent times, and whatever brilliant qualities it possesses—disappears before his Songs.

If we would characterize his peculiarity, we ought perhaps, to call him the creator of the song of civilization grafted upon the old trunk of nationality. In his strains, the tenderest feeling and the most delicate finish are united to a truly national principle, and it is this which imparts to them that indescribable effect which is never worn out, because, while fully satisfying our intellectual requirements and polished taste, it has a touch of that primary feeling, which from the cradle to the grave, binds us to a great whole, to a living community of allied elements.

We know with what power simple folk-melodies work upon men's minds; how, when falling upon our ear in foreign countries, they awaken a deep and sorrowful yearning for home; how they turn our hearts to devotion, and strengthen us in our belief. A similar effect is produced upon an educated man by Schubert's songs. When they are heard, a yearning is awakened for a more beautiful home, the Ideal within our own breast; sorrow for our restrictedness, our weakness, and our corruption is merged into that indescribably sweet melancholy which springs from our glances towards heaven, and the feeling of our capability to raise ourselves to its bright spheres. Our astonishment at being still able to recognize so much that is beautiful and noble as the common property of the human soul, and, therefore, as our own, elevates us above ourselves and renders us blessed.

Schubert's songs have exercised a magical charm which is the property of genial creations alone; Schubert has found in his imagination tunes which display to the human soul its deepest secrets, and—as new and surprising in their appearance, as confidential and homely in their inmost nature—victoriously represent the revelation of Tone in the Beautiful, the highest aim of art. Like Mozart in Opera, Schubert has, in Song, raised the relief of the accompaniment to effective importance. By means of it, he has not only musically enriched song, but, also, by decided characteristic traits, given it an objective power and a varied expression. Without sacrificing the inwardness of the Personal, the melody in this way gained a vigorous epic bearing, and burst through the narrow limits of individual lyrical expression, which, when the feelings are flowing and impetuous, easily succumbs to the danger of monotony or of redundancy. This endeavor, however, by means of the form of the accompaniment to attain more sharply defined character, and variety of expression, has sometimes led the great song-writer astray, and seduced him into harshly outward rhythmical tone-paintings. It is not alone his less important songs which have been injured in their æsthetic effect by this fault. That, moreover, when a man was so productive, as Schubert was in songs, he should publish to the world much which owed its existence more to a strong impulse to give vent to his feelings than to a genial outburst of real inspiration is a fact which cannot astonish any one.

Before Schubert's time, the "Lied" had already been represented by two of the greatest composers of any period, namely by Mozart and Beethoven; but it was Schubert who first applied to it his whole soul and his whole genius; who rendered it a creation apart, and endowed it with the highest significance. Although, consequently, Mozart's "Veilchen," his "Vergissmeinnicht," his "Abendempfindung" stand out unsurpassed, as wonderful and isolated blossoms of musical lyrics, and although Beethoven's "Adelaide" has already entranced thousands, and will entrance thousands more, they are merely detached and independent musical compositions, and not, like Schubert's Songs, taken as a whole, a new and all-comprehensive creation, an entire world of all that the human breast contains within itself of sorrow and delight, of yearning and hope, of dreams and presentiments. After Schubert,



again, Mendelssohn and Schumann have written grand songs; with all their originality, however, they cannot conceal the fact that they were suggested by Schubert's style, but they are only isolated productions of subjective feeling, and not the reflection of a great interior world.

What the human voice, employed in song, was to our Schubert, the pianoforte was to the intellectually-gifted Pole, Chopin. In Chopin's tone-poems for the piano, this instrument, always justly valued as one of the most splendid organs for the rendering of polyphonic musical productions, is presented to us as an individuality of altogether peculiar beauty and power of expression. Chopin is a magician to whom the soul of the piano reveals its most secret and most special charms; affectionately has it given itself up to him: whether he toys on the surface, or plunges into the depths below, he always meets with willing reciprocity. If the great instrumentalists of modern times have made it one of their principal tasks to study the individuality of each instrument, and the nature of its peculiar character of sounds, and to profit by them for the production of effects on a grand scale, we may designate Chopin as the man who recognized and developed the independent organ of speech belonging to the piano; by his creations it became an individuality. Chopin's soul was too rich in materials, for an instrument on which we can only sing to satisfy it. It required the power of polyphony in order to express itself fully and freely. But Chopin was, on the other hand, too morbidly irritable to engage in profound studies of, and laborious efforts for, polyphonic instrumental composition; the piano alone was adapted to afford his natural impulses a proper sphere of action, and to receive, in kaleidoscopically changing forms, the stamp of his dreamily enthusiastic imagination. The dreamily melancholy feeling, which was the fundamental principle of Chopin's mind, is prominently expressed in all his compositions, and even restrains his more joyous rhythms. As he is a man of thoroughly noble nature, sighing after the Ideal, but weak, entangled in the sensual charms, and deeply moved by the denials and dissensions, of life, his compositions generally produce on us a poetical but rarely, in an artistic sense, quite satisfactory effect. The uneasiness in them is communicated to ourselves, and we sink, as a rule, into an entrancing dream, the speedy flight of which we anticipate and feel with pain. His melody is, certainly, somewhat monotonous, but endowed with a peculiar, and frequently overpowering, spiritual charm; his arabesques and rhythms are invariably of an exciting nature and form rich and attractive illustrations of his strain.

According to what we have said, it is not the similarity of the intellectual tendencies or the artistic style of these two composers which can or ought to justify their juxtaposition; it is only the fact that Schubert, the song-writer, listened till he succeeded in learning the subjective charm, the personal secret of the soul, so to speak, of the human voice, which, objectively, as an instrument of music displays, more than any other, a cosmopolitan variety and richness of expression and beauty; while Chopin has succeeded in loosening the girdle of the subjective charms most special to the piano, which has willingly served, in its objective significance and capabilities, the greatest masters of the musical art in their most magnificent inspirations.

#### M. Fétis on Jenny Lind.

We have already given an account of the Lower Rhine Musical Festival, which took place this year at Düsseldorf. Mme. Goldschmidt sang, and old M. Fétis, author of the *Biographie des Musiciens*, heard her and thus writes of it, "Spiridion" translating.

The chief piece of the second day, or rather the attraction of the festival, was Handel's 'Ode to St. Cecilia,' one of the most celebrated compositions of the old master and one of those heard most seldom. We know the cause of this now. Jenny Lind alone could bring us here this masterpiece, which she has made popular in England. The subject of this ode of the poet Dryden reminds one somewhat of that old composition of the same author called 'Alexander's Feast.' The 'Ode to St. Cecilia's Day' was originally set to music by an Italian composer, now as completely forgotten as his score. Handel took up the text and made a masterpiece of it. Handel's whole score consists of three airs for the tenor, four for the soprano, three choruses and an overture. Really when I think of those little marvels, it seems to me I have seen one of those sanctuaries where some amateur amorously hides one or two pictures which sing triumphantly the glory of the great

masters for the beatitude of the owner and for the passionate admiration of those he introduces into the temple. Of three airs for the tenor, the first is the least remarkable; it is a sort of measured recitative, interlinked with a grand chorus, one of those formidable explosions where the majestic serenity of old Handel appears in full splendor. I confess that the remembrance of another air has faded before the originality and freedom of the third air, which is a war song in which the flourishes of the trumpets and the rolling of the drums 'concert' with the voice in the most ingenious manner, others would say, in the most infantine manner, but I hold sincere and grand. The first air of the soprano celebrates upon the lyre the gentle sentiments of the heart and the thoughts of love. Here Jenny Lind revealed herself. The melody, which is full of *suave* and fresh graces, goes alternately from the voice of the songstress to the sympathetic strings of the violoncello. The charm seizes you; it masters you in that air with the flute which breathes the complaint of an afflicted heart.

Here also, I abandon all attempt to describe the wonders of the struggle which takes place between the voice and the instrument; I would speak, too, of the marvels of mechanism, of this horrible word, mechanism did not remind me of those doll babies with well-wound springs which have attempted to impose on us their exaggerated fame. This air, one of Jenny Lind's triumphs, particularly exhibits in full light one of the facettes of her wonderfully complete talents, I mean eccentric face (I used another wretched word to half-express my idea,) the sure execution, the faculty, the particular instinct which enables Jenny Lind to modify the emission and the management of her voice to suit with the nature of the instrument which accompanies it. To say that she imitates the flute or the violin would be to insult her; but she has for each intention of the composer a variety of accents, of emission and of management of the voice which you may conceive, but which I cannot describe; let me simply hasten to add that these coqueteries of the demi-voice, these audacious flights, these caprices remain grand and broad, there is, always grace, always charm—never childishness.—Imagine what all these things become when other songstresses—I speak of the best among them—attempt to indulge in these excursions! I tremble when I think of it! How many hissing black-birds, how many American mocking-birds have we for one Swedish nightingale? How many Patis for a single Jenny Lind! I now understand the trio of flutes in the *Camp de Silesie*, and *L'Etoile du Nord*, I understand Jenny Lind's success in this Tournoy which irritated me to exasperation, I understand how Meyerbeer (a first rate huntsman) found in Handel's Saint Cecilia the idea and even the embellishment of his piquant and original invention. After these enchanting graces comes a peerless page—the intervention of the organ in the harmonious chorus. Jenny Lind gives it a gentle, and at the same time a severe character which gradually rises till it reaches ecstasy's highest flight. The next air is another one of those delicate bits of tracery in which the composer seems sometimes to delight as if to rest from his grand conceptions. A chorus, which is, perhaps, a little too much developed, ends this ode. In it Jenny Lind throws off a triumphal *lu* kept up with giddy tenacity while the trumpet sounds a long flourish. Two thousand of us rose in a transport of enthusiasm."

#### The Crystal Palace at Sydenham.

A letter from HENRY WARD BEECHER, to *The Independent*.

LONDON, July 2, 1853.

#### MY DEAR FRIENDS IN THE OFFICE:

In a series of days of such rare and exquisite enjoyment as I have had since landing, there are some that stand out with pre-eminence, as, among the spires of a cathedral, high as all are, there yet are towers and spires that shoot up far above the others, and lie pictured upon the sky as you retrace from them, long after the building and its lesser members have sunk down and disappeared. I have just had such a day. I did not believe it possible to put so much experience into one day, or that, after so continuous an excitement of rare novelties and delights, I could feel any more pleasure than I had. But impossibilities are quite possible. I find it out every day! I go as far as I can,—and then go further. I am filled entirely full, and then receive a great deal more? When will it end? Shall I go on, mounting higher, enjoying more, susceptible of more various excitement and capable of bearing it? Drastic excitements, and all which compel volition and labor, tend to exhaustion; but excitements which are sweet-

breathed and that raise the mind to that region in which its acts are automatic, involuntary, effluent, seem to nourish rather than exhaust. Your hours are all radiant. You wake into gladness, and fall out of joys into sleep. One may have, even in this life, some conception of that liberty and range of joy toward which we are travelling, when the earthly being dropt, all that is susceptible of weariness is gone, and the spirit springs up, no longer in bondage to sleep, fatigue, toil, or limitation of material conditions!

I have just returned from spending a day at Sydenham Crystal Palace, and that accounts for the foregoing strain. The day was glorious. Everybody had said, "You must go to Sydenham!" I had read descriptions of it. Yet, the meaning of it never dawned upon me till to-day—this most wonderful of all modern English achievements. Even after having been at Chatsworth, one of the Duke of Devonshire's seats, reputed, hitherto, to be the finest in the world for landscape-gardening—Sydenham is still more wonderful. This great Crystal Palace, vast but not massive, springs into such huge proportions with such a fine and almost ethereal structure, that you can scarcely believe it to be more than a picture; or if a veritable building, one which the winds will blow away. It is the very antithesis of castles and cathedrals. These impress you by their solidity. They are mountains of stone, and seem to be durable as the mountains from which the stone was hewn. Against their huge walls has dashed battle and siege, almost in vain. Time itself, that never raises its siege, seems in vain, with wind, and art, and frost, to have assailed many mighty mediæval structures. And when you look upon them, you feel the solidity, the massiveness. But this film upon the sky—this gossamer span last night by fairies, this glittering, luminous, transparent spectre of a palace! Can it be real, durable, tangible?

The grounds on which this ethereal pile is erected are worthy of the vast jewel which they hold upon their bosom. There is every variation of hue and slope. The grass is shaven close, and is as green and velvety as only English grass can be. Cut into its green are innumerable beds of gorgeous flowers of every hue. You are dazed and dazzled at the wealth of flowers, the clumps of rhododendrons, the belts, beds, and ribbons of color, the circles of roses. I have travelled in the prairies of the Great West, and seen the sheets and billows of flowers that stretch with endless profusion there. There are no such wild and extravagant abundance here. It was as if the flower angel had sounded the trumpet, and a prairie of flowers had rushed to camp to be brigaded and marshaled; and now, in ranks and squadrons, in files or companies, they carry their floral lances to this innocuous war of beauty! Lakes, fountains and pools abound. The most gorgeous dream of the Arabian Nights would turn pale and fade out in the presence of this substantial glory of horticultural skill. If I had had time, I should have been amazed at the literature of color spread out here.

Those flowers I had seen, all of them, growing loose and disconnectedly. Here they were gathered into artistic groups by similarities or contrasts. I had seen them a scattered alphabet of beauty, every letter by itself. Here they were composed into words and sentences. My eye drank and was drunk with color. I turned from the grounds to the building, and from it again to the grounds. O happy people, who can come hither so easily! For, the immortal glory of this enterprise is this, that this palace and grounds, that have no parallel or equal in the world, are presented by the wealth of London to the common people! I do not believe that so extraordinary a combination of rational pleasures for every sense and sentiment of man was ever before combined. Not for the government, nor for kings or nobles, not for a rich and refined class, but for the great common people has this miracle of beauty and use been wrought!

Within is every variety of food for bodily hunger, capitally served, simple for those who need or can afford little, and sumptuous for those who choose it. Every provision is made for the incidental wants of the throngs of men, women and children. But now come the marvels. You live in Egypt and walk in the temples. You stand in Greek halls. You see the altars and statues, the Parthenon, the friezes, the gods. You enter a Roman dwelling. All is reproduced as in the days of Augustus. You stand in the gorgeous *Alhambra*, in a Pompeian house, in the Byzantine court, in the Norman, the early English, the full Gothic buildings or courts. The illusion is complete. Time is dead. The old has come back, and is new. Nay, distance is ended. You seem to be in different ages and widely different countries all at the very same time. You lose your identity, whether you are ancient or modern—whether you are



at Athens, or Rome, or Byzantium, you cannot tell. Or is it a gorgeous dream? Is this some sorceress kaleidoscope, whose every turn rattles the elements of various ages and countries into strange conjunctions?

The illusion is increased by the unity of all climates in the vegetable kingdom. Under this glass hemisphere the temperate and torrid zones dwell together in peace. There is room for every thing. As you stand at one end, you look down through a crystal aisle more than sixteen hundred feet, and over this long, luminous path there is no roof until you rise a hundred and seventy four feet in the center, and a hundred and ten on either side of it. Along this vast track are gathered the rarest vegetable productions of the globe, growing in soil, or air, or water. Vines cover the iron columns, and spread out their filmy branches along the connecting rods. Huge pendant baskets, filled with trailing plants, swing in the air at heights that hide their support, and cause them to seem self-supported. Marble-lined reservoirs of water, artificially heated, are covered with aquatic lilies. From step to step, all the way down, you come upon the most magnificently grown shrubs and plants and trees. They line the whole long interior, so that you imagine yourself looking down an avenue of some extraordinary forest filled with undergrowth, shrubs, vines, and mosses. Out of these green mosses, at every step, peep the most exquisite creations of art. There are casts of almost every renowned or beautiful statue in Europe, arranged in long sequence. All the sculpture that you have ever seen in engravings, read of in books, heard of in conversation, meets you in this palace of miracles. The treasures are endless. You cannot in a day even glance at them. You leave more things unseen than you look upon. Every step opens recesses full of wonders. Picture-galleries flow along the sides as if they would never end. The portrait gallery presents you with almost every historic face. Do you need to read of these things? Turn aside into the library with thousands of volumes. Sit down in the Reading Room, which, though several thousand people are threading the building, is as quiet as though it were a lonesome bower in the woods! Or are you tired in eye and foot? Sit down and listen to a very noble band that yonder is rendering classic music skillfully. This marvellous variety gives you rest by change. If sculpture fails, there is architecture; and of that variety running through all the schools of time. Are you weary of this? Try color on the canvas. Do you weary of this? Will you take a walk around marble-bound lakes, or among palms and gigantic ferns, or among clove and cinnamon, pepper and ginger, tea and coffee plants? Or would you rid yourself of company? Go out into the grounds. By some one of the walks you can in a moment be hidden in secluded, leafy covers, or you may seek the lake and artificial island, and see the geologic periods represented in strata, and the ante-diluvian animals reproduced in form, if not in life. From some such stroll I returned and dined. I could not make up my mind whether I was an Egyptian dining at Cairo with the old Copts, or a Greek, or a Roman, or Goth. I never once suspected that I was a Yankee, eating stout English beef and pastry.

This duty done, we go now to the Renaissance Court to see the statues by Michael Angelo! Here are Day and Night, with Julius de Medici sitting nobly above and between them. Opposite is Dawn and Twilight, with Lorenzo de Medici sublimely thoughtful between them. There is the slave, opposite to it the Madonna and child, a *Pietà*, a Christ, but most grand of all, the Moses! These are of the full size of the originals, and fill you with more pleasure and wonder since they are gathered into one grand company and fill the whole air with the spirit of their artist-creator. While thus walking and musing, the grand organ in the nave is filling all the air with its solemn harmonies! Where else did any one ever gaze upon Michael Angelo's collected sculptures to the sound of grand organ music? We never know to what proportion our joys may rise until we have experienced them in the midst of solemn music. At such a distance that all sense of the material instrument is lost, solemn music seems to be a voice out of the spirit-world. It brings to us a call from the Infinite, and connects us with it. Our joys seem no more mortal. They are related to the eternal and spiritual, and partake of their nature. They are preludes and presences of immortality. The soul takes assurance that its most precious experiences are not transient and perishing. However silenced for a time, joy shall come again, and in the harmony of a better sphere, and roll for ever in undisturbed and inseparable harmonies!

It is true that all these treasures of art are but casts, imitations, plaster statues, plaster architecture, and,

if one tries, he can quite destroy the illusion and prevent his own enjoyment. But since they were exact patterns of the renowned works of the world—better than engravings or copies in painting—so like that only by a resolute effort could one break the illusion, why should one decline them or abate his satisfaction?

The best of all, to me, was the sight of such throngs of people—plain, kind-looking, common people—in thousands roaming through the grounds, gazing upon the marvels, watching the fish, peering into the green recesses, and as happy as any body could be, except the children. Of these there were hundreds—schools, classes, families, in groups of four or five, of ten or twenty, and of hundreds streaming through the aisles wild with delight, yet orderly and unmischievous. This whole enterprise, in all its treasures and beauty, is an offering to the common people! More is done for the common people by the piety and wealth of England than in any land on the globe. In America the common people take care of themselves. In England they are, by the political institutions of the country, shut out from a thousand privileges. There is need to give them, from benevolence, that which our people have as of their own right. It must be confessed that the philanthropic natures of Great Britain strove nobly to make up by benefactions the hopeless inequalities of fortune that spring from English institutions.

### Gounod's Faust.

From a Liverpool Paper.

Were the marvellous rapidity with which Monsieur Gounod has risen to celebrity considered as an *avant garde* of future events, it might indeed be supposed that a new musical era had burst upon the country of his birth; but if calm reflection be used in the examination of this wondrous reputation, a more rational inference will be drawn, and for once the *insouciant* Parisians are themselves the ones to place their composer before the tribunal of strict inspection, determined to "nothing extenuate or ought set down in malice," to tranquilly analyze the real merit of the lately extolled author of *Faust*. When, four years ago, the French arrangement of Goethe's poem was brought out at the *Théâtre Lyrique*, the Parisians hailed the advent of new music with the freshened pleasure of those satiated with the continual repetition of a well worn-out stock. The romantic interest of the plot, the manner in which it was placed upon the stage, the gorgeous scenery and decorations, the costumes, the fair hair and German burlesque given to the actors, all combining not only to enhance that interest, but to impart a life-like reality to the scenes represented, wherein Parisian skill in spectacular splendor reached its climax. The singers were of an inferior order, with the exception of Madame Carvalho, who in the performance of *Marguerite* realized the exquisite conception of her whom the great poet has left as the very type of womanly charm and purity. The opera was very successful, and M. Gounod's name became enrolled among the fortunate musical caterers for the public. Satisfied with the *spectacle*, charmed with two fine choruses, fascinated with the story and delighted with Madame Carvalho's delineation of its poetic heroine, the Parisians accepted the music without bestowing upon it too severely strict a criticism, such leniency being also in accordance with the theatre, which as of fourth-rate order held forth no pretensions to the fastidious and the *exigeants*. Four years have passed, during which *Faust* continued to be played at intervals, the happy run being aided by the *prima donna* being the wife of the theatrical manager, and her finding in the character of the gentle *Marguerite* a source for the display of her talent. The unexpected elevation of M. Gounod to European notoriety has, by placing him on a higher standard, also raised the medium through which he is now regarded, causing the qualifications for such a position to pass under the closest review. According to Parisian judgment, M. Gounod is not quite worthy of the rank so suddenly attained; nor is this opinion based upon the natural law of prophets never being duly estimated in their own country, but on a clear and calm examination of his music. Dr. Johnson has defined genius "to be that without which, knowledge is inert and learning useless." The great lexicographer was too large in such a view; but there might, indeed, be a strict application of it with regard to music, which, of all the arts, being the most dependent on inspiration, becomes bald and hollow when only treated through the laws of learning. In Paris M. Gounod is considered a fabricator of music, but not an inspired composer. In the choruses he has displayed two happy ideas—one being the novelty of old men singing together with the shrill treble of old age, the effect produced by the union of tenor voices; the other being the soldiers' chorus, based on a large broad phrase, well carried

out, and sustained. That last sentence embodies a full criticism on *Faust*, for it is precisely because M. Gounod does not carry out and sustain his phrases that his music loses inspired strength, and becomes either insipidly commonplace or utterly incomprehensible. At the commencement of every *morceau* an idea is implied, exciting hopes that progression will gradually render it distinct and clear; but, alas! disappointment is the only result. A passage full of promising beauty, over which the *cognoscenti* hang in anticipation of rich enjoyments, is all at once merged into what is flat and unmeaning, through which the composer seeks to display his profound science at the expense of the simply beautiful. This is a grand mistake, and one into which imitators of a school often fall. M. Gounod has endeavored to vie with German musical profundity; but he forgot that in Beethoven and Mendelssohn the depths of counterpoint and the skillful intricacy of harmony were used as means to an end, that end being the richest gratification to the ear, instead of making them serve as learned lessons. *Faust* would be of use to the persevering student who sought to acquire a full knowledge of the algebra of music; but as the rendering of melody and the true purpose of song, the scholar must look elsewhere. To use one of their own Parisian phrases, the music of *Faust* is too *decouru*, too much cut up into little details, without any defined *suite*. Nowhere is this so provokingly displayed as in the garden duet, which for dramatically romantic situation is of itself a treasure to a composer, and it would seem at the outset as if M. Gounod were worthy of possessing it. The opening phrase is of such exquisite beauty as to gain for its creator undying fame; but just when the enchantment of its listeners is excited, comes the cold bleakness of scientific modulations, which causes the ear to lose itself in unmeaning confusion, out of which again rises, like an oasis in the desert, another passage of intrinsic value, but so brief as to leave no impression in accordance with its real worth. Such floating gems as these would seem to indicate the possession of natural powers, and that were M. Gounod to lay aside his earnest desire to arouse the esteem and respect of the learned only, he might be able to claim the lasting admiration of the general public. That this present *furor* created by *Faust* will be of long duration remains a problem to be solved by time. Its creation is of easy explanation, for in the dearth of new music that of M. Gounod has been a thing of welcome to the wearied Londoners, who rush into the *engouement* for the French composer on the principle, as the Paris critics declare by their own saying, that "in the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed are kings."

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

Our readers must have remarked the sameness of the monthly summaries of doings at the Parisian opera houses. For years, indeed we read of the same round of a dozen or two of the more important pieces, with only occasional novelties, mostly of the lighter order. "Spiridon," of the *Gazette*, tells us that the government seriously thinks of trying to break this spell of monotony, by making theatrical enterprises free to all. He thus describes the evil and the remedy proposed.

At the Grand Opera they play *Robert le Diable*, *Les Huguenots*, *Le Prophète*, *Guillaume Tell*, from one year's end to another; or, if they revive *La Muette de Portici*, or *La Giselle*, they play nothing else. Mark you, all of these pieces are old—the youngest is fifteen years old. At the Opera Comique it is the same thing; *Zampa*, *La Dame Blanche*, *Le Postillon de Lonjumeau*, *Le Domino Noir*, *La Fille du Régiment*. At the Theatre Lyrique, founded for "the encouragement of young artists," you find: *Der Freyschütz*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Orphée aux Enfers*, *Les Monténégrins*. The French Comedy has played four nights in the week *Le Fils de Giboyer*, and the other three nights, Molière, Corneille and Racine furnish the entertainment. It is still worse at the minor theatres; at the Porte St. Martin and Theater du Chatelet they have been playing *Les Pâtures du Diable* and *Rothomago*, "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." And yet with these pieces, which are threadbare, our theatres took in at their doors last year (a "bad year," for pecuniary distress has been universal from the loss of the once great American trade), no less than \$2,500,000, and this enormous revenue is monthly increasing with every new rail laid and every additional station built.

The Parisians are not the only sufferers by this state of things. The dramatic authors, the musical composers, the play actors themselves are ruined by it. Managers, of course, do not care for new pieces as long as the old ones fill their houses full. Their interests are all enlisted to persuade them to discard new pieces, which require new scenery, new costumes (expensive things both), and which can give them no assurance against failure. As long as the old actors are not hissed off the stage, they do not want new ones whom they must drill, and whom they must accustom the public to. This state of things is fairly ruining provincial theatres. They have no constantly renewed audience. When a piece has been played four or five times it is exhausted, nobody cares to see it again. If there are no new pieces brought out at Paris, what can the provincial manager do? Nothing under Heaven except to sue out a declaration of bankruptcy.

The remedy proposed to ameliorate this condition of the drama is that sovereign remedy for all public ills: Liberty! There is no situation so desperate—a country may be brought to the verge of ruin by profligate demagogues or by an extravagant tyrant—Liberty will rescue it from the abyss! The present monopoly of the theatres will be destroyed, and any one who pleases to open a theatre may do so. The great Government theatres—the Grand Opera, the Opera Comique, the French Comedy and the Odeon—will continue to receive their annual subsidies; but their theatre may be invaded by any manager: Moliere may be played at Bobino as well as at the comedy; there may be operas and ballets at the Delassements Comiques as well as at the Academie de Musique. Experience has shown that whenever a new theatre has been opened we have had new authors and new actors. Dejazet's bandbox introduced us to Mons. Victorien Sardou. Castil Blaze's opera-season at the Odeon introduced us to Weber. Antenor Joly's lease of the Italian Opera during the summer months gave us Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, introduced us to Grisar (his *Eau Merveilleuse* was played there after having been refused every where), to Carlotta Grisi and to Anna Thillon. Old theatre goers have a horror of new and untied pieces and actors, and consequently do really militate against the production of new pieces and the appearance of new actors.

Of course "the season," both for operas and concerts is passed, and the account of what is passing occupies less space than the anticipation of what is to come. The same clever correspondent writes:

At the Opera Comique Mons. Montaubry's success in *Zampa* is very great. The Theatre Lyrique's doors are closed for the summer; Mme. Ugalde sang the swan's song of the season, appearing in *Oberon*. It opens in September and will give us in the course of the season Mons. Berlioz's *Les Troyens*; Mons. Gounod's (the well known composer of *Faust*) *Mireille*; a one act opera by Mons. Guiraud, (these three are "Rome prizes") and three acts by Mons. Boulanger (for Mme. Faure's first appearance at this theatre); further the revival of these old operas; Mons. Grisar's *Les Amours du Diable*, Clappon's *La Fanchonnette*, Mons. Felicien David's *La Perle du Bresil*, Mons. Victor Massé's *La Reine Topaze*, Halévy's *Le Val d'Andorre*, Mons. Rey's *La Statue*, Mozart's *Les Noces de Figaro* and Mons. Gounod's *Le Medecin Malgré Lui* and *Faust*.

The company will chiefly consist of Mme. Carvalho, Mme. Faure, Mme. Charton Demeur and Mlle. Muret (a favorite pupil of Duprez); MM. Perrot (the first prize of the Conservatory, a bass singer, Ismael and Lutz, (baritones both), and Pilo. This tenor singer was in the army during the whole Crimean war; he rose to the rank of sergeant-major, but he became melomaniac and appealed to Gen. Mellinet to obtain his liberation from military service. I dare say you know that Gen. Mellinet is a great melomaniac himself. The General refused. Mons. Pilo went to the Conservatory and asked for a hearing; he so surprised Mons. Auber that the latter at once wrote to Gen. Mellinet: "France has gallant soldiers enough, but is not so rich in tenors as to warrant you in refusing us this young man." General Mellinet could not refuse this appeal, and the young man is now at the Theatre Lyrique.

#### London.

**THE OPERAS.** At the Royal Italian, Adelina Patti reigns the favorite of the season, and at Her Majesty's, Mlle. Artot. The *Athenæum*, whose opinions sometimes have the charm of novelty, not chiming with the general chorus, thus utters itself about them both in its review of the two operas, May 23.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.** The crowd was brilliant at 'Don Giovanni' on Thursday week. There

were the usual *encores*. The performance was as fine as one as could be expected under the circumstances, where so much rapid preparation of novelty must preclude close rehearsal of known works, and where all the principal artists are not first-rate. A *Donna Anna* is not found in Mdle. Fricci!—we do not indorse the popular admiration of *Leporello* by Herr Formes, feeling its want of real dramatic vitality and humor doubled by contrast with the redundancy, without exaggeration of both in the *Masetto* of Signor Ronconi. The *Donna Elvira* of Madame Rudersdorff is too boisterously shrewish; cleverly and completely expressed as is the music by her. Then, at the risk of our being burnt for heresy in the cause of Mozart's intentions and of good vocal execution generally, it must be represented that Mdle. Patti's *Zerlina* is too *staccato*, its melodies too much broken and tormented with over-accent—musically, too, unfinished entirely to content those who cannot forget Sontag, or Madame Persiani, or Bosio, to whose popularity the lady seems for the hour to have succeeded. M. Faure's *Don Giovanni* has improved; he is a modest, earnest, real artist, and as such cannot fail to improve.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.** When Mdle Artot began her career only a few years ago in London concerts, it was to be felt by every one who heard her that experience only was wanting to her entire success. A singer so accomplished, both vocally and musically, had not made a first appearance since the coming out of Mdle. Artot's preceptor, Madame Viardot. Since then, stage practice and success have done their work, and the lady, as was proved by her admirable performance in 'La Figlia del Reggimento' on Tuesday, is now something like the best operatic artist before the public;—with a voice excellently in tune, of sufficiently pleasing quality, and thoroughly trained. Mdle. Artot's acting, too, is good; lively, without the slightest grimace or impertinence,—there is youth in it, but no crudeness nor incompleteness. In brief, nothing could be more enthusiastic than her reception, and never was praise better merited. She is one of the few to be watched and listened for, and to be spoken of not after, but with Madame Lind and Sontag, whose performances in Donizetti's prettiest comic opera must have been felt to render the essay of a younger artist in the character of *Maria* hazardous, to say the least of it.

The month of May closed with three benefit performances for Mr. Lumley, the former manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, which caused much newspaper comment on the conduct of his old friend, the Earl of Dudley, proprietor of the theatre, in refusing him the use of it; so the benefit performances were given, and with great success, at Drury Lane. Great interest was taken in this tribute by the artists; Mme. Piccolomini came all the way from Florence to lend her services, singing in *Traviata* and *La Figlia del Reggimento* and the last act of the *Favorita*. Tietjens, too, was to have sung in *Don Giovanni*, but some influence withdrew her aid, and Mr. Gye, of the other theatre, allowed Mlle. Fricci to take her place. The papers made much of this matter, universal sympathy being felt for the ex-manager, who had helped so many artists win their fame and fortune, and whose own fortunes had been saved by Jenny Lind.

At the Royal Italian, during the same week, Mlle. Fioretti sang in *Martha*, "making another step in the good graces of her public by her admirable singing and natural behavior." Then followed *Le Prophete*, with Nantier-Didiée as Fides, and Mlle. Dettini as Bertha; Tamberlik, splendid as usual, as Jean of Leyden; and for the three gentlemen in black, the Anabaptists, Signors Neri-Baraldi, Polonini and Zelger. Patti, Mario and Ronconi sang together in *Il Barbiere*; and Patti (for the first time) in *Trovatore* with Didiée, Mario and Graziani.

We will now briefly sum up the lyrical delights of the two houses ("a plague on both their houses," one might say, while they keep harping upon the *Traviata* and the *Trovatore*) for the month of June.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.** *Traviata* again, and *Don Giovanni* and *Il Barbiere* and *Martha* in the first week, ending on Saturday with *La Gazza Ladra*, in which Mlle. Patti took for the first time the part of Ninetta; of which let our friend the *Musical World* report:

Of all the artists who essayed the character of Ninetta in this country—including, among others, Fodor, Malibran, Blasia, Mesdames Grisi, Penco, and Lotti—Malibran and Grisi alone won more than ephemeral fame in the part. Grisi made her first reputation in Ninetta, and many to this day think she never surpassed that performance. When we assert that Mdle. Adelina Patti has proved a worthy successor of Malibran and Grisi, we think we are paying the new Ninetta the greatest possible compliment. The first performance of a character that demands for its realization the most finished singing and the most natural and intense acting can hardly fulfil the highest expectation, more especially when the performer, impulsive and enthusiastic, is liable to be carried away by her feelings. We saw and heard enough, however, in Mdle. Patti's Ninetta to satisfy us that it would become one of the most delightfully attractive impersonations in her varied repertory. She sings Rossini's music almost *au lettre*, and has evidently made the character her most serious study. Her success was immense. She was recalled after each act, and at the fall of the curtain was received with deafening applause. The part of Pipo was sustained by Madame Didiée, that of the father by M. Faure, that of the Podesta by Signor Ronconi, Fabrizio by Signor Tagliafico, and Gianetto by Signor Neri-Baraldi. On Monday the *Prophete* was given for the second time. On Tuesday the *Gazza Ladra* was repeated, Mdle. Patti creating even a greater impression than at her first performance. *Don Giovanni* was given on Thursday and the *Barbiere* last night.

The only novelty of the following week was the appearance of M. Obin in *Robert le Diable*, of which we learn from the same trustworthy source:

The cast differed in three important respects from that of last season, Mdle. Antonietta Fricci, Mdle. Marie Battu and M. Obin replacing Madame Penco, Madame Miolan-Carvalho and Herr Formes in the parts of Alice, Isabella and Bertram. Mdle. Fioretti had been cast for the Princess, and rehearsed it, but at the last moment took it into her head that the music was not suited to her, and (after taking a month's salary) left the theatre and the country the evening before the performance. The part of Isabella, nevertheless, had more than once been played by Mdle. Fioretti at Rome, with Mdle. Cortesi as Alice. Mdle. Marie Battu, however, was by no means an inefficient substitute, short as was the notice she received. Mdle. Fricci's Alice has both strong and weak points, the latter predominating. M. Obin, from the Grand Opera of Paris, where he has held the post of first bass for some years, though nervous at the beginning achieved a decided success. His voice is remarkable both for quality and range; he sings well, and is versed in all the traditions of the character. Having to struggle against a foreign language, M. Obin had "up-hill" work; but as the opera progressed he gradually threw off all restraint, and in the incantation scene created a highly favorable impression. On the whole, M. Obin will prove a great acquisition to the Royal Italian Opera. Signor Tamberlik's Robert was by far the most finished performance; his singing was pure, noble and unaffected, his acting natural, forcible and chivalric.

On Monday the *Gazza Ladra* was repeated; on Tuesday *Roberto il Diavolo* was given for the second time; on Thursday *Don Giovanni*, and last night *Il Trovatore*—Mdle. Patti appeared in all excepting *Roberto*.

Then for another week the *Prophete* and *Il Barbiere*, and *Mansueto*, and *Don Juan*, and *Martha*, took their turns again, and on Thursday, July 3d, Gounod's *Faust* was brought out for the first time at this theatre, in rivalry with Her Majesty's, where it had been occupying the stage nearly the whole month. The *World* merely says of it.

On Thursday M. Gounod's *Faust*, under the name of *Faust e Margherita*, was produced, with a completeness and splendor not surpassed in any of those magnificent operatic spectacles for which theatre is renowned. Each of the "tableaux" into which the opera is divided was a masterpiece of picturesque effect, only equalled by the admirable arrangement of the stage business. The chief characters were sustained by Madame Miolan-Carvalho, Madame Nantier Didiée, Mademoiselle Lustani, MM. Faure and Tagliafico, Signors Graziani and Tamberlik: Three pieces were *encored*—the quaint strophe allotted to the old men ("Nei di di riposo"), in the opening chorus of the second act; the first song of Mephistopheles ("Dio dell'or"); and the martial chorus with which Valentine and his companions celebrate their return from the wars. The principal singers were called on several times in the course of the eve-

ning; and at the end of the third act M. Gounod himself was summoned before the curtain. The performance did not terminate until half an hour past midnight. The house was crowded with a brilliant, but not very enthusiastic audience.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.** Here too the month began with the announcement of *La Traviata*; only Mlle. Artôt was ill, and parts of the "Barber", *Trovatore*, &c., were given instead. Then came the *Huguenots* (second time), and the *Traviata* without fail, and, still continuing in the 'Ercles Verdi vein, the *Ballo in Maschera*, with an uncommonly brilliant cast: Mlle. Tietjens, Trebelli, Volpini; Signors Giuglini, Delle Sedie and Cassier. Mlle. Volpini, who took the part of Oscar the page, was a debutante and created a marked sensation.

Gounod's *Faust*—first time in England—was the next nine days' wonder. The first night was a great success, M. Gounod himself being present, who was twice called out. Our friend D., after several hearings, thus remarks upon it:

*Faust* is M. Gounod's *Vathek*. He is, in fact, as much the man of one opera as in another sense that other man was the man of one book. Well, then—what is this *Faust*? Musicians will tell you that as a work of art it is not very remarkable; amateurs insist that it does not to any great extent reveal the faculty of inventing *tune*; purists will add that its style of harmony and modulations is based upon that of Richard Wagner, that it contains not a single ingeniously constructed *morceau d'ensemble* (grave objection to a *grand opera*), that the dramatic, or melodramatic coloring of the whole is borrowed now from Weber, now from Meyerbeer, now from Wagner, now from Verdi, and now from Halévy. But what of all this? True or false, of one or all of the foregoing charges, *Faust* is the most popular opera of the day; and whatever—but, *n'importe*; we have now to record another of its successes.

*Faust*—*Faust*—*Faust*—nothing but *Faust*. *Faust* on Saturday, Wednesday and Thursday; to be repeated to-night, on Tuesday, and "every night until further notice"—as they say at the theatres. We have heard *Faust* four times, and, without being impressed by it as with the work of a man of genius or of a great master, can easily understand its almost universal popularity. Music even less characteristic and less pleasing than M. Gounod's would hardly have failed to attract with such a cast as that of *Faust* at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mlle. Tietjens' Margaret is incomparable; Sig. Giuglini sings the part of Faust to perfection; M. Cassier (if he could but look but a little more diabolical) would be all that is dreamt of in the French Mephistopheles; Mlle. Trebelli and Mr. Santley, as Siebel and Valentine (Margaret's lover and brother), give the highest importance to characters of which little or nothing had previously been made. Mlle. Taccani is a more than respectable Martha; the chorus is admirable; the band beyond praise; the *mise en scène* in all respects efficient, in some remarkable. Sig. Ardit, by the talent and zeal he has shown in preparing this by no means easy work for representation, has placed himself in the first rank of operatic conductors; while Mr. Mapleson has won and deserved the esteem of his subscribers and the public by the spirit and expedition he has displayed in the whole affair. Then, the book—although poor Goethe cuts but a sorry figure in it—is wonderfully adapted to musical treatment. Every act (there are five acts in all) is based upon a striking and readily-explained incident; every scene is interesting in itself, besides being an intelligible step in the progress of the story; every character is as familiar as the men and women of Shakespeare's immortal dramas; what more could a composer desire?

*Faust* is to be played on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, next week. We shall return to it in our next.

#### Germany.

**COLOGNE.** A new composition by Ferdinand Hiller, entitled "An Operetta without Words," for piano with four hands, was played by the author and Herr Breuning, at a concert of the Musical Society in May.

**AMSTERDAM.** In a concert of the Liedertafel, (May 6) was performed a large composition for solo, male chorus and orchestra, called "the Deliverance of Leyden," by Richard Hol. The royal family were present, and the king conferred an order on the

composer. Mendelssohn's *Paulus* was recently performed here.

**FRANKFORT.** The opera troupe have recently performed "The Sylphs," a charming composition, it is said, by Himmel. In the last representation of the *Huguenots* three foreign artists took part: Wachtel (Raoul), Fri. Zirndorfer (Valentine), and Fri. Walbach (Marguerite).

**BERLIN.** The Royal Opera was to remain closed from June 20 to the end of July. The approaching debut of Fräulein Spohr, in the rôle of Alice, is announced. Frau Harriers Wippen lately performed the part of the princess in the same opera (*Robert*) with great success.

The French, or Frenchy, opera at Kroll's has been giving *Martha*, *Le Dame Blanche*, *Le Maçon*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, &c. Mlle. Suvanny did wonderfully well in the part of Adina.

**HANOVER.** Fräulein Weiss has made a great sensation as *Fidelio*. Her marriage with Herr Joseph Joachim was fixed for the beginning of June.

**DRESDEN.** Herold's *Zampa*, so much in vogue twenty years ago, has been revived here. Herr Tichatschek sang the principal part wonderfully.

**ROSTOCK.** Bach's "Passion" music (according to St. Matthew) was executed at Whitsuntide in the church of St. Nicholas. The very long work was given unabridged, but the audience listened with attention to the end. The soli were sung by artists from Berlin.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 25, 1868.

### Emile Prudent.

The French have lost their great composer-pianist. Yet not great by the highest standard. His compositions, mostly of the modern fantasia, virtuosic order, have had considerable currency along with the like things of Thalberg, Liszt, Doehler, and others. But Prudent comes a long way after Liszt and Thalberg, being in no sense decidedly original, nor the founder of a school. If he has had imitators, it has been at second hand. But the Parisian critics place him very high. It is with allowance for some manifest extravagance that one must read the sketch of his life and merits, which we here abridge from the *Gazette Musicale*.

He was born at Angoulême on the 3d of February, 1817. According to one of his best friends, M. "Albéric Second," a veil of mystery and romance covers his birth. "One morning the inhabitants of the Rue de Geneve observed in the modest shop of a tuner of pianos, who carried on a small trade in music, an infant but a few weeks old and beautiful as Cupid. Whence came it? No one ever knew; the adoptive father and mother of the child preserved an absolute silence on this subject. His extreme gentillesse, the exquisite distinction of his delicate form, sufficed to prove that he was not the son of the old piano tuner, even had the latter tried to change the public opinion, which he never did."

Another writer says that Emile Prudent's real name was Racine Gaultier; that his father, a piano-tuner at Angoulême, knew something of the mechanism of this instrument, and was his first teacher; and that, having a presentiment of the happy talents of his son, he removed, about 1827, to Paris, in order that he might command

for him a good musical education. Emile was admitted into the Conservatoire, where he was an assiduous member of Zimmermann's class. His father and mother, meanwhile, had separated, and Emile went in 1830 to live with his father in the Rue Beauregard, in a house once famous under the name of the Three Pigeons.

At the Conservatoire he carried off the second piano prize in 1831, and the first in 1833. The following year he obtained the second prize in harmony and practical accompaniment. "When I again saw him in the latter part of 1834," says M. Albéric Second, "the old tuner had died two years since of the cholera, and the laureate of the Conservatoire earned his living by giving a few lessons." He made a trade of music until he should be permitted to practice it as an art, and frequently, in the winter, he even played for contra-dances. Tormented by the desire to "produce himself" in another fashion, and to submit his talent to a serious audience, he gave a concert, which, in spite of the aid and encouragement of some good friends, resulted in a bill of expenses. "Then it was," continues this romantic chronicler, "that Emile Prudent conceived and executed a singularly courageous resolution. The very next night he broke the gay Parisian life short off, with its adventures (for he was a handsome youth and perhaps not entirely to blame), and returned to Angoulême, where he devoted himself with such ardor to laborious practice, that he was threatened with paralysis of both fore-arms. A skilful physician of the country, who was very fond of him, sent him, every day for a month, to the public slaughter house, where he plunged his arms to the elbow into the smoking blood of beaves (!) This treatment" (labors, dangers and sacrifices worthy of a greater cause) "soon restored all the suppleness and energy of his enfeebled wrists. During this residence at Angoulême he married her, who is now his desolate widow, after having been the cherished companion, the intelligent friend, and the valiant comrade of his whole existence as man and as artist."

Having laid this groundwork of hard, continuous practice, and deep study of the masters, Prudent bade adieu to his townsmen and settled down at Nantes, where his lessons were immediately in great request. There, slowly and surely, if not as suddenly as Thalberg, he acquired an imposing, but at the same time a modest authority.

Prudent's compositions, as we have said, do not belong to the higher order of really imaginative creations, and cannot claim to be mentioned along with the piano-forte works of men like Beethoven, or Mendelssohn, or Chopin. They belong to the modern virtuosic school; that is, were written more to illustrate the art of piano playing, than from any inward necessity of expression; they are not so much tone poems, as they are clever and brilliant tone-exhibitions. They are perhaps among the cleverest of the attempts to do like Thalberg. This kind of composition—art we can call it only in a qualified sense and as it were by courtesy—enjoys more esteem just now in Paris than in most other great musical centres. Of Prudent's compositions the writer in the *Gazette* says: "In his Fantasias on *Lucia*, on the *Huguenots*, on *Norma*, in his *Souvenirs de Beethoven*, he employed the method of which Thalberg was the inventor. He availed himself of the *arpeggio* with a vigor and a power

beyond which there was nothing left; he set the pillars of Hercules for this means of effect, and it was an honor worth as much as another. At the same time he tried his hand at original *morceaux*, such as 'L'Hirondelle,' 'La Ronde de Nuit,' the *Etude* in A flat, and he soon showed that he had resources enough in him not to build eternally on other's ground. The credit we claim for the first period of Prudent is, that he began by doing what others did, as well as others did it, often better, and that he thus in a manner conquered the right to do something different. If he changed, if he modified, it was through conviction, and not through impotence. Far from insulting the success of his predecessors, he began with rendering them a full and sincere homage. After which, he saw that one should pass to other combinations, other effects, and he wrote the *Concerto Symphonique*, the most elevated, the largest work that has issued from his pen." (This was written ten years before his death). "The *Concerto Symphonique*, in which the part of the piano rivals in importance that of the orchestra, marks the second epoch in the works of Emile Prudent; and around this Concerto, at the same level, though quite different in character, are grouped the delicious *morceaux* entitled: 'Les Bois,' 'Les Champs,' and the 'Allegretto Pastoral,' which serve as a transition to the third epoch. The author of the *Concerto Symphonique*, descending from the heights [very grand this!] of this capital work, yielded himself to the inspiration of the musical landscape; and this inspiration shows itself again still bolder, still more brilliant, more ravishing than ever in his last two compositions, the 'Danse des Feés' and 'La Villanelle.'—Within the last ten years this list has been enriched by numerous works, among which we will only cite the 'Chant du Ruisseau,' 'Folie,' the 'Chanson à boire,' 'Les Naiades,' 'Le Chant d'Ariel,' 'La Prairie,' his 'Etudes-lieder,' his Romances without words, and finally his 'Trois Rêves.' A plenty of poetic titles, to say the least. But what hosts of would-be geniuses cover the counters of the music-sellers, and fill the advertising sheets with just such dainty seeming subjects! Prudent's perhaps are among the best of them; but will one of them be remembered as long as the least thing of Chopin, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Schubert, and the few of real inspiration?

Prudent, the *Gazette* continues, never was, or wished to be any thing but an artist, and it was a fixed idea with him to elevate French art to as high a pitch as possible, and make himself the chief thereof. "This idea he had almost entirely realized, and he was, without contradiction, the French pianist the most capable of sustaining the parallel with the great foreign pianists. No one represented better than he the school, which, if he had not created, he had at least raised and ennobled."

As a teacher he had formed a multitude of eminent pupils, and last year, when a place became vacant in the Conservatoire, he was designated by M. Auber to be its occupant. Still he was not appointed. He had given concerts with success in France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and England; and he had the intention of going to Russia, and even of visiting America as soon as peace should be restored; but the fatal disease attacked him at nine o'clock one morning and before night he was dead.

Emile Prudent is described as "one of the best men to be met with; he had a lively wit, quick in reply, words brief and pointed; his mouth wore a smile of raillery; his eye was clear and piercing; and when, by a familiar movement, he threw back his handsome and abundant black hair, he discovered a large and pure forehead, in which his rare intelligence was easily divined."

### Mr. Paine's Organ Concert.

The lovers of real organ music among us are not many. There doubtless would be more of them, had the ear and mind and heart been educated, if only by familiarity, by frequent hearing, to some clear apprehension and appreciation of the Fugues and other noble works of Bach and Handel. With the overwhelming strength of a great mass of human voices, in an Oratorio, the same essential musical structure, the polyphonic and Fugue form, makes a grand and quickening impression on the largest crowd of listeners. But the same essential music, the mere musical idea, as a pure Art creation, divested of imposing accessories, presented through the simple medium of an instrument, even as grand and church-like as the organ, appeals only to the finer sense and informed apprehension of the more musically educated, or to such natures as are predisposed to sympathy with the greatest and the deepest things, whether in Art, or poetry, or human life. Yet a mere organ concert may attract and may amuse a crowd, provided that it abdicates the nobler essentials of the true organ character, and condescends to clever competition with other dazzling shows and nine days' wonders; provided the organist will show off all the fanciful and pretty "stops," imitate all sorts of instruments, even the orchestra itself, parody (it may be unconscious of the parody) Lisztian and Thalbergian feats of prestidigitation, doing the same things with the feet as well as fingers, and limit himself to those flashy compositions which are to Bach, what sputtering fireworks are to the light of sun and planets everlasting in the heavens, or such sentimental trifles as might find their full expression on a hand-organ. Truly it is a waste and sacrilege to erect these grand Temples of Harmony, if the uses thereof are to be so trivial. The grandest organ ever built is but a poor ambition, unless it shall be made the organ for the utterance of the grandest music. But in communities where neither musical nor spiritual experience is very deep or real, it cannot be wondered that the "showing off" of the organ and the organ-player should interest more people than the best music ever written by the greatest genius in accordance with the genius of the instrument. The mass are carried away by the singer more than by the song, by the instrument rather than by the musical idea which has the proper divine right to use it.

No wonder, then, that an earnest musician like Mr. PAINE, does not have the West Church crowded, or even half filled, when he announces one of his solid programmes of the most admirable organ music. Yet audience he does not lack, such as a young artist may be proud of. On Saturday afternoon, July 11th, in the softening and sober light of the nearly finished summer day, a couple of hundreds of attentive listeners sat in the galleries and remoter pews and corners of the old church, yielding up their thoughts to the solemnizing and refreshing influences of Bach, for a long and tranquil hour or two. It only needed to be one hour later into twilight to make it perfect. This was the programme:

1. Fantasia and Fugue, in E minor.....J. K. Paine.
2. Improvisation.....Handel.
3. Bass Solo.—Arm. arm ye brave.....Handel.
4. Trio Sonata, in C.....Bach.
5. Passacaglia, in G minor.....Bach.
6. Bass Solo.—Fall of Zion.....Pachelbel.
7. Toccata, in E flat minor.....Thiele.
8. Choral variation, "Christ, our Lord, to the Jordan came.".....Bach.
9. Andante from an Organ Sonata.....Mendelssohn.
10. Toccata in F.....Bach.

Mr. Paine's own Fantasy and Fugue is one which

he had played to us before, and the impression which it then made by its clear, large and imposing character was fully confirmed. His improvisation was upon the softer and sweeter stops; a well conceived, musing *cantabile* strain, tender and chaste in feeling. The Trio Sonata by Bach is one of the six which he had not played before in public; the first movement of a bold, open-faced and honest character; the Andante exquisitely delicate and subtle both in form and feeling; the Finale (Rondo) brilliant but full of matter. The *Passacaglia* is certainly a most unique and interesting composition. It is "a form of ancient dance music, in which a slow and solemn theme, eight bars long, is repeated continuously in the bass, while free variations are carried on by the other parts." The first and simplest of these variations have a singular poetic charm, entirely original, which is kept up in those that follow, although they grow more and more complicated and difficult. Some of Bach's cadenzas and embellishments are imaginative and fairy-fine enough for Chopin, only never suggesting aught of sickliness. He was one of those who had plenty of nerves, and of the most sensitive, but was always master of them.

The Toccata by Thiele—a young man of a rare gift for the Organ, who was cut off at the early age of twenty-four, and is always mentioned with respect among the musicians in Berlin—was a free, bold, fanciful production, full of fire, and of a certain depth and energy of feeling that made one think at times of Beethoven. It was his last composition and is esteemed his best. It did not suffer in Mr. Paine's able rendering.—The Choral Variation, of which Bach has left so many examples, is one of the most beautiful and touching forms of organ composition. A flowing accompaniment is carried on all the time both above and below, limpid and cooling to the sense as running water, while single lines of the Choral tune are given out at intervals upon a mysterious sounding heavy reed stop, with most imposing effect. The Andante by Mendelssohn was lovely, in pleasing contrast with the other good things, thoroughly individual, and probably appreciated by a larger number than most pieces in the programme. The Bach Toccata in F is that bright, free, glorious one, which has proved a favorite in Mr. Paine's former concerts,—a sort of thing to make you happy, like the presence of a bright, unceremonious, great-hearted friend,—while it displayed to great advantage the organist's rare mastery of his instrument, especially his pedal playing.

The two bass songs were effectively and tastefully delivered by Mr. KIMBALL, a member of the choir of the church in which the concert was held, who has a solid, manly, true bass voice.

We hope Mr. Paine will persevere in the good work of offering to our public better organ music than it yet knows how to appreciate. By dint of repetition and familiarity, and with so important an auxiliary as the magnificent Organ now in process of erection in our city, Sebastian Bach, will yet become a presence and a power among us.

*La France Musicale* (Paris) says: "They write us from New York that, at the close of the winter, the *Harold* Symphony of Berlioz was executed, with great success, at the concert of M. Carl Bergami (meaning Bergmann). There is no *chef d'œuvre* that has been received with more enthusiasm by the true dilettanti of New York, than this celebrated Symphony." The "true dilettanti" were of course the Frenchmen and others of French musical affinities. Their opinion or feeling is not to be taken for that of all the well-informed, appreciative music-lovers in New York. No one for a moment will suppose that the constant nucleus of the Philharmonic subscribers, any more than such sterling classical musicians as Mr. Scharfenberg, Mr. Timm, Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Burke, Mr. William Mason, Mr. Bergmann himself, could find as much in a work of Berlioz as in a Symphony of Beethoven or of Mendelssohn. Even some, who plead for the performance of new works as well as old, and who hail Berlioz as a genius in his way, couple their praise with most important qualifications; thus the musical critic of the *Times* after the concert referred to, wrote:

It is not easy to express a liking for Berlioz's muse—so strangely does it oscillate between the extreme of raving eccentricity and of colossal, but entirely inconsequential magnificence. His genius belongs to a sort of musical deluge, and what you find in it is interesting as a phenomenon of nature, like the *megatherium* or the *ornithomycus paradoxus*.



It is impossible to say why he has so much tail or so little fin, and one can readily believe that in a moment of excitement he could climb a tree or dive to the bottom of old ocean with equal facility. But that he has genius, is demonstrated by the fact that a number of respectable notorieties have been engaged for several years in stealing it. Berlioz has supplied the school of the "future" with the few ideas of which it can boast, and this work of "Harold" contains the materials for a dozen Liszts and Wagners. It is somewhat more coherent than others of the composer's large works. The plan is thoroughly dramatic, and the one idea of keeping the personality of *Harold* constantly before the audience, whilst the orchestra presents a dazzling succession of scenes in which that unhappy individual is a spectator, if not a participator, is excellently maintained by means of the *Viola*, representing the hero. Nor is the work destitute of the tangible merit of melody, although it is for broad and startling combinations of instruments, happy conceits of coloring, and massive and overwhelming effects of sonority, that it is most remarkable. It is in these latter respects that we perceive the hand of the master, and the daring invention of a man of genius. To say that the work is one of the most interesting of its sort, is feebly to express the pleasure that its fine performance on Saturday night afforded to the audience.

Doubtless not a few, too, in that audience would dissent from even this praise; where this writer finds "ideas," they can see nothing but effective, startling, or "colossal" treatment. On the score of originality in general, we think that Wagner would have a heavier vote than Berlioz; while as against any of the great classical masters, the Beethovens and Mozarts, all of the three candidates would have to count as "scattering."

RICHARD WAGNER has taken summer quarters at Peusing, near Vienna, where he is working upon new operas.

ADELINA PATTI is engaged for a series of concerts at Wiesbaden, Mannheim and Frankfurt, in the month of August.

An unpublished *Magnificat*, written by HANDEL, when a young man, by desire of Cardinal Otoboni, has recently been performed in London. Only two copies exist—one the property of Queen Victoria, and the other of the Sacred Harmonic Society of London.

A letter from Königsberg says: "A very comical scene has just occurred at our theatre. Mdlla. Janaschek, one of the most celebrated actresses in Germany, has been giving representations at Königsberg. The other day she was taking the part of the Maid of Orleans in Schiller's tragedy, and in one scene in the last act, while she escapes from prison, she has to seize as she flies the sword of one of the English cavaliers who guard her. At Königsberg all military parts are played by Prussian soldiers. The man whose sword the Maid of Orleans was to take happened to be acting for the first time, and was completely ignorant both of Schiller and the Orleans heroine. When the actress, in running past, snatched at his weapon, he resisted and said loudly, 'No, I don't give up my sword.' You may imagine the laughter with which this was heard, given, too, in a Prussian patois which contrasted singularly with the elevated language of the tragedy. The actress, to whom the sword was necessary to finish her part, became irritated and took it from him by force. In doing so she wounded her hand, without, however, much mischief; but at the end of the spectacle she declared to the director that she would not play again in Königsberg."

CARL ANSCHUTZ, instead of going abroad himself, has sent an agent by the name of Meyer, to engage singers for his German Opera troupe; whereat one of the New York itemizers conjectures that there will be two German operas here next winter.

It is said that the score of a lost opera, "Maria Stuarda," by Donizetti, written at Naples in 1834, and there suppressed by the censorship, has been recovered and will be produced so soon as an artist can be found able to support the heroine's part.

The leading musicians of Brussels have sent in a report to the government on the question of pitch,

announcing it to be their unanimous judgment that the diapason ought not to be lowered. This is directly in the face of the prevailing tendency throughout Europe.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP gave a concert in Portland, on the 4th, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission.

VERDI's "Forza del Destino" was very successful in Rome. In Madrid, the composer received 25,000 francs for conducting the rehearsal of his opera.—The imperial theatres at St. Petersburg cost the czar, last season, a million francs, and he means hereafter to be more economical. Singers therefore turn their backs on St. Petersburg.

*The Beethoven Monument in Heiligenstadt* is the title of an elegantly printed pamphlet (published by the Typographical, Literary, and Artistic Institution of Zamarski and Co., Vienna), which gives us a representation of the Monument, and the surrounding country, details of the erection and uncovering of the Monument, and a musical appendix containing a "Cantata for the uncovering of the Beethoven Monument, set to music for four male voices and accompaniment, by B. Randhartinger." The profits of the pamphlet will be devoted to the fund for keeping in order the space around the Monument.

Heiligenstadt ("Sanctus Locus" in old deeds, and therefore not to be written "Heiligenstadt") is a neat village, resembling a small country town, of 215 hearths, and 4,500 inhabitants, who, for centuries, have produced excellent wine, and who take their agricultural and horticultural produce to Vienna, which is close to them. Beethoven resided here on several occasions in the summer, and on a favorite spot on the banks of a brook, under a group of hazels, in the avenue which leads from Heiligenstadt to Nussdorf, and which is now called the "Beethoven-gang," or "Beethoven's Walk," stands the simple monument: a colossal bronze bust, upon a marble pedestal, tapering off towards the top. It is surrounded by an iron railing, erected by the Verschönerungs-Verein (Embellishment Association) of Heiligenstadt. The bust is modelled and cast in bronze by the Baron von Fernkorn. The monument was to be uncovered on the 22nd June, weather permitting, and delivered over, by Dr. Anton Heidmann, the President of the Association, to the parish of Heiligenstadt, on the condition that the inhabitants would take care that it should be protected, and the hazel trees under which the great master so often used to sit be preserved as long as possible.

At the ceremony of uncovering the Monument the Cantata we have mentioned above was to be sung, and a speech, written by Dr. L. A. Frankl, spoken by Herr Förster of the Imperial Theatre. The speech is printed, with a number of pieces of poetry, etc., in the pamphlet, and contains, among other things, the following passages:—

"Let everyone who was a contemporary of immortal men be proud of the fact! We ourselves were, and that, too at a time when the tongue was compelled to be dumb, and when war was waged upon the free expression of the mind in our own native land. Then it was that the music of the modern Titan undertook to sing men's indignation, and give utterance to the hymn of Freedom, so that men's hearts and minds should not unlearn and forget them!"

In the evening there was to be a grand concert to celebrate the occasion in the Park Saloon. After an excellent prologue (also printed) by Joseph Weilen, there is to be a performance of compositions by Beethoven, carried out by Helmesberger's Quartet, Herbeck's Gesangverein, the Männergesangverein, &c.

Among the poems, one called *Beethoven's Kirmess* relates a trick played by the master and three joyous companions, while L. A. Frankl recounts another anecdote to the following effect, founded upon a Heiligenstadt tradition, and, as far as we are aware, hitherto unpublished.

It appears that, on a winter's day, Beethoven, totally unconscious of the frost and snow, wandered up hill and down dale till he arrived at a small hollow in the road. Here he stayed completely absorbed in his thoughts. A cart, laden with wood, came up a little time afterwards, but the driver stopped his horses. Two more carts followed, and, not being able to pass the first, were, of course, brought to a stand still. Meanwhile, Beethoven remained totally unconscious of the obstruction he was causing, for the idea of the *Eroica* had just struck him. The second and third carters halloed out and asked the first why he did not proceed, but he only made them a sign to be silent. At last Beethoven resumed his walk, and the first carter, turning to the others, said—"That was the first musician in Vienna—I did not want to disturb him. At present you can drive on. Come up!" the last apostrophe being directed to his horses.—*London Musical World*.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Katie Lee and Willie Gray. J. H. Pixley. 25

A charming little song of "two eyes black and two eyes blue," of Katie and Willie at the brookside, as children, and as lovers. Sung by the Alleghaniens.

Thoughts of Thee. F. Mollen. 25

Good words by Mrs. S. E. Dawes. Good sentiment. Good melody.

Voices of Spring are resounding. Song. Mendelssohn. 25

An excellent song by the great master.

There is light beyond the river. Song and Chorus. B. Covert. 25

An excellent sacred song.

We'll fight for Uncle Abe. Plantation Song and Chorus. As sung by the Buckley Troupe. F. Buckley. 25

Capital song, something in the style of "Abraham's Daughter."

#### Instrumental Music.

Kangaroo Galop. James Cassidy. 25

Bright and not difficult.

Marche Funebre. John S. Porter. 25

One of the best of funeral marches; powerful and very melodious.

I know a bank. Transcription. B. Richards. 35

That ever fragrant bank of wild thyme, near the winding course of the Avon, has yielded many flowers, and this is a bouquet of the freshest and sweetest. Moderate difficulty.

Pittsburg Galop. Eugene Duval. 25

Lively, rattling thing, full of dotted eighths and sixteenths, and is a capital exercise for pupils deficient in the "hop and skip" movement of time.

Those Evening Bells. Brinley Richards. 35

The melody by Beethoven, and the piece is in "transcription" style, with cadences introducing airs played on the chimes. Fully up to the average of Richards' compositions, which is saying a very good word for the piece.

#### Books.

HAYTER'S CHURCH MUSIC.—A collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Chants, Services, Anthems &c.

By A. U. HAYTER. Organist at Trinity Church, Boston, and formerly at Hereford Cathedral, England. Cloth, \$2.50  
Boards. 2.25

Mr. Hayter has filled most acceptably for twenty-five years, the office of organist at Trinity Church, and has prepared for the choir, during that period, a large quantity of excellent church music. He now selects the cream of his manuscripts for publication. The book is the most valuable collection of sacred music that has appeared for many years; not that it is better adapted for the use of choirs all over the country than others, but the music is of a high class, harmonious, satisfying to the best musicians.

There are in the collection a large number of tunes equal to the best of the old English tunes, which they resemble in style; also a number of sentences of the general character of Mendelssohn's "Sleepers, wake,"; also some fine anthems and chants.

The music has mostly a simple rhythm, and is in choral or ecclesiastical style throughout, the effect being produced by the splendid harmony.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 583.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 8, 1863.

VOL. XXIII. No. 10

## Half a Dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

(Continued from page 66.)

I. GYROWETZ.

INTRODUCTION. Interest of the subject.—German Music eighty years ago.—No "Musical Public"—The People's Theatre.—G's Reminiscences.—Relation between Noble and Composer.

Vienna, May 10, 1863.

MY DEAR DWIGHT:—I send you, herewith, the beginning of the proposed articles upon "half a dozen of Beethoven's contemporaries," and have selected ADALBERT GYROWETZ to lead the way. The foundation of the sketch is a Biography, written about fifteen years since, at the instance of Ludwig August Frankl, one of the leading belles-lettres writers of Vienna, and published in 1848.

I have long had the idea of giving the readers of your journal a short biography of this now forgotten composer, who died in 1850, because it is interesting in itself, but more especially, as it is one of those personal histories, which exhibit to us living pictures of the musical world at the close of the last century, when that world hardly extended beyond the limits of the nobility of birth, and the few wealthy persons of taste and culture. Eighty years ago, music was a luxury of the higher classes; the great public was not expected to know, that any thing higher than dance, military, and comic operatic music existed. Rarely was any thing written for the people, certainly not in the higher forms of instrumental music. The people's music was in general supplied by composers whose names musical history ignores, and consisted of the lightest of the light in melody and harmony, or of arrangements from the works of the greater composers, no copyright protecting Haydn or Mozart from having their greatest compositions plundered to any extent.

It was one of the remarkable facts in Mozart's history, that he should have consented to compose an opera for a cheap, low people's theatre; but he did so, and the wonderful music to the "Magic Flute" is the result.

I have, within a few days past, met with a report upon the productions of one of this class of theatres, during the month of March, 1795, the Faberbräu theatre in Munich. Passing over the comedies and tragedies, probably lamentably and comically represented, here are those in which music had a greater or less share in the attraction.

On the 22d, "The Lost Son, an excellent drama after the Parable, in 4 acts, by the celebrated Herr Zimmermann, with a funeral cantata." The characters are Ananias and his two sons, Jonathan and Phineas; his grandsons Sopborn and Benjamin; Nabason and Javor, swindlers from Babylon. The afterpiece was "The improvised Comedy." The director says upon the playbill: "We wish to-day to edify you, and at the same time move you to laughter." What the funeral cantata was, we are not informed.

On the 25th the Bible again furnished the subject of the play, viz., "John, the much loved disciple of the Lord, or, the Might and Dignity of Christianity, a drama in 4 acts with a choral song by the celebrated Herr Zimmermann, dedicated to the memory of the first Christians and early Christianity." The play bill had this *Nota bene*: "We shall endeavor, so far as possible, to imitate the costume and spirit of that time."

But the great event of the season was the production on the 29th of March and April 1st, of, 1st, the Prologue, "The Revelation to Nature a spiritual drama with music and song," a duodrama, characters, Nature and Revelation, in form of a pilgrim; and, 2nd., the grand drama:

"The Death of Jesus, prepared from the well-known and admired 'Messiah' of Klopstock." This drama is divided into "two contemplations," the second being given on another evening.

Here are the dramatis personæ.

Caiaphas,	First	} Messenger.
Hannas,	Second	
Philo,	A maid servant,	
First	Hierod,	
Second	Pilate,	
Third	Roman Captain,	
First	A Soldier,	
Second	False Witnesses,	
Third	The Youth of Nain,	
Jesus,	Maria,	
Peter,	Mary Magdalen,	
John,	Ciddi, raised from the dead,	
Judas and the other	Rachel,	
Disciples,	Jamina,	
Nicodemus,	Salome,	
Lazarus,	Portia,	
Joseph,	Female Slave.	

From the play bill:

"The choruses, which will be sung to-day, are mostly by the well-known great man, Herr Rosetti; the other vocal pieces and the musical accompaniments are also all and several by great masters. Between the acts the orchestra will play, 'The Seven Words of the Saviour,' by Haydn. As to the rest, the directors, having received the all-highest special permission of his Electoral Transparency, have spared no expense to be able to give, not only the performance of to-day, but those which will follow, all having for their object our edification and the inflaming of our Christian zeal, with that dignity which is due and peculiar to the celebration of the establishment of our religion; they hope also a remunerative audience."

April 2d. "The Expiatory Offering, a spiritual prologue, with music and song." After which, "The Death of Jesus, Second Contemplation."

April 6th. "Lazarus, or Celebration of the Resurrection, a biblical musical drama in 3 acts, prepared for this theatre, with a quite new music by Herr Gleisner." The play bill contains remarks, says the correspondent, "very edifying and Christian."

The introduction of the "Seven Words,"—the original symphonies, not the vocal arrangements now known,—may seem to indicate a better condition of the peoples' music, than I have above described; but I was speaking there of a period, before Mozart, Dittersdorf and others had written

masterpieces, of a character such as to render them equally acceptable in the theatre of the noble, and in that of the lower classes. The history of the growth of the musical public remains to be written; in England it grew up earlier than in Germany, thanks to Handel; in the latter country, it hardly goes back beyond three generations.

To return. When Gyrowetz was young, the accomplished musician depended mainly upon the patronage of the so-called great; as in England, a few generations since, an author depended as much upon his dedication to some vain nobleman for his pecuniary reward, as upon the sale of his book; and his (Gyrowetz's) reminiscences are a valuable contribution to our knowledge of this relation between noble and composer. This was hardly more true in Austria, than in other countries. Look at Handel, the guest of the Duke of Chandos; Bach, Kapellmeister at the insignificant court of the Duke of Weissenfels; Mozart, struggling with poverty because he would not condescend to accept such a place; John Peter Salomon in the service of Prince Henry of Prussia; Haydn, musical *factotum* of Esterhazy, and so on. The great nobles of the last age, and especially when the temple of Janus happened to be shut, on retiring to their castles and chateaux, "when the season was over," easily became the victims of tedium, and their private theatres, their concerts, and their chapels (on Sundays and Saints' days) were their principal sources of home amusement. Hence, a brilliant young composer, particularly when a man of culture and education, was a godsend, and was as gladly welcomed, and as hospitably entertained, as a cultivated northerner or foreigner on some vast Southern plantation,—in *days gone by*, thank God!

Gyrowetz was an old man, over eighty years, when he wrote his reminiscences. There are very few dates given, and these I find singularly confused. This is one reason why I have not contented myself with a mere translation. Even the date of his birth does not correspond with the time of certain events which he relates. For instance, he gives Feb. 19, 1763 as his birth-day, and says afterwards, that he, when Mozart produced his (Gyrowetz's) symphony in a concert, was about eighteen. Now in 1781 Mozart had not yet settled in Vienna. The "1763" may be a misprint for 1765. Gerber says Gyrowetz was born "about 1765." Dlabacz says 1767. The *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* in the notice of his death, 1850, says he was 84 years old, which would give 1766; and Frankl gives a date which would make 1762 the right one. My observation in all my researches leads me to put no trust in dates given by old men, when they cannot or do not refer to some other authority than their memory; and I shall, therefore, correct, so far as possible, such errors as I may detect, in silence. To me Gyrowetz is a very interesting character; will he prove so to others, is the question.

A. W. T.

## Adalbert Gyrowetz.

## CHAPTER I.

His Bohemian Birth and Parentage.—Early Musical Manifestations and Studies.—First Love and Affliction.—Enters University at Prague.—State of Music there.—How Artists travelled.—Engaged as Secretary to a Musical Count.—Writes Symphonies, Quartets, &c., which become fashionable.

Johann Hübner in his "Complete Geography," third part, anno 1763, just a hundred years ago, declares Bohemian Budweis to be "a cleanly, large and strong royal city, with good walls and bulwarks, and which could be made into a real fortress. Gold and silver are found there, and in the river Moldau are also pearl muscels."

One of the elders of the Commune of Budweis was — Gyrowetz, who took to wife the daughter of Apothecary Götz, "a pious, domestically educated woman," and begat three sons and a daughter. The youngest child was Adalbert, the mother's favorite, born Feb. 19, 1763. (?) The father was also director of the choir (*regens chori*) in the principal church, and used to take the child, when he was four years of age, into the organ loft on Sundays and festivals, where, seated on a footstool, the little boy beat time to the music of the mass, perfectly happy in the enjoyment of what even then was his supreme delight, music. The first step in the child's regular musical education was being taught to sing, and his sweet alto voice soon became prominent at all the festivals of the church and other musical occasions. Then came the study of the violin. He was in a very short time able to play all ordinary music at sight, and by-and-by began to play in the concerts at Budweis. "If any where in the neighborhood a church festival was to take place, the boy was invited to play a concerto. Those of Stamitz [forgotten name!] were his favorites, which at that time were the most popular, and quite the mode—just as is usually the case in music—that which is new is thrust forward, and no one cares for the old."

[Poor old Gyrowetz! when he wrote this sentence, he had lived to see himself and his music old and cared for by none of the generation then on the stage.]

Then he studied the organ and thorough-bass with Heparnorsky, organist and composer in the church (where the elder Gyrowetz drilled the chorus), and while yet a boy, accompanied all kinds of church music, and attracted the attention of the public by the rich and changing fancies of his voluntaries. His first visit, when still a child, to the city theatre, was to the performance of an operetta. The effect of the small orchestra, in the overture, was so great upon him, that he fairly screamed with delight—not much to the edification of the rest of the audience—and, after the performance, came home intoxicated with the music. The old man dwells with evident satisfaction upon the reminiscences of his boyhood:—upon the six years of his gymnasium course, after the proper elementary studies at home, at the end of which he stood at the head of the school, and gained the highest premium; upon his contests with the other pupils for rank, both in recitations and in "writing compositions" (if I understand him rightly); upon his birds'-nesting with other boys, his object being to get young birds to tame, in which his success was such that they would obey his call, when flying about in freedom; upon his being invariably chosen one of the generals when the school-boys played war, and the like.

But during all this time, music was the leading occupation of his leisure hours; he enjoyed copying it, and began, too, to compose serenades, which his fellow pupils used to sing evenings with applause; and litanies, *Salve regina's*, hymns, antiphonies and so on, which his father found useful for his choir at vespers. A favorite style of composition with him was that of hymns in four vocal parts, with an accompaniment of wind instruments, which gained great applause.

The boy fell in love too, and this love made him wondrous pious, so that he would kneel for an hour at a time, praying God to give him soon some such position as would enable him to marry the magistrate's daughter. The girl died, and the poor boy "became so melancholy, that he did nothing but visit graves, and seek solitude. As the maiden lay upon the bier, a sort of sweat appeared about her lips; this he wiped away with a white handkerchief, which he preserved for many and many a day."

The vacations were usually passed at Gmunden, that lovely spot at the outlet of the Traun lake, where the steamboat is taken as one goes from Linz on the Danube to Iachl, and where an older brother was established as burgomaster. "There, partly by the beauty of scenery, partly by the kindness and amiability of the inhabitants, among whom were many right lovely maidens, he was so inspired, that very beautiful musical thoughts sprang up in his mind, which led him to write his first quartets and several songs, that really seemed to flow from a pure and youthful heart; and they seemed also to have made a very agreeable impression upon those who heard them."

In the quartets, Gyrowetz played the first violin, and had the good fortune to have good players for the other instruments. These first quartets were accidentally carried away by a travelling merchant into Spain, whence it was reported that they became popular, but Gyrowetz never saw them again. In Gmunden music was on a good footing, so that the masses of Haydn and Mozart were performed in the church; hence the youth breathed there also that musical atmosphere which surrounded him at home.

At length the gymnasium course was ended, and with his six years Latin in his head, the small sum of money which his parents could afford, in his pocket, the youth, now at most not over seventeen years of age, started off for Prague, with four of his fellow pupils of the gymnasium, there to enter the University, and study the civil law. The five young students lived together, very economically, appearing at first to have incurred no unavoidable expense, save that of lessons in French. But no economy will prevent a limited sum of money reaching its limits, and young Gyrowetz moved into the family of a gardener, named Laxa, receiving lodgings and board, in return for lessons on the violin given to two young Laxas, and for assisting them in their school studies.

"In his leisure hours, Gyrowetz employed himself as ever, with music; that is with copying or composing, and thus passed some years. He conducted the orchestra in certain private concerts, played the violin very well, and besides other things, composed minuets and waltzes for the band of the imperial artillery, which had such success as to be played for several years in the halls of Prague. He was also passionately fond

of the theatre, so much so indeed as often to part with articles of clothing, to raise the amount of the entrance fee."

Music in Prague at that time was very flourishing. The orchestra in the theatre excellent, the church music very good, especially in the Cathedral of St. Veit, where the elder Kozeluch was *regens chori*, in the St. Nicholas Church, where Maschek directed, and in the St. Jakob in the old town, where a distinguished organist, Senger, played. Strobach—who afterwards conducted Mozart's operas there—was the first church and theatre Kapellmeister. There were other fine composers and performers, and the nobility were great patrons of the best music, many of them having cultivated the art practically.

And so the young man lived, dividing his time between his pupils, his music and his jurisprudence, until at last he fell ill of an intermittent fever, spent three months in the hospital of the Charitable Brethren, and left it, too weak to go on with his studies, had he had the pecuniary means of doing so, which he had not.

One would like to find some means of getting at Gyrowetz's age at this time; but there is no allusion in his reminiscences to any fact which can aid us—the non-allusion to Bondini as head of the theatre shows only that the date is before 1784. How great a space of time his "some years" in Prague covered, we are all in the dark upon; but that they must have been both pleasant and intellectually profitable there can be no doubt.

Prague is still striking to the traveller as a queer, quaint old town. How much more so must it have been eighty years ago, before the days of railroads and the "march of improvement!" It was then a journey from Prague to any other place, or from anywhere to Prague. It was something, in those days, to be the capital of a kingdom, even of a small one, and Prague was capital of Bohemia, a land of some importance and weight in the world. The old city, though much smaller in population than now, was of far more comparative importance. One travels now from Berlin to Vienna, via Dresden and Prague; but not so then, for men at that time journeyed to these two cities, now but way stations between more important points. The nobility and the rich had post horses, and their own bought or hired carriages; the poorer classes rarely journeyed beyond the neighboring villages, or to the next provincial capital, and, when they did, they made their way on foot, or with the aid of the common carriers by whom the commerce of the country was carried on. Theatrical companies passed from place to place with their own wagons and animals, like travelling circuses now, and many an allusion in the novels and tales of the last century finds herein its explanation. Artists very commonly travelled in the train of some prince or noble; the number was not great of those who could travel in their own equipage. Gluck, called to Italy or Paris to bring out an opera, would have the means given him to travel respectably. So too Mozart, going to Munich to write *Idomeneo*, or to Prague to compose *Titus*.

At certain seasons of the year, young Gyrowetz would see a great concourse of strangers. At one time, when merchants and traders congregated from all quarters; at another, when the Bohemian nobility assembled at their capital, and the political and fashionable "season" began.

But, as a rule, there would be little to call his thoughts out into a world lying beyond the walls of the city and its theatres, and music would fill up the hours not devoted to his duties as tutor and student. That the young man at this time had an excellent practical musical education, is clear,—like Joseph Haydn when at the same age.

But out of money, and in feeble health, Gyrowetz must give up his jurisprudence and seek a situation, which will give him a subsistence. His musical attainments introduced him to the Count of Fünfkirchen, who engaged him as secretary. The Count was a passionate lover of music, and engaged no official or servant who could not play an instrument, thus keeping up an orchestra of his own. The opportunity was a rare one for a young composer, and the new secretary knew how to improve it. His first compositions were what in those days were named in musical catalogues "Parthien," corresponding to the "Suites" of Handel and Bach's time. These works were for brass instruments, and were played in summer in the open air; they pleased so much, that he increased the number to twelve, and was induced to try his powers in still higher walks of composition:—half a dozen symphonies, serenades for wind instruments, symphonies concertantes, and finally an opera, both text and music. The latter work he sent to Brunn, where Wenzel Müller then was Kapellmeister. It was returned, with the remark, that the work was not suited to the Brunn stage. [This reference to Müller gives a hint at a date, for his service in Brunn began in 1783 and ended in 1786.]

Count Fünfkirchen spent his winters usually in Brunn, capital of Moravia, whither his secretary accompanied him. The Count's praises induced the Moravian nobility to produce Gyrowetz's symphonies in their weekly concerts, with full orchestra. They were immediately ranked with the best of that period, gained the author high credit, and the advice to try his fortune in Vienna. Besides that sort of acquaintance which a private secretary could make among the nobles, Gyrowetz found two musicians in Brunn, to know whom was of great advantage:—a locally very distinguished violinist, Sauerz, of whom he took lessons for several months, and Gravani, Kapellmeister at the Cathedral, an earnest solid and profound musician, zealous for the truly classical church music, the masses of Haydn and Mozart, then new and not yet in great number, were given there "with great precision." As to the taste in "elegant music"—as G. expresses it—the works most in vogue just then, were the quartets of young Pleyel; the symphonies of Dittersdorf, Hofmeister, &c.; the sonatas of Kozeluch, Maschek, and others,—names now forgotten almost, but at that time as well known in London and Paris, and as much the mode, as in Brunn and Vienna.

In the theatre, Müller gave alternately opera and the spoken drama. The finest concerts were in the house of Count Troyer, a fine player of the horn, and the grand protector of music there; one who spared no expense to keep it in a flourishing condition. His two sons followed his example, Franz being a virtuoso on the English horn, and Ferdinand a remarkable player on the clarinet.

#### CHAPTER II.

G. in Vienna.—Acquaintance with Haydn, Mozart, &c.—Anecdote of the latter—Mozart's kindness.—Giarnovich. —Prince Esterhazy.—G. enters the service, Musical and Diplomatic, of an Italian Prince.—Parting with Mozart.

At length, Gyrowetz, his finances being in a

good condition, through the kindness of Count Fünfkirchen, and well provided with letters of recommendation, journeyed to Vienna.

Two allusions in the interesting reminiscences which follow, serve to fix the date of the visit with reasonable certainty, viz., the performance of one of his symphonies in one of Mozart's six concerts in the Mehlgrube—for the only series of six in that place, which I find in the authorities, were given in January, February, and March, 1785; and his meeting Dittersdorf at von Kees's concerts—for Dittersdorf's Oratorio of Esther was performed for the "Widows' and Orphans' Society" in 1785; his "Job" the next year. The probability—almost certainty—is, that Gyrowetz came to Vienna in 1784; his meeting Göthe proves him to have been in Rome in 1786; and his saying in connection with the production of his symphony, "at that time he was about 18 years old," if the date of his birth be correctly given by him—is a mistake of several years. But when he wrote he was trying to recall events of "sixty years since." But to the reminiscences:

In Vienna, Gyrowetz was introduced into the house of Herr von Kees, who was known as the first musical amateur and dilettante in Vienna, and gave social concerts twice a week at his dwelling, which the most distinguished composers and virtuosos then in the city were in the habit of attending.—Joseph Haydn, Mozart, Dittersdorf, Hofmeister, Albrechtsberger, Giarnovich, &c., &c. Haydn's symphonies were performed there. Mozart for the most part played upon the pianoforte; Giarnovich, then the most famous violin virtuoso, generally performed a concerto, and Madame v. Kees sang.

It happened one evening, that Mozart was late at the concert, and he was long waited for, because he had promised to bring Madam a new song. Several servants were sent out to hunt him up. At last one of them found him in an eating house, and prayed him to come immediately, for every body was waiting and enjoying the new song in anticipation. Mozart then remembered that he had not composed the piece, told the servant to bring him a piece of note paper; having received it, he began then and there to write, and, as soon as finished, took it to the concert, where all were in liveliest expectation. After some good-natured chiding for his long absence, he was most joyfully received. At length he took his place at the piano forte, and Madam sang the new song with a tremulous voice indeed, but it was enthusiastically received and applauded.

At these meetings, Gyrowetz had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Vienna's most favored masters, by whom he was received and treated in the friendliest and kindest manner. "The best natured of them all seemed to be Mozart; he fixed his eyes upon the still very young Gyrowetz, with such a sympathizing expression of countenance, as if he would say: 'Poor young man, you enter now for the first time the path of the great world, and anxiously await the events of the future, which fate may have in store for you!' This look made a great impression upon the feelings of the young man, and his heart clung to Mozart from that moment. Haydn smiled somewhat sarcastically; Dittersdorf was serious; Albrechtsberger seemed quite indifferent; Giarnovich, a Ragusaner, was rather gloomy, but still quite good-natured. He was

born on shipboard in the waters of Ragusa, having in fact no fatherland—but as he was born in those waters, he was generally called 'the Ragusan.' True, he was the most splendid violinist of his time, but not much master of composition, and therefore besought Gyrowetz to set his ritornels and accompaniments for him, which he did, and for which the virtuoso was duly thankful. And thus lived the young man in Vienna, employing his youth with persevering industry, in the higher culture of his talents, in visiting the splendid curiosities of the city, and the most distinguished composers and musicians, in order to hasten his progress through their hints and advice."

To this end he visited Mozart, by whom he was received with the utmost kindness; encouraged by his affability and good nature, Gyrowetz besought him to glance at his youthful works, the six symphonies, and give his opinion of them. Mozart with real humanity granted his prayer, looked the music through, and promised the young author to produce one of them in a concert in the Mehlgrube—of which he was giving a series of six by subscription—which promise was fulfilled on a Thursday. The symphony was performed in the concert hall of the Mehlgrube by the entire theatre orchestra, and received universal applause. Mozart, in the goodness of heart born with him, took the young artist by the hand, and presented him to the audience as author of the symphony. This was Gyrowetz's first public appearance in the artist's path in Vienna, at which time he was about 18 years old. (?) He sold these first six symphonies to his Transparency, the Prince Kraczkowicz, who was a great lover of music, and had his own complete orchestra, with Herr Zizler as director.

The prince had the six symphonies immediately rehearsed, and performed in a concert, to which his Transparency, Prince Esterhazy, and other grand cavaliers and music-lovers were invited, who found them good, and praised them highly. Esterhazy expressed a desire to possess them, and besought Kraczkowicz to give him a copy. The latter had them immediately copied by experts, and gave them, elegantly bound, to Esterhazy, who had them rehearsed and often performed by his own orchestra, led by a certain Tost, "and had much joy therein."

On his way to Pressburg, where he made a visit of a few days—it would seem in the summer of 1785—Gyrowetz stopped at Haimburg, and was presented to Count Batthyani, who also had his own private orchestra, and who purchased the young composer's six symphonies for a handsome price.

Returning to Vienna, he there awaited whatever good chance fate might have in store for him, depending for subsistence partly upon his compositions, and partly upon the kindness of his three brothers. There was at this time a prospect of his being taken into the service of Prince Schwarzenberg, who had an excellent musical establishment, but this was prevented by the intrigues of the first orchestral director. It proved to be no loss to him, for just as this hope failed, the Countess Breuner—her husband was Austrian Ambassador (?) in Venice—then in Vienna, received a letter in behalf of a Prince Raspoli, requesting her to engage a young man for his service, who was both a fine violinist, and fitted by education to act as his secretary. Knowing

that Gyrowetz had studied jurisprudence—his violin playing needed no recommendation—the Countess applied to him to know if such a situation would be agreeable! As in those days Italy was the promised land to the young musician, as it now is to the painter and sculptor, and it had long been Gyrowetz's ardent wish to travel thither, he accepted the offer with joy, made his preparations immediately, and paid his parting visits to the many friends he had made in Vienna.

"The day before his departure," says he, "he met by chance the good and noble-hearted Mozart, to whom he again paid his compliments. When he heard that Gyrowetz was really going to Italy he said to him: 'You happy man! Ah, if I could only go with you, how happy I should be! Look you, I must go now and give a lesson, to earn something!' These were the last words he ever said to Gyrowetz. With tears and a hearty pressure of the hands they separated."

(To be Continued)

For the Journal of Music.

### La Marseillaise in the French Revolution.

The following passages, from the curious work by Castil-Blaze, "*L'Académie Impériale de Musique*" are not without interest. In the face of many conflicting opinions, it is difficult to give full credence to the pretty anecdote that tells us how Rouget de l'Isle, in a single evening, wrote the words and music of this famous hymn. Such happy inspirations are possible, but they are rare; and musical as well as literary biographies incline us more and more to believe in the justice of the well-known axiom, that genius is only another name for industry and perseverance.—Yet it is a pity to spoil a romantic story; so we will leave Rouget de l'Isle the benefit of the doubt, and believe, if we can, that the likeness between his hymn and the German air was an improbable, but still possible, accidental coincidence. Hear Castil-Blaze:

"Mme. de Montesson, who was privately married to the duke of Orleans, caused an opera house to be constructed in her hotel in the rue de Provence.—Here the lady figured successfully as authoress, actress and songstress, until the death of the duke in 1785. Here was heard, for the first time in France, a little German air and chorus; an air that ten years later, in 1792, made an immense sensation with the help of the new words that were given to it by Rouget de l'Isle, an officer of genius and education. Gluck's recent triumphs had raised German music to the highest degree of public esteem and admiration, when Julien, Senior, a violoncellist belonging to the Italian theatre, brought out this fine German air at the concerts of Mme. de Montesson. The noble assembly applauded and graciously received a *lied* that then simply gave its aid to tender and affectionate sentiments, and that did not appear to possess the energetic, almost brutal fierceness, which the thousand-voiced people lent to it, when it was subsequently sung as the Marseillaise."

He afterwards speaks of "*La Parisienne*":

"Casimir Delavigne wrote words to a miserable German air, unworthy of the country which gave it birth; Nourrit executed this song, and endeavored to fire it with the energy and animation which it did not possess in itself. This air, *La Parisienne*, in G, with a melody eternally returning to the third of the key, was found monotonous in the extreme; it was almost as bad as an air composed on a single note! '*La Marseillaise*' was brought to light again (this was in 1836). Its melody had been corrupted and degraded by musicians who had noted it down without having heard it as originally sung; but they were not satisfied with having rendered trivial the finest passage in the call to arms,—with having made those

crawl whom the republican hymn presents to us marching with haughty pride,—with having taught an entire people to sing incorrectly the German canticle which they had adopted as their finest patriotic song;—a medal was struck in honor of Rouget de l'Isle, author of the words, and this lying bronze reproduced '*La Marseillaise*', blotted and spoiled by the errors of these ignoramuses! It is singular that Germany has furnished us with airs for two revolutions. The last, in 1848, was content to sing the old repertory over again."

Theatrical managers, on the lookout for novelties, might take a hint from the following account of the production of '*La Marseillaise*' at the opera in Sept. 1792.

"Gardel and Gossec produced '*La Marseillaise*' in action on the grand stage of the opera, in an intermezzo, entitled '*An offering to Liberty*.' This famous German hymn, with Rouget de l'Isle's words, which had rung throughout France, now triumphed in a more brilliant manner on the stage. A crowd of soldiers, women and children, and twenty well mounted cavaliers, hurried on the stage at the first trumpet call. Varied and picturesque groups were formed at the conclusion of each verse. The last, '*Amour sacré de la patrie*', was sung slowly, in a low voice, as a hymn, by women alone, while the spectators, actors, and even the horses, knelt down with one accord before Liberty, represented by Mlle. Maillard, placed on a little mountain, a necessary accessory in such ceremonies. It was really a fine sight to see the noble chargers, right and left, obediently bending the knees, while their riders saluted with arms and colors. At the pause before the last '*aux armes!*' the voices and instruments ceased, and a long silence ensued. Then the loud cries of the clarions called on the defenders of the country; the tocsin sounded; twenty drums beat the alarm; cannon reports were heard in the distance; the actors rose, brandishing their arms; the cavalry formed on the sides and summit of the mountain; and an overwhelming crowd, rushing on the stage, with arms and torches, trumpeted forth in vigorous chorus the refrain, '*aux armes, citoyens!*' This dramatic effect was inconceivably grand and inspiring, and obtained a success that beggars description."

This dramatic effect was produced two years later, on a colossal scale in the open air, by order of the National Convention, in celebration of Jourdan's victory. An army of musicians was employed, as every male and female singer and instrumentist in Paris had been commanded to assist. But at the moment when prolonged peals of cannon mingled their thunder with the final chorus, the five hundred thousand auditors, electrified by so prodigious an effect, imagining that the always secretly dreaded counter-revolution was let loose, were seized with a panic, and precipitated themselves in disorderly masses over and through every boundary; an immense loss of life was the result.

F. M. RAYMOND.

## Music Abroad.

### Music in St. Petersburg.

From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*. (Translated for the *London Musical World*).

It may, perhaps, be interesting, from the following programmes of the ten concerts given in St. Petersburg by the Musical Society of Russia, and which took place last season, under the direction of Anton Rubinstein, to learn something of the direction pursued by concert-music in the native land of Glinka, Onlibischeff and Rubinstein himself. Any notice of the Italian Opera, which is the same here as everywhere else, would probably be superfluous and wearisome.

Here are the programmes in question—First Concert: Mendelssohn's overture to the *Hebriden*;

Fantasia on Russian songs, for orchestra and chorus, by K. N. Liadof; pianoforte Concerto in D minor, by J. S. Bach; Schumann's music to *Manfred*; Beethoven's Symphony No. 4.—Second Concert: Beethoven's overture to *Coriolanus*; Hymn for contralto with chorus, Op. 96, by Mendelssohn; D major Symphony by Mozart; F minor pianoforte Concerto by Chopin; songs with the piano; Overture to *Russian und Ludmilla*, by Glinka.—Third Concert: "Rhapsodie Hongroise" (scored by Ch. Schuberth), Franz Schubert; Chorus from the oratorio of *Jephtha*, by Handel; Concerto for violin by Viotti; Symphony movement by Gusakowsky; Chorus (*a capella*) by Carissimi; Symphony in E flat major by Schumann.—Fourth Concert: Overture to *Anacreon*, by Cherubini; Cantata, "Bleibe bei uns," by J. S. Bach; pianoforte Concerto in G minor, by Mendelssohn; Ballet from the opera of *The May-Night*, by Sokalsky; Fantasia for piano, with chorus, Beethoven; Overture to *Tannhäuser* by Wagner.—Fifth Concert: "Jubilee Overture," by C. M. von Weber; Aria, "Ah, perfido," by Beethoven; Violin-concerto, by Wieniawski; Aria from the *Stabat Mater* (hass), by Rossini; Overture, *Dame Kobold*, by Reinecke; songs with the piano; Beethoven's Symphony No. 3.—Sixth Concert: Overture, "Ossianische Klänge," by N. W. Gade; Choruses from the opera of *Damon*, by Vietinghoff; Concerto for violoncello, by Davidoff; Overture, Op. 115, by Beethoven; music to the *Ruinen von Athen*, by Beethoven; Symphony in C major, by Franz Schubert.—Seventh Concert: Overture, *La Chasse du jeune Henri*, by Méhul; Romance from *Der Freyschütz*, by C. M. von Weber; Concerto, in G major, for piano, by Rubinstein; *Le Desert*, "ode-symphonic," by Fél. David; Beethoven's music to *Egmont*—Eighth Concert: Overture to *Hermann und Dorothea*, by Schumann; Scenes from the opera of *Ratcliff*, by C. Kui; Concerto for the violin, by Lipinski; "Scene d'Amour," and "La Reine Mab," from the Symphony of *Romeo et Juliette*, by Hector Berlioz; Scenes from the opera of *Alceste*, by Gluck; Symphony in A major by Mendelssohn.—Ninth Concert: Overture No. 1, Op. 138, "Leonore," Beethoven; Morning Hymn, from the opera of *Die Vestalin*, by Spontini; "Scherzo" (F sharp minor) by Mendelssohn, scored by Th. Leschatitzky; Air from the *Creation*, by Haydn; "Overture Espagnole," by Glinka; "Nachtheile," chorus by Franz Schubert; songs with the piano; Symphony in C major, by Schumann.—Tenth Concert: Overture, *The Nainids*, by W. S. Bennett; Aria (soprano) from the *Stabat Mater*, by Rossini; Concerto in E flat major for piano, by C. M. von Weber; Ballet from the opera of *Gromoboi*, by Verstowsky; Symphony, with chorus, No. 9, by Beethoven.

The programmes for the eight Quartet Evenings were—First Evening: Quartet (in F major) by Haydn; Sonata (D major) for pianoforte and violoncello, by Mendelssohn; Quartet in E minor, by Beethoven.—Second Evening: Quartet (for which was awarded the second prize given by the Society of Music) by Kastriot Scanderberg; Sonata for pianoforte and violin (dedicated to Kreutzer), by Beethoven; Quartet (D major) by Mendelssohn.—Third Evening: Quartet (D minor) by Mozart; Trio (C minor) for pianoforte, by Beethoven; Quartet (B flat major, Op. 130), by Beethoven.—Fourth Evening: Quartet (D major), by Haydn; Sonata (C minor) for pianoforte and violin, by Beethoven; Quartet (E flat major, Op. 127) by Beethoven.—Fifth Evening: Quartet (A major) by Mendelssohn; Trio (F major), for piano, by Schumann; Quartet (F minor, Op. 95) by Beethoven.—Sixth Evening: Quintet (A major) by Mendelssohn; Sonata in E flat major, for piano and clarinet, by C. M. von Weber; Quintet (C major, Op. 29) by Beethoven.—Seventh Evening: Quartet (to which was awarded the first prize given by the Society of Music) by Afanassiëff; Quartet (E flat major) for pianoforte, by Schumann; Quartet (C major) by Mozart.—Eighth Evening: Quintet (A minor) by Onslow; Trio (B flat major, Op. 97) for pianoforte by Beethoven; Quintet (C major) by Franz Schubert.



The Conservatory was opened under the direction of Anton Rubinstein, on the 8th September, 1862. The number of pupils of both sexes this year is 175, including persons of various ages and of all classes of society without exception. The pupils are taught everything relating to the musical art, in addition to which those who desire it receive instruction in Russian, German and Italian language and literature, history, geography, mathematics, religion, calligraphy, and music-copying. The inclusive terms for each pupil are 100 roubles annually, payable in two half-yearly sums of 50 roubles each in advance. The pupil is at liberty to leave the Conservatory at the end of six months, if he chooses. There could not be a public examination this year, but there was a private one, which augured excellently for the future.—The Moscow Filial Society, also, has every reason to be satisfied this year; there, too, certain classes have been established, such for instance as a vocal class, and an elementary class. The first thing the directors of the St. Petersburg Conservatory wish to do is to found similar branch establishments in the most important cities of the Empire; but their project must remain in abeyance until the Conservatory can turn out musicians capable of conducting the concerts and fulfilling the duties of professors in the schools the parent society wishes to found.

### London.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—The fifth season terminated on Monday night with a concert for the benefit of Mr. Arthur Chappell, who, as founder and director of the Monday Popular Concerts, has deserved as well of the musical public as any spectator ever contributing to its entertainment. The audience was just as crowded and brilliant as that which filled every part of St. James's hall at the concert on the Monday previous, for the benefit of Mr. Sims Reeves, who, as a public favorite, yields to no contemporary. In the books of words was inserted an address to the patrons of the Monday Popular Concerts, so much to the purpose, and so free from every taint of puffery and self-laudation, that we have no hesitation in giving it increased publicity:—

"On terminating the fifth season, the director merely deems it expedient to tender his thanks to the musical public for the continued and liberal support with which his undertaking has been honored. The Monday Popular Concerts were instituted in 1859, and the first performance took place in St. James's hall on the 14th of February in that year. During the first season 14 concerts were given; during the second, 27; during the third, 23; during the fourth, 27; and during the fifth (including this evening's entertainment), 29—the largest number ever combined in one series. These, with the addition of 11, held in Manchester, Liverpool, &c., under the same direction, made 131 concerts since the commencement. The director believes his kind patrons will be gratified to know that the season just expired—in spite of disadvantages more or less prejudicial to every public speculation—has been as uniformly successful as the last. He is thus enabled to proceed with a conviction that the permanency of the Monday Popular Concerts is guaranteed upon the firmest and most substantial basis, and to announce that they will continue to be carried on in the same spirit in which they were begun. The 132nd concert will take place early in November.—*St. James's Hall, July 6, 1863.*"

The fact of 131 performances of any kind of music, on a regularly defined plan, having taken place within so short a period, and having attracted audiences averaging from 1,500 to 2,000, is in itself unprecedented. Still more remarkable, however, does it appear, when it is remembered that the instrumental part of the programmes has been always exclusively devoted to the chamber music—quintets, quartets, trios, sonatas, fugues, "suites," &c.—of the great masters. For these there had never been supposed to exist a really "popular" audience; but Mr. Arthur Chappell has convincingly proved that such an audience was to be found, not merely from time to time—at a spurt as it were—but for nine months in the year. True the fame of the Monday Popular Concerts has spread far and wide, and people come from all parts of the country to hear them; yet their staple support is indisputably centered in the capital and its environs; and it is to the population of London that the director must mainly look for the permanent prosperity of his institution. Four years ago, even the quartets of Haydn and Mozart—to say nothing of those of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and other masters—were known only to a select few. Amateurs played them in private (how, for the most part, we need

hardly say); and a distinguished circle was persuaded into a love for them, more or less real, by the indefatigable Mr. Ella, whose Musical Union has been in an equal degree an advantage to his subscribers and himself. Now, however, these noble works of art are being gradually revealed to that large "mixed" multitude which forms the real, if unacknowledged moral strength of the commercial metropolis of the world. Mr. Chappell should (and doubtless will) bear in mind that the object of his concerts is not to divert a jaded minority, to whom every thing is to a certain extent familiar, and to a certain extent a bore, but to instruct and entertain the great middle class of the community. Experimentalizing with new works, from unacknowledged pens, would, on his part, be the worst policy. He must carefully train his patrons to be connoisseurs—which they can only arrive at through gradual stages; and the way to do this is to introduce to them, year by year, those works which the best judges have admitted to be "classical." The programme of Monday night, for instance, contained a superb quartet by Haydn (in B minor—No. 2, Op. 54), with which it is probable not 10 persons out of the 2,000 present were acquainted. Ought such a work to be consigned to oblivion because it was written three quarters of a century ago? Assuredly not. When the audiences of the Monday Popular Concerts are well versed in Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Spohr, and Weber (Handel and Bach understood), they may be fairly asked to decide upon the merits of some contemporary work, even by a hitherto untried hand—but not till then. Musical compositions do not enjoy the same advantage as paintings, which may be seen, and poems, which may be recited or read, with, on the whole, a fair average chance of being understood. Scarcely one person in a thousand is capable of reading, or deciphering at first sight, a musical score; and the sole means of appreciating the merits of a composer is to hear his works performed by competent artists. Thus the true "classics" of music labor under a serious disadvantage, and as they are calculated to exercise as healthy an influence as those belonging to other departments of human ingenuity and industry, any institution which, like the Monday Popular Concerts, is instrumental in spreading a knowledge of and a taste for them, merits the good opinion of all who believe that the manifestations of genuine art are intended for the good of mankind at large.

The programme on Monday night consisted, for the most part, of pieces with which these admirable entertainments have made the public familiar, and was, therefore, judiciously prepared for such a special event as the director's benefit and last concert of the season. The quartets were Mendelssohn in D (Op. 44), and Haydn in B minor—already alluded to. The players were MM. Leopold Auer, L. Ries, Schreurs, and Piatti. M. Auer, a violinist, though young, of the very highest rank, made his first appearance at the Monday Popular Concerts on this occasion, but—considering the applause bestowed upon his performances—assuredly not the last. For solo he selected Beethoven's Romance in F (Op. 50), which he played admirably—to the irreproachable pianoforte accompaniment of Mr. Benedict. There were (as usual at the director's benefit) two pianists—Madame Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé—both of whom have played prominent parts at these concerts from the beginning. Each performed a solo—Madame Goddard the popular *suite de pieces* by Handel, containing variations on the "Harmonious Blacksmith" (encored); Mr. Hallé a selection from Beethoven's charming *Bagatelles* (re-called); and the two joining in the brilliant duet for two pianofortes, composed by Mendelssohn and Moscheles, on the *Gipsy March* from Weber's *Preliodes*, which, though written more than 30 years ago, is as fresh and vigorous as though it had been written yesterday. The other instrumental display comprised the well-known *Prélude, Sarabande and Gavotte*, for violoncello, of John Sebastian Bach, which Signor Piatti (who was of course the violoncellist) has rendered as popular as the "Harmonious Blacksmith" or the "Moonlight Sonata." The singers were Madame Sainton-Dolby, Miss Banks, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Madame Sainton gave Cherubini's "O salutaris hostia"—the piece, by the way, in which she made her *début* at the Philharmonic Concerts—and Haydn's "Spirit Song" (encored); to Miss Banks were allotted Schubert's and Shakespeare's "Hark! hark! the Lark at Heaven's gate sings" (encored), with another "Lark" by the Russian Glinka; to Mr. Sims Reeves, Mozart's "Dalla sua pace" (encored), and a charming new song—"Sing, maiden, sing," by Professor Sterndale Bennett (encored). Mr. Benedict was accompanist at the piano forte. Altogether this concert was one of the most delightful and well conducted musical entertainments

ever given in St. James's hall—or, indeed, elsewhere.—*Mus. World.*

**OPERA.**—The next promised novelty at her Majesty's was Weber's *Oberon*, with really a famous cast viz: Tietjens, Alboni, Trebelli, Volpini, Louise Michal, Bettini, Santley, Gassior and Sims Reeves, who had been especially engaged for the part of Sir Huon, but who first made his appearance as Edgardo in *Lucia* (July 8), of which the *Times* says:

A better choice could hardly have been made. It was as Edgardo—in 1847, when the late M. Julien opened Drury Lane Theatre as an English Opera—that Mr. Sims Reeves first gained a reputation with the English public as a dramatic vocalist. Since then, he has, through assiduous perseverance, backed by singular natural gifts, risen to the highest rank in his profession, and acquired a mastery of so many styles that he may at this moment be fairly cited as a singer, in varied accomplishments, without a rival. The artist who shines as Mr. Reeves has shone in the great oratorios of Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Spohr, who sings the "Death of Nelson," or "The Bay of Biscay," as well as the elder Braham, who is thoroughly at home in the chamber music of Mozart, Beethoven, and the other great composers, who imparts an irresistible charm to the humblest English ballad, and who at the same time makes such a figure in the loftier walks of Italian opera as to place him side by side with the most eminent representatives of that particularly attractive school, exhibits a versatility of power, a variety of resources, and a pliability of talent of which but few instances can be cited. It is not, however, our present task to dilate upon the qualifications to which the great English tenor is indebted for his extraordinary popularity, and the esteem in which he is held by musicians. We have merely to record, in a word, the entire success of his performance of Edgardo at Her Majesty's Theatre. His conception of the part was admirable, and his execution of the music faultless. Seldom has an Edgardo appeared entering with more earnestness into every situation, making more of every point, embodying, in short, with more poetical completeness the character of Lucia's chivalrous and romantic lover. To say nothing of the duet with the heroine, in the first act, and the renowned "Fra poco"—delivered with exquisite feeling—in the last, the Contract scene (*finale* to Act II.) was a masterpiece of dramatic singing, the famous "Maledizione" being declaimed with a passionate intensity that brought out all its meaning. The audience were enthusiastic, and recalled Mr. Reeves at the end of every act,—twice, indeed, after the third and last.

Mademoiselle Titiens has, perhaps, never sung the music of Lucia more brilliantly, or acted the part with more genuine truth and sensibility.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The eighth and last concert of the present (the 51st) season took place, June 25, (Hanover Square Rooms). The programme is subjoined:—

PART I.—Symphony in C, No. 1; Mozart. Aria, "Pieta, Figliore;" Stradella. Fantasia Appassionata, Violoncello; J. Rietz. Aria, "Deh, vieni," (*Nozze di Figaro*); Mozart. Overture (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*); Mendelssohn.

PART II.—Symphony Eroica; Beethoven. Duetto (*La Favorita*); Donizetti. Sonata Pastorale, accompanied on the Piano; Tartini. Overture (*Guillaume Tell*); Rossini. Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.

"The Philharmonic Society, (says the *Daily News*) has existed more than half a century. During that long period it has pursued its primary object with undeviating consistency and uniform success. This object has been the cultivation of orchestral music by the study and performance of the symphonic works of the great masters. With this view an instrumental orchestra was formed and organized—a band at that time unequalled in Europe; and it is an unquestioned fact, that within a year or two of the commencement of its labors the symphonies of Beethoven, the great colossus of the orchestra, were generally known and better understood in London than even in any part of Germany, the land of the composer's birth. But the attention of the Philharmonic Society has not been confined to the works in existence at the time of its foundation. It has kept pace with the progress of orchestral music; and it is to the direct encouragement and stimulus given not only to the genius of Beethoven, but also to his greatest successors, Spohr and Mendelssohn, that the world owes some of the greatest of their works. But the Philharmonic Society, in thus bringing forward new compositions, has been careful to ascertain that they were worthy of being brought forward. This, which has been a cause of the society's success, has often been made a charge against it. The society has been accused of neglecting its duty of encouraging young (and especially native) composers by per-



forming their works. The answer plainly, is, that the society has never acknowledged such a duty. Its purpose has always been to make the public acquainted with the greatest works of art through the medium of the best possible execution. The programmes of the Philharmonic Concerts during the last fifty years show the production of many orchestral works—symphonies, overtures, and concertos—by English composers; but none of these were admitted till it was ascertained by careful trial that they were worthy of the honor. Many have refused, and hence much irritation, resentment and blame on the part of the aggrieved composers and their friends; but the society, in spite of obloquy, has adhered to its principle of action, and it has been well for the society itself, and the progress of music in this country, that it has pursued a firm and consistent course. Of late years circumstances are greatly changed, and the Philharmonic Society has to contend with difficulties unknown before. The progress in orchestral performance has been greater than in any other branch of the musical art. Formerly, the Philharmonic Society stood alone; now it has more than one rival, and there are other orchestras not inferior to the Philharmonic. It has also to contend with that formidable difficulty—cheapness. The public can hear the music performed at its concerts, given elsewhere, for a quarter of the money. For these reasons the fall of the Philharmonic Society has often been predicted—by its enemies with exultation, by its friends with apprehension. But enemies and friends have been disappointed alike. The Philharmonic Society stands its ground against the utmost efforts of competition and rivalry. Far from sinking into decay, it is now stronger, richer, more active, more vigorous in its management than when it was five-and-twenty years younger."

#### Germany.

**KÖNIGSBERG FESTIVAL.** The musical festival which took place in this far northern outpost of German civilization, last June, must have been one of the most interesting of the many German festivals of this summer, at least judging from the programme. It was arranged under the auspices of the Musical Academy of the place, being the third which it has given at intervals of two years. A Berlin paper has the following account of it.

The executants consisted of the numerous chorus, and the instrumentalists of the Academy, besides the additional forces of the Sängerverein, local orchestras and amateurs, as likewise a contingent from four provincial towns. The solos were sung by Mlle. Anna Becky, from Berlin (a pupil of Stern's), soprano; Mlle. Pochmann, from the theatre here, contralto; Herr J. Schild, from Leipzig (a pupil of Herr Götz's), tenor; and Herr Simons, from the opera here, bass. All the ladies and gentlemen named executed their task very satisfactorily. The place in which the performances came off was the Muscovite Hall (which holds more than 5000 persons) in the Royal Palace. The acoustic qualities of the hall were good only as far as the middle of it, but then it was at most only two-thirds full.

The proceedings of the first day, under the direction of Herr Laudien, began with the setting of the 100 Psalm by Handel, a somewhat stiff, but, for all that, very sterling contrapuntal work. It produced a rather cold though elevating effect, and acted as a vigorous musical introductory speech. Beethoven's Ninth (Choral) Symphony followed. The first two movements, *allegro* and *scherzo*, were, unfortunately, taken at somewhat too rapid a pace. . . .

The last movement with chorus passed over, wonderful to relate, without the usual ill-luck, nay, more, with a certainty for which the members of the various Königsberg choruses, who executed this part of the programme without the aid of singers from other places, and the conductor, deserved praise. After this, Mendelssohn's "Walpurgisnacht" appeared almost like child's play; there seemed to be no difficulties in it, and all the vocal part went splendidly. The orchestra, however, was not always in tune.—The effect of the work was exceedingly favorable.

On the second day we had detached orchestral pieces, solos, and choruses for male voices. The "Suite in D" by Sebastian Bach, and Cherubini's overture to *Anacoreta*, opened respectively the first and second part of the concert. The pieces executed by the Männergesangsverein, under the direction of Herr Hamma, were Schubert's "Nachtgesang im Walde," and Schumann's "Glück von Edenhall" (Uhland). Beethoven's G major Concerto, for piano and full band, played by Herr Anton Rubenstein, afforded the public a great treat. Mlle. Anna Becky sang Beethoven's oft-heard air, "Ah, perfido!"—

When shall we have a new concert air? I wish a prize were offered for one! Herr Schild made an excellent selection in the air, "Nur ein Wunsch," from Gluck's *Iphigenie auf Tauris*. To wind up, Schumann's duet for two pianofortes, "Thema und Variationen," was performed by Herr Adolph Jensen (1st part), and Herr Anton Rubenstein.

On the third day, Herr Rubinstein conducted his own oratorio, *Das verlorenen Paradies* (*Paradise Lost*), founded upon Milton. The work produced an electrical effect—as might have been expected, a universal feeling of enthusiasm having been previously spread through all the musical circles of the town by the members of the chorus during the rehearsals, which, by the way, were admirably conducted by Herr Laudien. The first part contains the division of good and bad into the hosts of Heaven and Hell, led on by the Archangels and Satan; the second part portrays the Creation, and the celebration of its beauty; while the third depicts the fall, the banishment from Paradise, and the repentance of the sinful pair. The chorus has a great deal to do; Satan, "a voice" (that of God), as well as Abdiel, have, however, important parts. The composer-conductor—who was warmly greeted at the conclusion—expressed himself in terms of unqualified praise, especially to the chorus.

**BADEN-BADEN.**—Viewed from a musical point of view, the present season will, perhaps, be the most brilliant ever known. In all probability there will be produced three new operas: *Nahal* (or *Narhal*), a fantastic opera in three acts by Ed. Plonvier, music H. Litolf; *La Fille de l'Orfèvre*, grand opera by M.M. Lery and Fousier, music by Edmund Mombrière; and *Volage et folâtre*, comic opera by M. F. Louvage, music by J. P. Rosenhain. In addition to these novelties, *La Colombe*, by M. Gounod; *Béatrix et Bénédicte*; and some half-dozen other operas will be performed.

**EMS.**—The season has commenced under brilliant auspices. The Kursaal is already filled with the *élite* of European fashion. At the concert on the 9th June, there were upwards of 1,200 visitors present. The following artists are engaged for the concerts in August:—Mmes. Cabel, Arlot, Rosa Kastner, M.M. Servais, Vivier, Batta, Alard, Haumann, Blaes, Sebeau, etc.

**DRESDEN.**—The hundredth anniversary of Mehul's birth will be celebrated by a special performance of his opera, *Jacob und seine Söhne*.

**STAGE-STATISTICS IN GERMANY.**—According to the *Sigmal*, the number of persons employed in the various theatres of Germany, amount, in round number, to the sum total of 6000. There are more than 200 towns which boast, at least for some months in the year, of possessing a theatre. There are 23 Court Theatres, to which may be added two enjoying subventions from government, namely the Neustrelitz Theatre and the Oldenburg Theatre. All the other theatres are private speculations. Berlin possesses eight theatres; Vienna, six (or now, since the burning down of the Treumann theatre, only five); Hamburg, four; Munich, four; Dresden, Hanover and Cologne, one each. There are German Theatres in foreign countries; Amsterdam and Rotterdam have two each; while Gothenburg, Paris, St. Petersburg, Riga, Reva, and Helingsfors have one each. The extreme points in the Austrian dominions where German Theatres exist, are probably, Hermannstadt in Transylvania; Esseg, in Slavonia; Cilli, in Styria; and Lugos, in Hungary. Switzerland has German Theatres in Basle, Berne, St. Gallen, and Zurich; and America, in New York, Cincinnati, New Orleans, San Francisco, etc.—There were far more than a thousand "starring" engagements of a short duration at the above mentioned theatres in the course of a year, and the number of novelties produced exceeded nine hundred.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 8, 1868.

### The Music Hall Organ.

This great work, really one of the world's wonders in its way, is now rapidly day by day growing up into magnificent completeness in the place, where it is destined ere long to astonish and delight both eye and ear. It may well be imagined

that it is a *great* work, when it is considered that it is costing nearly five months' labor of one of its builders, with four of his own workmen, besides an assistant of the makers of the case (or organ-house, as the Germans call it), with a strong group of carpenters, merely to *set up* what has already cost the greater part of seven years in the construction.

Few persons have a conception of how much goes to the making of a Great Organ, or of what a complicated wealth of ingenuity and patience, results of experience handed down for ages and still accumulating, happy strokes of genius to get over difficulties, are contained in it. Fewer still are ready to accept the fact that this organ of the Boston Music Hall is on so large and so complete a scale, that it cannot with certainty be said that any organ in the world, with the one exception of that in the Münster at Ulm (by the same makers) exceeds it in size; and that it is actually much larger than the famous ones at Haarlem and Freiburg; in fact larger than the great one in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, which nominally shows a greater list of stops. We do not, however, make the assertion absolutely that our organ has but one superior in size; since it is not a very easy matter to agree upon a common measure of the size of organs; one of sixty stops may, by the superior power and grandeur of these stops, be really greater than another that has ninety. We have hitherto been under the impression that the new Organ had at least three or four rivals or superiors in size in the Old World; but, on more careful inquiry, we are truly at a loss to find one, besides its own elder brother there in Ulm, which can with certainty, and before such critical comparison as we have not the means for, be pronounced greater, or as great, in point of magnitude; while, in respect to excellence of workmanship, perfection of design, the number of the latest and best mechanical inventions which it embodies, the admirable distribution and harmonious apportionment of its contents,—in a word, in power to answer (under fit bands) all the true demands which music ever made or can make on an organ, there are abundant guaranties that it is the best work which has been produced or can be produced by the organ building art down to this day.

We are not at liberty, nor is it yet the time, to enter into any full description of this work, the crowning work of E. F. Walcker & Co., of Ludwigsburg. But we will give some general outline of its contents.

1. It has a grand and rich foundation of Pedal stops or registers, all running *through*, from the great C, to F, two octaves and a half, or 30 notes. The pedal windchests support 20 distinct registers, three of which are of 32 feet tone (one open, full length, with six of its greatest pipes in pure tin displayed in two great central towers in front; one with reeds; and one a mixture of five ranks reproducing the ground-tone (32 ft.) from its harmonics); besides six 16 ft. stops, six 8 ft., and so on. Six of these stops, however, are separately classed as Piano or Soft Pedal, and are placed in the Swell box, among them two of 16 ft.

2. The First (or Great) Manual (all the manuals run from 8 ft. C to a in alt, 68 notes), contains 25 stops, of which four are of 16 ft., seven of 8 ft., with due proportion of fifths, thirds, mixtures, &c.

3. The Swell, which is the second Manual in importance, has 18 stops, (besides the 6 already mentioned in the Pedal). One of 16 ft., seven of 8 ft. &c.

4. The Third (Choir) Manual has 15 stops; one of 16 ft., seven of 8 ft., and so on.

5. The Fourth (or Solo) Manual has 11 stops, including a 16 ft. Bourdon; an 8 ft. Gamba of pure tin; an *Æoline* of singular delicacy and beauty; a *Vox Humana*; *Vox Angelica*; Corno Bassetto; Gemshorn, &c.

Here we have a total of 89 speaking registers. (The Organ at Ulm has 100; that at Haarlem from 70 to 75; that at Freiburg about 60.) These are of every variety of fine and reed stop, wood and metal—in most instances the purest English tin. But it is comparatively easy to run up a great list of stops; the richness, truth and grandeur of this organ lie in the fact that it has so ample and superb a substratum of great bases, such a plentiful abundance of unison, sub-octave, octave, super-octave stops, to balance and absorb fifths, mixtures, sesquialters, &c., so that they shall not arraign out with half discordant prominence, but dash with piquancy and richness the well-proportioned mighty pyramid of sounds, built up upon the model of Nature's own harmonies, which we know are generated with the vibrations of a single deep ground tone.

We might speak of the proportion of the reed tones to the others, of the full band of reed stops, symmetrically complete in itself, while the rest of the organ, apart from the reeds, makes up a complete whole; of the marked individuality, as well as the absence of mere sentimental fancy, in all these several registers; of the exhaustless means of coupling and combining one class with another, or with several, or with all; of the great crescendo and diminuendo pedal, whereby from a single soft stop may be brought in, one by one, all the voices of all five departments of the organ, and vice versa, at the will of the performer; of the separate swell and tremulant for the *Vox humana* and the *Physharmonica*; and of other admirable resources, too numerous to mention, and which the expertest organist will only by much searching and much practice fully find out. And still there will remain the organ house, the case, with its superb architectural symmetry, its costly carvings in black walnut of colossal caryatides, columns, arches, its St. Cecilia, and bust of Bach, and boy angels playing instruments, and all the wealth of more minute and delicate designs and groupings,—in itself as great a triumph, perhaps, of the art of decorative architecture, as the interior mechanism is of organ-building.

While the music-makers are not doing much to speak of in this dog-day weather, the music-dealers are taking counsel together, conspiring as well as perspiring, so that music will most surely increase and be multiplied. The annual meeting of the American Board of Music Trade (an assemblage of publishers from all parts of the country), was held at the Tremont House, in this city, on the 5th instant. Going to press a day earlier than usual, on account of the National Thanksgiving, we can only say at present that the business meeting was, very naturally and wisely, considering the towering rage of the thermometer, just now a sworn foe to all business and music, adjourned for a day to allow the members to seek rest, cool breezes, and whatever else pertains, at Point Shirley.

THE BELLS OF ANTWERP might be called the *bells*, so closely do they keep up with the latest fashions. Witness the following from a correspondent of the *Evening Post* (our own Verdi-loving "Trovator," if we mistake not):

The noblest music in Antwerp is rained down from the famous spire of the cathedral, where over eighty bells have for two hundred years or more chimed from their home amid the stone lace-work of the tower, over the roofs of the quaint, clean old city, and far over the flat green fields "marked by long rows of poplars" which border the Scheldt. Once a year—in the month of February—the city authorities select the music, and during 1863 the chimes play at every hour a selection from Verdi's "Lombardi," at the half hour strains from Gounod's "Faust," while shorter passages mark the quarter hours, and even each five minutes is remembered in a few silvery tones. Last year the "Fille du Régiment" and "Si j'étais roi" provided the music, which falls from the spire of the Antwerp cathedral as delicately and sweetly as the "angel footsteps that tinkled o'er the tatted floor."

Here is another "Belgian giant" of a story:

The skeleton of a musician (there was a copper tube by his side) has been dug up at Blankenberghe, near Brussels. The skeleton was eight feet long and had been buried for 6,000 years—so it is supposed.

OPERA NEXT SEASON. The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* has the following:

Already arrangements have been made by the Directors of the Academy of Music of this city, which promises that the next musical season will be a very brilliant one. The house has been engaged for the month of November by Carl Anschütz, who will bring with him a German company much better than that which gave so much satisfaction last season.—He has an agent now in Europe in search of several first-class artists. Immediately after the German season, Max Maretzek will begin an engagement of a fortnight or more, with his very fine opera company, which has made such a sensation at Havana and New York. The great dramatic vocalist, Mme. Medori, and the young and splendid tenor, Mazzoleni, will be of the company. The opera of *Ione*, or "The Last Days of Pompeii," by Petrella, will be in the repertoire of the company, besides several other operas never heard here. Petrella, it is said, has written a new opera, which will be first played in this country. As to the subsequent engagements of the Academy, we are not informed that any have been made. But November and December will certainly give us rich musical treats. Mr. Grau is in Europe, seeking artists to add to his company, and we presume they will visit Philadelphia in the course of the winter.

A New York paper says:

Mr. Julius Eichberg, of Boston, the composer of the "Doctor of Alcantara" and "Rose of Tyrol," has been in New York during the week, winning friends by his genial face and gentlemanly manner, as he had before done with baton and score. We commend him to the kindness and courtesy of such members of the press and of the musical profession as he may meet, confident that the advantage in the acquaintance will not be all on his side. We learn with pleasure, by the way, that Mr. and Miss Richings will probably bring out both the operas named, at an early day, in an engagement in N. York; and with no less pleasure we understand that Mr. Eichberg has in hand not less than two other light operas, one at least of which may be expected to be presented to the musical public within the coming year.

IZYDOR LOTTO. We had the pleasure, when we were in Leipzig (March, 1861), of listening to this remarkable young violinist, who is now astonishing the Londoners. Old professor Moscheles, who sat by our side at the time, remarked that nothing else that he had ever heard approached so nearly to Paganini. The *Illustrated News of the World*, July 11th, says:

The remarkable success recently achieved by the young Polish violinist, M. Lotto, at the Crystal Palace concerts, constitutes one of the leading topics of conversation in musical circles. M. Lotto made his first appearance on Saturday, the 13th of June, and created such an extraordinary sensation that the directors secured his services on the spot for two more

of the Saturday Concerts, and subsequently engaged him to play every day for an entire week; thereby not only proving their sense of his merit, but showing that he was an unusual attraction. Probably not one of the company who attended the concert at the Crystal Palace, in which the young violinist made his first appearance, had ever heard the name of Lotto, or had ever seen it before they read it in the announcements. It was natural, therefore, that inquiries should be made as to who and what M. Lotto was, and that curiosity should be largely excited. We are enabled to lay before our readers a brief sketch of M. Lotto's career from his earliest youth.

Izydor Lotto was born at Warsaw on the 22nd of December, 1840, and is consequently twenty-three years of age. His father was a musician, and belonged to the humbler ranks of life. Before the little Izydor was four years old he displayed an extraordinary precocity and aptitude for music, and his father gave him all the instruction that lay in his power, principally directing his studies to playing the violin, of which he himself was a professor. Izydor learned rapidly, and at eleven years of age had excited astonishment and delight in all who heard him, not only by the brilliancy and perfection of his mechanism, but by the purity of his tone, the freedom of his bowing, and his great command of expression, most uncommon in one of his years. By the advice of his friends—who, it may be added, subscribed more than words towards the advancement of the young violinist—Izydor's father sent him to the Paris Conservatoire, where he studied under M. Massart, the celebrated professor of the violin, for several years. At the age of twelve, when his first year had just been completed, Izydor carried off the first prize for violin-playing, an honor which can be only estimated at its full value by a knowledge of the number of competitors who enter for the Conservatoire prizes and the amount of talent displayed at the trials.

At the age of eighteen Izydor Lotto had finished his education at the Conservatoire, which, in addition to his violin-practice, comprised studies in harmony, counterpoint, fugue, and composition. His violin-playing had already won the admiration of all the connoisseurs connected with the great musical establishment in the French capital. His future was now in his own hands, and, determined to try his fortune in the world, he set out on a tour through Europe. He first made the circuit of France. Thence he went to Germany, Holland, and Belgium, and subsequently proceeded to Spain and Portugal. His progress was attended everywhere with honor and emolument. He was decorated with the Order of Merit by the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen and the King of Portugal, and was appointed solo violinist to the King of Portugal and the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

MR. LYMAN W. WHEELER, who went from here about three years ago, to pursue his musical studies in Italy, has just returned to this city. He appeared at La Scala Theatre in Milan, with decided success. So fine a tenor will be an acquisition to our next musical season.

GOUNOD'S "FAUST." We have already copied various opinions of this now famous opera,—among others that of Davison in the *Musical World* (London). What the same Davison saith in the *Times* thereof, is also worth reading:

Thanks to Mons. Gounod, the French, or rather Parisian, idea of Faust—Goethe's Faust, not the legend which a greater composer (Spohr) than Mons. Gounod set to music half a century since—is making its way throughout the length and breadth of Europe. The Germans themselves are becoming more and more familiarized with the chief personages, the startling incidents, and even a portion of the philosophic thought of that grand poem, that wonderful effort of imagination and of art, which alone has placed them, as an intellectually productive people, on a level with the nation that owns Shakespeare and Milton among its sons; and this, through the instrumentality of a French lyric melodrama, no more like the Faust of Goethe than the *Otello* "put in music" by another composer (Rossini) greater than Mons. Gounod is like the *Otello* of our own immortal bard. A more striking example of the influence of music over the mind and intelligence of modern Europe could hardly be cited. Had the original piece concocted by Messrs. Michel Carfé and Jules Barbier been translated and brought out in Germany as a mere drama, it would not have been tolerated. The spirit of intellectual nationality would have cried out against it as a desecration. But the muse now most courted in the land of beer and pipes

and metaphysics—the gentle Enterpe—was enlisted to excuse and sanctify this sacrilege by the aid of her melodiously persuasive tongue. A lyre was suspended to the neck of the maimed Goethe; and lo! he was metamorphosed into a wandering minstrel, hobbling while he sang, but singing with such eloquence that his compatriots were induced to overlook the defect in his gait for the flow and smoothness of his numbers. After making the Greek Sappho more or less of an infliction, the *Medecin malgré lui* of Molière a sombre lyric comedy (an opera malgré le mélodrame), Philémon et Baucis prolix shepherds, and Mon-Lewis's too famous romance a dull pasticcio, Mons. Gounod conceived the happy idea of taking the French Faust as the subject of an opera, and thus a bond from the most respectably unpopular, to become the most respectably popular of actual French composers. Never was a series of quasi-failures (the free translation of *succès d'estime*) more triumphantly redeemed by an *éclatant succès*—a success which even the subsequent lugubrious hebraisms of the *Reine de Saba*, in setting which Mons. Gounod can scarcely be allowed to have exhibited the wisdom of Solomon, were unable in any way to disturb. However musicians and musical connoisseurs may differ—and differ they do—with regard to the merits of Faust, it is unquestionably the opera of the last ten years which has found the greatest number of admirers; not excepting even Signor Verdi's *Il Trovatore*, with which, we feel no inclination to compare it.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JULY 23.—We had on Wednesday evening, here in New York, a performance which, for the extraordinary bad taste showed in the selection of pieces, deserves notice. It was a Grand Organ Exhibition and Concert, gotten up for the express purpose of showing off an extremely fine organ, just built by the Messrs. Odell Bros. of this city for the 25th St. South Baptist Church. I give you first the programme as printed—there were some alterations made in the evening—and shall then make a few remarks:

Part I.	
Organ Overture.....	Rossini
Quartet, Miss C. Colman, Mrs. E. H. Jones, Mr. H. Tucker and Mr. C. Tucker.	
Grand Sacred Organ Fugue (sic). With an introduction in C sharp major, composed for the occasion and performed by Robert Elder, Organist of the 16th St. Baptist Church, N. Y.	
Ballad.....	A. P. Cooklin
Organ Variations by.....	Wm. A. King
"Thy mercy, O Lord!".....	Wm. A. King
Sung by Miss C. Colman, accompanied by Mr. King.	
Part II.	
Organ Fantasia.....	Wm. A. King
Quartet, Miss Colman, Mrs. Jones, Mr. H. Tucker and Mr. C. Tucker	
Brilliant Variations on.....	R. Elder
American National Air.....	
Rejoice Greatly (Handel).....	Miss E. Colman
Voluntary, Organ.....	J. Wesley Pickering
Ballad.....	A. P. Cooklin
Finale, America. In which all are invited to sing.	

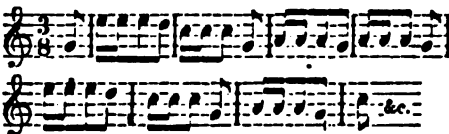
The programme speaks almost sufficiently for itself. I shall not therefore need to consume much of either your or your readers' valuable time in remarks.

To notice first the "Organ Overture by Rossini." This was played by Mr. Wm. A. King, a gentleman well known in New York and much favored by the people generally, for his emphatically sweet style of organ playing.

We would in charity suppose that it was merely for the purpose of showing off the fine qualities of the instrument (its quickness of speech, smooth and equable voicing, lightness and evenness of touch, &c.) that this Overture was played, did not the rest of the programme forbid such a supposition. In the statement that the piece was an Overture, and moreover one by Rossini, everything that need be said with regard to its unsuitness for the organ is contained. We pass on to the next: A Quartet. Whether the Messrs. Tucker here mentioned were any connections of the celebrated Dan Tucker who "sang for his supper," does not appear. Certainly, if Dan sang no better than these gentlemen, he deserved to be sent supperless to bed. So much for the singers; (Miss Colman we notice below, and as we could not hear Mrs. Jones, we can say nothing of her;) now for the

Quartet itself I will only say of that, that its first three bars were the first three bars of "No one to love," note for note, both melody and harmony, and that this strain was repeated again and again to the most sacred words.

Next came a "Grand Sacred Organ Fugue" (we are not responsible for the spelling), with an introduction in C sharp major. As far as we could discover, it was all introduction. We looked carefully for the Fugue, but had a very unsuccessful search. Once we thought we had it. Something was played that sounded like a thesis, but the antithesis was not forthcoming. Like chaos, the whole production was without form and void. This wonderful effusion was encored. The organist responded by playing something, the commencement of which put us violently in mind of the air with which Agouste and Caron did all sorts of wonderful and impossible tricks with their violins at Jane English's theatre lately. The air referred to runs thus:



This enchanting introduction led into "Home, sweet Home," with a staccato accompaniment and Thalbergian variations; not that Thalberg wrote them; they were miserable imitations of his style.

The Ballad which followed was a very neat composition, in true ballad style, with a very pretty though rather hacknied sequence founded on the seventh, in the middle of it. It was very nearly spoiled by the accompaniment being played on the organ.

In place of an intended "Improvised Prelude and Fugue in the style of Bach," wilfully miscalled on both sets of programmes "Organ Variations" (which miscalling, we are credibly informed was the reason why Mr. Rohjohn withdrew his name), we had a Voluntary, occupying about 7 minutes, from a Mr. J. Wesley Pickering, which, if improvised, contained some rather ingenious imitations reflecting great honor on him. This, being really good, was suffered to fall to the ground with scarcely a simple mark of applause. During the performance of this voluntary, Mr. Pickering produced a novel though by no means agreeable effect by pulling out the Twelfth without the Fifteenth, thereby giving us a series of consecutive fifths anything but pleasant to an educated ear. This was probably a mistake, as the offending stop was stopped off after a very short period of torture.

The next thing on the Programme was a Soprano Solo composed by Mr. King. A fearfully secular composition; containing one passage that was much like the often murdered, "Hear me, Norma," and several others that seemed to have been tenderly pruned from various operas, and carefully grafted on to this unfortunate solo. This Solo finished the first part and ourselves both at the same time; for we could bear no more and consequently left the building in disgust.

We had wanted to hear what sort of work Miss Colman would make of the "Rejoice greatly" from the "Messiah," which, as all your subscribers must know, is an immensely florid and trying solo. On looking back—mentally—we are not sure that it was not just as well that we came away; as from her rendering of the Quartet—or rather her part in it—and solo above-mentioned, we think that our absence saved us a considerable amount of internal swearing.

The above is a fair representation of the first part of this precious concert. The second part was doubtless a worthy mate to the first,—could we have stayed to hear it. Don't you think our musical constitution here in New York needs attending to; when out of a concert of 13 pieces only one among them is good? Yours very truly,

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 584.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 22, 1863.

VOL. XXIII. No. 11.

For the Journal of Music.

## Half a Dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

ADALBERT GYROWETZ.

(Continued from page 76.)

### CHAPTER III.

G. goes to Italy.—Music in Venice.—Florence.—Enters upon his duties as Secretary and Musician in Rome.—Makes the acquaintance of Goethe.—Their days and evenings.—Leading musicians in Rome.—The Pope's Choir.—G. composes quartets and hears of them in Paris.—Studies with Boroni, and astonishes his master.—Longings for Naples.—Breaks with his employer.

The young musician went on to Venice, where he was to remain in the palace of the Countess Breuner, until Raspoli should come and take him formally into his service as Secretary and teacher of music. The Countess had a small orchestra, led by a very good virtuoso on the violin, named Kletchinsky, and she was also a fine player on that instrument; there was therefore a great deal of good music in the house. Some of Gyrowetz's compositions were performed and many compliments paid him.

Here is his picture of music in Venice at that time, 1785-6.

Its condition, he says, was very mediocre. In the churches, instead of grand and solemn voluntaries, nothing was to be heard on the organ but songs from operas, or rondos from quartets and sonatas. Evenings, when the people were collected on St. Mark's place or about the coffee-houses, all sorts of charlatans exhibited themselves, some playing various instruments, others exciting laughter by their drolleries, and others even producing comic operettas, and adding to the fun by their bag wigs, swords and old fashioned garb. In summer it was the custom to go in gondolas to Mestre, where at 10 P.M., a comic opera would be performed, and where every sort of fun and amusement went on until morning broke, when the visitors came back by daylight to sleep a few hours. There was rarely a performance in the theatres in summer, and then only when some roaming company appeared and gave a few pantomimes and bad operas. The best that one could hear was an occasional quartet in some private circle, or a sonata for the pianoforte; beyond this there was very little music. The Conservatorium for girls sometimes gave a concert, but almost exclusively vocal. Some talented composers resided in Venice, but they were mostly away when Gyrowetz was there, fulfilling engagements in various Italian cities.

At length Raspoli appeared, and employer and employed seem to have been equally pleased with each other. Gyrowetz took all pains to please the prince, and was in return treated more like a friend and teacher, than servant. On leaving Venice they journeyed to Ferrara, Padua, Vicenza, Bologna, Pisa, Leghorn, Lucca and Florence, where they made a longer stay. The prince introduced Gyrowetz into the first circles everywhere, as an artist, and thus, young as he was, he gained a wide reputation. In Bologna

he was even made an honorary member of the Philharmonic Society. "Here he learned," he says, "that Rossini received his first instruction in composition from the Abbé Martini."—a curious instance of *lapsus memoriae*, as Rossini was not then born!

Soon after his arrival in Florence he was introduced to the then celebrated Improvisatrice, Signora Correa, where he met Nardini, the greatest violinist of his day, pupil of Tartini, who had the kindness, old as he was (born in 1722) to play a violin sonata to the young man. "The purity and firmness of tone and the scientific command of his bow, were the principal excellencies of Nardini's playing, although he could also perform very difficult passages with extraordinary bravour."

"Moreover, Gyrowetz visited the great gallery of art, in which the most beautiful masterpieces both of sculpture and painting were to be found, among them the Venus de Medici. A park, celebrated for its beauty, and a beautiful theatre, called the Pergola, belong to the attractions of this city, which has a situation of wonderful beauty, and is surrounded with lovely gardens and the finest summer houses, called villas."

"Music was pursued with more zeal and thoroughness in Florence, because the German school had a much greater influence there than in the other Italian cities, and several German masters had settled there. The remark is to be added, that in Florence, when visiting the galleries and sights, it is forbidden the servants to take any thing from visitors, on pain of losing their places."

From Florence the prince and his retinue journeyed *via* Siena to Rome, where was the family seat. Here, in the Palace Raspoli, Gyrowetz had his apartments, wherein he found a piano-forte provided for him. And now began in fact his duties, which were confined to the prince's daily practice of the violin for some hours, and the occasional writing of a few letters. As both the French and Italian languages were now pretty well in his power, the secretary's efforts were quite satisfactory. The rest of his time he had to himself, and employed it in part in amusement, partly in viewing the curiosities of the city. He made many acquaintances among the artists then there; among them the German painters, Rosa, Dies [Biographer of Haydn], Müller, and the French, David, St. George, Le Grand, in whose company he often dined, at a German eating-house then kept in the Strada Trinità, near the piazza di Spagna. Here there was much talk of art, matters at home, and personal adventures. Here also his friends thought proper to teach the still young Gyrowetz to smoke tobacco, to which he at first had no objection; but the very first whiffs from the pipe made him so sick as almost to cause fainting, whereupon he smashed the pipe and threw it away, and never touched one afterwards.

Soon after this pipe business, "came to Rome the already celebrated writer and poet, Goethe, whom the Grand-Duke of Weimar had sent to

Sicily to examine and describe the wonders of nature there, (?) which, besides other things in the highest degree remarkable, consist in part of battle pieces and other pictures in relief, formed by nature herself upon the faces of the rocks, as perfect as if drawn and chiselled by the first masters!" (?) [Gyrowetz does not pretend to have seen these wondrous works himself.]

Goethe remained, however, for some time in Rome, and Gyrowetz found opportunity to become well acquainted with him. [Goethe was then in his 38th year. He entered Rome Nov. 1, 1786.] "And so it happened that he saw the curiosities and antiquities of Rome in company with Goethe, clambered up many an old ruin, almost with danger to life and limb, and so spent most of his leisure time with him, in looking and creeping through the fallen monuments of the past, and in admiring many an artistic treasure. They examined the baths of Caracalla together where they passed from spot to spot, walking on the broken mosaics, and where the halls were still to be seen, in which the gladiators performed, and where other amusements were provided for the people. Pieces of ancient musical instruments were sometimes found in these ruins, which gave occasion for many a conversation upon old and new music, their condition and practice, in which Goethe proved that he possessed correct views in relation to works constructed on sound principles and regularly wrought out; and that he did not share the opinions of those, who hold all music—regular or not in construction—to be classic, if only through bizarre and crude ideas, noise and din, or confused modulations, it sounds strange to the ear, and who hold such compositions to be new, simply because from their want of rule or system they sound so to them—a matter in which so many seemingly sensible musicians have grossly deceived themselves."

"Having finished viewing and examining some portions of the multitudes of antiquities, and evening drawing nigh, Goethe and Gyrowetz would join a sort of club, where they met quite a number of artists and authors. They seated themselves in a circle in the midst of a large chamber, a kettle of live coals in the centre, which, for it was already winter, protected them from the cold (after the manner of the Romans), and brought them, in a figurative sense, nearer together. Goethe took the lead. The conversation was upon all sorts of topics. Each related the remarkable events of his life. Adventures and the accidents of life formed the topics of their narratives, until the evenings were well advanced, when refreshments were served—bread, cheese, dried sausage and such like cold meats, to which beer, brewed by a German brewer in Rome, was added. In this manner, the evenings passed away very pleasantly, [no doubt!] and at two or three in the morning the company separated, each going to his own lodgings, to rest and prepare for the coming day. This mode of life was kept up [by Gyrowetz, it is to be understood] until Goethe left Rome, and went on to Naples, early in February, 1787."

Gyrowetz had also at that time a longing desire to visit Naples, and privately labored to gain the means of indulging his wish as soon as possible. Meantime he made the acquaintance of the principal musical artists of Rome—among them, the Pope's Chapelmaster Boroni, Chapelmasters Anfossi, Bianchi, and several violin virtuosos, Policia, Capanna, &c. String quartets were now often played, which had been rarely to be heard in Rome, because of the little taste there for this kind of music, the vocal being almost exclusively cultivated.

"That of the papal choir was always ranked first, notwithstanding an old voice was sometimes to be heard croaking with the rest, not producing the pleasantest of effects, and often injuring the entire effect; still it was always very imposing to hear such a body of selected vocalists, thoroughly used to the performance of canons, antiphonies, and other forms of ecclesiastical music—all in the so-called *canto fermo*."

During his prolonged stay in Rome, Gyrowetz employed himself very industriously in composition and embraced every opportunity to attain higher and higher perfection. It was then that he composed his first six quartets, which in process of time gained great reputation, were published by Imbeault in Paris, and ran through seven editions in a very short time. The remarkable fact in relation to this work was, that Gyrowetz down to the close of his life never could learn how or by whom his quartets came to Paris; for they were engraved without his knowledge, and it was long afterward that he first learned that they and some of his symphonies also had been published there. He had allowed but a single copy of the quartets to be made, and that was for Countess Breuner, while on a visit in Rome, where she heard them in a private concert to which Prince Raspoli invited her. It is possible that, after her return to Venice, the Countess or her violinist Kleczinsky, may have sent them to Paris.

The acquaintance with Boroni had been made through Prince Raspoli, as Gyrowetz desired to study vocal composition with that master. The first task which Boroni gave his pupil, was to write an air upon Metastasio's words: "*Sogna il guerrier le armi, il Pescatore le reti*." In composing it G. sought both in the *ritornel* and in the air itself to depict the character and feeling of the whole. As Boroni examined it, his features seemed to express a feeling of astonishment, and after a while he broke out with these words: "*Cosa Voi volete imparare ancora?*" (What more do you wish to learn?) Probably, adds Gyrowetz, the German style and instrumentation were to him something new, and hence his astonishment. He then praised the work, and especially the picturesque and characteristic expression of the air—which was not always to be found in Italian opera. The young man was afterwards often with Boroni, and was always treated with distinguished politeness.

So all things conspired to add to Gyrowetz's desire of going on to Naples, there to complete his musical education, and make himself thorough master of counterpoint and the severe school of composition,—the more desirable to him, as up to this time he was forced to consider himself rather as a dilettante and natural composer, never really having had a master in this branch of the art, but having produced all the works then published through his natural talents.

At length, unable to restrain his impatience, he talked on the subject with Raspoli. The prince seemed greatly surprised, expressed dissatisfaction, from that moment changed his treatment of Gyrowetz, and finally began to demand menial services of him. Of course this was not long to be borne, and the secretary demanded his dismissal, which was unwillingly granted. Provided with letters of introduction, he left Rome and went to Naples, alone and, now for the first time, self-dependent. Before entering upon his new career, however, as he tells us, he wrote to his father and sent him 12 ducats, as a proof of his filial affection.

#### CHAPTER IV.

G. in Naples.—Paisiello's liking for him.—San Carlo and the other operas.—Meets Goethe again, who shows his knowledge of music.—Musical discussions with Paisiello and Guglielmi.—Low State of Music in the Churches.—G. studies Counterpoint with Sala.—Quartet Parties.—A Russian Bear.—The Last Penny.

Arrived in Naples he had soon the good fortune to make, by accident, the acquaintance of an honorable and kindly Swiss merchant or trader, who gave him counsel in his inexperience, and aid in establishing himself and becoming acquainted with Naples, its life and customs. As a rule his letters of introduction secured him a kind and friendly reception.

Now let the hero of the story again go on with it.

"He was received with particular kindness by the celebrated composer and Chapelmaster Paisiello, who ever afterwards treated him with the greatest attention and distinction. He looked through some of the young man's compositions, expressed his entire satisfaction, and met the wish for farther instruction in vocal composition, by imparting much useful information upon that subject and upon theatrical music, which in later years was of great advantage to Gyrowetz. Paisiello took such a liking to his pupil, as to have him present at all his rehearsals, and there teach him how a Kapellmeister should conduct himself in rehearsal and in general in practising new work.

"Upon his first entrance into the theatre San Carlo, Gyrowetz stood as if thunderstruck, astonished and struck dumb at its vastness and dazzling splendor, and the magnificence of the decorations. And now he heard the orchestra, consisting of nearly a hundred performers, and producing a wonderful reverberating effect. He seemed to be transported into a new world, and knew not what first to admire—everywhere such splendor, magnificence, glory!

"At that time, Madame Labraune was prima donna in this theatre, and her husband, one of the most famous oboe virtuosos, was engaged in the orchestra, in which were other virtuosos on divers instruments, so that this orchestra was one of the most celebrated in Europe. The same opera was often given for months together, until some new one took its turn; and if this did not please, the old one was again brought out and kept on the stage until a successful one was found. Gyrowetz remembered that a single opera by Guglielmi, "*Sisera and Deborah*," ran through two years with general applause. And so it was also with the ballet, for which the most celebrated dancers of both sexes in all Europe were engaged. For the ballets, there were special composers engaged, who had to consult with the ballet masters, and deliver new music expressly composed for the pieces.

"The second theatre in Naples, at that time, was the Teatro Nuovo, in which no serious operas were given, only *Opere di mezzo carattere*, or semi-serious. The orchestra here, as in all but San Carlo, was of the second rank, and just then the wind instruments were particularly bad—so much so, that on one occasion, when an air from Mozart's "*Figaro*" was introduced into an opera by a certain Mandini, these instruments caused it to be hissed from the stage. This theatre was open on alternate days with the San Carlo, and was looked upon as theatre 'of ease' for the first singers.

"A third, called the Teatro dei Fiorentini, was opened daily, in which comic operas were exclusively given; the *Molinara*, *La bella piscatrice*, *Locanda*, Paisiello's *Barbiere di Seviglia*, &c., &c. One of the company here was a very famous buffo—Cassacelli—such a favorite that the audience burst out laughing if his voice was but heard behind the scenes, and his appearance upon the stage was always greeted by the stormiest applause, while his every motion was clapped with enthusiasm. One of his favorite parts was in the *Filosofo immaginario* of Paisiello. This opera was long forbidden, on account of certain too great freedoms, but, being somewhat altered, it was again permitted and drew large audiences.

"There was also a fourth theatre, called the Carlino, in which nothing but comic performances in the true Neapolitan folks'-speech were given. This was the theatre of the populace, whither the so-called *Lazzaroni* came in crowds, and joyfully sacrificed their few *grani* (small copper coins). People of a higher class have also found amusement there, and paid frequent visits—so it goes in the world, we all love variety.

"It was at this time, that Goethe returned to Naples from Sicily, [May, 1787] and came across Gyrowetz on the promenade, al giardino Reale, where they often met and walked up and down together, talking, besides other topics, much upon music and the condition of the art in general in Italy. Goethe showed that he possessed a great knowledge of music, and gave it as his opinion, that the old Italian masters paid more attention to introducing contrapuntal figures, and in their music thought more of the singers than of the orchestra. The old masters, too, avoided covering up the voice by loud accompaniment, and especially by a too free use of wind instruments.

Paisiello said once, in a musical conversation that the composer should employ his wind instruments only here and there as an ornament—like bouquets on a festival table.

"A story was also told, that in course of a talk upon music, in a company of Chapelmasters and operatic composers, one of them complained that the same style and manner was always kept up, and no progress was made; upon which old Guglielmi, sprang up, and screamed in his falsetto voice: 'No, no, God forbid! It will not do for us to press too far onwards, we must seek to keep the public to a temperate enjoyment of music; for if we go on too fast and too far, the public will also add to its demands, and as its exactions rise by degrees even higher, what will be the final result? The theatres will have to be closed, because the public at length cloyed, will no longer possess any taste, and leave the theatres unvisited.'

"So they used to talk until late in the night when each went his own way home."



At that time, a Herr Hadrava, member of the Austrian Legation, arranged a series of concerts at the house of his minister, Baron Thugut, to which both Goethe and Gyrowetz were invited. As the latter entered, he found Goethe standing quite alone and unnoticed by a door, which led into the large saloon. He went immediately to Goethe, and told him he ought to go forward into the room, and not stand there so out of the way. The poet thanked him politely, and prayed to be left there in peace: he could hear every thing, and did not enjoy going into the great world. In general, Goethe's manner was at that time very friendly—indeed rather shy and humble. [Had his recent experience with Frau von Stein anything to do with it?] He did not remain much longer in Naples, and soon departed for home. [But instead of going directly home, he returned to Rome, and remained nearly a year there].

At this period, Gyrowetz usually employed the day in viewing the sights of Naples, of which the immense number of churches formed no inconsiderable part, and thus came to hear very much of the church music then and there in vogue. Sometimes he found it very good, but for the most part it was very mediocre—as the music director of the church happened to have distinguished himself by his compositions or not. Each church kept the annual festival of its patron saint with great formality and splendor, the principal feature being the production of a new mass by some composer, for which he was paid a certain sum, he having the privilege of selecting the performers. In the evening a small display of fireworks concluded the ceremonies. The number of these festivals was so great, that many a Chapelmaster in Naples was able to obtain the necessities of life by the proceeds of these masses alone. The first ecclesiastical composers at that time were Sala and Anfossi; other Chapelmasters, who composed operas, Paisiello, Cimarosa, Guglielmi, Bianchi, Generali, Giordaniello, &c., seldom troubled themselves with mass music. The hearing of so many of this class of compositions awoke a desire in Gyrowetz to employ his talents in that direction, and he determined, as soon as his means would allow, to obtain a teacher in counterpoint and labor with zeal and perseverance; but just then it was impossible, as his finances were decreasing, and he found himself compelled to study money matters rather than musical science. As he was now beginning to be known, he tried a subscription for his quartets, and his success placed him above want for some time. There came to Naples just then, one of his former Vienna acquaintances, a young German merchant, named Bray, a great lover of music, who took a daily lesson of him on the violin, and had a quartet party at his rooms almost as often, playing the second violin himself. He was very generous, and his kindness enabled Gyrowetz to take his master in counterpoint. Sala was then the most celebrated contrapuntist in the city, and teacher of that branch in the Conservatorium della pietà—at that time the best of all the music schools in Naples. Sala was then far advanced in years, but rejoiced to have a young German as his pupil, who had already made considerable reputation as an instrumental composer.

Sala began with his pupil at the very beginning—with the scale—but as the latter had of

course a thorough knowledge of chords, progressions, &c., they passed very rapidly on to contrapuntal exercises in two, three, and four parts, and then to canon and fugue, in which branch of the art Master Sala was a distinguished and most excellent teacher. The old gentleman had the kindness, after each lesson, to take Gyrowetz with him in his walk on the Molo, or out towards Vesuvius, and while walking, the pupil must repeat from memory what he had just learned at the lesson. When studying fugue, he had to learn by rote all the elements of a fugue, —theme, inversion, modulation, imitation, augmentation, diminution, &c., &c., to the *colla*,—so as to be able to recite them in order. "That," says he, "was an excellent method, which is to be recommended to every student of composition."

Gyrowetz's mastery of the violin was of great advantage to him, in obtaining him paid employment at quartet parties and private concerts. Thus he came to know a certain Ferri, owner of a land estate, who had quartets at his house three times a week, and who soon had the young German as a daily guest and regular performer at his music parties; and by placing his quartets upon his list, gave a new impulse to the reputation of Gyrowetz and his works.

Another patron of chamber music, then in Naples, was a Russian grandee, who had frequent quartets at his house, performed by paid musicians, of whom Gyrowetz was usually one. This man seemed to think the musicians his servants, and was continually finding fault, and indulging his whims, regardless of all rules of common politeness. On one occasion he attacked Gyrowetz in this manner, quite without cause. The artist rose from his seat, laid down the viola, which he was playing, and walked out of the house without a word. The Russian was thunderstruck. "Probably he was accustomed in Russia to see everybody bow to him, and bear his tomfooleries in all humility; but the young German thought otherwise, and showed him that artists in Germany are not used to bear the follies and whims of the great with indifference and meekness; and that they know how to stand up for their rights, and the respect due them, in the presence of any one who undertakes to insult or humble them without due cause given!" Of course the other artists were delighted that Gyrowetz had the courage to give the Russian serf-owner a lesson.

Spite of all his exertions, Gyrowetz's pocket would grow empty, and upon the grand Neapolitan festival, the birth of the Virgin, Sept. 8, [1787] he spent his last money, a few grani, for a bit of cheese and a bunch of grapes, his only dinner. Next day his circumstances improved. A Mr. Wasing, an English wholesale merchant, residing in Naples, whom Gyrowetz had known for some time, lent him money and relieved him from his necessity; nor was this the only time, as the recipient of his bounty gratefully confesses.

(To be Continued.)

### Grétry.

From the *Brussels Guide Musical*.

"You are a musician," said Voltaire to Grétry, "and yet you are a clever man! This is too unusual for me not to take the liveliest interest in you." It has never been possible to reproach great composers with being deficient in wit—it is sufficient to cite those now alive—and Voltaire's epigram proves only one fact: In his time, as at present, there were plenty of persons who would talk at random on any sub-

ject. But could any one say to Grétry: "You are a clever man, and yet you appear to be desirous of proving the philosopher of Ferney in the wrong. You are one of the best French composers, and yet it is about your art that you talk strange nonsense." We will now proceed to give an explanation of this contradiction, and then enter into an examination of some principles developed by Grétry, and adopted by him as his guides in opera.

The first volume of his *Memoires, ou Essais sur la Musique*, was originally published in 1789. He says he wrote it only as a relaxation from his usual kind of work. He has set down in it whatever a sentiment of art revealed to him while he was composing, and he considered all the more strongly that it was his duty to do so, because a hundred times he had felt inclined to take up the pen "when a thousand pamphlets upon music fomented dissensions among artists much more than they advanced the progress of art." He wished to leave his manuscript to his children, but his friends urged him to publish it at once, on account of the new principles contained in it, and because, speaking incessantly of his art, and communicating unreservedly his ideas in conversation, he ran the risk of appearing after the lapse of twenty years nothing but a plagiarist.

It is the first volume which is the most valuable. We find in it a historical sketch of Grétry when a youth, details concerning his opera, and explanations of the principles he followed in musical composition. In the two other volumes, published in 1796 (*Pluviose, Year V.*), he proposed to develop, at greater length, his ideas on the music of the stage. Being convinced that an exact acquaintance with the human heart is indispensable to a dramatic composer, he desired to spare young artists the trouble of going through and reflecting on a large number of books, and, at the same time, to furnish them with a theory on the musical expression of character and passion. He felt convinced that, to produce at the outset a lyrical masterpiece, a composer of talent need only have studied harmony and the fugue, and have read his (Grétry's) treatise.\* That Grétry was endowed with great delicacy of feeling and judgment is a fact which the first page we open of his scores will prove; but it is no less true that, if we cut out all the repetitions, useless assertions, and common-places from his *Memoires*, especially the last two volumes, we should have only a very slender stock of just and sensible remarks left. The first cause of his errors was his exceedingly weak constitution. Ever since the age of fifteen, he was subject to spit blood, and this infirmity was only provoked or increased by the labor of musical composition. Not wishing to give up his favorite occupation, he was obliged to observe, all his life, a severe regimen, which enabled him to attain an advanced age (72), but did not free him from his attacks of hemorrhage and his morbid susceptibility. This was so much the case that he could not bear great heat any more than north winds, or read aloud for five minutes.

He gives us his last two volumes as the result of six years' work. He asserts that he has reflected for a long time upon the musical system, but adds that he has pursued no study save that of the human heart; that he has followed his instinct alone in reasoning upon the passions, and that it is most frequently by natural inspiration, rather than by erudition, that he has spoken of physical and moral causes and their effects. Now, when a man has done nothing all his life except turn his attention to the practice of musical composition, it is not sufficient for him, if we would solve the most difficult problems of art, to pass a few years of his old age in reasoning "by instinct," in a very delicate state of health, especially when heavy domestic woes, such as the successive deaths of his three daughters, help other things in robbing him of his calm serenity of mind. His morbid irritability was the principle cause of a fact which will be remarked through his entire work; it is almost impossible for him to entertain a correct idea without spoiling it by exaggerations, of which we should suppose only the most ignorant or the most foolish person capable. To find proofs of this, it would be sufficient for us to open his book at random; we will select one instance, not because it is the strongest, but because it is one of the most curious. His fundamental principle when composing for the voice was to follow the inflexions of spoken declamation. But, having discovered that an expressive air may be written without words, and that very appropriate ones may afterwards be supplied, he predicted a complete revolution in opera, a revolution of which he obtained the first idea from Haydn's symphonies. "A hundred times," he says, "I have suggested for these symphonies the words they appear to require."

The following is what he proposed. The author

should at first versify only the words of the recitative, and write in prose those of all pieces of measured singing. The musician should write his work for the orchestra alone, drawing his inspiration from the general meaning of the words. When the symphonic score is completed, it should be performed, and those portions which do not obtain the approbation of the audience be re-written. A second trial should then be made. After each piece, the author should read the words to enable those present to judge whether the music is in keeping with them. Then only the vocal portions and the verses should be considered. All the instrumental parts should serve in turn, when required, to furnish the vocal parts. I leave Grétry the task of explaining the advantages possessed by this new system. If he did not put it in practice himself, the reason was, he informs us, "because in the case of every composer who has devoted his attention especially to vocal music, a symphony often costs more trouble than the most difficult scene." It is to the composers of instrumental music that he recommends his plan. "I am pointing out to them," he says, "the means of equalling, and, perhaps, surpassing us in dramatic art."

Grétry owns that he has not read many books, but we are not long in discovering, that he is imbued with the doctrines of *Emile* and of the *Contrat Social*. He professes, indeed, deep admiration for their author. "Of what good," he inquires, "are our cold moralists, when we can meditate on J. J. Rousseau? His works comprehend the whole system of morals; and although we do not, perhaps, find in them a single idea not known before his time, every thing appears new, on account of the correct application of principles." Unfortunately, that which the master could not teach the pupil is that deep moral and religious sentiment which resists all doubts; that energetic and independent individuality which is only more finely tempered by the conflicts in which it engages. Grétry was unable to preserve himself from the contagion of the materialist scepticism of his time, and his ideas offer a strange and often contradictory admixture of the theories of J. J. Rousseau and of those belonging to the school of sensualism. He continually opposes nature to society. "I have never seen," he says, "more than two men; the man who acts according to his own sensations, and the man who acts according to others. The former is always true, even in his errors; the latter is simply the mirror in which are reflected the objects on the stage of the world. Here we have the man of nature, the estimable man, and the man of society."

He defines the man of nature as "one whose only requirements are to provide himself with nourishment, make love, and sleep." "Government," he says again, "forms men's morals.—It is self-love which originated all systems of morality. Our disposition and our inclinations are the result of our organization and of the nourishing aliments which keep it up." "Death is the dissolution of our being to form fresh beings. Animals are only machines; they live as though in a continual dream." "The ministers of religion have cast discredit upon its temple; the temple of the Divinity is the entire world, and the most sacred form of worship is that which gives to social order the degree of perfection which God exhibits in his works to us."

After reading hundreds of wearisome pages, possessing no sort of value, we cannot help feeling a sentiment of deep grief on perusing, at the end of the second volume, the account of the death of Grétry's three daughters. When, with a bleeding heart, the unfortunate father has given us a detailed account of his loss, he does not know how to reproach himself for not having taken greater precautions to secure his children's health; he tells us that he experienced a sentiment of mute despair, of concentrated rage, and that he paid "a long tribute to nature" by shedding floods of tears; he informs us that "nothing equals the courage of a woman who loves her husband in her children; that it is like a tontine of love always profiting those who survive." It is, however, impossible for the disciple of J. J. Rousseau to be or to remain a complete materialist and atheist. "Our instinct," he says in his third volume, "is revealed in a sentimental philosophy, which comprises all that truth which we seek with so much trouble." He appears disposed to admit in man an immaterial principle; he recognizes the necessity of adoring a supreme Intelligence, different from the instinct of matter, and directing the universe by general laws. "But," he adds, "am I eternal as Thou art? Alas! I dare to desire it, in order to preserve the hope of returning Thee eternal thanksgiving. Flattering hope! crushing doubts!"

In his continual anxiety to follow nature, Grétry could not turn his attention to search for any other theory of art than that which, despite its want of solidity, was then generally adopted. According to him, the fine arts are only an imitation of nature;

even architecture finds the models of its angles, its columns, its architraves, and its buttresses in the hollows of mountains. It is not an exact imitation, in order that art may not be confounded with nature; but "it is a charming falsehood, which presents nature agreeably to us. Truth in the arts consists principally in flattering our senses. The object of the arts is to please man; to charm him, and console him in his miseries." The mode in which Grétry had pursued his musical studies was calculated to increase his errors. He changed his master several times, and, on each occasion he did so, had to begin again. He felt persuaded that this was the best system of instruction, and followed it with his daughter Lucile, the authoress of *Le Mariage d'Antonio*. Besides this, treatises on harmony were then lost in mathematical calculations, and offered the composer nothing but arbitrary theories, refuted every moment by practice. Hence the singular notion of obtaining musical beauties by a license, that is to say, by the violation of a rule, a notion still to be found in many treatises, when simple good sense tells us that it is the rule which is, of necessity, badly constructed.

Grétry firmly believed it to be "demonstrated" that mathematical science is the first source of harmonic combinations. He determined to give a proof of this himself, and the *notelets* with which he sets about his task is very curious. If you object that a sonorous body emits only a perfect major chord, he will reply: "The perfect minor chord is deduced from it by analogy."—"But the scales?" you will observe.—"All notes besides those of the perfect chord have been added to fill up the void, like so many which would re-enter the sonorous body."—"But the sonorous body gives out many more notes than those of the perfect chord."—"Your sonorous body can only be cracked (*fêlé*) or badly proportioned."—"But the divisions of a chord give us the seventh and other notes as well."—"Such harmony is too enigmatical to be the base of a system."—"But the scale of the sounds of a horn is the same. All the notes of a horn, except those of the perfect chord, are only a kind of falsetto."—"But the chords?"—"Are all derived from the perfect chord by the addition of accidental notes. The perfect chord is in nature alone." In a word, Grétry stands no more on ceremony in simplifying musical theory, than children do in drawing, when they represent a man's head by one circle, his body by another, and his limbs by so many straight lines. In spite of this, however, he published, in accordance with the ideas developed in the third volume of his *Mémoires*, a *Méthode simple pour apprendre à préluder en peu de temps avec toutes les Ressources de l'Harmonie*. Grétry appears to have been incapable, from his physical and moral constitution, of justly appreciating any thing which did not agree with his own ideas on musical expression. In spite of the way in which he recommends the study of the fugue, and in spite of the suggestions he gives for its employment on the stage, he owns that while admiring the fugues of Handel he seeks to find song (*chant*) in them, with the same impatience that a lover seeks his mistress in a thick wood. He says that he cannot long endure the finest organ played by the most skillful organist, and compares this instrument to a monotonous speaker possessing a beautiful voice. He lays it down as a rule that religious music ought to be distinguished for a vague character, in opposition to the precise expression of music which is declaimed, because he says, "every thing, either mystery or revelation, not within the reach of our human comprehension, forces us to feel respect, and, for this reason, excludes all direct expression," as though, because it is religious, music ought to be as incomprehensible as are the dogmas of the Trinity and that of the Immaculate Conception. The manner in which he speaks of the various instruments would be sufficient, without his scores, to prove that he did not possess much genius for instrumentation. The method discovered by Erard for swelling and diminishing the sounds of the organ strikes Grétry as being "the philosopher's stone of music," and he believes that the organ will end by replacing in theatres an orchestra of a hundred musicians. One last cause of error consists in the fact that Grétry carried his idea of his own talent to an excessive degree of vanity, which he disguised very little. All criticism appears to have been insupportable to him. "When," he exclaims, "shall we see censors worthy of censuring us? When will Government confide to celebrated men this honorable task as a reward for their labors? Let the first man in each department of art, the one long designated by the voice of the public, be charged with this." Coming from Grétry, such a proposition must cause the most morose reader to smile.

His opinions of Gluck and the music of various countries are more particularly impressed with his tetchy *amour propre*. Grétry acknowledges that the author of the *Sera Padrona* is his master, and it

would be ungracious in him to deny it. But the reader may easily conceive that Grétry, who ascertained that he founded musical expression upon declamation above aught else, was sensibly displeased by the arrival of Gluck, who based his system on the same principle. Grétry accords Italy melodic originality and "a system of sentimental counterpoint favorable to expression." To Germany he gives harmonic combinations, instrumental music, and elocutionary truth; he adds that the whole force of German genius does not offer us a pathetic air as delectable as those of Sacchini, though this does not prevent him from saying, on another occasion, that Sacchini has no new ideas, and that his songs are vague. As for the French, he treats them as beings essentially frivolous, who have received from nature less aptitude for music than any other nation. For all this, however, he declares that France gave birth to dramatically musical art, and that she will one day produce the best musicians, that is to say: such as will be able to employ more judiciously than any others melody as well as harmony in the production of a perfect whole. Contradictions of this kind are usual with Grétry, and too much importance must not be attached to them.

It would be useless to discuss opinions to which Italy, France and Germany are equally justified in objecting. No works are richer in melody than *Don Juan*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Der Freischütz* and *Oberon*, while nothing is poorer in this respect than nineteen twentieths of Italian music, on account of the monotony inseparable from the abuse of conventional forms. To put the question as Grétry puts it is only to give full scope to the most arbitrary and the most false assertions. "When I heard the first work by Gluck," says Grétry, "I thought I was interested only by the action of the drama, and said: there is no song. But I was happily undeceived on perceiving that it was the music itself, having become the action, which had moved me." Despite this praise, Grétry asserts that Gluck has not extended the limits of art, but only created a new *genre*, or kind. He thinks Gluck's music badly written for the voice, too much declaimed, and too dramatic; he perceives in it long instances of negligence set off by touches of sublimity; great orchestral labor, and such masculine harmony as does not allow any part of the vocal music to dominate it. He places Philidor side by side with Gluck for power of harmonic expression, and Méhul's duet of *Euphrosine et Conradin* above the finest pieces the latter ever wrote. This is not all. He says that Gluck nearly "crushed him" (*faillit à l'étouffer*), and that the career of the composer of *Alceste* might be followed more easily than his own, for: "the orchestra ought to be subordinated to the singing, and not the singing to the orchestra, the proof being that Gluck has already been caught and imitated with success by several composers, such as Cherubini, Méhul and Lesueur; but no one will imitate in this way pure and true vocal music." Lastly, he says that: "The Germans have taught the rest of Europe that the support of masculine, rich and abundant harmony bestows a celebrity which comes directly after that given by the creative genius which paints nature, that is to say, declamation noted and transformed into delicious song."

The conclusion to be drawn from all this is that Grétry thought himself greater than Gluck, and the greatest composer of his day. The accusation brought against him of being inferior to others as regards harmony and instrumentation, affected Grétry so much that he himself says that in his *Raoul Barbe-Bleue*, *Pierre-le-Grand*, and *Guillaume Tell*, he has endeavored to prove he did not deserve it, while at the same time he preserved his melodious style. He felt persuaded that he succeeded. At the present day, all persons are unanimously of opinion that he was wrong to make the attempt. Grétry speaks of Haydn in terms of high praise, but the name of Mozart is never traced by his pen. Is this the effect of pure ignorance? We would fain believe so, though the task is by no means an easy one. We know that to the question put by Napoleon I, as to what he thought of Mozart and Cimarosa, Grétry replied that Mozart placed the statue in the orchestra and the pedestal upon the stage, while Cimarosa pursued the contrary course. He had evidently made up his mind to reproach the Germans with subordinating vocal music to the orchestra, and not being able to metamorphose declamation into "delicious song."

But we have spoken evil enough of Grétry, although the subject is far from exhausted. We only, desired, however, to judge him as a philosopher and theorist. It is by no means our intention to dispute the excellent qualities of his mind and heart, qualities of which he always furnished proof whenever his vanity as a composer was not too much involved. His physical constitution, his want of education, his occupations, the very nature of his talent, the influence which must have been exerted on him by the

state of the philosophic and moral science of his time—all rendered him unsuited for the task he had undertaken. He endeavored to probe the most arduous questions of art, and these questions are even at the present day far from being completely decided. Notwithstanding certain isolated views to be found in the writings of the best authors, the philosophy of musical art does not yet exist as a science. None of the French works which have assumed this title, or one of the same kind, possess more than a limited value. Germany boasts of some few books entitled: *Musical Esthetics*, but it is impossible for us to speak of them in terms of praise; we find in them absurdities quite as glaring, if, indeed, not as numerous, as those in Grétry's *Mémoires*.

JOHANNES WEBER.

### Emile Prudent.

(From "Spiridon's" letters in the Evening Gazette.)

France has lost her best pianist—an artist she was fond of pretending rivalled Thalberg and Liszt and Chopin. He was an excellent pianist, but he lacked that exquisite sensibility which threw so much poetry over the execution of Liszt and of Chopin, and that—what name shall be given it?—honest, frank, hearty quality which seems to me to constitute Thalberg's chief charm. Emile Prudent lacked those higher attributes of an artist's nature; the French character generally is deficient in them, and the French supply and, as well as they may, conceal this defect by amazing adroitness. Skill contents only the superficial and these but partially, for they miss something, they know not what; though it is that poetry which is the essential ingredient of art. The man must appear in every work of art—be it a duck puddle on canvass or a polka on the piano.

Emile Prudent's birth is shrouded in mystery. It is a little singular that a romantic veil hides the original of all the great modern masters of the piano. Chopin, Liszt and Thalberg are all said to be of noble, but disowned origin; and it seems that Thalberg is unquestionably the son of some German prince. One morning in April, 1817, the sordid, childless home of a poor piano-tuner in the Rue de Genève, Angoulême, was suddenly enlivened by the presence of a bright child a few weeks old. The old piano-tuner never pretended that the child was his, and even had he laid claim of paternity, the elegant appearance of the infant would have successfully challenged the truth of his claim. The old piano-tuner and his wife never gave any clue to the origin of the child, not even to the lad himself when time had ripened him into manhood. His nearest neighbor was a lad who has since acquired a good deal of reputation as a writer under the pseudonym of Alberic Second. Their boyish friendship lasted throughout life, with but one single cloud. Their favorite amusement was "playing theatre." Emile Prudent would play tyrant, Alberic Second would play the 'Squire. During one performance the tyrant became so earnest in his part as to break his wooden sword over his faithful squire's head. The squire was knocked down with so much violence that he was obliged to take to bed, which he kept for two days.

Emile was deeply distressed and watched by his friend's bed until the latter's recovery, which he hastened by saying: "Oh! do make haste and get well, Alberic; and we'll be tyrant alternately." The first elements of music and of piano playing were taught the lad by the old piano tuner holding a whip in one hand and a score in the other. Of course this boy made rapid progress; for with all our boasted progress and civilization we have not yet found any guano so effectual as the rapid, but intermittent, application of birch on the salient equatorial bow of childhood's back. Let me add, too, that young Prudent had a wonderful "time" for music. When he was ten years old, the whole family set off to complete the lad's musical education. He was at once admitted into the conservatory; became one of Zimmerman's pupils and in five years quitted the conservatory with the first prize for piano playing. He lived wretchedly during this period of his life, for the whole family had no weapon wherewith to conquer a livelihood except the tuning-fork hammer. You know how blunt that is with you; it is a great deal blunter here. Young Prudent studied the piano fifteen hours a day and slept the rest of the time. The boy—Prudent was only fifteen years old now—had not been many months out of the conservatory when the terrible cholera of 1832 swept away the old piano-tuner and his wife. The boy was alone and without means of support, except such as his musical education afforded, and his extreme youth was against him in this career. He did, nevertheless, contrive to secure a few pupils at twenty sous the hour; and during the winter he would often obtain

an engagement as pianist at small evening parties, where he would earn twenty francs by playing to the dances from eight o'clock, p. m. till seven o'clock, a. m. The Sundays which followed these "lucky" nights, he would invite Alberic Second to dine with him at the thirty-two sous' restaurants of the Palais Royal, where they would eat with such excellent appetites that Alberic Second says, they alarmed the restaurant-keepers into effacing from their bills of fare "bread at discretion." After two or three years had been spent in this way, he became very anxious to give a concert. His friends encouraged him and the concert was given. Nobody but his friends were present and only one ticket was sold, which was bought by Mons. Eugene Labriche (now the well-known dramatist); the others lustily applauded, but neither fame or fortune was won. About this same time, Emile Prudent heard Liszt play, and then he, for the first time, saw to what a height piano playing could be carried. He discovered the immense distance which existed between him and a great artist. He determined to lessen this distance. A "long" piano was absolutely necessary to enable him to prosecute this design. He went to Pleyel to see on what terms such an instrument could be purchased. Pleyel said to him: As you are the first prize in the Conservatory, I will let you have it for 2,000fr. "Will you have confidence in me and let me have it on time; for I have no money." Pleyel thought a moment and then said: "Yes, if you will agree to give me your note for it." Prudent gave the note, and formed his plans, which were, to retire to the provinces where one could live cheaply, and there study the great masters as soon as he could pay for his grand "long" piano. In a year it was paid for. Then he quitted Paris and took up his residence at Angoulême, giving only lessons enough to support him. The remainder of the time he studied assiduously the great masters of piano music and with so much ardor that he was menaced with paralysis of the fore-arms, which was averted by steeping his arms every morning in the blood of beets as it issued steaming from them, in the public slaughter-house. Having made satisfactory progress in his art, Prudent determined to remove to Nantes, where his lessons would be better paid, and consequently where he would command more time for his private studies. While at Nantes he composed his magnificent fantasia on *Lucia di Lammermoor*, came up to Paris, soon became celebrated and wealthy. No less than 40,000 copies of his fantasia on *Lucia di Lammermoor* have been sold, and his *Concerto-Symphonie*, *Les Hirondelles*, *La Danse des Fées*, *La Ronde de Nuit*, *Le Lac*, *La Prairie*, *Les Bois*, *Les Champs*, and *Les Trois Rêves* were equally successful. He was decorated with the Legion of Honor in 1847. He had given concerts successfully in France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Belgium, Prussia, Austria and England. He was about to go to Russia, and he intended to visit America as soon as peace was restored—vain project! He was taken sick at nine o'clock in the morning with the *angine couenneuse* and before night he was dead.

## Whight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 22, 1863.

### The Truth about the Marseillaise.

Under this title, M. Fétis has started an interesting discussion in the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* of Paris. M. Fétis thinks he has found proof that the music of the *Marseillaise* was not composed by Rouget de Lisle, and adheres to this opinion in spite of an earnest protestation from a descendent of the latter, bearing the same name. M. Fétis's first article appeared in the *Revue* of July 19, and we here give it as translated in the *Musical Review and World* of New York:

Rouget de Lisle is not the author of the music of the *Marseillaise*. I shall prove it immediately. Captain of an Engineer Corps, he was employed in Strasburg in 1792, at the time of the declaration of war, and he shared the patriotic enthusiasm, which surprised the whole garrison in hearing this important news. In his exultation he wrote under the title of "War Song" those energetic verses, of which the first lines,

Allons, enfants de la patrie.  
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!

were prophetic. Copies of these verses were rapidly spreading. They were sung upon an air of an opera then very popular, and I believe were based upon this air. One of the copies of this "War Song" reached Paris and fell into the hands of a good musician, known under the name of Navoigille, although his real name was Julien. Being an ardent Republican, Navoigille felt deeply moved while reading these verses, and immediately composed the sublime song, which made them immortal. Like all my contemporaries, I for a long time thought that the author of the words was also that of the music. I thought so even when I published the notice upon Rouget de Lisle in the seventh volume of the first edition of the *Biographie universelle des musiciens* (1841). I had met with Rouget de Lisle in 1809, at the house of my pupil, Mad. Gail, who composed the operas *Les Deux Jaloux* and *La Sérénade*. He often came to this remarkable woman, who was befriended to him and who wrote the romances which he composed by dint of instinct (for he was a very poor musician). She also wrote the Piano accompaniment for his melodies. I confess, I felt somewhat astonished that with such a poor musical education he could have found that beautiful, regular and very rhythmical melody, which gave him his reputation; but I never had any doubt that he was really the author.

A fortunate circumstance made me acquire, in 1847, two collections, which perhaps it would be impossible to find together to-day. The first contains all the revolutionary and Republican songs on little flying sheets; the other includes all the pieces composed for the Republican festivals, for the *Champ de Mars* and the *Temples de la Raison*. The readers of the *Gazette Musicale* can form an idea of my surprise to find in the first of these collections, among the little sheets, which were sold at the time of the Convention, later of the *Directoire*, for six sous, at the doors of the theatres, and which contained the patriotic songs and those of the new operas—the song of the *Marseillaise* under this title: *Marche de Marseillais, paroles du citoyen Rouget de Lisle, musique du citoyen Navoigille, à Paris, chez Frère, passage du Saumon, où l'on trouve tous les airs patriotiques des vrais sans-culottes!* (March of the Marseillais, words by Citizen Rouget de Lisle, music by Citizen Navoigille, Paris, Frère, passage du Saumon, where one can find all the patriotic melodies of the true sans-culottes!) Another copy of the same song, with accompaniment of the Guitar, has but this title: *Marche des Marseillais, musique du citoyen Navoigille, accompagnement de guitare par le citoyen Mathieu. Au magasin de musique à l'usage des fêtes nationales, rue Joseph, section de Brutus.* (March of the Marseillais, music by Citizen Navoigille, Guitar-accompaniment by Citizen Mathieu).

We know that the true sans-culottes or terrorists had but a short political existence of about eighteen months, during 1793 and 1794, until the month of July. It is consequently in 1793, that the *Marseillaise* was known by everybody to be composed by Navoigille, and that it was sold in public under his authorship without any reclamation on the part of Rouget de Lisle, then or later. When the latter wrote the words, he thought of writing but some couplets for the day and did not at all foresee the influence and importance they gained by the music. Michaud junior, who had some personal transactions with Rouget de Lisle, says in the supplement to the *Biographie universelle*, that it was while singing this hymn the *Marseillais* attacked the castle of the *Tuilleries* on the tenth of August, and that from this time the song took the name of the *Marseillaise*, which name the author never dreamt of. He adds: "He (the author) has later quite openly deplored these results, and we know that these open manifestations of his dissatisfaction caused his arrest under the reign of terror. He was not liberated until after the fall of Robespierre, and came then to reside in Paris."

Living in Paris, where the *Marseillaise* was sung as being the music of Navoigille, he ought to have publicly claimed this music as his own, if he was the author, but he did nothing of the kind. Moreover he published, in the year 5,

(1797), a volume in octavo, under the title of "Essais in poetry and prose," in which we find the words of the *Marseillaise* under the heading of *Chant de guerre* (War Song), but not a word in reference to the music. It is nearly thirty years later, when Rouget de Lisle published under his name, the music of this hymn in a collection with the following title: *Cinquant chants français, paroles de différents auteurs, mis en musique par Rouget de Lisle. L'auteur, 1825*, (Fifty French songs, words by different authors, music by Rouget de Lisle. Published by the author, 1825). Navoigille had been dead 14 years.

Let me finish this article with a few biographical notices about this composer. *William Julien*, known under the name of Navoigille, composer and violinist of some talent, was born in Givèh, in 1745. He left this town for Paris, where he studied music, and where he made the acquaintance of a noble Venetian, who became attached to him, took him into his house and gave him the name under which he is known. Later, Monsigny made him enter the service of the house of the Duke of Orleans. After the death of this prince, Navoigille practised his art professionally. He had earned an honorable reputation as chief conductor, having proved his talent by conducting the then celebrated *Concerts de la loge Olympique*, for which Haydn had written six fine symphonies. Being a good violinist, Navoigille had established a school for teaching to play this instrument, without pecuniary compensation. His most remarkable pupil was the well-known violinist *Alexandre Boucher*. In 1789, Navoigille became the leader of the second violinists at the excellent Italian Opera, established at the theatre *Feydeau*, at that time called *Theatre de Monsieur*. Five years afterwards he resigned this situation, and accepted that of chief conductor of the orchestra of the *Pantomime nationale*, later known under the name of the *Theatre de la Cité*. He conducted this orchestra even in 1797; but the bankruptcy of the manager left him without employment and in embarrassed circumstances. When in 1805 Plantade was elected to conduct the orchestra of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, his friend Navoigille became a member of this orchestra. The union between France and Holland brought him back to Paris, where he died in November, 1811.

Navoigille had written for the theatre of the *Pantomime nationale* some works, amongst which *La Heroine suisse* was noticed as containing music with some original melodies. Some sonatas, duos and trios for the violin of his had been published and received with success; but his greatest work, that which commends his name to posterity, is his song of the *Marseillaise*.

This article called forth the following letter:

Paris, July 27, 1863.

"To M. Fétis Père, Director of the Royal Conservatoire of music at Brussels.

"MONSIEUR,—I have read with extreme surprise and very great pain an article signed by you, &c., &c.

"You wrongly attribute to *Julien* the elder, called *Navoigille*, the melody of the *Marseillaise*, to which you give an original date posterior to the 10th of August 1792.

"The veritable author of this immortal song, as you call it, (words, music and accompaniment), is *Claude-Joseph Rouget de Lisle*, my ancestor, who composed it at Strasburg in the night of the 26th to 27th of April 1792.

"This song was printed typographically at Strasburg in the beginning of the month of June of the same year, with this title: *Chant de guerre pour l'armée du Rhin* (War song for the army of the Rhine), dedicated to *Marshall Luckner*. It was orchestrated for military music by *Fuchs*, then sung at Marseilles by *Mireur*, at a patriotic banquet, on the 27th of June, and printed in a local journal on the 29th.

"It is found in *La Trompette du père Duchêne* (number for July 23, 1792), and the author of that publication explains in a note the impossibility of reproducing the music.

"The *procès-verbaux* of the administration of the Opera of Paris, principally those of the National Convention, which decreed a reward to Rouget de Lisle for his patriotic song (July 1795), establish in his favor the paternity of the *Marseillaise*, which all French authors (with the exception of *Castil Blaze*, 1852), have always accorded to him.

"The *Marseillaise* was orchestrated by *Gossec*, and represented on the stage of the Grand Opera, on the 26th of October 1792, under the title of: *Offrande à la Liberté* (Offering to Liberty), comprising an introduction and the well known strophe: *Veillons au salut de l'Empire*.

"The records of the administration of the Opera still establish the paternity of this manifold work in favor of Rouget de Lisle, although it was published under the name of *Gossec*, as author of the music, toward the end of 1793. At that period Rouget de Lisle was imprisoned at St. Germain, for *incivisme* (disaffection).

"The volume of *Essays in verse and prose* by Rouget de Lisle, to which you give the date of 1797, instead of 1796, contains, to the contrary of your assertion, a positive note which indicates that the *Marseillaise* and the other songs of the author, with accompaniment for the piano, or the guitar, or the violin, are for sale at the house of *Pleyel-Gaveaux*, &c. Various specimens of these songs, with accompaniments by the author, exist in the Imperial Library of Paris, at London, at Berlin, &c., and I can assure you that *Mme. Gail*, your pupil, never made nor could make the accompaniments to the melodies composed by Rouget de Lisle.

"I affirm to you that the music of the fifty *Chants Français* (Paris, 1825), with the exception of that of the hymn to *Liberty*, music by *Ignace Pleyel*, was composed by my illustrious ancestor. I hope that you will not refuse him this very feeble glory, even in according to him a poor musical education, which I by no means dispute.

"Permit me, at least, to solicit your indulgence in favor of the poet, who joined to poetry the feeble qualities of a musician both as melodist and instrumentalist.

"I do not speak to you of Rouget de Lisle's knowledge as an engineer officer, of his labors and his military deeds, of his political writings, &c. The mention of the excellent things which he has done, would lead us too far from the object of my reclamation.

"For the present, I limit myself to addressing to you a reclamation, begging that you will oblige me with a prompt reply in correction of what you have said about the *Marseillaise*.

"I am at this moment, and have been for several months, engaged in collecting the scattered works, published or unpublished, of my illustrious ancestor, to make a book of them, which I propose to have printed.

"To-day I address you to clear up a fact, to which you in your article attribute an inexact notoriety, relying on a publication more than eight months posterior to the creation of the *Chant de guerre*, otherwise called the *Marseillaise*, by Rouget de Lisle, captain du génie at Strasburg." . . .

"Be good enough then to address me a prompt

reply, and to indicate to me the number of the pieces to which you allude in your article.

"The truth about Rouget de Lisle is necessary, and you will permit me to solicit it of your frankness and your loyalty.

A. ROUGET DE LISLE.

Civil engineer, one of the principal editors of the *Dictionary of arts and manufactures*, &c."

In communicating the above letter to the *Revue*, M. Fétis addresses some remarks to the local editor. He says: "I have just replied to M. Rouget de Lisle, and shown him that it is not exact to say, as he does, that I attribute the *Marseillaise* to Navoigille; I do not attribute it, but simply say that this song was published, sold, distributed, under the name of Navoigille, and that Rouget de Lisle made no reclamation. M. Rouget de Lisle informs me that *Gossec*, having inserted the *Marseillaise* with instrumentation in his *Offrande à la Liberté*, attributed it to himself and published it under his own name. His ancestor, he says, was at that time detained at St. Germaine for *incivisme*, and could not reclaim; but he came out of prison, and he has said nothing; this is what seems to me inexplicable. Moreover, when he joined this piece with other melodies of his composition, which were published in 1827, he did not accompany it with any observation."

Here the editor in a note convicts M. Fétis of a slight error. The collection referred to seems to be the one which he has mentioned in the first edition of his *Biographie universelle des Musiciens*, in the article, *Rouget de Lisle*, and which was published by Maurice Schlesinger in 1830, under the title of: "Forty-eight French Songs, words by different authors, set to music with piano accompaniment by Rouget de Lisle." In this collection, No. 23, *Hymne des Marseillais*, is preceded by the following observation: "I made the words and the air of this song at Strasburg, in the night which followed the proclamation of war, at the end of April 1792. At first entitled *Chant de l'armée du Rhin*, it arrived at Marseillaise through the medium of a constitutional journal, edited under the auspices of the illustrious and unfortunate *Diétrick*. When it made its explosion some months afterward, I was wandering in Alsace under the weight of a destitution incurred at Huningue for having refused to adhere to the catastrophe of the 10th of August, and persecuted by the immediate proscription which, the next year, after the commencement of the terror, threw me into the prisons of Robespierre, from which I did not come out until after the 9th Thermidor. R. D. L."

M. Fétis goes on to say that he had never doubted the authorship of the *Marseillaise* before the discovery of the copies in his possession, and suggests that M. Rouget de Lisle might very easily terminate all debate upon the subject by simply producing the edition of the song, words and music, which he says was printed at Strasburg in 1792; after that production, no discussion would be possible.

"Meanwhile," he adds, "I find myself compelled to detach one of my copies from the volume which contains a collection of *Twenty-four patriotic songs with guitar accompaniment*, published at the *Magazin de musique des fêtes Nationales*, and send it to you, begging you to show it to persons who may desire to see this *Marseillaise* engraved under the name of Navoigille, I also beg you to preserve it with care; for if this copy should get lost,



it is nearly certain that I should find no other means of completing my collection, which contains *Le Chant du départ*, by Méhul; *L' Hymne de guerre*, by the same; *L' Hymne de la victoire*, by Catel; the "Song for the inauguration of the bust of Marat," by Gossec; the "Funeral song on the death of representative Ferraud," by the same; *Le chant des triumphe de la France*, by Lesueur; *L' Hymne du Combat*, by Cherubini; the *Carmagnole*, &c."

Another theory of the origin of the melody of the *Marseillaise*, that of M. Castil-Blaze, is referred to in the interesting article of Miss Raymond in our last number.

**NEW ORGAN IN WORCESTER.** The importation of a first-class Organ from Europe for the Boston Music Hall is not without its influence, already, in stimulating among our own makers the desire to build, and among our musical societies and churches the desire to possess, works worthy to be called great organs. Worcester, at the "heart of the Commonwealth", takes the lead in this enterprise, as she has done in the cause of classical music generally outside of Boston. We are glad to see the following in the *Palladium* of Wednesday:

**ORGAN FOR MECHANICS HALL.** It is now settled that the organ to be built for the Mechanics Hall in this city, shall be worthy the place, and worthy the enterprise of our citizens, who have taken hold of the matter in earnest, determined to procure an instrument that should be among the best in the country. The committee to whom was entrusted the work of selection, have examined the finest instruments of the best American manufacturers, and decided upon giving the contract to Messrs. E. & G. G. Ilook, of Boston; a decision which cannot fail to be satisfactory. According to the specifications of the plan presented in the committee's report, the organ will have seventy-four stops and four key-boards, making it, in the opinion of the committee, the largest and best ever made in this country. In size it will stand next to the one recently imported from Germany, and now erecting in the Boston Music Hall. The subscriptions to the organ fund have been made with remarkable promptitude and liberality, seven thousand dollars having already been procured. In the opinion of the committee, about two thousand dollars more will cover the expense, and there will probably be no difficulty in obtaining that sum, now it is understood that the organ is to be a really magnificent instrument. It will become one of the attractions of our city, and have an enduring influence on a people who own so noble an instrument, consecrated as it is by some of the highest inspirations of genius.

It is expected that the organ will be completed about the first of September, 1864.

**BOSTON MUSIC SCHOOL.** We call the attention of those wishing to acquire a thorough musical education to the advertisement of this institution in another column. The Board of Instruction comprises persons of skill and long experience, who by their systematic method of teaching have secured to the Boston Music School a substantial reputation as a Musical Conservatory, of which one satisfactory evidence is the increasing number of students and the proof they give of progress in their studies.

**MR. GEORGE R. BABCOCK**, one of the sterling pianists and teachers of our city, whose patriotic ardor so far got the better of his fine artistic temperament, that he enlisted in the 44th regiment, and performed the duties of drum major and band master, with great zeal and ability, during their nine months' service, has come back safe and sound, and heartily welcomed by troops of friends and grateful fellow citizens, and now resumes his peaceful and harmonious profession with the new energy and peace of mind, which one must feel with such consciousness of having done his duty. Students of the piano, especially those who would cultivate a classical taste, and get more than a superficial knowledge of music, will scarcely do better than by going to him.

**MR. JUNIUS HILL**, of this city, having completed his three years course at the Conservatorium in Leipzig, zealously availing himself of its rich opportunities, arrived here a few weeks since, proposing to

devote himself here to music as a profession. Verily the "Leipzigers" (of American birth) begin to multiply among us. We think we might count up eight or ten among our native followers of the musical profession, who have had the zeal to seek a thorough preparation in the school at Leipzig. We know no better sign of the respect in which Musical Art is beginning to be held among us.

**MR. EBEN TOURJEE.** This gentleman, well known as an earnest music teacher for many years in Newport, and more recently in East Greenwich, R. I., sailed last Saturday for Europe, where he intends making a musical tour of observation, visiting the principal conservatories, &c. A correspondent, writing from Providence, speaks thus of Mr. T.'s good works:

"Any person interested in the progress of musical education in this country, would have been pleased to be present at the annual examination of the Providence Conference Seminary and Musical Institute last month. This institution, which is situated at East Greenwich, R. I., has been in existence for a number of years; but music has not been made a speciality, until the present professor, Mr. Eben Tourjee, took charge of that department some five years since.

"He, with his usual *go-ahead-ative-ness*, set himself about procuring for the students ample opportunities to study and practise; and to make the thing more complete, he procured by subscription, a first-class two-rowed organ, and placed it in the hall, that the students might have a suitable instrument for practice.

"The result of these efforts was seen at the last examination; the proficiency of the music class (some fifty in number), rendered their part interesting and satisfactory. One could see that they had something more than a superficial knowledge of the art, for during the examination they showed proficiency in theory as well as practice.

"With the regular studies of the Organ, Piano, Voice, and Harmony, there has been imparted to them a general knowledge of the theory, under a department of general musical instruction, and in a manner which has deeply interested them. As an aid in this department, Mr. T. has collected a large variety of musical instruments, which enables him to practically demonstrate their form, tone and use; also models and parts of many others, to show their construction.

"The music rendered by the class, both vocal and instrumental, was of the highest order, for with such only has he endeavored to acquaint his pupils."

**MISS LOUISA KELLOGG** did not, after all, go to England; neither did **BRIGNOLI**. Both of them figure in the "Newport spray" of the *Traveller*; to wit:

The musical world is well represented. Signor Brignoli, the sweet-toned tenor, is here with a magnificent turn-out. He appears in robust health, but thus far refuses to sing either in private or public. This is deemed very unkind by the ladies, who are dying to hear some of his charming romanzas. Amadio, the baritone, is also here. The concerts given at Newport this season have not been pecuniarily successful.

It gives me great pleasure, and I am sure it will give pleasure to every opera attendant, to know that Miss Clara Louisa Kellogg, the delightful prima-donna of the Italian Opera, has not only fully recovered her voice, but from the rest and medical treatment received, greatly improved both in point of compass and endurance. She has been here some weeks and is quite a pet. The report published in the Boston papers that she had lost her voice and was adapting her talents to the drama, was an error. She appears next season in opera in New York and Boston.

## Music Abroad.

### London.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.** Weber's *Oberon*, with a splendid cast (Tietjens, Alboni, Trebelli, Sims Reeves, Gassier, &c.), was the principal event of the latter half of July. It was brought out with unusual care, under the immediate auspices of Mr. Benedict, who was a pupil of Weber. Yet the public, and the critics, especially the *Athenaeum*, seem to have found it dull; not that it does not contain some

of Weber's most exquisite music, but because the story is so poor. Nevertheless it ran through several nights.—Other pieces have been: the *Nozze di Figaro*, with Tietjens as the Countess, Trebelli as Cherubino, and Mme. Liebhardt (for the first time, and most successfully) as Susanna; *Les Huguenots*; Gounod's *Faust*, which is still popular; *Figaro* again; *Faust*, three times more; *Il Ballo in Maschera*; besides alternate dramatic performances by Ristori.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.** Adelina Patti has added to the list of her triumphs by appearing in two new parts for her: that of Adina in *L' Elisir d' Amore*, and that of Maria in *La Figlia del Reggimento*;—both well-worn operas, which the critics say she made as good as new.—Gounod's *Faust* is having its run here too.—The *Huguenots* introduced Mme. Pauline Lucca, from the Royal Opera, Berlin, in the part of Valentine. The *Musical World* finds in her a powerful voice and considerable dramatic energy, but thinks the part of Valentine not suited to her.—The *Athenaeum* says:

She is very nearly as small of stature as Madame Gaetani Piccolomini—pleasing looking, but not more; nor, to judge from her acting as *Valentine*, in "Les Huguenots," has she the reality of dramatic power. In the conspiracy scene, where so much may be indicated, she was null; in the passion duet, though she ran and struggled duly, the weight of the emotion lay entirely on Signor Mario, who more than once appeared to be hampered rather than helped by her. Her voice is a *soprano*, reaching C in alt easily; in its upper notes particularly of a hard and metallic quality; sufficiently powerful and well in tune. She seems to phrase her music carelessly; especially in such *cantabile* passages as the *largo* of her duet with *Marcel*, her romance, and the opening of the grand duet with *Raoul* offer. Much execution is not called for; the scale descending from c in the first-named duet, and the chromatic scale, likewise descending, in the second one,—were dashed at, not done. The trials recalled our Berlin impressions, where we heard her in florid music; and we must wait till we see her more fairly tested ere we can pronounce her to be satisfactory. Her voice does not appear to blend well with others in concerted pieces, but that is a quality belonging to our time, with its imperfect culture of the art of singing, which implies the art of listening too.

**MADAME LOUISE MICHAL**, the Swedish singer, gave a morning concert at the Hanover Square Rooms on Wednesday, the 22nd inst., in the presence of a fashionable and crowded audience. She was supported by first-rate artists—among others, by Madame Lind-Goldschmidt—and the programme was of the best quality. The solo selected by Madame Goldschmidt was Handel's air, "What passion cannot music raise and quell?" from *St Cecilia's Ode* (violinello *obligato*, Herr Daubert). Her other contributions were three two-part songs by Mendelssohn, which she sang with Madame Louise Michal, and a duet on Swedish national melodies, arranged by Herr Goldschmidt, in which she was assisted by the same lady. The Swedish songs were in the highest degree successful. Madame Michal's solos were the recitative and air "Crudele" add "Non mi dir" (*Don Giovanni*), and an aria from Adam's "Poupée de Nuremberg" (violin *obligato*, Herr Auer), both received with hearty applause. The other singers were Mlle. Ardt, Madame Trebelli, Mlle. Volpini, and Signor Bettini. Mlle. Ardt won an *encore* in M. Gounod's serenade, "Quand tu chantes." The solo instrumentalists were Messrs. Charles Hallé, Otto Goldschmidt, and Leopold Auer; the conductors, MM. Arditi, Pinsuti, and Otto Goldschmidt.

### Germany.

**MUNICH.**—The Musical Academy, under the direction of Franz Lachner, is to give a grand Musical Festival in the Glass Palace, on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of September.

The repertory for the days of the Festival has been settled as follows: First day (in the Glass-Palace, between 11 a.m. and 2 p.m.)—Symphony in E flat ("Eroica"), by Beethoven; *Israel in Egypt*, oratorio by Handel. Second day (in the Glass Palace, between 11 a.m. and 2 p.m.): 1st Part—First Suite (D minor) for orchestra, by Franz Lachner. 2nd Part—Motet for eight voices by Palestrina; Scene from the oratorio of *Tobias*, by Haydn; Prelude and Fugue for orchestra, by J. Seb. Bach; finale from the second act of *Idomeneo*, by Mozart; March and chorus from *Die Ruinen von Athen*, by Beethoven. 3rd Part—"Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," by Handel. On the third day, the performances (in the Royal Odeon) will consist more especially of piano, violin, and



vocal compositions executed by several of the most eminent artists in Germany. Mad. Schumann and Herr Joachim, of Hanover, have already promised their services.

Considerable additions to the forces of the Royal Orchestra have already been secured from all parts of Germany. Thus strengthened, the orchestra will be augmented to about 100 violins, 40 tenors, 30 violoncellos, and 30 double basses, with a corresponding increase of the wind instruments. The chorus, too, will form an imposing mass; and it is to be hoped that, above all, the Munich Vocal Associations, already invited to take part in the proceedings, as they did at the previous festival, will furnish a satisfactory contingent. A fact that ought to be mentioned is that an organ will be erected in the Glass Palace, in order more especially to strengthen the effect of Handel's works; this is an orchestral addition that ought to be welcomed all the more, as it may ultimately prove the cause of the erection of an instrument of this description in the Royal Odeon, the Academy of Music having resolved that, after the expenses of the Festival have been defrayed, any surplus shall be applied to the purchase of one.

**SCHWERIN.**—The third Mecklenburg Musical Festival was held in this city in July. There was a fine orchestra; the Vocal Associations of the city and neighborhood furnished the chorus; the principal solo-singers were Frau Harriers-Wippen and Fri. De Ahna, of the Berlin Royal Opera House, Dr. Schmidt, bass, from the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, and Herr Otto, of the famous *Dom-chor* at Berlin. The Court capellmeister, Schmidt, conducted. A correspondent of one of the musical journals says:

On the first day, we had Handel's *Judas Maccabaeus*, in which all concerned had an opportunity for a brilliant display of their combined powers. The choruses were remarkable for their ready precision; the orchestra appeared inspired by the spirit of the music, while the solos of the four artists mentioned above rivalled each other in the liveliness of their conception, and the purity and noble character of their style. The second day was glorified by the performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, in which the solo performers deserved all the greater praise, since the very highest art has here to contend with almost invincible difficulties. The symphony was preceded by a "Sanctus" from J. S. Bach's High Mass; the "Hallelujah" from Handel's *Messiah*; and scenes from Gluck's *Orpheus*, in which Mdle. De Ahna gave proof of her fine natural vocal powers and the admirable care with which they have been developed.

On the third day we had exclusively smaller pieces, calculated more for individual display. In these, also, the art of the exponents was shown in the most favorable light. To Madame Harriers-Wippen belongs the merit of having deserved the greatest amount of praise. In addition to some songs by Taubert, she gave the grand air from Weber's *Oberon* in a manner that enchanted the whole audience. Mdle. De Ahna sang the "Sextus" air from *Titus*; Herr C. Reinecke, from Leipzig, performed Beethoven's C minor Concerto; and several other artists executed various pieces with that perfect correctness which merits unqualified praise. Loud applause followed each performance, and it may truly be asserted that this festival was far more brilliant than the two preceding ones. The warmest marks of approbation were those lavished on the two ladies, Madame Harriers-Wippen and Mdle. De Ahna, who had, in addition to this, to congratulate themselves on being presented with costly bracelets from the Grand Duke.

**LEIPZIG.** The Gesangverein der Pauliner celebrated the 41st anniversary of its foundation, on the 7th July, under the direction of Dr. Langer. Among the pieces performed, Mendelssohn's *Stiftungsfeier*; Riets's *Maienszeit*, and Petschke's *Neuer Frühling*, were received with more than usual applause.—On the 21st July, Riedel's Verein gave a grand concert at four o'clock, p.m., in the Thomaskirche. The first piece was the "Benedictus a 12" for three choruses, by the Venetian composer, Giovanni Gabrieli, who lived about the year 1600. For its execution, the members of Riedel's Verein had been joined by the Arion and Paulus Vocal Associations, as well as by Richard Müller's, and members of others. The same singers, amounting to about 400, afterwards took part, also, in the "Jerusalem" of Giovanni Biondi, which precedes the celebrated *Lamentation* by Allegri (1630), to be heard every Good Friday in the Sixtine Chapel. The "Lamentation" itself was confided to a select few from Riedel's Verein. A long contralto solo, in the shape of a psalm by Benedetto Marcello (1720), which lasted nearly half an hour, was sung by Mad. Krebs-Michalesi, from Dresden, the *obbligato* violoncello accompaniment being played by Herr Lubeck, a member of the Gewandhaus orchestra. A "Suite," by Muffat (who lived about the year 1727), consisting of overture, andantino, fugue, and finale, was the fourth piece, and was played by the celebrated organ virtuoso, now so frequently mentioned, Herr Thomas. In obedience to a generally expressed wish, some pieces which had formed part of the programme of the previous concert were repeated. They are the sacred songs of the Hussites: "Feldgesang der Tabornen," and "Gesang der Kelchner," as well as an old Bohemian "Morgenlied," with harmonies by Leopold Zwormar of Prague. Mad. Krebs-Michalesi then gave the 18th Psalm by Heinrich Schütz (1647); this was followed by the grand composition for three choruses, "Saul, was verfolgst du mich," in which the four hundred singers already mentioned were strengthened by a great number of additional ones. The concert was brought to a close by Wolfgang Frank's sacred song, "Alles was Odem hat, lobe den Herrn" (1687), harmonized in four and seven parts by Arrey von Dommer (1858).

**BREMEN.**—The series of Historical Musical Evenings, got up by the Artists' Association, has been brought to a close for this year. In the course of the fifteen concerts, of which the series consisted, a sketch was given of the development of music from the commencement of the last century to the present day. The concerts began with Bach and Handel, the principal matter brought under notice being the development of sacred music. They then went on to deal with the first attempts at exclusively instrumental music, including the works of Scarlatti, Clementi, and Haydn, thus coming down to the forms of art characterizing the classical period. Opera and its reform by Gluck and Mozart, and the development of the sonata, the quartet, and the symphony, occupied a considerable time in connection with the above epoch, but most of the evenings were devoted to the art of the nineteenth century. After instrumental music, as represented by Beethoven, had been fully discussed, attention was directed to romantic opera, with Weber, Spohr, and Marschner, and then to the "Lied" or song, with Schubert and Schumann. Mendelssohn being brought forward at the conclusion as a reformer and restorer of the classical forms. To this composer was devoted the fifteenth and last evening, the programme for which consisted of songs by him, airs from *St. Paul*, the Piano-quartet in B minor (Op. 3), and the Stringed-Quartet in B flat major (Op. 87). It is intended to give, next winter, a series of concerts of which compositions of the present day shall constitute the principal feature. The course will include works by Franz Liszt, Ferdinand Hiller, Niels Gade, Julius Riets, Wilhelm Taubert, Carl Rheinthal, Robert Franz, Carl Reinecke, Anton Rabinstein, Albert Dietrich, Franz Lachner, and Richard Wagner.

**VIENNA.**—After having come to an arrangement with the committee, Herr Johannes Brahms has definitively accepted the post of chorus master of the sing-akademie.

**BADEN.**—On the 7th inst., a grand classical concert was given here. The band from Mannheim, under the direction of Herr Lachner, performed Beethoven's Symphony in D major. Among the soloists were Madame Viardot, Madame Clara Schumann, Herr Jean Becker, and Herr Müller (double bass) from Darmstadt. The chorus sang Mozart's "Ave verum" and a Psalm by Marcello.

**OPERA IN ITALY.**—During the first six months of the present year, fifteen new operas were produced at Italian Theatres. They were: *Rienzi*, by Peri, at the Scala, Milan; *L'Eros delle Austrie*, by Lucilla, at the Teatro Regio, Modena; *Feruccio* by Maglioni, at the Teatro Pagliano, Florence; *Cinica Simondi*, by Brindangoli, in Assisi; *Zaira*, by Corona, at Leghorn; *Piccarda Donati*, by Moscuza, at the Pergola Theatre, Florence; *Beatrice Cenci*, by Rota, at the Teatro Regio, Parma; *Vittoria, la Madre degli Eserciti*, by Bona, at the Carlo Fenice, Genoa; *Orio Sorango*, by Zescevic, at Trieste; *Il Di di St. Michele*, by Quarenghi, at the Comic Opera House, Milan; *Rienzi*, by Kaschperoff, at the Pergola Theatre, Florence; *Giovanni di Castiglia*, by Battista, at the San Carlo, Naples; *La Fidanziata di Marco Bozzari*, by Frontini, in Catania; and *Ezzelino da Romano*, by Noverasco, at the Carlo Fenice, Genoa. Furthermore, a new opera, *Il Castello Maledetto*, by Lamlet, was produced in Corfu; and *Ivanhoe*, by Suri, in Bastia.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Up aloft, amid the rigging. W. H. Weiss. 35

Written by Dr. Mackay, probably while homeward bound, on the ocean. Take it to sea with you, if you are going, and sing it while "rolling home across the sea."

Garibaldi's Hymn. (Arouse thee, Italia.) 25

The music is already known as an instrumental piece; but this, to most persons, will be the first appearance of the words. They are dignified, and yet full of fire. This lyric is destined to hold a permanent place among national songs.

Don't whistle near the door. Ballad. F. Beyer. 25

A sweet little trifle for young lovers to sing, the "moral" being, not to "whistle" too loud "near the door" for your fair one, while the "old folks" are about.

Minnie Grey. Ballad. G. C. Whittridge. 25

Minnie Grey died, and was buried in a romantic graveyard near a stream. It is a pity that these pretty girls leave us so. There were Rosalie, Lily Dale, and a host of others, who could not be kept alive. But had they not died, nobody would have sung about them; and Minnie Grey's song is as melodious as any of the others.

Tarry not long. Ballad. F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy. 25

Some poets have the rare art of compressing into two or three short verses all the beauty which others would spread out over as many pages. This ballad is simple and short, but shows the hand of a first-rate poet, and a first-rate musician.

Cuffee's War Song. L. B. Starkweather. 25

Courtship. Comic Duet. C. W. Glover. 25

A capital duet, funny, easy, classical, melodious.

#### Instrumental Music.

Charity. (La Charité.) Thecla Badarzewska. 40

Another of the series of "La Foi, l'Espérance, et la Charité," all of standard goodness, and may be classed as sacred piano pieces.

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T. Oestm.

A succession of light and very neat variations on German popular songs. The one at present to be noticed is,

Come home with me, sister. 25

It is equal to the best. Give it to your pupil for her first "variations."

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 585.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 5, 1863.

VOL. XXIII. No. 12.

For the Journal of Music.

## Half a Dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

ADALBERT GYROWETZ.

(Continued from page 58.)

### CHAPTER V.

G. in Naples; falls among thieves.—Nelson and Lady Hamilton.—G. at Court.—Revisits Rome and Florence.—Milan; lives in clover there.—Zingarelli.—The Conservatorium.—La Scala and its orchestra; what the public listened to.—Genoa.

Among the distinguished persons whom Gyrowetz knew, was the English Ambassador, Lord Hamilton, to whom he was introduced by Hadrava. Hamilton received him very graciously, and invited him often to dinner and to his music parties. His house stood upon a slightly rising ground in the Strada Riaja, and by it was a pretty large open space belonging to it. As the police could not interfere with any person in the house or grounds of the English minister, there was always a company of rogues on this place, awaiting the termination of the criminal processes issued against them, or until by some other means their liberty was secured. Their friends and relatives brought them thither their "daily bread."

One evening as Gyrowetz was returning from the royal garden, he was stopped near Hamilton's house by a company of thieves, and robbed of every thing he had about him; the approach of a carriage saved him from further mishandling.

Another time, as he was resting on a seat on the Molo, of a beautiful summer evening, he suddenly felt a strong pull at his foot, and looked round just in season to see a thief making off at full speed with the large silver buckle which he had torn from Gyrowetz's shoe. There was no use in shouting or calling for help; the thief was off.

Thieving was then a highly flourishing business in Naples. One evening a lady, on stepping out of her coach at the theatre, had her rings torn from her ears; the thieves instantly hid themselves in the crowd; there they were safe, because it was the business of the *sbirri*—not of the people—to discover and catch malefactors. The thieves there were celebrated for their skill in stealing pocket handkerchiefs; but the owners could easily recover them, as they were all very soon exposed for sale, hung upon long strings in the square Largo di Castello, and parted with for a trifle. "In this square is always a great collection of the so-called *lazzaroni*, sitting on the ground, some playing cards, others amusing themselves with a screaming play (*la mora*)—all eating macaroni, cooked in large kettles and sold on the spot. For the most part these *lazzaroni* live in the streets, without a roof to their heads, and support life mainly by hanging about the inns, cleaning the clothes of guests, and ready for any small service; they are contented with little, eat their macaroni singing and joking thereby, as if they were the happiest creatures on earth!"

This was the time, when, says Gyrowetz, Lord Hamilton called over from England a young lady accompanied by her mother, to whom he furnished the best masters Naples could afford, in the languages, music, and all feminine accomplishments.

She very soon became one of the most accomplished, as she was already one of the most amiable of young women, and Hamilton finally married her and lived most happily with her. Some years later he died, and she became the wife of the celebrated English Admiral Nelson, with whom she sailed to Egypt and remained throughout the war on board the fleet. After the death of Nelson she returned to England, where she closed her life.—In which history good old Gyrowetz was sadly out!

One bright spot in Gyrowetz's experience at Naples was his appearance at Court, which was upon this wise:—His friend Hadrava was a favorite with the King, to whom he gave lessons upon a then popular Neapolitan instrument called the *Lyra organizzata*, and through him Gyrowetz obtained an order to compose six serenades for that instrument. They were soon finished and pleased the king to such a degree, that he desired to see the composer, and to hear the symphonies, which it was well known he had written. So upon a day appointed a concert was arranged in the palace, called the Caserta, in which the symphonies were performed with a grand orchestra. Gyrowetz directed as first violin, and Paisiello, first Kapellmeister, sat at the piano-forte. Universal applause.

During a pause in the performance, the queen ordered the composer to be presented, there in the presence of all the company. (This queen must, I take it, have been the daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa, and naturally took an interest in a rising young Austrian composer; just as her sister, Maria Antoinette, took part with and for Gluck, a few years earlier in Paris.) She asked a great variety of questions about his family, studies, and "on all sorts of topics," and so dismissed him to go on with the concert. "This extraordinary favor—the queen herself speaking with a young composer, and calling him to her in presence of all the company—threw all beholders into a state of astonishment and wonder; for no such grace had ever before been vouchsafed to an artist—that her majesty herself had spoken with him in such a concert, at which all the nobility of Naples was assembled, and not only this, but had carried on a conversation!"—This wondrous good

\*This is not the place to correct the story of Nelson and Lady Hamilton. But there is no harm in giving in a note a story (as well as I can recollect it) told me by Madam de F., one of the most accomplished and intellectual women whom I have known personally.

When Madam de F. was a young woman, she landed at Calais (or Boulogne?) with her father, and went to a hotel. Looking out of the window afterward, she saw a woman address her father, as he was crossing the court. He glanced at her face and threw up his hands, with an exclamation betokening the utmost astonishment. After some conversation, he took out his pocket book and made the woman a present. When he came in he told his daughter: "That was Lady Hamilton, and she is starving!"

fortune gained him the envy of some of his contemporaries—but after the concert he drove back to Naples and—lived on as before.

But not exactly. He became acquainted with a Swiss General Aufclermayer and his family—consisting of his wife and two daughters. The acquaintance ripened into friendship. The young man's talents made him a valuable addition to the musical parties at the house—and an affection, encouraged by the parents, which sprang up between him and Francisca, or Fanny, the younger daughter—an affection pure and noble—made the house to him a home, and gave him a period of singular happiness.

Fanny was taken ill with scarlet fever, and lay long between life and death. A very singular circumstance of her condition was, that as her mind became affected, she would take no medicine from the hand of any person but that of Gyrowetz or a young officer, who was also intimate in the family. Neither her parents nor her sister Isabella, would she have about—and the two young men actually performed the weary and wearing services of nurse, day and night, regardless of the danger of infection, hoping against hope that she might be saved.

But she died, and Gyrowetz had now but one wish—to get away from Naples. This could not be done immediately, for he had an order to compose a *Notturmo* for the king's *Lyra organizzata*, and again to direct his symphonies in the royal concert. These orders fulfilled, and with a present from the king of 200 onciae in gold (rather more than \$500, I take it to be), he finished up his affairs, and with plenty of letters of introduction, left Naples and went on to Rome, whence he had now been absent some two years. Visits, sight-seeing and the like, took up the short time he remained there. Boroni and Anfossi he found still alive, and full of interest in him and in his adventures in Naples. Then on to Florence, where he found the state of music greatly improved since his former visit, owing to the good influence of Nardini and several German piano-forte instructors who had made that city their home. From Florence he travelled to Milan, passing Bologna in the midst of the Carnival (1789), and remaining a day or two to witness the sports; through Parma and Lodi, where carnival processions of masques met him on the road and astonished him by their extravagances—the carnival lasting longer here, owing to the adoption of the Ambrosian ritual; and so on to Milan, where he remained several months.

Gyrowetz's reminiscences of Milan were very pleasant, as they well might be, considering the great kindness and attention which he met in all quarters.

His first visit was naturally to the Austrian Minister, Count Wiltsek, who received him most kindly, and introduced him to his wife—a member of the noble family, Clary. He was invited to dine there the next day, and very often afterwards so long as he remained in the city. At that time, the nobility and rich people of Mi-

lan seemed to vie with each other in hospitality. Every letter of introduction brought him invitations to dine, and so he appeared at all the first tables in the city. He mentions in particular the Countess Anguisola, whose table was always set for thirty persons, and to which every stranger, who brought her proper letters of introduction, had a general invitation—he could come daily if he liked; and the oftener, the better was the Countess pleased. So in many houses offence was almost taken if the stranger did not come often, and he would be asked "if he was put out at any thing, or had not been treated with due attention?" and the like. Here poor Gyrowetz, instead of spending his last coppers for a bit of cheese and a bunch of grapes for dinner, as in Naples, was forced sometimes to eat two dinners, to keep on good terms with his entertainers.

The once so celebrated Zingarelli—whose air, "*Ombra adorata*," from "*Romeo and Juliet*," was such a favorite of E. T. W. Hoffmann, as well as of all the musical world—at this time some thirty years of age—was visited by Gyrowetz at the house of the Marchesa Litta, where he lived as a family friend. He was sitting at a small square piano-forte, composing, and clad in a large dressing-gown. He looked very feeble, and complained sadly of his ill health. He very seldom went out, and devoted his time exclusively to composition. [His "sickness was not unto death," for he lived until May 5, 1837, dying then at the age of 85].

Another acquaintance was the Chapelmaster Minoja, then director of the Conservatorium, an exceedingly polite, kind man, who showed his visitor the entire arrangement of the institution. Gyrowetz was taken into all the rooms, and many of the pupils were called upon to give proofs of their talents and acquirements. The one who made the deepest impression was a beautiful young girl, whose magnificent voice and already superb use of it gave the brightest hopes of her future on the stage, for which she was intended. The building is large and beautiful, and the boys' side is completely separated from that of the girls. The director and professors are paid by the State, and the latter have to pass a severe examination made by the director, who is to judge of their fitness for the position.

Six virtuosos on wind instruments from the Duke of Parma's orchestra were then in Milan giving concerts. The leader was Alexander Rolla, who was also the great viola player of his time, and became at a later period director of the La Scala orchestra. [Schilling's *Lexicon* is clearly in error in giving the date of his birth 1780. The notice of his death in the *Leip. Allg. Zeitung*, for Nov. 10, 1841, gives his age as 85 years and six months.]

In the Scala—a theatre of such extraordinary beauty and size, that "a stranger upon entering it has a sort of awe come over him," *modulating* into astonishment and wonder—the orchestra consisted of 80 members, each a virtuoso on his instrument. There were 9 contrabassists and six or eight (?) violoncellists. The middle parts in the orchestra had to be strengthened by the violoncelli, in order to bring out the proper harmonic effect, as otherwise these parts were overwhelmed by the other instruments. Here grand operas and ballets alone were given, and the very best talent engaged; but unluckily there was always such noise and confusion during the performance of opera, that little of the music could

be heard, and a real lover of the art could only be dissatisfied; except when an air or some other single piece happened to be a favorite, when there was peace and people listened; but this was no sooner ended than the racket began again. [Even to this day there is no inducement for a composer in writing for a theatre in Italy, to have an eye to the effect of his work as a whole—a few striking melodies and concerted pieces are all the public demands—they are all it will listen to.] It was different with the ballet; there the eye was engaged, and both the acting and the dancing commanded attention.

There were then three other theatres in the city for opera and drama:—the Teatro Rè; la Canobbiana and the Carcano; and a fourth in which the pieces were played by puppets.\*

Music was very flourishing, especially that in the churches, which ordinarily was produced *alla capella*, but on festivals with full orchestra.

While in Milan, Gyrowetz composed very industriously, and produced several new quartets, which were published by subscription and, through the good offices of the Countess Wiltsehek, with success sufficient to restore the young man's finances, and enable him to leave for Paris.

In Genoa Count Pallavicini received him most kindly, had his new quartets performed, and was so pleased with them as to arrange a private concert, by which their author gained 50 ducats.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Stormy passage to France.—Finds the Revolution; where's your cockade?—Marseilles; its theatres and music.—Lyons.—New Quartets "by one Gyrowetz."—Seen and greeted in the orchestra.—To Paris with rich hopes and lean purse.—Cross-questioned about politics.—How the great publisher receives him; money and orders.—His symphonies taken for Haydn's.—Revolution everywhere; chivalrous adventure.

From Genoa he sailed in a merchant vessel for Marseilles, and had a terrible time of it. Of the four vessels which sailed in company, one was taken by Tunis pirates, the others were nearly lost in storms. Gyrowetz was nearly killed by being thrown from side to side in his small cabin. The passengers finally all had to join at the ship's pumps—the provisions gave out—the captain cursed and swore—"the sailors and passengers screamed, howled, prayed to the holy Virgin, Saint Antony and all the saints for aid," and finally, toward the close of the second storm, a harbor was made behind the Hyeres Islands, somewhere near Toulon, and the passengers, leaving the ship and their luggage, were glad to hire asses and make their way thither as best they could. Gyrowetz had taken compassion upon a steerage passenger, whom the captain had treated with special spite. He had kept him from starving by dividing his own scanty food with him, and now was aiding him to reach Paris. The young man was a runaway son of a Hamburg merchant.

On crossing the boundary into France, Gyrowetz was surprised at being asked after his cockade, and still more, upon expressing his surprise, at being told that every one now coming into France must wear one, because on the 14th of July a Revolution had taken place. To which the German, who had never troubled himself with politics, asked: "What is that—this Revolution?" So the events of July 1789 were related to him, and he bought a cockade and fastened it to a button-hole.

\* These puppet theatres were not uncommon at that period. For Prince Esterházy's Haydn wrote a number of operas.

From Toulon he hired a carriage and went on to Marseilles, taking the young Hamburger with him. He had hoped to sell some of his compositions there, but everything was in confusion and nothing could be done. He was told, however, that in the Musical Society of that city symphonies by him had been played with applause, and that several of his compositions had been printed in Paris—a piece of news to Gyrowetz—having never heard of it in Italy, and not knowing how anything of his had reached Paris—he certainly had never sent music thither. This circumstance naturally made him eager to reach the capital; but he must await the arrival of his effects, still on shipboard. Meantime he tried in vain to find a situation for his young companion, and was forced to keep him with him, and employed himself in seeing the sights, and in observations upon the theatre and opera. He found a fine orchestra and a pretty good company. As a proof of the good sense of the audience, he mentions that one evening an actor, appearing improperly dressed, was fairly hissed off the stage, and forced to make himself respectable before coming on again to go on with his part;—speaks also of his delight and surprise at the universal silence and attention of the people during the performance, so much the reverse of his Italian experience, where the uproar always prevented anything like enjoyment. Music at that time stood high in Marseilles; there were many fine professors and dilettanti fond of performing good music, and keeping it up to a high standard in the churches. Singing boys added to the excellence of the performances with their high voices. There were good organists and violinists; the wind instruments, however, were rather inferior. The military music was poor, but at a later period this was improved by the example of German bands. At last the ship arrived, and Gyrowetz with "sack and pack," as the Germans say, and incumbered with his young Hamburger, was off for Lyons.

Through all this journey he heard French only from the cultivated classes, a provincial patois being the common speech.

Every village and town had its gallows, whereon many an aristocrat had been executed, who had been unable to escape the fanatical fury of the people. At every municipality the passport had to be examined before the traveller was allowed to proceed. Every evening he saw in the villages that he passed, the boys collected, singing revolutionary songs, dancing to a drum and fife, or jesting and mocking at the aristocracy. Passing Vaucluse, where the celebrated spring rushes fresh and cool from a rock into a huge basin, he heard a story of an Englishman, who was so delighted with the beauty and singularity of the spring, as to exclaim: "It must be the greatest pleasure in the world to die in this basin!" Seized with this idea, he went home to London, put his affairs in order, hurried back to Vaucluse, jumped into the basin and was drowned.

In Lyons, Gyrowetz found a place with a merchant for his companion—who expressed the deepest gratitude for the kindness showed him, promised to write to his benefactor—and that benefactor never heard of him afterwards.

Our traveller was pleased also in Lyons with the boys in the church choirs, and adds that (then) the schools for singing boys were kept up with great care, and the funds for this purpose wisely employed. Happening to pass a music shop, he entered, and made some general inqui-

ries as to the state of music, which the shopkeeper answered politely. He then asked if he could obtain any new music at his shop? After a few moments thought the other replied with vivacity: "Oh yes, some new quartets have just appeared in Paris, composed by a person named Gyrowetz, and have been so well received, that within a very short time several editions have had to be printed!"

Who can describe the feelings which such news aroused in the mind of the young composer! He however did not make himself known, but simply requested permission to look at a copy, which the other handed him. Gyrowetz took it and, trembling with joy, looked for the first time upon his work in print! But he never could discover who sold these quartets to Imbeault, who had honored them with a beautiful dress, both as to engraving and paper. Still without making himself known, he took the copy and going away by himself indulged his joy, and feasted upon the hope that now his success in Paris was secured. In the evening he went to the theatre, took a place in a box and listened to an operetta which was very well given. Between the acts a member of the orchestra, who had seen him in Vienna or Italy, recognized him and passed the word along, there is Gyrowetz! The entire orchestra rose and greeted him with apparent joy, and as soon as the performance was over, hastened to him with an invitation to go with them to the house of a great lover of music, where he would pass a delightful evening, and where the master of the house would rejoice to make his acquaintance. Gyrowetz accepted, and was as much pleased as the gentleman himself, when they recognized in each other the music-dealer and the customer of a few hours before. After some gentle reproofs for his modesty in not making himself known, he was treated to a fine supper; then music of his composition was played, and so passed the night in friendship and joy. This gentleman assured Gyrowetz that he would find Imbeault to be an honorable and generous publisher, who would take all his new compositions and pay him handsomely for them. This was pleasant prophecy to the composer, for his funds were so nearly exhausted, as hardly to be able to reach Paris. As to the prophecy in the end—we shall see.

And so with high hopes he journeyed on towards Paris. By and by he had to pawn his watch, but obtained enough to pay the diligence driver, and to go to Paris from Auxerre by boat on the Seine—but this was long before the days of steamboats. The boat was large and comfortable, had a billiard table and other means of amusement, and as it drew near Paris, became filled with passengers, many of them people of elegance and culture. But the few francs in Gyrowetz's purse rapidly disappeared, and he landed in Paris with six sous only in his pocket. Depending, however, upon Imbeault, he went into the first good inn, took a room, ordered a good supper, and waited for the arrival of his baggage, which he had not removed from the diligence when he took to the boat. In the public room he found several members of the National guard, who talked nothing but revolution and politics, and cross-examined the newly arrived stranger with great severity. He parried their attacks, succeeded in convincing them that he knew nothing about politics, and finally they parted very good friends. But with what thoughts

of the morrow did he retire for the night. Every thing depended upon his reception at La pomme d'or, Rue St. Honoré, the music-shop of Monsieur Imbeault! At last the morning came, and the young man entered the shop in the Rue St. Honoré. There he found a finely dressed woman, busy at a table with day-books and ledgers, who coldly inquired what he wanted? To speak with M. Imbeault, was the answer. She cast a piercing look upon him, and noting his common travelling clothes—his trunks had not yet arrived—and that he looked "rather English" (which I will not try to translate), answered, that M. Imbeault was not at home. The other expressed his sorrow and disappointment, not to have met that gentleman, as it was very necessary for him to have some talk with him. "And who are you then," asked she, "that have so strong a desire to speak with M. Imbeault?" He replied, that he was a German musical composer, and his name Gyrowetz.

At this name she sprang up in evident joy, and quickly asked, if he was the same Gyrowetz who wrote the beautiful quartets, which were making such a sensation, and were so much liked?

Upon his saying that he was indeed the same, her face and voice instantly changed their expression, and she added in the utmost friendliness, that M. Imbeault would immediately appear and receive him with the highest consideration. She rang, and in a few moments Gyrowetz saw a tall, fine looking man, dressed in a white morning gown, coming down the stairs which led into the shop. The wife introduced the young man, and Imbeault received him with all the kindness he could wish, and invited him at once into his private room, where the first question was, whether he had brought any new compositions? Upon Gyrowetz answering that he had, Imbeault replied, that he would purchase them all, and pay higher than any other publisher in Paris. Of course the composer promised him every thing he had, but he must await the arrival of the mail coach with his baggage.

The publisher invited his guest to dinner, and, noting the condition of his clothes, remarked that a good and elegant dress was necessary in Paris, and that a good deal of money was also needed there, concluding by asking if he might not then, perhaps, be in want of funds? Gyrowetz answered frankly that he was. Imbeault went to a secretary, took out 600 francs and handed them to him, with the remark, that he paid him this sum on account, and that they would afterwards come to terms as to the rest.

The feelings may be left to the fancy of the reader, which swelled the breast of a young man, who had landed the evening before in a large strange capital with six small copper coins only in his pocket, in a time of revolution, with no friend or acquaintance, no dependence upon or hope in any other resource than his musical talents and an overruling providence.

His promise to bring his new music—symphonies and quartets—upon the arrival of his effects, was soon fulfilled. A day was appointed to try them. The first performers from the orchestra of the Grand Opera were invited to take part in the trial, and Gyrowetz saw delightedly with what zeal and pleasure these French artists labored to fully comprehend and adequately perform all that was put before them.

Two symphonies were played with the best

results and with great applause, and their composer placed the parts of a third (in G) upon the music stands. To his surprise the musicians began to cast glances of astonishment and almost of suspicion at him, and at length the question was put, if that symphony was really his composition? Upon his affirmative reply they asked him for the score, examined it throughout measure by measure, and finding all note for note as they expected, they began with one voice to congratulate him, and to inform him that this work was already in print, and a *pièce favorite* in all theatres and concerts, but was engraved under Joseph Haydn's name! Gyrowetz was naturally surprised, and asked how that could be? and who could venture to publish his works in Paris under a strange name? The reply was that it was a great compliment to him, to have his symphonies taken for Haydn's, and that Schlesinger was the publisher.

Upon application to Schlesinger, he learned that a violin virtuoso, named Tost, had brought these symphonies to Paris, and had sold them as being compositions of Haydn, under whose name they had therefore been engraved. Tost was that music-director in Esterhazy's service, who had led in the performance of the symphonies while in manuscript, and had secretly had them copied. Schlesinger promised to put Gyrowetz's name upon them, and did so, but down to Gyrowetz's death copies were still to be found bearing Haydn's name. The matter was settled as well as it could be, and another day appointed to try six new quartets. The composer was again delighted with the evident interest and zeal of the performers. They had their fun, too, on the occasion. A large snuff-box was placed on a table, and every one who made a mistake had to take a pinch of snuff, bear the jokes of his fellows, and pay a small fine. The result was good, the applause fervent, and the quartets were immediately engraved.

Imbeault followed this purchase with an order for three new symphonies, which gave Gyrowetz work enough for his mornings. He took daily lessons in English also, from a man named Davis, who told one day, as he came to his lesson, that a master baker had just been hanged by the mob on a lantern, for baking bad bread and letting it grow mouldy in his cellar. Spite of the noise and confusion of the streets, Gyrowetz studied hard in his own room. But he could not escape the uproar; mobs ranged the streets shouting and yelling; at every corner a preacher of revolution harangued the folk, and talked liberty and equality; drums were always rolling, as every decision in the National Convention was thus proclaimed: and so it went on all the day long. His studies finished for the day, he dined in his room, then took a walk on the boulevards or Champs Elysées, and passed the evening in some theatre, where usually little but uproar could be heard, and where the performances ended with national songs, sung with unexampled enthusiasm, under the intoxication of which many a young man was enlisted and hurried off to the army.

Gyrowetz had finished the symphonies, and was making preparations to leave Paris for London, when the Fish Women's Revolution took place, (Oct. 6. 1789). He had the boldness to penetrate one of the female mobs in the endeavor to rescue two young girls, whom the women were compelling to join in the expedition to Versailles



to bring back the King and his family. With all the politeness in the world, he requested the women to excuse the poor girls, who were of the better class of society, and received for answer: "What was that to him?—he had better go on his way." He then argued the question, putting it upon the ground "that they were but children, could be of no use, and in fact would be a continual hindrance." Upon which, one of the women tore the cockade from his coat, and said she would divide it with him. He took it coolly as a joke, promised to purchase her a new cockade, and added all the flatteries he could think of. At length one took his part—another and another—and finally the two girls were given up to him, with the words: "*Eh bien! Prenez-les! Elles sont à vous!*" He waited upon them home, where they were received at the door by the porter with great respect. He only told them in answer to their question, who their preserver was, that he was a stranger, on the point of leaving Paris—and they parted forever.

(To be Continued.)

### Phenomena of the Voice.

A highly interesting lecture, "On the influence of Musical and other sounds upon the vocal apparatus, as seen by the aid of the laryngoscope," was delivered before the Musical Society of London by Dr. George D. Gibb, on the 11th inst. The first published notice of the instrument was by Mr. Liston, the celebrated surgeon, in his work on surgery; but the first person who employed it to study the mechanism of the voice was Professor Garcia, whose researches were brought before the Royal Society, in 1855, and published in their Proceedings. His observations were founded upon the examination of his own larynx during the act of singing. Subsequently, in 1857, Dr. Turch of Vienna employed the instrument medically; he was followed by Czernik, Battaille, Merkel, and many others. The lecturer observed that sufficient credit had not been given to Garcia for what he had done, as his researches, although much extended, had not been surpassed, and had been palmed off as their own by some subsequent observers. His great knowledge of music has given to his experiments a value of the highest character, which cannot be too much appreciated. In 1860, Dr. Gibb commenced his researches with the instrument, both as an agent to study and to understand the hidden diseases of the larynx and wind-pipe, and the mechanism of sound, whether musical or otherwise. The results of his labors, together with those of Garcia and Battaille, were embodied in his lecture. The mechanism of the laryngoscope was illustrated by a number of reflecting and laryngeal mirrors, manufactured by Weiss and Son; their mode of application was shown whether in looking at the interior of the larynx downwards from the back of the throat, or in seeing the back of the nose from below upwards. The lecturer then proceeded to describe briefly the parts of the larynx seen on looking into it with the little mirror, and this was lucidly done by the aid of a series of large colored diagrams, representing the various cartilages, ligaments, muscles and membranes entering into its formation. At the bottom of the larynx (which is the prominent cartilaginous box felt in the upper part of the neck externally) is seen an antero-posterior fissure, extremely moveable, assuming at times a lozenge, elliptic, or triangular shape, of which the brilliant pearly borders palpitate with surprising rapidity.—This is the glottis formed by the true vocal ligaments, or, as they are now generally called, *vocal chords*. The action of these chords alone gives rise to sound, whether in speaking or singing. The three sets of ligaments attached to the pair of little pitcher shaped cartilages, called the *arytenoid*, the lecturer compared to three pairs of reins, in tandem driving, which acted almost simultaneously during certain acts, such as coughing and swallowing. The subject of his discourse was divided by Dr. Gibb into the silent movements of the larynx, or *non-phonetic*, and the *phonetic*, wherein sounds were produced whether in speaking or singing, either during inspiration or expiration. There are two manifestations possessed by the ordinary expiratory voice, which have been long known under the names of *chest* and *falsetto register*. The *head voice*, so well known to vocalists, Dr. Gibb was disposed to reject in his experiments, equally with Battaille, as opposed to anatomy and physiology.

Its range, laryngoscopically, so to speak, is shown by Garcia in his writings. A series of experiments were detailed illustrating the determination of the chest register. They consisted of the production of certain sounds of the diatonic scale, and the behavior of the glottis was carefully noticed and pointed out in the diagrams. The mechanism of the elevation and lowering of sound was next considered, and equally illustrated by extremely interesting experiments and diagrams. In the chest register, the vocal chords vibrate throughout their whole extent, namely, in their subglottic region, their ventricular region, and on their free border; longitudinal tension is generally stronger than in the falsetto register; and the vibrations become more rapid and ample in proportion as the sound becomes more acute; the reverse takes place when the sound becomes more grave—the opening of the glottis is rectilinear. Experiments were related, wherein the proceeding was taken advantage of to alternate the production of the same sound in the chest voice and falsetto voice, by means of an uninterrupted current of air, and to study the inherent glottic modifications of the falsetto register in general. The phenomena resulting from these experiments, as seen in the laryngeal mirror, were described, and are full of interest to the vocalist.—The results went to show that in the falsetto register, the vocal chords vibrate only on their free border and their ventricular region. The subglottic region, which plays such an important part in the chest register, here ceases to take any direct part in the generation of sound. Longitudinal tension is feeble than in the chest register, and the vibrations become less ample and more rapid according as the sound becomes more acute; but when more grave, the reverse takes place. The opening of the glottis is more or less elliptic, in accordance with the nature of voice and the size and density of the vocal chords themselves.

The lecturer noticed some other phenomena of the voice, including inspiration; which was very difficult to investigate, on account of the pain produced in its manifestation. It is only by the aid of the falsetto register that the inspiratory notes can be obtained, and the glottis is more open than in the expiratory sounds of this register. In the general summary of laryngoscopic observation, besides the phenomena peculiar to each register, it was shown that there were some common to both; thus, the generation of vocal sound never occurs without the vocal chords being stretched and vibrating wholly or in part. The closure of the glottis behind occurs up to certain tonal limits, and is indispensable to the brilliancy and elevation of sound. The *false* vocal chords take no part whatever in the generation of sound.

Professor Garcia had previously pointed out that the formation of sounds in either register was produced not from the actual vibrations of the whole or part of the vocal chords, but from the successive explosions which they allowed. Dr. Gibb said his lecture would have been incomplete without a few words upon the *formation of the voice*. The vocal chords at the bottom of the larynx exclusively give rise to the voice, whatever may be its register or intensity, because the laryngoscope has shown that they alone vibrate in that situation. To one of the Fellows of the Musical Society, Professor Garcia, we were indebted for what the lecturer considered as the true and correct explanation of the formation of the voice. It originated from the compression and expansion of the air, which gave rise to successive and regular explosions in passing through the glottis. The ligaments of the glottis or vocal chords close the passage, and offer a resistance to the passage of air. As soon as the air has accumulated sufficiently, it parts these folds and produces an explosion. But at the same instant, by virtue of their elasticity, and the pressure from below being relieved they meet again to give rise to a fresh explosion. A series of these compressions and expansions, or of explosions, occasioned by the expansive force of the air and the reaction of the glottis, produces the voice. The sounds ha! ha! ha! in laughing, offer a familiar illustration of rapid explosions occurring in succession, by the opening and closing of the glottis, and form a striking picture in the laryngeal mirror. The quality of the voice is now proved to depend upon simple changes in the mechanism of the larynx. The waves of sound generated by the larynx in the column of air contained in the trachea, produce in a word vibration of the chords. If they cannot be excited, then sounds are extinguished, and the result is what the lecturer saw instances of almost every other day, namely, *aphonia*, or loss of voice.

Such were the results obtained by the aid of the laryngoscope. They were but an instalment of what is promised by future observation and experiment in the hands of those members of the lyric art who would devote their energies to the task. From what has been described, Dr. Gibb remarked, it would be readily comprehended that the slightest deviation

from the healthy standard would materially affect intonation, more especially anything that influenced the *tension* of the vocal chords. Vocal tension, so to speak, must be uniform and equal on both sides, that is, both chords must be equally and simultaneously influenced by the little cartilages called the *arytenoid*, which govern and direct the three pairs of reins noticed in the early part of this lecture. Setting aside altogether the notice of any morbid phenomena affecting the voice, the lecturer requested permission merely to refer to the *cause* of the failure, partial or complete, of a portion of the notes of the diatonic scale—whether the middle, the higher or the lower, or the junction of either—as revealed by the laryngoscope. This, he said, would be found to depend chiefly upon inequality in the power of tension of the two vocal chords; that is to say, whilst one chord would become stretched to its required length during the utterance of the middle or higher notes, the other did not become so in an equal ratio—hence the parallelism and symmetry so essential to perfect harmony in singing became imperfect. Dr. Gibb claimed to himself the credit of being the first to point out this important fact. He then referred to the condition of the epiglottis, and denied that the *loosening* of this cartilage could be accomplished at the will of the singer, as was supposed by some. The reason of this was given, and measures to remedy it referred to.—In conclusion, Dr. Gibb stated, that without any pretensions at all as a vocalist, he had performed various experiments with the view of understanding the cause of defective voice; but the interest of the subject grew upon him, and induced him to go more fully into it. Some of the results of his labors he had ventured to bring before them. On concluding, the lecturer was loudly applauded. A discussion followed—in which Dr. Garcia, Mr. Salaman, Mr. Tracy Osborn, the chairman, Mr. Godfroi, and Mr. Richardson took part—the influence of the mental faculties in relation to the physical forming the main topic of the debate.—*Social Science Review*, April, 1863.

### Mr. Beecher in Switzerland.

HIS OPINION OF THE FAMOUS ORGAN AT FREIBURG.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher writes from Freiburg to the *Independent*:

I have just returned from the church of St. Nicholas. The fame of its organ led me to make this a point of rest for the night. A little before eight o'clock we entered the church—Gothic, large and full of twilight. Several scores came in, and silently waited as we did. One more and another still entered and seemed like shadows flitting past the huge columns. A bevy of girls came lightly forward, clinging together, and, like a flock of doves that swing round and round before alighting, they moved to the right, only to swing back to the left, where soon, gently and prettily, they all settled upon the luxurious oaken board called a seat. The great front doors were closed. The inner iron open-work gate shut with a dull clink. Then a signal bell for the organ rang, and was echoed by another below, plentifully rung. All were silent—waiting for the opening note.

I hoped to hear some 'Miserere' breathed out, or some soft supplication that would carry me up above life and day. Instead, a roll and a crash came from the full organ. Everything rushed forth with screaming exultation. If there flew into the roar a little snatch of melody, all the parts, like so many hawks, swooped down upon it, snatching it from each other, and mounting with it, or darting downward, so that the poor, sweet little melody wished it had never spread its wing. It was too late for regrets. They tore it to pieces, and nothing was heard of it more. Everything had gone wrong with me to-day. I was in a reaction. Yesterday I had gone over the Wengern Alp, stood face to face with Jungfrau, Mönch, and Eiger; seen the glaciers, and heard the avalanches; and come home to see the sun go down upon that cloudless Jungfrau in exquisite glory, to see the moon arise and change its gold to silver, and fill the air with an ineffable beauty. It was a day full of God and glory. I slept uneasily. This morning I rose exhausted, and nothing all day long pleased me. And now the organ must turn against me, too, and shriek and roar and storm against me.

Yet after a while it seemed to have found a master that restrained it. Less and less harsh was it; sweeter stops began to predominate; the harmony was rounded and full; and at length a plaintive air was given and repeated—again given and echoed by this and that stop, until I could think of nothing else but a singing-school in heaven, where an angel was practising the little angels, and each of them was imitating, as well as he could, the sonorous sweetness of his master's theme. Then the angels, old and young,



all sang together. My heart sang too, and I was purely happy. So, then, I had a musical repetition of some of my Alpine experiences. It was just so that I had climbed those rugged passes, and been savagely treated by a storm that roared about us, and that followed us down the other side, until at length, the descent accomplished, an exquisite valley, sunlit, full of happy people, rejoiced my eyes—a thousand times more lovely from its contrast with the fierce tempest among the mountain tops.

Then came a sort of exhibition piece, in which the organ was made to show what it could do. I never like such things. An organ is the gravest and grandest thing in the world. It is a musical cathedral. Its service is religious. To set it to perform waltzes is as absurd as it would be to clear a cathedral for the dancing of waltzes.

It is putting an organ to mockery to lead it up and down in frivolous rope-dancing and musical legerdemain. What is more absurd than a herd of elephants dancing a minuet? What would be thought of a senate of venerable men who should down on their knees and play at children's games, leap-frog, mumble-the-peg, and such like sports.

The best thing to be said of the ponderous levity included in to-night's exhibition is, that it was less bad than usual on such occasions.

The famous *Vox Humana* stop disappointed me. Although very skilfully managed, as it needs to be, and in some few notes closely resembling the human voice, on the whole it was not close enough to satisfy, scarcely to please. It was always used after a dark and tempestuous passage. It sounded as if one were riding past a church in a storm, and heard rather nasal voices chanting therein. Once or twice it was brought out with an illusory sweetness.

Handel's Hallelujah Chorus satisfied me. It was magnificently rendered. The whole power of the instrument was developed. As the sublime conception was evolved, I lost all thought of time and place. The solid roof passed away; the organ itself was for a moment forgotten; the whole air was filled with glowering angels; they cried to each other with ecstatic joy, and answered back as joyfully. New bands broke in. Sweeping upward as into thicker hosts, and carrying the fiery contagion of rapture, the whole universe seemed in motion of boundless joy. Then thou, too, O my soul! didst join the celestial host! Not with sound or articulation, but with worshipful thoughts and sacred joys, unspeakable and full of glory! Then there was lifted up before my inward sight a majesty of love, as far surpassing men and angels, as yesterday the snow mountains, in radiant sunlight, had seemed more grand and glorious than the daisies and harebells that grew at their feet! I am sure that music is the key that opens heaven.—Not Peter, but Handel to-night. The surging sounds died away, and silence itself seemed melodious for a little while.

## Music Abroad.

### London.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.** The 17th season at Covent Garden was ended on Saturday evening, Aug. 1, by a performance of *La Figlia del Reggimento*, followed by a ballet. Adelina Patti achieved a new success, and not less brilliant than the former ones, as *la Figlia*; thus "completing the triad of Donizetti's comic masterpieces": in the three rôles of Norina, Adina and Maria. For an interesting, and no doubt a faithful, summary of the season, we copy from the *Times*, "which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in its head", namely the musical criticism of our friend Davison.

The season of 1863—which will be remembered on account of the first "State visit" of the Prince and Princess of Wales (April 28th—the opera, *Masaniello*)—has not been marked by an extraordinary number of startling incidents. The prospectus spoke of no less than nine new singers. Three of these—Mdlle. Maurensi, Madame de Maffei, and Signor Ferencsi—made no appearance. In revenge we had a barytone whose name was not included in the list. Signor Colonnesse—who came forward as the elder Germonet, in *La Traviata*—was accredited with a fine voice, but not with the faculty of singing in tune, nor, indeed, with even the most moderate skill in using it. No other part was allotted to him and his very name was speedily forgotten. Mdlle. Elvira Demi only played once. The opera selected for her debut was *Martha*, her performance in which, as the *Lady Enrichetta* (*Martha*, No. 1) was voted beneath

mediocrity; and it was only through a great stretch of courtesy on the part of the audience—wrought up, moreover, into an unusually indulgent mood by the fine singing of Signor Mario—that Mdlle. Demi was allowed to proceed beyond the second act. Scarcely more fortunate was Signor Caffieri, who, nevertheless, came from Wiesbaden with the reputation of the best representative of Gounod's *Faust* on the banks of the Rhine. A German by birth, Signor Caffieri had passed the ordeal of some of the most musical of the Italian cities; but he failed to win the good graces of the Royal Italian Opera audience so entirely that the manager intrusted him with no second part, and even restored that with which he had made his debut—Arnold, in *Guillaume Tell*—to its old and rightful owner, Signor Tamberlik. Thus Signor Caffieri went the way of Signor Colonnesse and Mdlle. Demi, and his name was no more mentioned. Signor Naudin (already somewhat favorably known at Her Majesty's Theatre) was far more successful, and proved a hopeful auxiliary in the business of the season. He came out the first night (April 7) as *Masaniello*, and, in spite of a certain French tendency to overdrawn sentiment, which, combined with his French patronymic, caused many to doubt the fact of his being an Italian, produced a decidedly favorable impression—an impression by no means disturbed or weakened by his subsequent performances, in Pollio (*Norma*), the Duke of Mantua (*Rigoletto*), Alfredo (*La Traviata*), Ernesto (*Don Pasquale*), and Nemorino (*L'Elisir d'Amore*). In the last two named characters Signor Naudin had the unthankful task of acting as a substitute for that universal favorite, Signor Mario, who, though advertised for both, with the caprice which is too often the attribute of "universal favorites," found himself at the eleventh hour "indisposed"—indisposed to aid Mr. Gye in keeping faith with the public. Signor Mario may be here advised that his refusal this season to play no less than three parts set down for him by the director is by no means viewed with indifference by the patrons of an establishment to which, whatever it may owe to his services, he himself is still more deeply indebted. The operas of *La Traviata*, *Don Pasquale*, *L'Elisir d'Amore* suffered materially by the withdrawal, at the last moment, of Signor Mario's name from the bills. Nor has it been satisfactorily explained why he resigned the part of the Duke, in *Rigoletto*, in which he is incomparable; or why the attractions of *La Gazza Ladra* should not have been strengthened by his co-operation, in a part so eminently suited to him as that of the young soldier, Gianetto—a part which Rubini frequently played, and which, at one period, was not disdained by Signor Mario. Though we should be loth to see any one else in the character of Raoul de Nangis, it is not the less a fact, very generally recognized, that the music of the *Huguenots* is now, in many places, too great a strain upon his voice, and the only way Signor Mario can atone for this is by lending his powerful aid in some of the more popular Italian operas, which, as eminently the chief of Italian singers, he could do with no less dignity to himself than advantage to the manager. It is hard, indeed, that Mr. Gye should be repeatedly and severely blamed for what is not in any way his fault, but the fault of Signor Mario—"enfant gâté," in the widest acceptance of the phrase. No longer to digress, however, the other two new singers who answered to their names were pre-eminently happy.

Mdlle. Fioretti—who came out as Elvira (*I Puritani*), and afterwards appeared as Gilda (*Rigoletto*), Violetta (*La Traviata*), and Martha (*Martha* No. 2), till, being announced for Isabella in *Robert le Diable*, she mysteriously disappeared, to the chagrin of a large number of amateurs, who had hailed her as little else than a second Persiani—was appreciated from the first, and obtained, perhaps, as legitimate acceptance as any singer since Angiolina Bosio. Without any personal attractions, and scarcely passing mediocrity as an actress, Mdlle. Fioretti made way exclusively perforce of distinguished vocal attainments. Her sudden departure, the cause of which has never been publicly explained, was a sensible loss to the company. Good singers in the genuine Italian school are now, unhappily, rare; and Mdlle. Fioretti could, therefore, ill be spared. Mdlle. Pauline Lucca—whose brilliant success as Valentine, in the *Huguenots*, is of so recent occurrence that little more need be said of her in this place—is an artist of a wholly different stamp, possesses qualities in which Mdlle. Fioretti was deficient, and lacking others with which Mdlle. Fioretti was eminently endowed. In this young lady Mr. Gye has, there is every reason to believe, drawn a new prize; and her progress next season will be followed by all who take an interest in the opera with earnest and watchful interest. Mdlle. Fioretti has fled, and Mdlle. Adelina Patti, with all her versatility, cannot possibly undertake every part in the repertory; Mdlle. Lucca—if she equals anticipation, as there is little reason

to doubt she will—has, therefore, a career before her which may be advantageous in an equal measure to herself and to the theatre. Thus much to the new comers.

The exertions of Mdlle. Adelina Patti have been unremitting; and it is no more than truth to say that she was the "star" of the season. Mdlle. Patti has added four new parts to her already brilliant catalogue—viz., Leonora in the *Traviata*, Ninetta in *La Gazza Ladra*, Adina in *L'Elisir*, and Maria in *La Figlia del Reggimento*—every one a real success. In addition to these, she has appeared, oftener than we have leisure to enumerate, as Amina, Rosina, Martha (*Martha* No. 3), Adina (*Don Pasquale*) and Zerlina. A second and very different, though in its way not less charming Zerlina—the Zerlina of Auber's *Fra Diavolo*—was set down for Mdlle. Patti in the prospectus; but, unhappily, Signor Mario, who was to have played the irresistible brigand chief, was—not "indisposed," this time, but, which amounts to much the same thing, "unprepared."

Mdlle. Antonietta Frizzi—a clever young lady, but hardly fitted to shine as "*prima donna seria assoluta*" in such an establishment as the Royal Italian Opera—can neither be said to have advanced or retrograded in public favor. Her Norma was tolerable, if no more; her Alice, if not all that can be desired, better in every respect. Norma is a terrible ordeal for any artist of less than the highest attainments, while the "Diva" is not only in the land of the living, but hovering about the theatre—to which, and to its patrons, she has twice bid a formal "adieu" with an irresistible desire (as it is bruited abroad) to say "good-bye" once more, in a third "limited" series of representations; and assuredly Mdlle. Frizzi is not the one to make us quickly forget Giulia Grisi, who, but the other day, in St. James's Hall, sang so well and awakened such enthusiasm, at the concert of Signor Ciabatta. Madame Miolan Carvalho has only appeared in one character—the heroine of M. Gounod's *Faust*, here newly baptized *Faust e Margherita*; Mdlle. Maria Battu has given more or less satisfaction in such parts as Elvira (*Masaniello*), Matilde (*Guillaume Tell*) and Margaret de Valois (the *Huguenots*); while Madame Nantier Didieff (in whose place a Madame Lustani has more than once officiated) as Maddalena (*Rigoletto*), Pippo (*La Gazza Ladra*); Nancy (*Martha*), Urban (*the Huguenots*), &c., fully sustained her popularity as the liveliest of singing *soubrettes* and the sauciest of singing pages—added to which she has repeated her well-known assumption of Azucena, and (in consequence, we presume, of the protracted absence of Madame Csillag), with laudable ambition, appropriated to herself the distressed mother in the *Prophète*—one of the grandest creations of Meyerbeer. Madame Tagliafico has been diligent and useful, as of yore, in the various little parts assigned to her; Mdlle. Dottini, besides playing the Queen in *I Puritani*, Adalgisa in *Norma*, and Bertha in the *Prophète*, has usurped the part of Gemmy in *Guillaume Tell*, (successively assumed by Mdlle. Amalia Corbari and Madame Rudersdorff); and Madame Rudersdorff has almost, if not quite exclusively, been condemned to recount the griefs and endure the rebuffs of the unfortunate Elvira, Don Giovanni's cast-off mistress.

Signor Ronconi, of whom severe illness deprived us last year, brought to light again some of the most inimitable impersonations of the operatic stage—among the rest his Figaro (*Barbiere*); his Dulcamara; his Rigoletto; his Podestà (*La Gazza Ladra*); and, last and least (in importance if not in excellence) his Masetto. To these he has added Dr. Malatesta (*Don Pasquale*), which may be described in a sentence as the best we have ever seen. Signor Ronconi, it is true, sings often out of tune—a habit that would seem ineradicable; but, notwithstanding this defect—which, to any other singer, would be fatal—he is, we repeat, inimitable, and invariably wins the sympathies of his audience—except, of course, in such parts as Giorgio (*I Puritani*), which are wholly unsuited to him, and for which he should never, under any circumstances, be cast. When Signor Ronconi is gone, who shall replace him? Certainly not Signor Ciampi—his hard-working but by no means satisfactory substitute in more than one character last season—whose diligence can scarcely make up for a prevailing dryness, which, this year, for instance, was but poor atonement for the entire want of humor in his Dr. Bartolo, Don Pasquale, Sulpizio, and other characters; not Signor Graziani, who, despite his beautiful voice, has no dramatic talent, either serious or comic; and not M. Faure, who, though a barytone, is unsuited to any of the parts traditionally allotted to Signor Ronconi. Signor Graziani has done very little this season; for, though he was the Valentine in *Faust*, his principal exploits (as for years past indeed) have been the Count di Luna in *Il Trovatore*, whose *cavatina*, "Il balen del suo sorriso," no one else has ever sung, or is likely to sing, so well,

and Plunkett (*Martha*)), with the redoubtable song in praise of "Beer." M. Faure, on the contrary, has been unremittingly active, and rendered most important services to the management. It is enough to point to this very clever artist's repeated impersonations of Guillaume Tell, Don Giovanni, Ferdinand (*La Gazza Ladra*), Pietro (*Masaniello*), St. Bris (the *Huguenots*), and last—perhaps best—Mephistopheles, to remind our musical readers of the value of his co-operation. M. Faure's compatriot, M. Obin, from the Grand Opera in Paris (who by the way, should have been noticed among the new comers), only appeared twice—as Bertram, in *Robert le Diable*; and then, like Mdle. Fioretti, vanished without a warning. M. Obin's departure, however, was, we believe, inevitable, his assistance in the revival of Signor Verdi's *Vêpres Siciliennes* being required by the manager of the Paris Opera, and his engagement with M. Gye merely, as we are informed, provisional. Signor Tagliafico has been, as ever, invaluable in the varied repertory of quasi-subordinate parts that fall within his sphere—such, for example, as Rodolfo (*La Sonnambula*), Basilio (*Il Barbiere*), Geasler (*Guillaume Tell*) Sparsafucile (*Rigoletto*), Lord Tristan (*Martha*), Count Oberthal (the *Prophète*), and Belcore (*L'Elisir*)—not forgetting his unequalled Comendatore, in the dramatic *chef d'œuvre* of Mozart. Herr Formes has appeared from time to time, and though his great part of Bertram, in *Robert*, was given to M. Obin, took a fair revenge subsequently when it was restored to him, and a still fairer as the Huguenot, Marcel, of which personage he is still the most characteristic representative. Moreover, Herr Formes was of no little importance to the frequent performances of *Don Giovanni*, in which opera he presented us, as formerly, with the veritable Leporello of German tendencies and traditions. The careful and painstaking M. Zelger was announced for Oroveso and other parts, in the early season; but indisposition deprived the public of his subsequent services. Signor Tambril, whose splendid singing as Arnold, in *Guillaume Tell*, whose "Il mio tesoro," the grand feature of his Ottavio, and whose superb declamation as Jean de Leyden, in the *Prophète*, and as Robert, in *Robert le Diable*, were never more admired, only obtained one new part—that of Faust in M. Gounod's singularly successful opera, a part not favorable to the exhibition of those fine qualities which, in the characters we have mentioned, in *Otello*, and several others unnecessary to specify, he displays with such remarkable effect. To Signor Mario allusion has been made; but it is only just to add that his incomparable performance of Count Almaviva, which warranted frequent representations of the never-tiring *Barbiere*; the impassioned feeling he threw into the music of Manrico, on the night when Mdle. Patti made her memorable appearance as the Leonora of Signor Verdi's most popular opera; his exquisite singing in the trio, "Buona notte," the air "M'appari tutt' amor," and other passages allotted to Lionello, the sentimental farmer, in *Martha*; and, lastly, his picturesque and noble acting as Raoul de Nangis would have covered a multitude of sins. Another very zealous and painstaking artist, Signor Neri Baraldi, who—though over-weighted in such parts as Arturo, in the *Puritani*, and Elvino, in the *Sonnambula*, for which a Rubini is wanted, or, in the absence of a Rubini, one, like Signor Mario, who could act as well as Rubini could sing, and though, once or twice, as the case was with Signor Naudin, put forward unexpectedly where Signor Mario was expected—has been extremely useful, on more than one occasion, in characters to which he may reasonably aspire. The unimportant tasks assigned from time to time to Madame Anese, Signors Lucchesi, Rossi, Polonini, Capponi, &c., were, in almost every instance, competently fulfilled.

Besides the operas incidentally alluded to in the course of the foregoing remarks—19 in all—viz., *Masaniello*, *I Puritani*, *Norma*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Rigoletto*, *La Traviata*, *La Sonnambula*, *Il Barbiere*, *Don Giovanni*, *Martha*, *The Prophète*, *Il Trovatore*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *Robert le Diable*, *Faust e Margherita*, *Don Pasquale*, *The Huguenots*, *L'Elisir d'Amore* and *La Figlia del Reggimento* (produced in the order here assigned to them), no others were brought out. The novelties were confined to three—viz., *L'Elisir d'Amore*, which had not been heard for seven years, *Faust e Margherita* and *La Figlia*, neither of which had been previously given at Covent Garden. *Faust e Margherita* not having been announced in the prospectus, may be accepted as a fair substitute for *L'Etoile du Nord*; but for Gluck's *Orfeo*, Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, Flotow's *Stradella*, and, most important, Verdi's last opera, *La Forza del Destino*—all of which (as well as Rossini's *Otello*) were in the prospectus—no substitutes were offered.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 5, 1863.

### Hayter's Church Music.

A Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Chants, Services, Anthems, &c., by A. U. HAYTER, Organist at Trinity Church, Boston, and formerly at Hereford Cathedral, England. (Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston).

The manufacture and diffusion of new collections of church music still goes on as busily among us, as in the halcyon days of peace. Only we notice a change in the form and fashion, if not in the nature of the products. Instead of endless repetition of the old type of books full of mere "psalm tunes," degenerating as they multiply, at each remove from the plain, earnest, heartfelt, grand old Choral, and losing character to gain seeming novelty, we now see more ambitious efforts to supply larger and less simple pieces; books containing a greater proportion of Anthems, Glorias, Te Deums, and all sorts of practicable extracts from famous Masses, Oratorios, Motets, &c., to the still indispensable but homely assortment of Long, Short, Common and Particular;—thus plainly recognizing a somewhat advanced stage of musical taste and culture in the people, or at any rate a craving, whether wise or ignorant, for something juicier than the old husks.

Of the new "Collections," which have made their appearance during the last year or two, a majority seem to have been made in the interest of the Roman Catholic or of the English Episcopal service. Puritan Psalm singing yields up a large share of the market; Mass and Te Deum, Offertory and Anthem, come more into vogue, and more and more find purchasers and even performers in congregations, that know no established Liturgy. Some of these we propose from time to time to examine, and report thereon as well as we are able; but it is by no means an easy or a thankful task; for we are bound at the outset to confess, as we have many times already intimated, that we have never yet seen the musical "collection," or known the musical service (at least in this country—for perhaps we might except the Domchor in Berlin), which seemed to us, in all respects, to answer the essential requirements.

We begin with the last work out, as being the one which seems likely, from the name it bears, the place it hails from, and the way in which it has grown together, to excite a wide-spread interest, at least in this vicinity. Trinity Church, in this city, has long enjoyed a reputation for the superiority of its music, due, it is understood, to the taste, musicianship, and zeal of Mr. Hayter, who, for some twenty-five years, has been its organist and conductor; a man of thorough English cathedral training, and justly accounted among the ablest and best furnished who have settled in this country. He gives us here, in a large oblong quarto volume of 160 pages, the more valuable substance, we may suppose, of the music which has grown into use during that time at Trinity, selected, arranged, composed by himself, and executed by a quartet or double quartet choir under his own immediate direction;—the music, in a word, which has been favorite at Trinity, and an attraction to outsiders, for so many years. Let us see what it consists of, and what are its pervading characteristics.

The first impression we get, after running

through the volume, is, that the author has been sensitively desirous to avoid the commonplace sameness of the usual church music—usual here, we mean, in our American Protestant churches and congregations. We see it in the large room he allots to anthems and longer pieces; we see it also, in the frequency with which he borrows the subjects even for his psalm and hymn tunes, from beautiful passages in classical works of quite another kind, as operas, oratorios, sonatas, quartets and trios for stringed instruments, &c. To speak first of the latter:

1. We have here nearly a hundred tunes, in all the usual metres of the hymn books. A good sign, to begin with, is the modest number; your regular Yankee "psalm-smiter" has been wont to offer you three, four, five hundred tunes (mostly brand new) in one book, embodying the sweating inspirations of a single year. We, for our part, would rather have twenty plain old Lutheran chorals, even if sung in unison, with aid of a true organist—and infinitely rather if harmonized by Bach), than the whole of them; but it is cause for thankfulness to see them reduced to a hundred—and a short hundred at that. Now as to the selection, origin, and treatment.

About a third part of them are in plain old Choral form, in long notes, harmonized. Care seems to have been taken even here, not to include those which are found in every other New England book, such as Old Hundred and the like. But the most of them are old tunes; commonly old English tunes, with a small sprinkling of German chorals. The name of Bach occurs but once, and that in an instance which does not sound to us so peculiarly Bach-ian as some others might. One is attributed to Graun, which is in fact that sweetest and tenderest of the old German chorals: "*Herzlich thut mich verlangen*"; whether Graun might not have harmonized it as it here stands, we cannot say; certainly the harmony has not half the charm of either of Bach's half dozen arrangements of the same melody. One bears the noble name of Palestrina, and bears the stamp of genuine authenticity in its broad churchlike harmony:—we wish the book had a few more of these. The tunes attributed to old English writers have the usual grave and solid style of such, which to our feeling, after all, is rather style than character, rather careful and respectful deportment than genius. But at all events there is no nonsense in them, no sentimental affectation. Others of this class, bearing no author's name, are good, some dry and frigid. The harmony (whoever may be responsible for it), is generally faultless, but now and then extremely hard and forced, as if thus again striving not to identify itself with the impoverished sameness of modulation, progression and cadence in the common psalm books. So much of the hymn tunes proper.

It is in the adaptations, above referred to, from classical masters, that we find the chief, at least the characteristic wealth of this collection. This is a tempting, and at the same time a dangerous resource, it must be admitted; because, to say nothing of the propriety of taking a piece of music away from its connection and original intention, to try to fit it to a wholly different purpose, it is evident that only in very rare and exceptional instances can a passage from a symphony, a quartet, or an opera, submit itself to the Procrustes bed of the short, rigid, psalm tune form, without

terrible amputation, involving too some finishing off of the mangled parts with very bungling and very wooden false limbs. The original idea, so whole, so captivating, has to be rounded and shortened off to a sudden common-place psalm tune cadence, whereby its very life is lost, and all its charm has fled. We believe it was Gardiner, the "Music of Nature" man, who first set the example of this sort of borrowing and adapting; and out of his collection came the best of those reminiscences of Handel, Mozart, &c., which, transferred to the earlier editions of our "Handel and Haydn Collection," really did some service in quickening a finer sense in many who before had known nothing but the most poor and meagre side of music; indeed those tunes ("Bradford," "Viotti," "Germany," &c., they were called) gave to many Americans their first conception of the great composers, and their first desire to know them better. So much must be admitted, and yet how soon, how naturally, this thing was overdone, run into the ground, tickling the foolish, untaught ear with all manner of absurdities. Not content with chopping up Handel, Beethoven and Mendelssohn into their Long and Short Metre mince-meat, the enterprising "psalm-smiths," with a shrewd eye to a wider market, siezed upon less noble but more appetizing game, and made the fashionable operas and ballads of the day supply grist to their mill, as well as to the street organ grinders. We give Mr. Hayter credit for being much more tasteful and select in his borrowings from genius. In not a few instances he has been exceedingly happy in his choice (if sometimes less so in his adaptation) of a theme. Three tunes he has carved from Gluck:—one the well-known air: *Che farò senza Euridice?* the others, from choruses of priests in his operas, being already truly religious and noble in their character. From Beethoven he has taken the solemn air, "*In questa tomba*"; the great tenor air in *Fidelio*; both impressive subjects, but requiring to be harmonized, abridged, &c. Also two very noble ones, which lend themselves more readily to the purpose, namely: the opening of that rich, broad, profoundly religious adagio of the great B flat Trio; and the opening of the lovely slow movement in one of his concertos. Mendelssohn supplies an impressive passage from "*Elijah*," and another from a part-song. Mozart, the mere theme of a *Dona Nobis*; a movement in three-four, which may be the trio of some minuetto in a chamber composition; and another piece, into which Mr. Hayter interpolates a second part before the return of the theme. Handel is brought under contribution only once, that we have seen, and then in not one of his more hack-nied forms. Haydn also only once in his own right, and once as the completion, suddenly surprising you, of a tune begun by Hayter, and marked "Haydn and Hayter;" this seems really too much like a joke for a church hymn. Weber occurs two or three times, once in the lullaby chorus of his *Oberon* elves,—a sweet and tranquillizing piece; but how can you hear it without thinking of the twittering orchestral accompaniments! From Rossini, we have not a bad tune made from that beautiful, and truly religious wedding chorus, in the first act of "*William Tell*." Enough to mention these, though not the only names. We find also the Russian Hymn, and the so-called Portuguese Hymn, or *Adeste fideles*, both good in their way.

The tunes by Mr. Hayter himself, not more than six or eight in number, are smooth, melodious, well harmonized compositions, inclining rather to sweetness (somewhat Spohr-like) and sometimes to a sentimental pathos, than to the more grand and elevated church style. They are fair specimens of the modern English tendency in sacred composition, of which Vincent Novello has been one of the most influential models.

Of the longer pieces in this volume we must take a fresh opportunity to speak; the present one is spent.

**ARTISTS AT HOME.** Such a rich feast—surfeit we cannot say—of music, as we had the other evening at the house of one of our best resident musicians; such a musical *orgy* almost, considering not only the quantity, but the exciting quality, and appetite still growing with what it fed upon, comes not many times, and should not come too often, in a life-time, even of enthusiastic devotees to Beethoven and all the great ones. Think of this programme for a single evening! Too rich it might have been, and heavy, had it not been extemporized, each piece coming when the party were in the humor of it. 1. An early Trio (C minor) of Beethoven, for piano, violin and 'cello. 2. The D minor Trio of Mendelssohn. 3. A brilliant, difficult Fantasia by Chopin. 4. The cyclus of songs, called *Dichterliebe*, by Schumann, sung as only one tenor in this country sings them. 5. A violin Sonata by the old Italian master, Arcangelo Corelli, in which you find the very cut of Handel. 5. A charming violin movement by Tartini. 7. A violin and piano Sonata by Bach, and a part of another. 8. The "Kreutzer" Sonata of Beethoven. 9. A triad of Franz songs, sung by you know whom. 10. The great B flat Trio of Beethoven. 11. Sonata in D by Mozart, piano and violin;—and we are not sure but that our memory fails us of some more. The pianist of the evening, and an admirable one, was Mr. CARL WOLFSOHN, of Philadelphia, whose first visit (private) to this city was the occasion of the little gathering.

**MENDELSSOHN MUSICAL INSTITUTE.** By a notice in our advertising columns it will be seen that this school, long favorably known under the management of Mr. E. B. OLIVER, has been removed from Pittsfield, Mass. to Boston. We have often had occasion to allude to the high-toned and earnest character of Mr. Oliver's teaching, to the pains he has taken to inspire his pupils with an intelligent love of what is really good in music, and to the classical complexion of the programmes of his school exhibitions. The Institute has educated, since its commencement, nearly 200 pupils, about 40 of whom are now successfully engaged in teaching, and leading young tastes in a classical direction.

**GERMAN OPERA.** There is good news from Herr ANSCHUTZ. If all we hear be true, the interest in German Opera will not be wasted upon several efforts, but all concentrated in one, and that a strong one. Thirteen or fourteen new members are to join the Anschütz company from Europe; among them Mme. Dora Laszlo, a Hungarian singer of repute; Theodor Formes, the Berlin tenor; Dall' Aste, one of the best German basses in Europe, and others of good report. Mme. Johannsen, Herren Weinlich, Lotti, &c., will still make part of it. The performances will commence at the New York Academy in December; and the company will visit Philadelphia and Boston once, and perhaps twice, during the coming year.

**A LARGE ORGAN IN UTAH.**—A large organ, one of the largest in this country, has recently been built by Simmons & Co., to be placed in the Mormon Tabernacle at Salt Lake City, which is a building large enough to seat 15,000 people. The case of the organ and the large diapasons, are to be made in the temple, and a skilful workman has started for this purpose to Salt Lake City.

## Musical Correspondence.

**NEWPORT, R. I., AUG. 28.**—We had a few days since a rare musical treat at the Matinée of Mr. HARTMANN, at the Ocean Hall of this place. Although our expectations had been excited to a high point, by the notices of his performances in Philadelphia and New York, during the past winter, we were nevertheless quite surprised at his masterly execution. Mr. Hartmann is a pupil of the celebrated pianist Theodore Kullak, of Berlin. On this occa-

sion he gave us the "March from *Tannhäuser*," and the "Campanella" by Paganini, both arranged by Liszt; a *Nocturne* and a *Polonaise* by Chopin, and "*Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*," arranged by Heller. They were all played with the feeling and individuality that belong to them in their various styles of composition.

What distinguishes Mr. Hartmann from most of the performers that we have been accustomed to hear is, the combination of qualities that seem almost irreconcilable in the same person. Thus his playing is grand, forcible and broad, while at the same time every note has the freshness and distinctness of the dew-drop. It is superbly colored with feeling, and at the same time it is entirely devoid of sentimentality. There is the freshness and sweetness of the ripe and luscious fruit, and not the sickish and cloying taste of unhealthy confectionery. Of Chopin he is one of the best interpreters, and at the same time he is equally at home in the graceful and musical witchery of the "Campanella."

To all true lovers of music present the entertainment gave the greatest delight; and, although it was not a large success in a pecuniary way, the good seed was well sown, and will we doubt not, bring forth good fruit to this manly and health-giving artist, as well as to those who listened to him. Mr. Hartmann was assisted in an able manner by Mr. Charles Hahn, a violinist of much promise, and Mr. Wilson, a young pianist of this city. We hope that you will have the pleasure ere long of hearing him in Boston.

## "Those Evening Bells."

**LOUVAIN, BELGIUM, JULY 11.**—In a little town of interior Belgium, among broad-built Flemings and jolly Walloons, (don't print it Balloons), hardly knowing whether Boston and Portland are in the hands of the Confederates yet, or whether Dwight's Journal has not by this time nominated Howell Cobb for the next President, I sit sipping *Bairische Beer*, from a quaint mug, on a quaint chair, in a quaint street, opposite that bit of fairy architecture, the Hotel de Ville of Louvain. Every body is in the streets drinking beer, or waiting till attendant damsels bring fresh bottles thereof, said bottles being in fact stone jugs, containing each three or four glasses full, and costing ten centimes or two cents per jug, which includes the privilege of a chair and table on the sidewalk for an indefinite period of time.

The little café where I sit and sip myself away, and where my willing soul would stay, is built against the side of the Louvain Cathedral, an edifice as ugly as sin outside, but within as beautiful as the Angel of Goodness. The floor of polished marble reflects the forms of sculptured saints, upon whose heads the painted windows fling rich halos of gorgeous light, while from the roof of the choir is suspended a colossal crucifix, at the foot of which are kneeling angels. A triple arch of lace-work marble crosses the church by the transepts, separating the choir or east end from the nave. Old pictures by Van Dyck and Hemling adorn the walls, and from the ceiling depends a chandelier made by Quentin Matsys who, as everybody knows, changed to an indifferent painter from an artistic and excellent blacksmith, or designer of works in iron, merely to suit the whim of a purse-proud mamma-in-law. It is twilight, and the Cathedral is a very shrine of quiet art and religious beauty.

Outside, whither we go and begin to imbibe beer instead of beauty, there is a new phase of wondrous architecture in the Hotel de Ville, a structure built a few years—it don't make any difference whether it is fifty more or less—built, I say, a few years before the discovery of America, and small as it is, possessing more real architectural beauty, than all the American buildings existing, even were their united merits condensed into one representative edifice.

Then as it grows darker, there is a rich clang from the belfry, and the chimes tell the quarter hour in music, like the sweep of a skilful hand over the chords of a responsive harp.

We know precious little about chimes in America. To be sure, they have a set of bells in Trinity spire, New York, but no one ever hears them at the proper time for hearing chimes—that is, after dark. Then they do not sound every day, but are reserved for holidays and festivals, when Mr. Ayliffe plays a few patriotic airs, to which nobody listens, and which are quite drowned by the omnibuses of Broadway and Wall street. Far different is it in these quiet Belgian towns. Here every quarter of an hour, and in some cases every five minutes, the chimes sound. Every year they are set to fresh tunes selected by the municipality, and programmes of the music thus played, for a century back, are kept in the church archives. The taste, it must be confessed, is dubious. For instance, the bells which sound divine from Louvain Cathedral at the quarter and half hours, perform, when the hour strikes, the last page of that ugly yet popular dance "The Lancers," the "hands all round" movement, and yet the silly music is so transfigured by the bells, that it actually sounds pretty.

Let me babble about a few of the chimes I have lately heard. There is Lichfield Cathedral in England, a noble, proud building with its three spires and rich ornamental front. They are completely restoring it, and one gentleman has presented an organ that is worth about one quarter as much as the altar screen, and by no means equal to many in the Boston and New York churches; for in respect of church organs, we are certainly ahead of England. By the way, speaking of organs, reminds me of the only tribute I have yet seen paid to the memory of an organist. In Newcastle upon Tyne there is an old church—the principal one in the place—built any number of centuries ago, and dedicated to St. Nicholas. Over the altar is a magnificent window erected only three or four years since, by public subscription, to one, M. Ions, who had been some twenty years organist of the church, and was not over 40 years of age when he died. The window, however, is by no means symbolical of the special tastes or pursuits of him whose memory it preserves. The chance was certainly a good one of departing from the conventional symbolism of East windows, and of producing a window not only peculiar in its object, but in its appearance. Yet the oft-repeated subject of the Lord's supper is again repeated here, and no one who did not carefully read the Latin inscription, would suppose that this was the memorial window of a popular organist. Still it is well to see, that somewhere in the world, good organists are appreciated by somebody, for as a general thing an organist's task is a thankless one. In England, however, it is not nearly so bad as in America; for in the former country, the organist is master of his choir, and has only men and boys to deal with. No petted, spoiled lady singer to humor and coax, no bending to silly female caprice and whim, no requests to "make the soprano prominent," and to "play the alto loud." But on the other hand, American organists get better paid, many of the Cathedral organists of England, not receiving more, for daily duty, than 100 pounds sterling per annum, a sum which in America is often paid the mere Sunday players.

But I am wandering from the Chimes. At Lichfield they are very beautiful in still twilight, nor is there ever any undue excitement or noise in the town to interfere with them. Many of the English parish churches have also beautiful chimes, but they are heard to far greater perfection in Belgium, where chiming is an absolute mania.

Travel, in these days of quick transit, is very much like the changes of scenery in a spectacular play, and the whistle of the locomotive only reminds one of the whistle of the scene shifter; so let us suppose the scene changed to Belgium.

It is night, and we are in the upper room of a quaint, peaked, gable house, the front window looking on an old Hotel de Ville of the 14th century, and a row of peaked houses, one of which, once occupied by a king, is described in his history by Motley. The back window shows a jagged confusion of curious red-tiled roofs, just beyond which shoots up in pale, creamy whiteness a rich tower, gradually losing itself in a still more elaborate spire, adorned with a profuseness of decoration, unknown in modern architecture. You might almost think that the structure was transparent, for as you look, you can plainly, through the delicate stone open work, see the stars in the sky beyond. In the dim light the soft whiteness of this spire—which seems to be built by giants, and then embroidered and adorned by fairies—looks like a mere phantasmagoria—an opium eater's dream—which may fade away the next minute.

As you gaze at it, suddenly, as clear and sharp as a Damascus blade, and yet as soft and grateful as a handful of dropping rose leaves, "falls on the listening ear of night" the music of the Chimes. At first you are content merely to enjoy sound; but soon the ear distinguishes a tune, and if you are an ultra-classicalist, great is your dismay and indignation, to discover that Verdi's influence is felt up in the old spire; for the chimes are playing the chorus, from "Lombardi,"

"Dio del tetto natio."

And a little later you can define the air of *Pagano*:

Oh! speranza di Vendetta

Gia sfavilli, nel mio core

Da tant' anni a me diletta

Altro voce non ascolto—no!

Five minutes elapse when an arpeggio chord is struck, and in another five minutes is repeated. Then the quarter of an hour gives a longer phrase, and at the half hour comes a passage from Gounod's "Faust," the "Lombardi" selection recurring at the next regular hour. In your sleep the chime music mingles strangely with your dreams, and this sweetest of all the voices of the night remains as your dearest memory of rich old Antwerp.

A locomotive whistle, a brief whirl, and the scene is changed.

It is another quaint old town, but the view is gay and lively, and the hour is not far from high noon. You are in a wide market place, with a rambling old City Hall, much addicted to pinnacles, and sadly given to gush out at the sides into superfluous wings and extensions. On the left peaked houses, like-wise peaked houses on the right. On the other side a cathedral, the lower part thereof encrusted with little shops, (don't print it chops), like a ship's hull with barnacles: while at the end of the Cathedral is a grand square tower, as far as it goes, hardly inferior to that of Antwerp, but now without the spire which it once possessed. The sun is shining brightly, and the booths in the market place are guarded by a marble statue of Maria Theresa, who, bare-headed, looks as if she would give her kingdom for a loan of a parasol.

Just at the hour of noon the chimes in the tower strike up such a merry peal! It would never do to hear it by starlight, when only sentimental melodies are desired; but here in the broad day, and in the gay public street, the sparkling music of *Ah! non giunge* seems delightfully appropriate. So you think of Bosio, and Patti, and the other delightful singers you have heard in *Sonnambula*, and you wonder whether, after all, any opera could be advantageously substituted for Bellini's favorite. Then the Chimes, having by this time finished the air, start at it again with quite brilliant variations, and you listen with your head perched on one side, and your tongue ready to cry *brava! brava!*

To be sure a market woman, insensible to Bellini, deems this an opportune moment to offer you a cabbage and a half peck of carrots at reduced rates, and in replying in pantomimic negative, you lose quite a pretty roulade; yet notwithstanding this leguminous diversion from the main theme, you hear enough to ever retain this sight and sound as your happiest, brightest memory of Mechlin or Malines.

TROVATOR.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

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Sing, Birdie, Sing! Ballad. *Wilhelm Ganz.* 25  
A cheerful, chipper little lay, which carols with birdie's own unrivalled skill.

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A clear, free, hearty song, as Russell's generally are. A good song for men to sing.

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Russell was said to put the word "old" in all his songs. However that may be, it is a good old word to sing, and fits well in this pleasant song, which is a new eulogy of old times.

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Mr. Barker's fine taste is displayed in the selection of words and even title page of this song; the melody is most charming, and will no doubt be very acceptable to all.

Emancipation Song. *Emilio.* 25  
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Has a piquant, cheerful melody. *Easy.*

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A somewhat difficult piece, by a composer who has brought out considerable good music. The melody is rich, and the music generally has an air of freshness and originality.

Pinson et Fauvette. (The two birds). *Paul Barbot.* 50  
The two birds, with pretty French names, twitter most agreeably through this graceful composition. It is quite a showy piece, and of medium difficulty.

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A pretty waltz, and easy of performance.

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These celebrated opera melodies will continue to please for a long time, and, next to the pleasure of hearing them sung by a celebrated cantatrice, is perhaps the pleasure of hearing them in good transcriptions, which unite the rich and expressive melody with fine harmonies, and brilliant runs, trills and arpeggios. Richard's transcriptions are among the very best.

Lilla's Highland March. *C. Lorenz.* 15  
A little sparkling thing, for Lilla or any of her friends. *Easy.*

#### Books.

THE SHOWER OF PEARLS. Book of Duets.  
Full gilt, \$3.00. Cloth, 2.25. Plain, 2.00

As the evenings grow longer, musical families will be gathered once more around the piano, to partake of their accustomed feast of melody. Now what can be more opportune than to find, on such occasions, one or more collections of standard songs or duets, like the Silver Chord or the Shower of Pearls. There is not such a vast number of good duets in the world, and this book contains a large proportion of them. The "full gilt" are just the thing for presents, the "cloth" are elegant and durable, and the "plain" as good, inside, as any.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 586.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 19, 1863.

VOL. XXIII. No. 13.

For the Journal of Music.

## Half a Dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

ADALBERT GYROWETZ.

(Continued from page 92.)

### CHAPTER VII.

Arrives in London.—Distinguished reception.—The Lord Mayor's Dinner.—Duke of Cumberland.—A feast for an Alderman.—"Father Haydn" comes.—The Salomon and other Concerts.—The London Musical "Season."—The "Surprise Symphony" when it was a Surprise—G., too, called upon for Symphonies.

From Paris, via Calais to Dover—with a touch of sea-sickness—and, upon landing, Gyrowetz found himself in a new world. Everything was different from France or Italy; different air, different style of building, both public and private; different arrangements for everything; totally different manners; the greatest cleanliness, and quite another people. At the same time among the lower classes he noted rude incivility and entire want of consideration towards strangers, all whom they included under the name "French dogs."

At six o'clock one morning Gyrowetz reached the Canon Hotel in London, where the register of his name, occupation, &c., came under the notice of another guest at this house, who immediately sought out the new comer. It was Giarnovich, the violin virtuoso—the same whom Gyrowetz had known in Vienna—and who at one time ranked among the first violinists in Europe.—Giarnovich (often written Jarnovitch) at once offered his friendship and all the aid in his power—a kindly act anywhere, but especially in London, then if not now—and moreover invited him that very afternoon to a private concert at the Prince of Wales's (afterward George IV) to whom he would introduce the new comer and perform some specimen of his compositions. Gyrowetz wished to excuse himself on the score of the necessity of rest and the like, but Giarnovich would take no refusal, and thus it happened that on the day of his arrival in London his position was favorably fixed, for he was kindly received by the Prince, and his quartet, which was played, was a success. At this little concert were several Lords and French *émigrés*, among them the Duke of Orleans—father of Louis Philippe. One of his first six quartets and his symphonies had already reached London and had found some sale; but his reception at the Prince's set the fashion, and he became for a time quite the musical lion. Invitations to dine and to musical parties became of daily occurrence; and in his old age what he remembered with pleasure was, that in the first circles he was treated like a friend, and not merely as the fashionable musical notoriety.

But the reminiscences of London—let them be translated literally—a part of them fall in the time of Haydn's first visit—and in the list of composers and virtuosos given in Haydn's note-book, we find the names of Gyrowetz and Giarnovich.

"The invitations grew so numerous that Gy-

rowetz often had cards five or six weeks beforehand, that he might be sure of appearing. These cards were arranged in a sort of machine above the chimney-piece, that he might have them before his eyes and not forget. To all grand dinners and parties he received a card of invitation; to all private festivals and pleasures, to evening receptions, routs, card parties, and balls he was invited; he was treated as a friend and guest, and found everywhere the most friendly reception. He had also the honor to be invited two years in succession to the grand dinner in the city which was given in the Mansion House, on the occasion of the election of the Burgomaster, or Lord Mayor, and at which the king and all the notables of London appeared. There he happened to sit near the famous Mr. Fox and Lord Cardigan (?), whose acquaintance he thus made, and with whom he often afterwards came in contact, and had the honor to converse upon many a topic. He had the happiness so to conduct himself as to win the general favor of the English.

"The Duke of Cumberland was one of the greatest patrons of music in London. Gyrowetz's music had made a deep impression upon him, and the composer had the happiness to be treated with marks of special consideration by his highness. It oftened happened that he had the high honor in the theatre of being invited into his Grace's box. Similar marks of honor were paid him also in the streets, for when the Duke happened to meet him, he called him into his carriage; at which the people passing were astonished, but also pleased that his highness was disposed thus to prize and distinguish an artist. And so Gyrowetz lived in London, valued and universally respected.

"He was once invited to a great house to join a number of French *émigrés* at a green turtle dinner. More than ten various dishes, all from turtle, were placed upon the table. After the company had thus seen, that a complete dinner might be prepared from this animal alone, another large room was thrown open, where a superb feast of various meats was set out, which was eaten with marvellous appetite—the turtle dishes having been prepared merely as a rarity and a show. The guests were the former Finance Minister Vildeul and family, the family Dillon, &c., &c.—among them the celebrated 'handsome Dillon,' the favorite of the Parisian women. The evening was spent in play, and as the company was numerous, with a large proportion of women, the play of 'sequeze' was chosen, with which the evening was closed. It happened that Prince Philip von Lichtenstein (of Austria) was one of the guests, and uttered various expressions, which might easily have been made the occasion of trouble; Gyrowetz luckily succeeded in smoothing over matters and prevailing upon the prince to leave the house; and so the amusements of the evening were not interrupted.

"As to Art, he now received orders from the music dealers for new compositions; namely, sonatas for the pianoforte and quartets; and from

Salomon for symphonies for the great concerts in Hanover Square—which latter was Gyrowetz's principal business in London.

"For these works he was very well paid and put in a condition not only to live respectably, but to lay up something. In this manner passed away a year in London; for him very pleasantly, and employed in the best possible manner.

"Joseph Haydn was called thither at this time, and had six symphonies to compose for the Hanover Square concerts. Gyrowetz awaited his revered friend with feelings of intense longing and joy, and upon his arrival (Jan. 1, 1791) he hastened to him, not a little to the relief of Haydn, at thus finding in the strange city an acquaintance, upon whose honesty and friendship he could safely reckon. The first musicians then in London—Giarnovich, Dussek, Cramer, Groedell (Crosdill) Janovich (also, in English books, Yaniewicz), Clementi, &c., came also to pay their respects to the greatly respected Haydn, to show him the reverence they felt and to testify their delight at his arrival; to all which the composer uttered his thanks with heartfelt joy and emotion.

"The English public, however, at first received him with no such feelings; they found him too old, and said they would indeed listen gladly to his symphonies, but that they had no desire to make the personal acquaintance of such an old man.

"Such remarks, had wounded Gyrowetz, as well as all the other artists; and now the question was, by what means could they make Haydn the popular favorite: as Gyrowetz now personally knew all who in London gave the tone, both to the public and in private society, and who ranked as authorities in all matters pertaining to music and the arts generally, he went to these people and explained how great a man Haydn was, what a renown he enjoyed in all Europe, and that it would redound little to their honor if his reception was less brilliant than his merits warranted.

"In answer to these representations the gentlemen promised to do all in their power to secure the popularity of Haydn. A grand supper was therefore prepared in one of their houses in his honor, to which the men of leading influence and the first musical artists of both sexes were invited. On this occasion much was said upon the excellencies of Haydn as a composer, and upon his great talents, and every effort made to recommend him to those present; his own excellent manner was also in his favor, and his sitting down to the pianoforte after supper and singing several jolly German songs, created quite an enthusiasm, so much so that a repetition of them was demanded. Another gentleman followed up the plan by a similar meeting at his house, at which again were assembled the notables of London, and where Haydn was again treated with the greatest attention and honor—and so in a short time he became a favorite, and was urgently invited into the highest society. [Compare Haydn's letter of January 8, 1791, to Mad. Genzinger, in Dwight's Journal, Vol. XX. p. 387, and see how

unaware Haydn was that any effort was necessarily made to secure him that public consideration, which so much pleased him.]

"Now drew near the time when the concerts should begin—the principal ones were the Hanover Square Concert, (for which Haydn and Gyrowetz were engaged), the Ancient, and the Freemasons' Concerts—to all of which the most celebrated artists from abroad were usually invited. In the Ancient Concert, works of deceased masters only were given; in the others music of no exclusive styles. Cramer and Salomon were the first orchestral leaders; Cramer always directed with the violin in the oratorios—Salomon in the Hanover Square concerts. [In those days the London concerts were not directed, as now by a conductor with a baton, but by the first violinist, and, as in the case of Haydn's Symphonies, by the composer or some distinguished musician at a piano-forte!] Both Cramer and Salomon were remarkable violin players. The concerts were given weekly, upon regular days, and lasted through the 'season,' which began in March and continued through April, May and June in London, after which the provincial concerts took their course. These latter were also made very brilliant—the most distinguished singers and instrumental performers were engaged, and nobly were they paid. In England the autumn is mostly spent in the country, where people make the time pass pleasantly by family recreations, light amusements, music, and especially in hunting and shooting.—The young ladies were in general musically educated, and much practised in playing the piano-forte, or in singing,—a pleasant resource for the autumn evenings. The men, on the other hand, had little or no musical culture—though they liked to hear music, and sometimes allowed themselves at a dinner or supper to be prevailed upon to roar or troll out an English song with their untutored voices. This sort of life lasts usually until Christmas, when the city amusements begin again, and the concerts, both public and private.

"The best concerts were those in the Hanover Square rooms under the direction of Mr. Salomon, to which Joseph Haydn was engaged, whose symphonies were the leading feature and were received with great applause. In these concerts vocal pieces, concertos for various instruments, and sometimes choruses were also produced, so that they often lasted until midnight, and not seldom the women dropped asleep. This gave Haydn the idea of writing something which should wake them up; and this was the occasion of the favorite Andante with the drums [in that known in English as the 'Surprise Symphony'], at which in fact the women did wake up, and several of them screamed. Gyrowetz happened to visit Haydn just as he was upon this Andante. The composer was so delighted and pleased with his idea, that he sat down to the square piano-forte and played the movement, heartily laughing, and at the *fortissimo* prophetically exclaiming, 'There the women will jump!' In the course of the season, this symphony had to be played several times. In the series of concerts, several new symphonies by Gyrowetz were performed, alternately with Haydn's, which were also composed expressly for Salomon—of which, three *Sinfonies Concertantes* were particularly successful—and all of which were received so well as to secure their publication.

"And so the winter months passed most pleas-

antly away, with concerts, and invitations and all sorts of recreation.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Second year in London.—Haydn goes and Pleyel comes.—G.'s memory at fault.—Visits "the first gentleman in Europe" at Brighton.—State of music in England.—Glees and Catches.—Baumgarten.—Philidor.—Lights and shades of English life; Newgate; Westminster Abbey; Oratorios and egg-shells.—Knows Sheridan.—Falls among thieves again.—Drury Lane; Storace and Michael Kelly.—Trial of Warren Hastings.

"At length came the time [summer of 1792] when Haydn must return to Vienna, but with the promise to come again in the future. Not long before, the distinguished composer, Pleyel, had reached London, with the intention of giving six concerts for his own benefit in opposition to those of Salomon, for which Haydn was engaged; but as saw that he should meet with no success, he returned to Paris, without effecting anything.—[It is hardly necessary to say, that Gyrowetz has trusted his memory too much in this matter of Pleyel—for the readers of Dwight's Journal will recall a very different state of facts as exhibited in the Haydn-Genzinger correspondence and in the Haydn diaries, as published there. The old gentleman, too, writing nearly fifty years afterward seems to have thought that Haydn was in London only during one season (1791), while in fact he was there during two.]

"After the season closed Gyrowetz was invited by his highness the Prince of Wales to his villa at Brighton, as accompanist, he being fond of singing; the celebrated songstress Storace was also there, with whom the Prince often sang.—Here Gyrowetz had the distinction of being retained several weeks, of dining with the Prince, of freely sharing in all the country amusements and of being treated far more as a friend than as an artist. Returning to London he lived on as before.

"His time was partly devoted to composition and partly to becoming acquainted with English musicians, he wishing to learn their opinions upon various musical topics. From their observations he saw clearly, that at that time, little was known in England of Mozart and Beethoven. [How should they know anything of the latter? Did Gyrowetz himself at that time 1791-2, know anything of the young organist and piano-forte player, who had not yet left Bonn, and was but 21 years old?]

"Hardly anything was known in London beyond their 'Glees' and 'Catches'—a sort of canon—which were mostly sung on festive occasions, at dinners and suppers, and gave rise to the proverb: 'No song, no supper.' Among the musicians he became acquainted with a certain Baumgarten—a German by birth and director of the orchestra in the Haymarket theatre. This man was one of the most thorough contrapuntists whom he met in all his travels; he alone it was, who could give a satisfactory explanation of all chords and keys, of all progressions and resolutions, and decipher and explain with mathematical proofs the foundation and construction of the chords. [The reader may recollect a similar tribute to Baumgarten's memory in a note to the Haydn Diary, from the *Harmonicon*.]

"Another celebrated man whom he had the opportunity of knowing, was Philidor, distinguished not only as a composer of several French operettas, which were given with success in Paris, but also as the first and best chess-player of his

time. Philidor had established a *casino* in London for chess-players alone; this was a large hall, in which were 30 or 40 tables with chessboards. Philidor carried on games with all the players at once, walking from table to table; when an opponent had made a move he was called, looked at the position, made his own move, and went to another; and so on until the games were ended, he generally taking the stakes as victor."

[Daniel Willard Fiske, one of the best authorities living in the history of chess, doubts the correctness of Gyrowetz's statement that Philidor was the proprietor of this club-room—but the old gentleman's reminiscence seems to be founded upon personal knowledge.]

Of his further recollections of London much has lost all interest and is omitted. He went everywhere, saw everything and made England and the English a study. He saw thirteen persons hung from one scaffold at Newgate;—was followed and laughed at in Wogsaal (Vauxhall) by a party of young men, because he wore black silk breeches and boots—which was not the mode then in England;—knew a gentleman who thoroughly understood all the rules of the science and art of music—harmony, counterpoint, four-part writing—but was utterly incapable of producing anything original, owing to the absolute want of any musical idea;—was present at the great annual performances of Handel's Oratorios in Westminster Abbey, which he describes, but adds nothing new to the well known descriptions of them—except the following:—"During the pauses the audience employed itself generally in eating hard eggs, ham and cold roast meats, so that upon leaving the Abbey, people had to wade through a mass of egg-shells and other offal." The chorus singing was excellent—of course the solos were.

Gyrowetz spent most of one summer at Hampstead and Highgate, and became acquainted there with "the celebrated author, Sheridan," who occupied a villa, to which a double garden was attached, connected by a tunnel under the street. He was often invited to Sheridan's house, had much talk with him upon music and found the orator-poet-player-spendthrift a man of great musical knowledge. A very pleasant summer Gyrowetz had of it, and a profitable, as he found many pupils both in singing and composition, and could compose sonatas undisturbed, for which he was well paid. He had great trouble with thieves—and, indeed, England in those days was as pre-eminent for land thieves, as she now is for "water thieves, I mean pirates"—quoth Shylock. About Hampstead mounted "street robbers (highwaymanns hight)" abounded, who lay in wait for the higher classes, when driving into London, so that they were obliged to have their carriages accompanied by two or three mounted servants for protection—just what the English novelists of the last century are so fond of describing.—Gyrowetz on one occasion saw one of these "highwaymanns" pursued by several of these guards—but he escaped by leaping from his horse and flying into a wood, where his pursuers could not follow.

One evening, coming out of Drury Lane theatre he was surrounded by a band of pickpockets, who searched him thoroughly and took everything he had about him. His shouts and cries for help were useless, they were drowned in the noise of carriages and the universal confusion—

and this took place, while the king with his guard and torchbearers was passing by and hundreds of foot passengers were in the street. On the whole he thought himself lucky to escape without farther injury than the loss of the contents of his pockets.

Drury Lane Theatre was at that time one of the best; and its performances were English opera and the spoken drama alternately. The orchestra was good; Mrs. Crouch, prima donna, and O'Kelly, first tenor, were excellent. Storace was composer, and was in the habit of arranging melodies from quartets, symphonies, sonatas, &c., to English words, for which he was much better paid than for original compositions; but the directors had the honesty to name all the authors plundered upon the bills—after this manner, "The music compiled from Haydn, Gyrowetz, Pleyel, Koseluch, &c." Really English composers were then unknown.

Gyrowetz received three cards, for himself and two friends, to the trial of Warren Hastings in Westminster hall (May, 1792). As he was crossing Westminster place to the hall one morning about 11 o'clock, a thief sprang between him and his friends, caught the gold chain of one of them in hopes of stealing the watch,—the chain broke and the thief escaped with but a part of it as his booty. It was a dangerous matter to arrest one of these thieves, as they usually had plenty of companions near. Gyrowetz heard Pitt, who spoke in a calm voice—and who was pale and thin. Hastings was a little man, who spoke in a clear, loud voice in his own defence, which was finally successful.

(To be Continued.)

### Chopin's Polish Songs.\*

(From Fitzgerald's City Item, Philadelphia.)

Not long ago I was attracted by the title of these songs, and, through the kindness of a friend, I soon had the pleasure of seeing them. I was instantly struck by their beauty. The biographers of Chopin have strangely slighted them, and I can find no mention of them anywhere. But I remember that Beethoven's songs were never spoken of, and Mozart's songs (a great quantity of which no American has ever seen) are slighted even by those who receive the credit of writing complete biographies. There is much great music which I know I shall never behold, and I feel much sorrier because we know there are quantities which are never spoken of. What a series of fine articles might be written on old songs which have been neglected by a foolish world!

Every one knows Chopin as the author of a number of peculiarly beautiful Mazourkas, many charming waltzes, and some great nocturnes. He has written a few sonatas, marches and ballads. The wonderful delicacy and originality which characterized him, will make him beloved by every musician. The world does not appreciate him. The world is stupid—because it is ignorant. It will always be thus, and artists will depend upon the praise of the few rather than the spasmodic approval of the mass.

But it is about Chopin's Polish songs that I intend to speak. I consider them delicious compositions. They are sixteen in number. I give the names of them below. Those that I have seen (they have not all been issued yet in America) I can describe.

1. The Maiden's Wish.
2. Spring.
3. Troubled Waters.
4. Bacchanalian Song.
5. What a Young Girl Loves.
6. Out of my Sight.
7. The Messenger.
8. My Beloved One.
9. A Melody.

\* *Chopin's Polish Songs.* Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

10. Horseman before Battle.
11. Two Lovers.
12. My Joya.
13. Melancholy.
14. The Little Ring.
15. The Return home.
16. Lithuanian Song.

No. 1. Is somewhat Tyrolian and possesses a clear, simple melody like the voice of a young girl;—it is rather thoughtful, and there is a feeling of longing through it which expresses the words thoroughly.

No. 11. Is a funeral dirge, which reminds me slightly of the "Marche Funèbre." It is the finest number I have yet seen. The minor key is piercing sad, and the rise and fall of the benumbed passion fills it with a strange deep sorrow which thrills you. The feeling is broad and mysterious, and the taking of the low D and then the octave produces a fine effect.

No. 5. Is a graceful little bit, very characteristic and melodious, without being trifling.

No. 14. Is a lover upbraiding his mistress for having broken her troth. It is admirably suited for a tenor voice and is full of passion, and while it reproaches her, is characterized by a feeling of tenderness, which shows that in the midst of his anger he loves her still.

No. 16. Is a quaint song somewhat in the style of the old Huguenot chansons, and comes to a fine climax. I like it next to No. 11.

All the above possess flowing melodies—markedly original, and the feeling of each song is distinct and complete. They possess every element to make them become widely sung, and I am surprised—no, not surprised, but annoyed, to think that they are not better known. They may be considered trifles—but they are trifles that no other composer could have written so simply—so purely—so beautifully. Their simplicity is their strength, and the same charm which Chopin has given to his best compositions is not weakened in these morceaux. Blessings on the man who could not help writing down such happy thoughts.

R.

### The Old-Fashioned Choir.

BY BENJ. F. TAYLOR.

I have fancied sometimes, the old Bethel-bent beam,  
That trembled to earth in the Patriarch's dream,  
Was a ladder of Song in that wilderness rest  
From the pillow of stone to the Blue of the Blest,  
And the angels descending to dwell with us here,  
"Old Hundred" and "Corinth" and "China" and  
"Mear."

All the hearts are not dead, not under the sod,  
That those breaths can blow open to Heaven and  
God!

Ah, "Silver Street" leads by a bright golden road,  
—Oh, not to the hymns that in harmony flowed—  
But those sweet human psalms in the old-fashioned  
choir,

To the girl that sang alto—the girl that sang air!  
"Let us sing in his praise," the Minister said,  
All the psalm-books at once fluttered open at "York,"  
Sunned their long dotted wings in the words that he  
read,

While the leader leaped into the tune just ahead,  
And politely picked up the key-note with a fork,  
And the vicious old viol went growling along  
At the heels of the girls, in the rear of the song.

I need not a wing—bid no genii come,  
With a wonderful web from Arabian loom,  
To bear me again up the river of Time,  
When the world was in rhythm and life was its  
rhyme;  
Where the stream of the years flowed so noiseless  
and narrow,

That across it there floated the song of a sparrow;  
For a sprig of green caraway carries me there,  
To the old village church and the old village choir,  
When clear of the floor my feet slowly swung  
And timed the sweet pulse of the praise as they sung,  
Till the glory aslant from the afternoon sun

Seemed the rafters of gold in God's temple begun!  
You may smile at the nasals of old Deacon Brown,  
Who followed by scent till he ran the tune down—  
And dear sister Green, with more goodness than  
grace,

Rose and fell on the tunes as she stood in her place,  
And where "Coronation" exultantly flows,  
Tried to reach the high notes on the tips of her toes!  
To the land of the leal they went with their song,  
Where the choir and the chorus together belong.  
Oh, be lifted ye Gates! Let me hear them again—  
Blessed Song, Blessed Sabbath, forever amen!

—Chicago Journal.

### More Letters by Mendelssohn.

The following notice of the new volume is from the pen of FERDINAND HILLER, of Cologne, who, besides being one of the first composers living, has not his superior in the field of musical æsthetic criticism and belles-lettres. We are indebted to Mr. Bridgeman, of the London *Musical World*, for the translation.

After publishing Felix Mendelssohn's *Reisebriefe*, the brother and the son of that great and never to be forgotten artist have now issued a collection of his other letters, comprising the entire period from 1833 to 1847, when his too short career was brought to a close. If, on reading the earlier volume, our heart warms at the youth, the freshness and activity of the happy young man, so early self-reliant, this fresh selection exhibits to us the fine picture of the mature man, incessantly pressing forwards, and never false to himself. The three lustres, with the history of which we have to do, must be divided into three parts, though these parts in reference to the length of time to which they refer, are, it is true, very unequal. The first comprehends the two years (in reality scarcely a year and a half) which Mendelssohn passed in Düsseldorf; the second, the seven or eight years during which he directed the Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig; and the third and last, the years during which he lived alternately in Berlin and Leipzig, not belonging actually to either town, and busying himself with plans for creating some new and perfectly independent position. Under all these circumstances, he had his full share of what was good and beautiful; but, like every true genius, he gave away much more than he received. On the other hand, there was no want of causes to irritate, mortify and deeply grieve him, and his disposition, not only easily excited, but highly sensitive as well, always required a considerable period in order to recover that pure joyousness which formed so pleasing and leading a feature in his character. It was a lucky thing for Mendelssohn, however great his bitterness on account of it, that the Berlin Sing-Academie did not elect him as their conductor. The one-sided nature of his occupation in that capacity would have exercised a disturbing influence upon the varied development of his powers, and it was afterwards proved, often enough, that the air of Berlin did not suit him. At Düsseldorf he found, in a fresh and active artistic life, in which he disports with the same satisfaction as in the Rhine, a beneficial antidote against the feeling of "loneliness" he had brought with him from the capital. It is true that his duties at the theatre were not brought to any particularly agreeable conclusion; he had allowed himself to be burdened with all kinds of employment of the most material kind, and contrasting rather too glaringly with his delicate and somewhat spoiled nature. But he easily shakes off his annoyance, composes, as he did always and everywhere, a mass of admirable music, and goes to Leipzig, before feeling quite at home in Düsseldorf. There, while in the midst of his work on *St. Paul*, he was struck by one of the heaviest blows by which he could be struck: the death of his father. We may measure the greatness of this loss, to a certain extent at least, if we read his father's two letters included in this present collection. There reigns in them a most noble, and truly paternal, because genuinely friendly tone. They display, moreover, such acquirements and wisdom; the writer enters so deeply into the most important questions in music, that we could not help being filled with the most sincere respect for so excellent a man, even if we had known nothing else about him and had not been more nearly acquainted with him. Of a truth he was worthy of being the son of Moses, and the father of Felix, Mendelssohn.

In the summer of 1836, Mendelssohn was in Frankfort, where, for some weeks, he conducted the Cäcilien-Verein, after the great impression produced

at the I. Schlegel Musical Festival by his *St. Paul* had powerfully aided in enabling him to recover somewhat from the heavy blow he had received. From this city he writes as follows to his sister Rebecca: "This is my state of mind at present, all day long: I cannot compose, write letters, or play the piano; the most I can do is to draw a little." We cannot help regretting that the editors, in a spirit of delicacy easily intelligible, have not published any of those utterances of feeling which spring from the affection which caused Mendelssohn to return, for the purpose of soon becoming a happy bridegroom, to Leipzig in the autumn, and during the rise and growth of which he associated, in the most amicable manner, with his friends, "as in a waking dream," speaking of his joys and his woes in a state of the greatest excitement and with truly ingenuous frankness. He was married in the spring of 1837, and, on returning from the trip which followed the wedding, brought back with him, among other things, the Psalm, "Wie der Hirsch schreit," one of the many proofs of the power he possessed of always devoting himself, under the most varying circumstances, to the highest tasks of art. In the autumn, he produced, for the first time, at the Birmingham Festival, *St. Paul*, with extraordinary success. Indeed, the description, in these letters, of his visits to England afford testimony of the great enthusiasm which the English evinced towards the German artist all through his life, an enthusiasm so lasting, that in consideration of it we feel inclined to forgive them many sins in matters connected with music. But what Mendelssohn himself says, in many places, concerning the impression he carried home with him of such brilliant triumphs, is highly characteristic.

The period during which Mendelssohn resided and worked in Leipzig, with the intervening journeys to the Rhine, to Switzerland, and to England, when he was surrounded by perfect domestic felicity, was probably the most unclouded period of his life. The beautiful intercourse which he never neglected to maintain with his family in Berlin, was once more heavily shaken in the year 1852 by the death of the deeply-loved mother. "The centre of union in which we might still feel ourselves children, is now wanting to us," writes Felix, and he makes his sisters the most affectionate proposals as to how they should arrange so as to continue for the future as closely united as previously. We know how united they were, and what a terrible impression was produced upon him by his sister Fanny's death in the last year of his own existence.

After the accession to the throne of Friedrich Wilhelm IV., who, every one is aware, exhibited the greatest interest for Mendelssohn's talent, and overwhelmed him with well-merited marks of favor, negotiations were commenced with the highest authorities in Berlin, but, despite all the good will displayed on both sides, they did not end in the desired result. Mendelssohn was to play an active artistic part in the Capital; he was to have the guidance of the musical section at the Academy; he was to be at the head of a Conservatory to be subsequently established, and Heaven knows what else. But it came to nothing.

It is to the impulse given him by the art-loving King that we are indebted, however, for the music of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Antigone*, *Œdipus*, and Racine's *Athalie*. Such music is, undoubtedly, worth more than anything an official position, however influential, in which Mendelssohn might have been placed, would have created for the world. But all those who were intimately acquainted with Mendelssohn can easily imagine how little satisfaction he must have felt at all these experiments, all these offers, which dissolved like shadows under his grasp, and this continual vacillation with regard to the immediate future. The letters published in relation to this are of the greatest interest, and afford another proof how difficult it is to put new wine into old bottles—for such is really the old-new moral to be gathered from the numerous letters on the subject. Great satisfaction, on the other hand, was afforded Mendelssohn by the foundation of the Conservatory in Leipzig. In this he was seconded, in the most friendly manner, by every one, especially the late King of Saxony.

A gloomy weight bears down the last letters we have of him, and we shudder on reading, in a letter addressed by him, on the 29th July, 1847, from Interlaken to his sister Rebecca, the words, "And with all our phrases, and inquiries, and words, I have constantly but one thought: how short is life!" Four months later he had ceased to exist.

Of all the works of art that he presented to the world, and which may be entitled perfect, his life was really the most beautiful. And as the man and the artist force their way to the surface, we find in his

career, taken as a whole, all the qualities which distinguish his creations. A kind of harmony is spread over all, and in it we see light and almost playful charm, moral seriousness, heartfelt, warm sentiment, unutterable truthfulness of conviction, sharp conception, and strong, energetic power of realization; a marked prominence of that individuality, which, though great and original, knows its limits, and strives not to overstep, but to render them as perfect and rounded as possible within itself; no sacrifices to the golden calf, but no instance of pietistic avoidance of brilliant beauty, when genuine, and not abused for a bad end; frequently an amiable concession to the wants (social or artistic) of larger circles, but always employed for the purpose of exercising an ennobling influence, and never, allowing itself to be dragged down by them. Honorable and conscientious is he in his life and in his productions, in his deeds and in his words.

The thousands who know and love this extraordinary artist from his works, will learn from these letters, where he shows himself in the smallest as well as the most important relations of life, to esteem him more highly, and to respect him more warmly than ever. We should like to quote half the book, were it not far preferable to refer every one, who takes any interest in art, to the whole work. In the first place, the unconscious autobiography, written in a spirit of the greatest candor, is indescribably attractive; and then we have the labor which preceded and that which followed his greatest works; his behavior towards the managers of concerts, musical-festival committees, officials, ministers, princes, and kings; the profound attachment, always the same, towards his family; the kindly sternness displayed towards his more intimate musical friends, and the conscientiousness with which he entered upon the most varied musical undertakings. How unreservedly he appreciates talent, when not opposed to his own convictions of the dignity of art, but how admirably and sharply he combats all that is vain and empty, especially when puffed up with presumption! Nothing can be more apt than what he says, for instance, about the whilom celebrated "Rhine Song," of 1848, in the midst of all the rumpus and fuss which surrounded it. We must regret, though we may not be able to object to, the fact of the excellent editors' having been so very reserved with the opinions concerning celebrated men and works of the present day, which are doubtless in the letters. But their principal aim was, very properly, to place in a particularly clear light before us the most inward nature of the beloved object of their work, and in this they have perfectly succeeded.

We must not measure these letters by any so-called literary standard—they are chatted rather than written, and, in throwing them off, for they are mostly confidential, Mendelssohn did not, as a matter of course, care about that perfection of style which he exhibits in his smallest song. When, however, he has to give reasons for an opinion, or to establish a decision, his words, in their unvarnished simplicity, are marked by a masterly conciseness and significance, a degree of exhaustiveness, but seldom to be found in the most famous critics, aestheticians, or historians. This is the case in his letter to a Herr X. on the difficulty of being at the same time airy and yet decided as regards the outlines, when treating fanciful subjects; in his letter to Herr Souhay on the import, conveyed in words, of instrumental music; and in a hundred observations, of various lengths, out of which we might cull a splendid *résumé* for composers. There is one striking fact, in connection with this, which, perhaps, casts an instructive light upon him; namely, the moderation of his expressions, a moderation which invariably causes him, when speaking of anything, however powerfully it may move him, to employ words rather below than above the level of what he feels. He does not speak of creation, of enthusiasm, of inspiration, but of work, of plunging his glance inwards, and of his pleasure in his task. Thus the want of pathos and passion, for which many persons blame his productions, may, perhaps, arise principally from the dread he entertained of that emptiness which is liable to ensue so easily from the slightest exaggeration.—Enough!—this fine book shall not serve as the title for an essay. It was a necessity for me to speak my mind about it to my friends, far and near. May its valuable pages find as many readers as they deserve to find, and, at the same time, illustrate and glorify the thoroughly harmonious and refulgent form of him, who, though, passed away, remains for ever with us.

Cologne, Aug. 18th, 1863.

The orchestra pitch, now introduced in the Berlin Opera House, is the same as used in the last century in the performance of the operas by Mozart and others.

## Music Abroad.

### London.

The *Times* has the following summary of the Operatic season at Her Majesty's Theatre, which closed about the middle of August. (A like review of the season at the other house,—the Royal Italian Opera,—will be found in our last number).

A stronger or more serviceable company of principal singers than Mr. Mapleson this year provided for his subscribers could scarcely be desired—if, as times go, it could possibly be obtained, which is very doubtful! His chief *prima donna* has now no rival in her own special walk. If there were any fault with which to charge Mdle. Titiens it would be a fault on the right side—that of having done too much. The zeal of this accomplished artist is almost without precedent. Like Giulia Grisi—to whose throne and sceptre she has succeeded, as Queen of Lyric Tragedy—she seems both willing and able to play almost any given part in the operatic repertory. Out of the 15 operas represented at various intervals this season, only three can be named in which Mdle. Titiens took no part. She appeared seven times as Leonora in the *Trovatore*; twice as Elvira, in the *Puritani*; four times as Lucia di Lammermoor; four times as Lucrezia Borgia; three times as Selvaggio, in Signor Schira's *Niccolò de' Luppi*; three times as Valentine, in the *Huguenots*; six times as Amalia, in *Il Ballo in Maschera*; once as Norma; four times as Reiza, in *Oberon*; twice as the Countess, in *Le Nozze di Figaro*; once as Donna Anna, in *Don Giovanni*; and 20 times as Margaret, in *Faust*—in all no less than 57 performances out of about 70. Her most remarkable successes this year have been in Norma and Margaret—not because of their superior excellence when viewed by the side of her other efforts, but because they first showed how earnestly she is striving to become mistress of the *bond fide* Italian school, and because the last was a character which even her greatest admirers thought wholly out of her line. The result triumphantly proved them wrong, inasmuch as a Margaret more poetically conceived and beautifully represented, a Margaret more nearly approaching the ideal of Goethe's incomparable Gretchen, it would be hardly possible to see. The part in which Mdle. Titiens challenged most discussion was that of Bellini's Elvira—the music of *I Puritani*, in the opinion of many good judges, being in certain respects unfavorable to the exhibition of her peculiar and in their way inimitable powers. The three operas in which Mdle. Titiens did not sing were *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, and *La Traviata*.

In Rossini's comic masterpiece Mdle. Trebelli, as Rosina, confirmed the favorable opinion she elicited last year. As the engagement of Madame Alboni was only for a limited number of representations, the performances of that incomparable singer were confined to two parts—Azucena (*Il Trovatore*), and Fatima (*Oberon*); and on certain occasions, when Madame Alboni's services were elsewhere in request, Mdle. Trebelli supplied her place, to the general satisfaction, in both these characters; besides which she appeared, from time to time, as Maffeo Orsini (*Lucrezia*), Urbain (the *Huguenots*), the Sorcerer (*Ballo in Maschera*), Siebel (*Faust*), Cherubino (*Figaro*), and Laodamia (*Niccolò de' Luppi*)—in which last the grace and meaning she threw into the charming romanza, "La pella Mea," composed by Signor Schira and interpolated in the opera expressly on her account, obtained for it a popularity which travelled from the stage to the concert-room. The sparkling French opera of Donizetti and the lyric melodrama of Verdi brought forward one of the new singers announced in the prospectus—viz., Mdle. Artot, who, whether as the dashing Vivandiere or the consumptive courtesan, showed talent, both as singer and actress, of a very high order. That Mdle. Artot—who besides these characters only assumed one other, viz., that of Adalgisa (*Norma*)—will be heard of again next year there can be little cause to doubt. Like Mdle. Fioretti, at the rival house, Mdle. Artot convinced the London musical public that genuine art had still some representatives on the continent. Mdle. Volpini—a young singer from the Italian Opera in Paris, whose name was not announced in the prospectus—produced an extremely favorable impression as Oscar the page, in *Il Ballo in Maschera*, and made a more than creditable attempt, near the end of the season, in the far more responsible part of Zerlina (*Don Giovanni*). Mdle. Therese Ellinger, from Vienna, early in the season, successively assumed the parts of Azucena (*vice Alboni*) and Maffeo Orsini (pending the arrival of Trebelli). This lady



was also an unexpected acquisition, her name not having appeared in the prospectus.

Of the other lady singers in Mr. Mapleson's company it is enough to say that Mademoiselle Louise Michal, the Swedish protégée of Madame Goldschmidt Lind, has been eminently serviceable, although only two parts—those of Margaret de Valois (*Huguenots*) and Elvira (*Don Giovanni*)—fell to her share; that Madame Lemaire, always ready and always correct, took the character of Puck, in *Oberon*, when that of Fatima devolved upon Mdlle. Trebelli; that Madame Tacanni is remembered by her very natural impersonation of the old woman (Martha) in *Faust*; that Mdlle. Rosa Erina (*anglicised* Rose Hersee) gave the "Mermaid's Song" in *Oberon* very prettily; and that Mdlle. Louise Liebhart (a Hungarian, from Vienna)—another about whom the prospectus said nothing—by her assumption, late in the season, of the character of Susanna, in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, fully warranted the general satisfaction caused by a report that she is re-engaged for next year. Mdlles. Volpini, Ellenger and Liebhart may thus fairly be accepted as atonement for the absence of Mdlle. Kaiser, Mdlle. Rosa de Ruda and Mdlle. Kellogg, all of whom had been announced. The greatest disappointment was felt at the non-arrival of Mdlle. Kellogg, a young singer who, in Gilda (*Rigoletto*) and other parts, has earned considerable celebrity at New York and various North American cities, and who had already once failed to answer to her name in 1862—the excuse being then, as now "sudden and severe indisposition." Mdlle. Kellogg is said to be under 20, very good-looking, and possessed of dramatic powers that have awakened the admiration of no less respectable an authority than Miss Charlotte Cushman.

On referring to the list of tenors, barytones and basses put forth in the managerial preliminary document, we find the names of three gentlemen who were not forthcoming. These are Signor Rovere, a barytone "buffo" in the "dry" style, one of the earliest apprentices on the first institution of the formidable rivalry at Bow-street, and subsequently engaged by Mr. Lumley, some 10 or 12 years ago; Signor Fagotti, a barytone "serioso," who played in Verdi's *Rigoletto* and Mercadante's *Il Giuramento*, when Mr. E. T. Smith gave Italian opera at Drury-lane Theatre; and Signor Bagagiolo, a bass, who was to have come out as Oroveso. The place of Signor Bagagiolo, at the eleventh hour, was unceremoniously filled by Signor Bossi, a gentleman who, with lively readiness, has shown himself apt, at a given moment, to assume any part that might be offered him, large or small, from Don Pasquale to Masetto. With Signor Zucchini at hand, there was no need of a dry Bartolo, or a dry Sulpizio, and so Signor Rovere was not missed; while, with Signor Violetti, M. Gassier, and Mr. Santley in the company, there were "singing barytones" enough and to spare, whether for serious or comic parts; and so no one cried out for "Fagotti." Signor Violetti (an old favorite), after playing Giorgio, in the *Puritani*, and Basilio, in the *Barbier*, vanished without a warning, and was no more heard of. M. Gassier has been indefatigable, representing many parts in various styles—Riccardo (*I Puritani*), Enrico (*Lucia*), Alphonso (*Lucrezia*), Triolo (*Nicolo de Lapi*), "First Conspirator" (*Ballo in Maschera*), Mephistopheles (*Faust*), Babekah (*Oberon*), Figaro (both in the *Barbier* and *Le Nozze*), Don Giovanni, for example—displaying more or less excellence in all. A more useful artist, and one with a larger repertory at command than this gentleman it would be difficult to find. What is also a point of infinite consequence, M. Gassier never disappoints the public, and thus is of the greater value to his manager. As much in this respect may be said of our countryman Mr. Santley, now without a superior as "barytone cantante" on the Italian boards. The improvement of Mr. Santley, whose first appearance in Italian opera is of such recent date, is astonishing. An accomplished singer he was from the first; but he has so completely mastered the language and habituated himself to the style and traditions of his new employ, besides making extraordinary progress in the histrionic department of his profession, where he was at one time sadly deficient (witness—to cite but two instances—his death scene as Valentine, in *Faust*, and his entire assumption of the venerable patriot, *Nicolo de Lapi*), that the highest hopes may reasonably be anticipated of his future career. The parts sustained by Mr. Santley this year have been Count di Luna (*Il Trovatore*), *Nicolo de Lapi*, St. Bris (*Huguenots*), Germont the elder (*La Traviata*), Valentine (*Faust*), Scheramin (*Oberon*), and—by no means least—Count Almaviva (*Le Nozze*), in which his last execution of the grand air, "Vedrai mentr'io sospiro," was beyond praise.

In the tenor department Mr. Mapleson had literally an *embarras de richesses*; so much so that no less than three representatives of the popular character

of Edgardo, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, were brought forward at different periods—Signor Giuglini, Signor Baragli, and Mr. Sims Reeves. The second of these—a new-comer—may be dismissed in a line. His style of singing was so over-wrought that even a good voice and agreeable presence failed to enlist the sympathies of his audience. In plain language, though met with a fair amount of encouragement, Signor Baragli did not please; and his subsequent appearance in the last act of *Lucia* (after the second performance of *Le Nozze di Figaro*) passed unnoticed. He was entrusted with no other part. Mr. Sims Reeves was engaged towards the end of the season, expressly to play Sir Huon, in *Oberon*, for which his musical acquirements, no less than his splendid voice, fitted him. That he should make his first appearance in a part which, during his early career, had won him celebrity in Italy and France, no less than in England, was only natural, and the enthusiastic welcome he obtained as Edgardo was recorded. His value in *Oberon* can hardly be overrated; and remembering his fine performance of the character of Florestan in *Fidelio*, with Sophie Cruvelli (1851), it was unanimously regretted that Beethoven's great work should not have been revived for him, more especially as it was announced in the prospectus, and still more especially as all the frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre were longing to see Mdlle. Titiens in Leonora. Signor Giuglini, the other Edgardo, has again been one of the mainstays of the house. This polished Italian vocalist was never in higher favor, and has never served his director with more indomitable perseverance and good will. Signor Giuglini appeared (with Mdlle. Titiens, Madame Alboni, and Mr. Santley) on the first night of the season, (April 11) as Manrico, in the *Trovatore*, and has since then successively assumed the following parts:—Arturo (*I Puritani*), Edgardo (already alluded to), Gennaro (*Lucrezia*), Lamberto, (*Nicolo de Lapi*), Renal de Nangis (*Huguenots*), Alfredo (*La Traviata*), Riccardo (*Il Ballo in Maschera*), Don Ottavio (*Don Giovanni*) and *Faust*—his performance of which last-named character has raised him higher even than he stood before in the regard of connoisseurs. Besides the rarely inaudible Signor Soldi, who has displayed his never wanting energy in the small tasks allotted to him, two other tenors have appeared—Signor Alessandro Bettini (husband of Madame Trebelli), a light tenor, unpretending, though by no means without ability, as his more than respectable attempts in such characters (among others) as Count Almaviva (Rossini's Count), Tonio (*La Fidia del Rappimento*), Oberon and Basilio (Mozart's Basilio), sufficed to prove; and Signor Geremia Bettini, a "tenore robusto," who created so marked a sensation in Pollio, on the one occasion when Mdlle. Titiens played Norma, as to raise a strong and very accountable desire to see him in other operas. A seventh tenor would have been Signor Gambetti, but he, though named in the prospectus, did not appear. Mr. Sims Reeves, however, (who had not been announced), was a substitute unlikely to be viewed with disapproval. There remain to be mentioned Signor Delle Sedie, who only appeared in one part—that of Renato (*Il Ballo in Maschera*), which to him stands in much the same intimate relation as Count di Luna to Signor Graziani, each opera containing an air by the delivery of which each singer has gained a multitude of admirers; Signor Marchesi, who played Leporello, at the first and only performance of *Don Giovanni*, on the last night but two of the season, and whom it would be unfair to criticize on the strength of a single appearance; Signor Fricca (Herr August Fricke), a tall and powerful-voiced German bass (from Berlin), who represented Marcel in the *Huguenots*; and Signor Casaboni, also a bass, who has made himself useful in several subordinate parts, winning good opinions as the Commandant in *Don Giovanni*.

MR. ALFRED MELLON's popular orchestral concerts took their turn, as soon as Opera, Parliament and West-end had adjourned. Mr. M. is a very able and energetic conductor and caterer for the musical appetite, and wields a large and well-appointed orchestra, made up mainly of the same excellent musicians who serve under Costa at the Opera, the Birmingham festivals, &c. He mingles classical with popular and trivial; symphony, overture and concerto with pot-pourris and ballads; indeed once this summer he presented Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and a "comic fantasia" entitled "Three Blind Mice" (first mouse Mr. Pratten, flute; second mouse Mr. Lazarus, clarinet; third mouse Mr. Nicholson, oboe) in the same programme! He has had, too, his "Mozart evening," his "Mendelssohn evening,"

&c., the former with this programme for the first part:

Overture (Idomeneo)	Mozart.
Air, "Deh vieni" ( <i>Figaro</i> )	"
Concerto (D minor) pianoforte.	"
Air, "Gli angeli d'Inferno" ( <i>Flauto Magico</i> )	"
Symphony in G (Jupiter)	"

Mr. Mellon has also trenched upon the province of the Oratorio Societies in several of his concerts, having given the "Creation," Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," &c.

### Paris.

GRAND OPERA. Mlle. Theresia Tietjens, queen of the lyric stage in England since the retirement of Grisi, made her debut here in the last week in August as Valentine in the *Huguenots*. M. Paul Smith, the critic in the *Gazette Musicale*, after summing up her career, and contrasting her willingness to sing to the Parisians with the conduct of the Lind (who, he says, parodied Hamlet, haughtily declaring: "*France not delights me, nor the French too*,") thus describes the result of the first hearings:

"Yes, Mlle. Tietjens is one of the elite of artists; she has usurped nothing of her brilliant and numerous successes. She is one of the most frank and vigorous organizations for a singer and an actress that we have ever met. Her voice, a little fatigued in the medium, has in the high chords an amplitude and a force which fully satisfy the ear. She sings easily, largely; but perhaps she has the defect of counting more on inspiration than on art, on power than on method, and of lacking that finish which we demand of our artists. As an actress, she has no rival to fear; her gestures are excellent, her poses expressive, and the suppleness of her movements lends itself to the most varied nuances."

The other characters were: Gueymard as Raoul; Faure as Nevers; Obin, Marul; Cazaux, St. Bris; Milles. Hamaker and De Taisy, as the Queen and the Page Urbain.

The new conductor of the Imperial Opera, M. Georges Hainl, makes all go like magic in his orchestra, according to the same critic;—it went at least like clock work under M. Dietrich. The sudden dismissal of the latter caused a fluttering; one of the letter writers gives this explanation:

"It appears that the first performance of *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* was fixed for the 20th July. At one rehearsal held before the second, Verdi, who was present, fancied he perceived signs of bad feeling towards himself among certain members of the band. He demanded an explanation, in very warm terms, of M. Dietrich. The latter answered, probably, quite as warmly, the upshot being that Verdi seized his hat and left the theatre. The same evening, before the performance, Dietrich received a letter from the Minister of the Interior, to the effect, '*qu'il s'ait admis à faire valoir ses droits à la retraite*.' M. - Georges Hainl, of Lyons, was then called on to assume M. Dietrich's duties, and conducted the third representation of *Les Vêpres*."

ROSSINI has been composing a Grand Mass, for chorus and full band, which he calls *Messa di Gloria*—his most important work since the *Stabat Mater*.

ADELINA PATTI, with the praise of all Europe, (always excepting the London *Athenæum*) is "playing and singing her way through Germany along paths strewn with gold." These are Chorley's words, who adds:

Some of our contemporaries profess themselves to be outraged at the sums this young lady receives. She is engaged to M. Bagier for Paris and Madrid, they tell us, at £120 for each performance. Let us remind them that they have chosen to present her as a first-class singer—the equal of Malibran, Mesdames Grisi and Persiani, having an added charm of her own—that of youth. If they be right in their estimate (to which we have never subscribed) they are wrong in their logic, by which she is proved to be exorbitant. Setting aside the known fact, that first-class singers are becoming rarer and rarer every day, Mdlle. Patti is not paid more than Malibran—not so much as Mdlle. Lind—but a little in excess of *La Bastardella*, who, in Burney's time, when he was managing the concerts at the Pantheon (this was

eighty years ago or thereabouts), received 100 guineas nightly, for two songs! "False gods are made by fanatics," says the poet, but the fanatics do ill to cry out against the worship of the idols which "themselves have made."

Of other arrangements for the Italian Opera, a correspondent of the *London Musical World* writes:

M. Bagier has declined the services of Signor Bonetti, and engaged in his place, as *chef-d'orchestre*, Signor Castagneri from Barcelona. Among his other engagements are Mdle. Calderon, who failed some years since at Covent Garden; a Madame Agnesi; a baritone, Ricciardi; the baritone, Delle Sedie; a tenor, Nicolas; the tenor Fraschini. In the current of the winter, moreover, M. Bagier contemplates presenting his subscribers with the tenors, Mario and Bettini Geremia. The first new work with which we are threatened is *La Forza del Destino*.

At the Theatre Lyrique the rehearsals of the *Troyens* of M. Hector Berlioz are actively proceeding, both at the theatre and the residence of the composer. It is expected that the first public apparition of this long-awaited novelty will occur in November. By the way, M. Berlioz has gone to Baden-Baden, to superintend the revival of his *Beatrice and Benedict*.

### Germany.

The *London Athenæum* has the following items and opinions:

Herr Litolf's opera, produced at Baden-Baden,—at the time being a busy centre of operatic creation,—will disappoint those who have expected much from it, being feeble in idea and bombastic in style. This does not surprise us, from our knowledge of his Pianoforte Concertos, and his long drawn and extravagant "Robespierre" overture.—M. Benazet lends an ear to the "music of the future," having just given to please its votaries Herr Wagner's "Tannhäuser." The "Beatrice and Benedict" of M. Berlioz has also been revived. Why not have kept the original title, "Much Ado about Nothing," so admirably does that define the style of the music to which the deformed, transformed version of Shakespeare's comedy-drama is set? The names belong to the English dramatist; but the shrewd French critic has contrived to discharge all the wit, and to destroy parts of the meaning of the original play. The inanity of the dialogue between "Lady Disain" and Signor Montanto—the abolition of *Hero's* story, making her presence in the drama superfluous—the thrusting among the characters an Italian singing-master, merely that two choruses and some silly talk about music may be dragged in, and the total absence of situation, are strange faults as occurring in the work of one so sarcastic on the platitudes and licenses of brother-librettists as M. Berlioz. In his musical distribution of the work (to speak this time from experience, not hearsay), there are similar awkwardnesses—such as two long-drawn choruses behind the scenes—in the instrumentation, a too frequent recurrence to such devices as the mute on the violin-strings, which, when used too frequently, must weary the most delicate ear. Yet, there are points in the opera such as the *stretto* in the duet between *Beatrice and Benedict*,—the two-part *nocturno*, which is so deliciously scored that on the stage it does not (as in the concert-room) sound too long—and the opening and close of *Beatrice's* grand scena in the second act, which tell what their writer could have done had he not started perversely, mistaking confusion for depth and ingenuity—had he not become too fixed in the habit of so doing, it may be feared to be now capable of cure. The opera is a work to be heard once with attention by every liberal musician, but which few will be tempted to hear twice. The execution this year is attempted to give a fair idea of the music, but nothing more.—Madame Chardon-Demeur's share in it excepted, which is graceful, expressive and vocally sympathetic (to employ the Italian phrase.) She has gained greatly since she last sang in London. Thus much concerning a work which has naturally excited curiosity. But M. Benazet's management has arrows of every form and date in its quiver.—Madame Viardot, now a resident at Baden-Baden, has given one performance of her *Orpheus*.

While talking of this district, which in late summer teems with music, we may say that the Mannheim play-bills show a serious constancy to such hackneyed serio-comic works as "Martha" and "La Dame Blanche."

Prof. Hesse, of Breslau, is dead, aged fifty-nine, the second-greatest organ-player in Germany.—Herr Schneider, of Dresden, being still alive. Hesse wrote for, as well as played on, the organ; but his writings, so far as we knew them, are poor, dry: if

mechanically valuable as showing off tricks of the hands and feet, in idea not up to the level of even the writings of Rinck.

The opera "Axur, King of Ormus," by Salieri, will be revived in Stuttgart. It will be given at the end of this month, on the occasion of the King's birthday.

BRESLAU.—This city, as well, indeed, as all Germany, has just experienced a great loss in the death of Herr Adolph Friedrich Hesse, who expired on the 5th inst., after a long illness. Herr Hesse was indisputably one of the best performers on the organ, and one of the most eminent composers for that instrument of the present time. He was born on the 30th August, 1809, and was therefore nearly 50 years of age.

WIESBADEN.—A grand musical festival was given in celebration of the Duke's birthday. Among the artists engaged were M. Vieuxtemps, Herren Jaell, Th. Wachtell, Oberthür (the last gentleman from London) and Mad. Dustmann-Mayer, from Vienna. All the places were taken in advance, and more than three hundred persons unable to obtain admission. From sixty to seventy francs were offered for a single ticket. The programme consisted of a Concerto by M. Vieuxtemps; a duet concertante by M. Vieuxtemps and Herr Jaell; and Schumann's concerto in A minor, besides other pieces. A few days afterwards, Herr Wieniawski gave a concert. Among the visitors now stopping here is Mad. Tedesco.

### Italy.

ROME.—A grand sensation has been excited by a completely unexpected visit which the Pope has paid Dr. Franz Liszt. The latter, after having been ill for some time, left the city about the middle of last month. He took up his abode in some rooms of the Dominican Monastery, now deserted, attached to the church of the Madonna del Rosario, on the Monte Mario, whence there is a magnificent view of Rome. He lived like a hermit, busying himself solely with his art. Some prelates informed the Pope of the fact, and, on the 18th ult., his Holiness, accompanied only by Monsignor De Merode, a cameriere segreto, and a few guardie nobili, proceeded to the Madonna del Rosario. He first went through his prayers, and then presented himself to the famous anchorite. Dr. Liszt played two sacred compositions, one on the harmonium and the other on the piano. When he had concluded, the Pope thanked him in the most gracious manner, and added: "It is a great thing to possess, as you do, the gift of being able to give utterance to the strains of higher spheres than our own; but the most beautiful harmonies are only to be heard above." The Pope examined, with great interest, various objects in the room; conversed for some time with the artist, whom he then left, after bestowing on him his apostolic benediction.—*London Mus. World*.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 19, 1863.

### The New Organ and its Uses.

We gave, a short time since, a few hints of the magnitude and excellence of the Great Organ which is being set up in the Boston Music Hall, with a brief sketch of its contents, i.e. the number and distribution of its stops or registers. Our neighbor, the *Musical Times*, gives the following description of the majestic *house*, in which all these thousands of tuneful voices—from the colossal thirty-two feet basses to the tiniest pipé (*peep* it might be called) in the top of a choir of "Mixtures", only three-eighths of an inch long—reside:

At present the chief interest to the visitor is in the case. But let us observe at the outset that the word "case" seems singularly inappropriate and belittling; the word suggests a piece of furniture, a side-board or the like, more or less ornamented; while the *thing* is an edifice in itself, an edifice of grand proportions, massive in its solidity, yet as graceful in its outlines and as rich in all its details as a poet's dream. Huge caryatides support the structure,—figures full of strength, and carved with wonderful skill; above rise the enormous pipes, marshalled in glittering

rows, or grouped into monstrous columns; statues crown the pinnacles,—singing, or playing upon instruments, or listening; angels exquisitely carved in *alto rilievo* surround the central towers; and below, over the arch above the key boards, is the head of Sebastian Bach, the great master of the instrument. Everything is sumptuous: no bare spots, no plain surfaces; symbolical lyres, lutes, harps, wreaths, and flowers cover every panel; sweet faces of angels, and stony-eyed fates, look down from arches and pilasters. Yet there is no confusion, nothing is overlaid. The whole vast front has such a symmetry, a unity, and splendor of design, that it would seem to have been created by magic, to have risen in its beauty at the sound of the wonderful harmonies within.

The writer well says: "It is difficult, while sitting before this magnificent work, to imagine ourselves in puritan Boston"; and then mentions a current report, which we believe to be in the main correct, that "each of the chief organists of the city will have an opportunity to exhibit his powers." "Bach will have his interpreters, and so will Handel; while the modern school will also be represented." But let no one imagine that all these masters and all their interpreters hereabouts can be represented on a single occasion such as the inaugural festival, or "opening" of the Organ. That would require weeks, instead of a single evening; and to the listener it would be as bad as sitting through all the examination exercises of the pupils in the French Conservatoire. Of course the writer does not mean this; we only speak of it because it is so natural that the friends of various organists, here and all over the country, should plead for and expect a hearing of their own favorite on that occasion; and the wish does not proceed from any vanity, perhaps, but from a real interest and pride in the occasion. The "opening" must be in some sense a consecration of the noble instrument. The programme must have unity and reasonable brevity. Perhaps some spoken word, some Ode recited, will consume a portion of the time. The music—which we understand is to be drawn wholly from the Organ itself—must, for that short time, be representative, significant, removed from triality and not jumbled together in unmeaning miscellany. Sebastian Bach, the genius of the organ *par excellence*, the master of masters, to whom the Beethovens, the Mozarts, the Mendelssohns looked up, already gives the keynote in the very aspect of the organ, his grand, cheerful, earnest, honest face looking out there from the centre of "his huge house of sounds" If any composer have the lion's part in such a programme, it should be he; and we are fortunate, even should no distinguished organist from Europe grace our ceremony—in having among us one whose life-study and inspiration thus far (for he is very young) has been Bach. Handel's great hearty voice, too, must be heard, for he already has the hearts of all the people. Here are two:—and where else to look for any match for this great company? Probably Mendelssohn's organ works are next in importance, being at the same time much more modern, and contrasting by their individuality of style, their Mendelssohnian flavor. One of our organists, at least, is steeped in Mendelssohn, and can discourse him *con amore*. Many, too, will want, and fortunately they can have, some of the plain, solid church of England style; weary of fugues they may propose, like Robert Browning:

Bid One, Two, Three, Four, Five, clear the arena!  
Say the word, straight I unstop the Full-Organ,  
Blare out the *mode Palestina*.

And then, as feasting fitly follows solemn ceremony, the Organ, candidate elect and passed and

duly consecrated, may be called upon for a post-prandial speech as it were; a rambling, entertaining tissue of thoughts prompted at the moment out of its own boundless, curious resources; things pathetic, brilliant, strange,—just enough to give a touch of its qualities as an organ, a few specimens of its inexhaustible effects and combinations. Nor need we go far for the talent that can serve this maiden speech, as an interpreter, and that without dangerously compromising the dignity of Art.

This, or something like this—of course not unconditionally—is the kind of “opening” which seems to be gradually and necessarily shaping itself. It would seem to reconcile, as far as one evening can do it, the various demands of the occasion, of the traditional character of the Organ, of high Art, of artists and of the audience. After the opening, there will be plenty of occasions for all sorts of proper uses—no unworthy ones, let us hope—of an Organ, whose resources even the most skilful organists can not in years exhaust, and which it will cost even the best of them months of trial fully to discover and learn to bring them out.

The question, asked by everybody: Who is to open the great organ? is thus disposed of; and the other question: Who will be the organist? does not require immediate or speedy solution. There is time enough for it; the instrument need not wait the coming man in *silence*. Organ concerts, vocal concerts, oratorios, &c., in which the organ plays an important part, are almost sure to become of frequent occurrence. Every opportunity for hearing the organ, for hearing organ music of all worthy schools, for giving each true organist his chance, for gratifying, edifying, educating the public ear and feeling, will naturally be afforded, while by the same means this large investment of artistic enthusiasm and faith will be reaping its returns and justifying itself economically against all penny-wise predictions.

Not to speak of the greater and special occasions, the oratorios and festivals, which will be sure to *organize* themselves around this grandly inviting nucleus, there will doubtless be a continual year-round series of *ordinary* organ performances, which will often be the richest opportunities of all. At a fixed day or hour, once, or even twice, in every week, throughout the year, let it be known to all concerned that the Great Organ will be played by some one of the most accomplished organists, for a small entrance fee, and strangers who visit Boston will count it into their programme even more than travellers do the famous Freyburg organ, which is by no means so great as ours;—nay, musical people will make pilgrimages to the great Boston organ, only let it be known that at certain times, so frequent as to chime with every one's convenience, they may be sure to hear it—and, we may add, to see it, for to the eye, too, it is a great work of art. Here will be room for all the organists, the decent ones, and all the schools—for sheer nonsense is of no school. Thus the Bach-ist may give whole afternoons of Bach, as often as he may find “fit audience, though few”; and it will surely be a constant and a growing audience, the real inner church of faithful, true believers. Handel will have his hours and his interpreters; and Mendelssohn and all the masters will have theirs. Nor will the modern or “free” school, as contrasted with the “classical,” lack chances to disport its fancies, and dispute

Bach's laurels if it dare. And our young artists, too, may try their own inventive talent, as the spirit moves them, feeling their way to mastery by (temperately) airing their attempts at composition; perhaps the great organ is the magnet that, drawing to itself, shall draw out for us a latent *genius*, who shall himself be “classical.”

Our neighbor, from whom we have quoted, opens another topic of great importance in connection with the organ and the Music Hall, and their use for choral performances, which we propose to take up hereafter.

**MISS ADELADE PHILLIPPS.** This excellent artist and estimable lady, after a series of operatic successes in various parts of Europe, in Belgium, in Holland, at Barcelona, at Prague, at Paris, has been in Boston for a few weeks on a short visit to her friends, before returning to resume her engagements. She is in admirable health and spirits, and judging from a few songs with which she favored us one evening, has still continued to refine and perfect that rich voice of hers, and is more than ever an artist in the expressive use of it. She is undoubtedly one of the finest contraltos of the day. Whether she is to spend the winter in Paris or elsewhere, is not yet determined.

**DEMPSTER,** the popular ballad singer, has turned up again, fresh and ruddy from the mountain dews of Scotland, whence no doubt he brings new songs.

**MR. JULIUS EICHBERG,** whose sound musicianship, artistic talent, industry, affable address and *savoir-faire* there is no need of vouching for, continues to receive pupils in Singing, Piano, Composition, and Violin. Rarely will one find a better master. See Card.

**Mlle. DE LA MOTTE** resumes her Classes for instruction in Piano playing. Her system of teaching in classes has stood the test of quite a long experience in Boston; and her numerous pupils, as well as their interesting concerts which have crowned each year's work, have borne witness to her high aim, fidelity, good taste and judgment in training pupils, singly or in classes.

**A GOOD SIGN.**—A few days since we were waited on by a Committee from a Musical Society in Chicago, who wished to know where they might procure the vocal “parts” of Schumann's “Paradise and the Peri.” We are glad to see societies waking up to such things. They will find it difficult; but it will reward study, and the charm will outlive the pains of mastering it.

**ANOTHER.** A club of amateur singers are about organizing themselves, at the South End of our city, for the practice of such Cantatas and choral works as Mendelssohn's “Hear my Prayer,” “As the heart pants,” &c. **MR. HERMANN DAUM,** the pianist, is to be their leader.

**STILL BETTER.** We believe there is to be a “Bach Club” in Boston this winter, for the study of some of those difficult but inexhaustibly interesting Cantatas of Bach's, which Robert Franz has recently been editing.

☞ The conclusion of our examination of “Mr. Hayter's Church Music” must lie over till another number.

**THREE OPERAS IN THE FIELD.** The last despatches from the three commanders, Anschütz, Maretzek and Grau, will be found on the next page.—How soon each of them will undertake the siege of Boston, it does not clearly appear. But there are intimations that Max will plant his batteries before

us—some of them “Parrots” such as we have not yet heard speak—somewhere about Christmas time, while the Germans will be entrenched in the New York Academy. They, the Germans, are to move on Philadelphia first, early in November, where they are sure to be received with open arms, although Italian sympathies are strong among the Quakers; then, if they hold New York throughout December, January and February, it will be in the limbo between winter and summer before they favor us. Until which time we seem to be principally exposed to Grau.

**MENDELSSOHN'S LETTERS.** Although the second volume has been for some time announced in Germany, and reviewed by Ferdinand Hiller (his interesting notice will be found on a preceding page), we cannot learn that it has yet been received in this country.—We trust Mr. Leypoldt of Philadelphia will see to it and give it to us in English in the same attractive shape that he did the “Reisebriefe.” Julius Rietz, the Dresden conductor (formerly of Leipzig), has added to the book a complete chronological list of all the compositions by Mendelssohn, manuscript as well as published.

One of our Boston prima-donnas, who has studied for some years in Florence, seems to have gone over to Italy in the fullest sense of the word; we read in the papers:

At Pargana, Italy, May 25. Prof. Macistao Luigi Vannuccini, Director of the Orchestra of the Grand Opera, Florence, to Lizzie D. Chapman, of Boston.

The Maestro was her teacher; the Yankee girl has learned her lesson well.

**SINGING BEFORE KINGS.** It appears that our “little Patti” had a voice in harmonizing the ensnared elements of the German Confederation at the late Frankfort Congress. A London paper says:

Mademoiselle Adelina Patti was summoned from Ostend to Frankfort to sing at the gala performance which took place at the Stadt-Theatre in honor of the Emperor of Austria and the assembled Princes of Germany. The Senate, at whose expense the performance was given, admitted no person not invited by themselves into the house, which presented a fairy-like appearance. *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* was the opera selected for this solemnity. Adelina Patti was admirable, and though, according to etiquette, all marks of approbation were forbidden, the whole audience did nothing but applaud her most enthusiastically. It was the Emperor of Austria himself who first gave the signal for the “bravos,” and it was at the request of his Imperial Majesty that Strakosch's waltz, “La Gioja insolita,” introduced by Madlle. Patti into the singing lesson, was repeated. However exorbitant the prices offered for tickets, the general public was rigorously excluded. It is related that an Englishman, finding his offer of one hundred pounds sterling for a stall refused, bribed a member of the chorus into allowing him to take his (the chorus-singer's) place on the stage. It was only through Madlle. Patti's kind interference that the faithless chorus-singer was not dismissed. The fair and celebrated young artist received 10,000 francs for her performance. At the general request, she was to sing the next evening before the ordinary public.

**DEARTH OF MUSIC IN BOSTON.**—Another month has passed without any musical entertainment. The state of things is almost unparalleled. We do not remember two consecutive months for many years, if ever, during which no music was offered in Boston. Why does not the indefatigable Gilmore see that two or three concerts by his active band, with perhaps Lorini and Morensi for auxiliary attractions, would put money in his purse? The project is worth a trial. At any rate, let us have some promenade concerts, if nothing more.—*Mus. Times.*

**MADAME LORINI,** Mlle. Morensi, and others of Grau's troupe, have been concerting in Portsmouth, Bangor, Augusta and other Eastern cities.

**MAX MARETEK** again takes the field in an operatic campaign. The following, according to the *Tribune*, is the programme:

M. Maretek having recovered from a protracted and distressing illness, is happily again at work making preparations for the season at the Academy of Music, which will commence on the 5th of October. The Manager has issued a circular which announces that the following artists are engaged, whose reputations are familiar to the musical public:

Prime Donne Soprani; Madame Giuseppina Medori, Mdle. Clara Louise Kellogg (who, having entirely recovered from the illness which prevented her from fulfilling her contract with the Director of Her Majesty's Theatre, London, last Summer, has entered upon a farewell engagement with the Management of the Academy of Music, prior to her departure for Europe), Madame Antonietta Brignoli-Ortolani, and Mdle. Lisa (her first appearance). Prima Donna Contralto: Mdle. Henrietta Sulzer. Comprimaria: Mdle. Stockton. Primi Tenori: Signor Francesco Mazzoleni, Signor Giovanni Sbriglia, and Signor W. Lotti. Comprimario: Signor T. Rubio.—Primi Baritone: Signor Ferdinando Bellini, Signor G. Yppolito. Primi Bassi: Signor Annibale Biacchi, Signor Domenico Coletti. Comprimario: Signor W. Müller. Conductors: Max Maretek and Jaime Nuno. Leader: Mr. Ernest Grill. Chorus Master: Mr. Hartman. Stage Manager: Mr. Amati Dubreuil. Prompter, Signor L. Biondi; Maître de Ballet, Signor D. Ronnani.

**THE REPERTOIRE OF THE SEASON WILL BE:** Ione, Petrella; I Duo Foscari, Verdi; Lucrezia Borgia, Donizetti; Rigoletto, Verdi; Robert le Diable, Meyerbeer; Huguenots, Meyerbeer; La Figlia del Regimento, Donizetti; Il Poluto, Donizetti; Maria di Rohan, Donizetti; La Sonnambula, Bellini; Don Giovanni, Mozart; Norma, Bellini; I Puritani, Bellini; Il Trovatore, Verdi; Martha, Flotow; La Favorita, Donizetti; La Zingara, Balfe; Ernani, Verdi; Un Ballo in Maschera, Verdi; Lucia di Lammermoor, Donizetti; Roberto Devereux; Macbeth; Peri's Judith and Gounod's Faust.

In addition to this, an entirely new (4-act romantic and tragic) opera, written for the Academy, the particulars of which will be given in future.

Regular opera nights, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Extra performance every Saturday.

Prices of admission: General admission, \$1; secured seats, extra, 50 cents; family circle, 50 cents; amphitheatre, 25 cents; private boxes, from \$6 to \$20.

The promise is that the season will be brilliant and remunerative.

Mr. Gottschalk, the pianist, has been engaged for 100 nights previous to his departure for Europe, by Mr. Maretek, for the sum of \$12,000.

Mr. Gottschalk has had very brilliant offers from California, but has concluded to remain here. His concerts in New York will commence on the 28th of September, at Irving Hall. He is preparing at present some brilliant programmes, mostly new pieces.

**GERMAN OPERA.**—Doubt is expressed whether, after all, Theodor Formes, the Berlin tenor, will come over to join the Anschütz Company. No wonder if, as we have seen it hinted, German artists dread New York, after the late riots, even more than they dread the ocean. The *Musical Review* gives us some further hints of Anschütz's plans:

Several artists of great note have been engaged by him, and will arrive from Europe some time during the present month. Among these may be mentioned Dall' Aste, one of the greatest basses of Europe; Titascheck, a celebrated tenor, and a great baritone, one of the brothers of Carl Formes. Who will compose the rest of the company is yet a secret, which will not be divulged for a week or two. But we have the assurance that they will compare favorably in their artistic merits with those whom we have already mentioned.

The following are the names of a few of the great operatic compositions which will be produced by Mr. Anschütz's company: Gounod's "Faust," "Eury-anthe," by Weber; "Hans Heiling," and "Templar and Jewess," by Marschner; Spohr's opera of "Jes-sonda"; "Der Wassertrager," by Cherubini; and Flotow's "Indra."

Great efforts will also be made for the reproduction, on a grand scale, of several of the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Meyerbeer, and other great musical composers.

Mr. Anschütz has engaged the Academy of Music for the months of December, January and February, so that the people of New York will not be able to enjoy any German opera until quite late in the season.

In the meantime, commencing in the middle of October, the company will perform in the principal cities of the Union. The first performance will take place in Baltimore.

**MR. GRAU**, (says the *Transcript*) is still abroad, engaging artists for his company. With such favorites as Mme. Lorini, Mlle. Moreni, Signori Brignoli, Amodio and Susini, and the addition of some foreign artists to heighten the attraction of his troupe,—Carl Formes for instance, whom he is said to have already secured,—we presume he will not let the operatic field go uncontested. The occupation, however, of the New York Academy by Maretek and Anschütz successively till Spring, will preclude any presentation of opera by him in that city except at some one of the theatres, if any can be procured,—an experiment that has rarely been successful, from the difficulty in diverting the world of music and fashion from its established resort. So it is not unlikely, we understand, that Mr. Grau may commence operations in this city; at any rate an occasional raid from his troupe may be anticipated.

**WORCESTER, MASS.**—The *Palladium* still tells us of good music stirring the "heart of the Commonwealth"; said heart being more blessed just now with such stirrings, than this "brain," or "hub," which has been doing nothing the whole summer long, except getting ready its big organ.

Two different impromptu musical entertainments during the opening days of September, have struck a chord that announces the departure of dog-days and the coming of the exhilarating autumn months with their new life; their new work after summer play; their revival of music, which slumbers through August, unless awakened by the sound of clanging brass and tinkling cymbal. The first, in a pleasant home where music is cultivated for its refining and ennobling influence; where Mozart and Haydn and Beethoven are familiar household deities, and where the mother's love is not less devoted, nor her care less watchful, because she "keeps up her music"—learned in the longer days of girlhood. Several professional musicians were present, and they played and sang choice bits from the "masters," old and new. Among them were Beethoven's *Baguettes*—anything but trifles musically, and interesting as beautiful. It is well to give and to receive the pleasure that such occasions afford.

The other was an organ concert at Dr. Hill's Church, late in one of the short afternoons of these lessening days, at just the hour when the church is filled with that "dim, religious light" which comes between the bright afternoon sunshine and the glare of evening gaslight. A hundred or less had received hint of what was coming, and went with new enthusiasm, kindled by all the talk there is now afloat about organs and organ music, and whether we have performers equal to the great organ that next September will doubtless see in our Mechanics' Hall—a mooted question that more than one of our organists will answer to the satisfaction of the public. On Friday afternoon Mr. W. E. Thayer certainly proved himself equal to the work; and more than once the question arose whether Worcester might not be represented at the opening of the Boston Music Hall organ in October. But to the programme. It was this:

Cansanetta and Turkish March  
Melodious Fugue in G minor.  
Andante from 3d Sonata.  
Overture to *Le Serment*.  
First Chorus in *Te Deum*.  
Andante from 6th Sonata.  
Toccata in D minor.  
Pastoral; and Triumphant March.

W. E. Thayer  
Bach  
Mendelssohn  
Auber  
W. E. Thayer  
Mendelssohn  
Bach  
W. E. Thayer

The selections from Bach showed very faithful study of these master-pieces, and were rendered not only with technical correctness, but, in an artistic spirit, without which they must lose much of their majesty and grandeur. The *Fugue* and the *Toccata*, so curiously quaint, and yet so fresh and inspiring, were well relieved by the two slow movements from Mendelssohn's sonatas, the one from the 3d being especially fine. The overture was brilliantly played, particularly the closing portion, and gave Mr. Thayer's hearers an idea of what they may hear in the way of concert-music when our grand organ is completed. Of his own compositions, of which he played four, we would be glad to speak more at length. They were highly creditable to him, and the public would be glad to hear still further from his pen. With the interest there is now in organs and organ-music, we ought to hear more frequently works such as these which a favored few enjoyed on Friday afternoon.

ELLA.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

I'm lonely since my mother died. Song with Chorus. H. S. Thompson. 25

Has the fresh and melodious character common to Mr. T's songs. The words are fine, and sentiment good.

High times, Good times, or I've g'wine to be a gin'ral. H. S. Thompson. 25

A negro comic song of the same genus as "Kingdom Coming." One of the effusions which spring naturally out of what "de Yanks have come, and gone, and went, and done it, down in Dixie." Very original.

Golden Days. Kücken. 25

A beautiful melody by Kücken, fitted to English words by Geo. Linley. The words are very sweet, and the whole is high class, and very satisfying to sing.

Kiss me with a loving kiss. J. C. Johnson. 35

A little gem of a poem, about "Rose and Lily in thy face, fitted to appropriate music. Those who like something very pure and sweet will like it.

The Logger's Song. S. Clark. 25

Minnie Bell. Song and Chorus. F. Nava. 25

The names of those pretty girls, who have, always, two syllables in the first name, and one syllable in the second name, are almost exhausted. There is, it seems "one more left," and Minnie Bell "is full as pretty as the others.

#### Instrumental Music.

La Mia Letizia. Transcription. B. Richards. 35

A favorite melody from "I Lombardi" gracefully transcribed.

Ione Galop. Arranged from the opera of Ione. J. S. Knight. 25

Brilliant and attractive.

Danish National Hymn. Transcribed. B. Richards. 35

The Princess Alexandra has brought this air into notice; and although it does not impress one with its beauty at first hearing, it dwells in the memory, and grows to be a standard favorite. The transcription is moderately easy, and capital for pupils.

#### Books.

WEBER'S MUSICAL COMPOSITION.—2 vols. \$4.00

The very best way to become a good harmonist, is to study under a competent teacher. But very few persons, however, have time to become practical, thorough masters of composition.

While this is the case, very many wish to acquire a good general knowledge of harmony; sufficient, for instance, to enable one to understand and appreciate the harmonic combinations of the great masters. Such a knowledge greatly increases one's power of enjoyment of good music. Now Weber's theory is an interesting book. You can read with relish a chapter of it every day, and by a little thought fix the ideas of the chapter pretty plainly in the memory. And so in the course of a few weeks, one may read, understand, digest, and even remember the whole subject.

**MUSIC BY MAIL.**—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 587.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 3, 1863.

VOL. XXIII. No. 14.

For the Journal of Music.

## Half a Dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

ADALBERT GYROWETZ.

(Continued from page 90.)

### CHAPTER IX.

His last year in London.—"Semiramis" in flames.—Out of health, and journey home.—How he gets into Brussels.—Entrance of Dumouriez's army.—Much talk with Captain Bonaparte.—Returns to Paris.—The National Convention.—Mars.

For a new Italian opera house, called the Odeon, Gyrowetz received an order to compose "Semiramis." Borghi was vice-director, M<sup>re</sup>. Mara—the possessor no doubt of the most wonderful voice which has been heard in a theatre for more than a century—was the prima donna, and Pacchierotti was first tenor. It was no small honor to him to be employed to write for such singers. In concert with the performers, with whom he communicated freely, and whom he labored to please, the opera was written, studied, and finally the last grand rehearsal took place. Next day the new opera was to be performed, and score, parts, instruments—every thing was left in the house. The rehearsal had hardly been over an hour, when an alarm of fire was sounded. The new theatre was in a few minutes in flames, and with all its contents was reduced to ashes. The fire was supposed to be the work of an incendiary acting in the interest of the other Italian opera. [Was this the fire to which Haydn refers in his diary? He however calls the theatre the "Pantheon," and gives the date January 14th, 1792. I think not, but have no means of deciding.] This was a severe blow to the composer, inasmuch as he lost all the advantages which would have accrued, in case the opera had proved a success, as he had reason to believe from its reception by the performers and by those present at the rehearsals. Pecuniarily, save the loss of his manuscript, he was not a sufferer, for Lord Belford, the real owner of the theatre, paid him his £300. Belford, to his credit, paid the instrumental performers the cost of their instruments, and suffered none connected with the theatre to be losers.

Among the notes of his third year in London, one relates to his failing health aggravated by the loss of his opera; another, to a second invitation to the Lord Mayor's dinner, where he again talked with Fox upon music and other topics; a third is upon his concert in the Hanover Square rooms, given by the advice of friends, for which he composed several new pieces, and by which he made a handsome sum; and finally upon the state of his health again, which forced him, by advice of the physicians, to seek his native climate, from which he had now been absent seven years.

The story of his journey is interesting enough to be worthy of a full translation—which is as follows:—

The journey was *via* Dover, where he spent a few days to rest, and conquer the pain which

parting from London caused him,—a city in which he had received such honors, and where he had left so many good and noble friends. There were at this time in Dover several French emigrants, who also had the intention of crossing over to the Continent, and who, learning Gyrowetz's plan, proposed to make the passage with him at common cost. He accepted and a skipper was found, with whom the price for the passage was agreed upon. The captain said his vessel was outside the harbor, and came with a boat to take them and their effects out to her. On leaving the harbor, the captain hallooed to a vessel lying outside, to run down and take his passengers. No notice was taken of his call; after a time he hailed her again with the like result. The passengers, however, noticed that he himself kept on his course directly for the French coast, and the very natural suspicion arose, that his hailing was but a ruse, that he was a traitor, and intended to deliver them into the hands of the French revolutionary authorities. The passengers drew their pistols and ordered the captain to return immediately to Dover, which, with all due cursing and swearing, he finally did. It was midnight when they landed; all the inns were closed, and they were forced to spend the night in the open air. Next day another vessel was hired, and at nine o'clock A. M. they sailed again. The weather was fine; the surface of the sea was covered with herring, swimming and playing about, shining and sparkling in the sun. At midnight they reached Ostende, where a coach and four post horses were hired to take them on to Brussels. The offer was again made to Gyrowetz to join the party, which he accepted, and, *via* Bruges and Ghent, they reached the city gates of Brussels the next midnight. The gate was closed and entrance into the city was denied them. One of the passengers then wrote a few words with a pencil upon a bit of paper, and handed it to the sentinel with a request to take it to the commander of the garrison and await an answer. In a few minutes the man returned—the gate was at once opened—and Gyrowetz overwhelmed with curiosity to know who his fellow travellers were. But he could learn nothing. So they drove into the city and sought an inn in which they might tarry; they drove from street to street; nobody would open his doors. They offered a ducat per person, for the mere privilege of coming under a roof, for it was now November, the night was cold and windy, and snow was beginning to fall. But all was in vain. Under these circumstances, the policeman who had accompanied them, said he would enquire at the office, if they might not possibly get a room for the night there? The application was made, and a small room, probably a lock-up, full of dirt and dust, was opened, where they turned in, it saving them at all events from spending the night in the open air. For these miserable quarters they had to pay a thaler apiece, as drink money. When morning came they all left their wretched hole, and sought decent lodgings. Gyrowetz found a

handsome room in the hotel d'Etoile, and engaged it. After getting his baggage thither, he dressed himself properly and went out about noon into the park, where the fashionable world of Brussels usually assembled. While rambling about, he came across a crowd, which was staring at a group of fine-looking officers with epaulettes, accompanied by people of rank, all on horseback, who treated the officers with the most marked distinction. Gyrowetz drew near, looked at the strangers, and how great was his astonishment to see in them his travelling companions!

"And who are those officers?" he inquired.

"The Duke of Berry and two members of his family!" was the reply. "who have emigrated in consequence of the revolution." He understood now why at midnight the gates of Brussels were so instantly opened to them. It was, however, the last time he ever saw his fellow travellers.

Gyrowetz's desire was to set out immediately for home, but all the post horses were taken by French emigrés, at enormous prices, and he was compelled to remain in Brussels and await events.

The grand French army under Dumouriez, was already on the confines of the Low Countries, not far from Mons, where the Austrian army of 25,000 men stood, where they had thrown up strong defences and bulwarks, and where a few days later a severe battle was fought. In this conflict the French, through their immense superiority in numbers, 300,000 men (?), and after monstrous loss of life—they actually piled up their dead, and used their dead bodies to enable them to scale the Austrian defences—forced the Austrians to retire. The thunder of the cannon could distinctly be heard in Brussels, and the people there could perceive it drawing nearer and nearer the city, until next day the enemy was hard by; the Austrians continually retreating, but obstinately fighting—a sight plainly to be seen from the city walls, where thousands of spectators were posted. Gyrowetz had the temerity to go out of the city with the "Jaeger" (Austrian riflemen), who had been commanded to impede the French flying artillery by their fire. He was advised, the moment he saw a French artilleryman applying his match, to throw himself prostrate, that the ball might pass harmlessly over him; this he did, but soon was ordered to go back to the city with all haste—which he also did, and there from the walls watched the progress of the battle.

The rear guard of the Austrians was composed of a regiment of Hussars in green uniforms, who were drawn up in a triangle near the gate of the city, and the spectators saw many a one, hit by a ball, fall from his horse; and how many a red hot shot was thrown upon the roofs in the town, until at length an armistice was proclaimed, and in the evening the city capitulated—the articles being agreed upon in the very gates. By this capitulation the Austrians were to be allowed to leave the city unhindered on the following morning, and the French march in and take possession.

Next morning, as the Austrian army marched out, notwithstanding strict orders to the contrary, the soldiers plundered the magazines and sold the stores for a song to the citizens. This Gyrowetz had to look upon and hold his peace. And so he saw the army of his Emperor retreating to Clairfait, and the entire army of Dumouriez advancing. Now came the quartering of the forces, and he had to receive several French officers into his own room; but they were all men of culture and good manners, and behaved towards him with kindness and consideration. In this hotel was a table d'hôte, to which many officers came, one of whom, learning that Gyrowetz was a German, took a place near, and during the dinner had much conversation with him. After dinner, the officers gathered into a group, and conversed apparently upon military topics. Gyrowetz's new acquaintance stood in the midst and the others heard him with marked attention, though several were evidently of higher rank than he. The composer learned afterwards that of those officers some were colonels and others of still higher grades, among them Kleber, St. Cyr, Sieyes, &c., and that his friend was a captain, named—Bonaparte. Next day the same party was again at dinner. Bonaparte conversed much with Gyrowetz, and seemed to him to hint at his entering the French military service, a suggestion which he looked upon as a mere joke, and thought no more of it. The next day, the same thing again and with the like result. In the course of this day, a well-dressed young woman entered Gyrowetz's room, where he was alone, and told him she was in the greatest difficulty, that she was expecting daily the arrival of her uncle, a General, who would furnish her with money; but at this moment she was in the utmost need of three Louis d'ors, which she would repay—if he would lend them—immediately upon the arrival of the General. As he was in funds, he gave her the sum requested, never expecting to hear from it again, although the young woman seemed to be no common person. Enough—she received the money, departed with grateful looks, and Gyrowetz thought no more of it.

Again, the next day at table, the same topic was broached, and this time Gyrowetz was plainly asked if he would not enter the French service as an officer. He excused himself on the ground that he was but an artist, and had never paid any attention to arms. Bonaparte answered quickly. "O you will soon learn that; think over the matter, and after dinner come with me, and we will see how the soldiers are amusing themselves in the public houses [*"Salen"*—dance houses?] and to-morrow talk about it."

They visited various halls—but what sights! what disgusts, as they saw the soldiers publicly guilty of the most scandalous and unheard of conduct, at which Bonaparte was enraged to the highest pitch, and said to Gyrowetz: "See these wretched, abominable men, these monsters! Ah, this must soon be different—this state of things cannot and shall not last." From which Gyrowetz might infer that Bonaparte was by no means a bad, but a good, moral man, whose aim was the improvement of mankind! And so they separated for the time.

The evening Gyrowetz spent in the theatre, where French operettas were pretty well given. The orchestra was also good. In the churches, too, the music was good—not better even in

Paris—and here also the boys' clear, true voices were especially noteworthy.

Once more at dinner, and this time seriously and urgently, the effort was made to induce Gyrowetz to enter the French army. After giving the usual excuses in vain, he finally told them, that all their persuasions would be without result, for he would never serve against his native land, nor take up arms against it. This closed the topic, and Bonaparte never mentioned it again.

In the afternoon, the young woman, quite unexpectedly to Gyrowetz, came and returned the three Louis d'ors, with hearty thanks. Taking all the circumstances into account, he came to the conclusion, that this was merely a means adopted to try his character, and perhaps, we may add, to learn his pecuniary condition.

It was natural that the composer should now have a strong desire to know more about this Captain Bonaparte, and what he really was—more especially, because daily after dinner he was surrounded by a group of officers higher in rank than himself, to whom his demeanor was that of a superior, and who listened to him always with marked attention. He therefore applied to Col. Kleber (who was afterwards commander-in-chief in Egypt, and there assassinated) and requested an explanation. Kleber's answer was: "You will very soon hear very great things of this young man!"

Soon after this, Bonaparte was recalled to Paris, thence sent to command at Toulon, where he began the career which ended in the Empire.

At length Dumouriez's army moved on in pursuit of the Austrians, and Gyrowetz was forced still to remain in Brussels, where he saw the entire French army on its march. Its bands were then very bad, but improved afterwards, under the influence of the German music corps. All the roads leading to Germany being now closed by hostile armies, Gyrowetz concluded to return to Paris rather than remain in Brussels.

In Paris he was received by Imbeault with all kindness, and received at once an order for several new symphonies. He lodged in the hotel Bauvois, in the Rue St. Antoine, near the place Victoire, where several members of the National Convention had quarters, and as they dined at a table d'hôte, he became well acquainted with them. From them he often received tickets to the Hall of the Deputies, and was impressed particularly with the tumult and confusion which reigned there; one deputy would pull another down into his seat by his coat tail that he might get the floor, and yet, when he succeeded, it was rare that he could find a listener, the voice being drowned by the uproar. Only when Marat, then considered the finest speaker, arose, was there universal stillness. He was a small, insignificant looking man, spoke very slowly and distinctly, but with a very loud voice. Business was often interrupted by reports from the army, or by the presentation of trophies—colors, guns and other things—which were received with tumultuous shouts. Good news from the army was immediately proclaimed by beat of drum, and the enthusiasm of the young men so aroused as to bring them in troops to the enlisting stations, to such a degree, that sometimes the directors of the theatres were without actors, and their houses had to be closed—all were gone off into the army.

## CHAPTER X.

Music and Theatres in Paris in the first years of the Revolution.—Gluck and Cherubini to empty houses.—The Many-headed Tyrant and its Artists.

Gyrowetz's reminiscences of his two visits to Paris became much confused in the old gentleman's mind. Why not, after so many years!—hence those in relation to the theatres and music, so far as they can be of interest now, are here brought together. They are of interest as aiding us to form a picture of those strange times in Paris, 1789-92, when the Revolutionary day of storms was just gloomily breaking.

The Grand Opera he found with a good company but small audiences, owing to the fact, no doubt, that those of higher classes, still in Paris, who had supported it, were not in a state of mind to attend to operas. Gluck's *"Iphigenie in Aulis"* was given one evening to an empty house. In those days Gluck's operas were given once annually, in honor of the great master's memory.

There were at that time thirty-three theatres, great and small, open daily in Paris; and in all of them, after the performance, the *Marseillaise* and other national songs in the spirit of the time were struck up by the orchestras, and sung with such enthusiasm and exaltation by the audiences, or rather roared out with such rage and animosity, that no description can convey an idea of it.

Singers and members of the orchestra enlisted, so that performances were often prevented, and other performers had to be sought at any price. One evening the opera *"Le marechal ferrant"* was given at the Palais Royal, in which one of these substituted tenors had the leading part. He displeased the audience, which began to be noisy, but consented, at the appeal of the director, to hear the second air, which pleased still less. The audience began now to rage and roar—the curtain was dropped, the director was called out and asked, where the other tenor was? He apologized, stating that he was at that moment doing sentinel's duty as a soldier of the National Guard. The audience shouted in reply: "Send for him at once, and go on with the opera." This was done, the singer was sent for, and the opera began again from the beginning.

Gyrowetz was also present in one of the theatres, when the celebrated dancer, Vestris, excused himself from performing in the ballet *"Psyche"* on plea of illness. He was so stormily demanded by the audience as to be forced to come forward, ask pardon, and perform his part. Such occurrences were not uncommon. The artists had to treat their audiences with the greatest respect and delicacy; but on the other hand, the public delighted to be kind and attentive to the real artist, who was sure to be treated with due respect and distinction.

Imbeault took Gyrowetz one evening to the Theatre Feydeau, to hear the second performance of a new opera, *"Lodoiska,"* by Cherubini, [given the first time July 18, 1791]. He was astonished to find the house empty on occasion of a work by so distinguished a master,—beautiful as it was, the opera did not please. But Paris was at that time not in the mood for the higher music; the people of wealth and rank had fled, and the lower classes cared for little else than revolutionary songs. Gyrowetz, by advice of his friends, upon reaching Paris the first time, burned the letters of introduction which had been given him in Rome, Naples, Milan and Genoa, to the first Parisian families, for fear of being compromised.

He found thieves also in Paris; for one evening in the Theatre Italien, he was robbed of his pocket book containing 600 francs in assignats, which was not so bad as the loss of various souvenirs of his London friends, which were in it. His letters of credit he had luckily left in the care of Imbeault.

(To be Continued.)

### Adolph Friedrich Hesse.

On the 5th of August died one of the leading musicians of the age, namely Adolph Friedrich Hesse. He was born on the 30th of August, 1809. The loss suffered by the noble art of music—a loss so severe at the present moment—will be more felt than it is now in Breslau, when people find what a vacancy has been left by his decease. During the last twenty or thirty years, Breslau has achieved a certain reputation as a music-loving city. It was always fond of art; for a time, the drama flourished here; painting too, was fairly represented, but no muse can boast of ever having been honored in the same degree as that of music, both inspired and uninspired, is honored at present by the general public as well as by more exclusive circles. There is no doubt that the special attention devoted to it by the initiated is owing to the exertions of certain gifted individuals, who imparted a great and varied impulse to it. Hesse represented artistic merit of the first rank. Something of his fame was reflected upon Breslau, and every inhabitant had reason to be proud of calling him a fellow townsman. Great as was the effort which it cost him to do so, he came forward as a public man, commanding, at various important performances, and at the admirable concerts of the orchestra of the theatre, the musicians by his unfailing and particularly quick ear, and ruling, by his strong energy, the audience. In this respect his loss will long be irreparable for us; for it will be some time before any one else will direct, with such decision, the taste of his auditory, and ensure their respect in virtue of the power proceeding from an artistic reputation. When Hesse appeared at the conductor's desk, he appeared as a master who was not only supreme in the realms of tune, but, by a glance, reduced the heaving mass beneath him to dumb attention. It was evident that his whole heart and soul were absorbed in the task of conducting, and that every fibre in his body took part in it. Perhaps the superhuman exertions in which all his faculties, mental and physical, were concentrated, produced, unobserved, the disease which the quick eye of the physician recognized as an affection of the valves of the heart, but which, considering Hesse's mild and kind disposition, as well as his calmly contented, nay, happy life, no one else would ever have supposed attended with danger.

Fortune, indeed, had been kind to Hesse, not because he could boast of numerous works of distinction; not because he was esteemed and respected, far beyond the boundaries of his native land; not because he had, on the whole, achieved with ease an agreeable position, free from care, but rather because, all through his life, he enjoyed a certain degree of independence, which is always the best guarantee of a contented existence. His career was, so to say, marked out for him from his childhood; he had not to make a choice, and thus he was subject to no pangs with regard to his vocation. He found what he ought to do prescribed for him, and, as a person properly brought up, and who has sought the company of good and strict masters, he always did his duty as laid down for him. His zealous love of music never allowed his activity to cool, and the very fact that he first devoted his attention to sacred music preserved him, at an early age, from all vagabondizing virtuosity, and rendered him a serious man, true to his duty, who consistently pursued his course, never allowing himself to stray from it, and fearing only one thing: that he would not come up to the expectations which people were justified in forming of him. His physical qualities often helped to facilitate the severe exertions to which he subjected himself,

although he may not always have been successful. When, instead of a worthy successor of Handel and Bach, people would have preferred a French operatic composer or a concert virtuoso. Many an anecdote of Hesse's life proves this, and among others, the anecdote connected with his stay in Darmstadt, when he could not prevail upon the distinguished musical amateur, Ludwig of Hesse-Darmstadt, who conducted his Grand Ducal Orchestra himself, to "listen to the rumbling on the organ." On the other hand, he did not lack triumphs by which he caused German music, in all its simplicity, severity and loftiness, to be highly appreciated.

For the large build of the organ, and its management, Hesse's person appeared to have been expressly made; here, in his own element, he displayed a higher flight of the imagination, and that immediate inspiration, the property of genius alone, in a higher degree, than most of his colleagues. He did a great deal, also, it is true, upon the piano, but he was most anxiously desirous of reproducing truthfully and intelligibly masterpieces, and, with too much modesty, mistrusted his own powers. He was an admirable teacher of this instrument, and, what is more, a concert-player who could perform before the most select audience; the certainty of his touch and the purity of his intonation; the clearness of his style and the ease with which he surmounted the gravest difficulties, were always admired both before and after Liszt had been here. But he was far from falling into all the system of grimacing patronized by modern pianoforte romanticists, and however much people might have been inclined to suppose, from his bodily formation, that he would have stormed away upon the piano, working simultaneously with hands and feet, he was no friend of mere brute force upon the instrument, which was entirely subjected to him. People listened with delighted astonishment, when he executed, as no other person could execute, with incomparable delicacy, the most graceful passages, the gentlest *adagios*, the softest emotions, full of sweet and melting sentiment. Even in his compositions, he is never untrue to this gracefulness, gentleness and softness; these compositions possess the elegiac character of Spohr's works, subsiding completely into and playing with the melody; they are, in the highest degree artistically worked out, and the most learned master, the strictest contrapuntist will not find the slightest thing to which he can object in them. They are deficient, however, in elevation of ideas, soaring towards Heaven and carrying the hearer with them; but then such flights are to be found only in a Beethoven and a Mozart, to whom our modest contemporary could not rise. He was only too happy when he could listen to their heavenly strains. How often has he said to us, after hearing some modern opera: "What a difference between this and *Fidelio*! in the latter we have elevation in, and with, simplicity, while in this what useless and repulsive ostentation!" He was an enthusiastic admirer, also, of Weber and Haydn, as heroes of genuine German music, although he was by no means intolerant with regard to composers with modern and foreign tendencies.

It was, perhaps, in consequence of the circumstances and temperament of Hesse, that he never rose, when creating, to heroic enthusiasm. As we have already remarked above, he was a man of a jovial and kind nature, a Silesian, a Breslauer in the fullest acceptance of the word, who clings to the place where he was born, does not willingly leave home, and makes himself comfortable wherever he is. This is not a reproach for Hesse. No one can struggle against his nature, and Hesse was one of those who do not leave the place of their birth. With a little exertion and a greater amount of ambition, it would have been an easy thing for him to take a leading position in the first cities of Europe; he contented himself with giving music-lessons in Breslau, and his greatest delight was, if he did get out of the "precious hole," to collect laurel wreaths in other parts, and deposit them on the altar of his darling Silesian home. We can only feel grateful to him for this. Who would not have liked

to read the accounts of his travels to Paris, London, Prague, etc., in which he would not have related his triumphs, but rather recorded what he had observed, as though no homage had been paid to himself, but as if he had gone forth in the service of his mistress, the muse of music, to make the world again acquainted with the magic of old compositions, and strew flowers upon the graves of the heroes from whom he had learned his beautiful art, and to whom he was attached with childlike reverence, another mark of his genuine Silesian character. Though his external appearance promised nothing of the kind, he was a pleasant and joyous companion.

But there is still one fact wanting to complete this description of his character, and that is his literary productions, in which Hesse, far superior in this respect to many others, exhibited a mind embracing the entire range of music. Editors know how carefully and how scrupulously he wrote his criticisms. The latter were mild in tone, but full of sterling thoughts, if not always polished in form. Whenever an artist appeared, Hesse was always willing and ready to act as a living mediator, by means of criticism, between him and the public. When Hesse had spoken, that was sufficient to enable the public to form its opinion.—*Lonl. Mus. World (from the Breslauer Zeitung).*

### Letters of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

(From the second volume of his correspondence just published.)

#### TO HIS FAMILY.

Leipzig, the 6th October, 1866.

I have been attempting for the last week to find an hour's leisure to answer and thank you for the dear letters I have received from you, but the days I passed in London were not worse, with all their distractions, than has been the period since Fanny's departure, though, at length, now that the first concert has gone off successfully, I have got a little repose again.—On the same day that I accompanied Hensel to Delitzsch, Chopin was here; he would stay only one day, so we passed all of it together, and played music. I cannot conceal from you, dear Fanny, that I again found that you did not do him sufficient justice in your opinion; perhaps, though, he was not in the best mood for playing when you heard him, as may probably often be the case with him; but his playing again enchanted me, and I feel convinced that if you, as well as Father, had heard some of his better things, as he played them for me, you would say the same. There is something fundamentally original in his pianoforte playing, and, at the same time, so masterly that he may be called a really perfect virtuoso, and as I am fond of and delighted with, perfection of all kinds, I had a highly agreeable day, though so different from the preceding ones with you, Hensel. I was pleased at being once more with a regular musician, not with half virtuosos and half classicists, who would fain combine in music *les honneurs de la vertu et les plaisirs du vice*, but with a man who has a well-marked tendency of his own. And though the latter may be as far distant from mine as the poles from each other, I can get on splendidly with it, but not with the half-and-half people in question.—The evening of Sunday was truly a curious one; I was obliged to play him my oratorio, while inquisitive Leipzigers furtively forced their way in, to see him, and he, between the first and second part, dashed off his new "Eudes," and a new concerto, before the astonished Leipzigers, and I then went on with my *St. Paul*, just as if an Iroquois and a Caffir had met to talk together.—He has also an extremely pretty "Nocturno," a great deal of which I have got by heart, to play it for Paul's amusement. Thus we had a merry time together, and he promised, most seriously, to come back in the course of the winter, when I am to compose a new symphony and have it performed in his honor! We swore this before three witnesses, and we shall see if we both keep our words.—My Handelian works, also, were introduced before his departure, and Chopin exhibited really childlike delight at them; but they are in truth so beautiful that I cannot be too much pleased with them; 32 large folios, bound in the well-known elegant English fashion, in thick green leather, with, upon the back of each in large gold letters, the title of the entire work and the contents of the particular volume. Besides this, on the first volume are the following words: "To Conductor F. M. B. The Committee of the Cologne Musical Festival of 1835." There is also a very kind letter from the whole Committee with all their signatures. I take out by chance *Samson*, and at the very beginning light upon a grand

air of Samson, which no one knows, because Herr von Mosel cut it out, and which is inferior to no other air by Handel, and as I have as much pleasure in reserve from all the 32 volumes—you may imagine my delight. Before he left, Moscheles came, and, in the very first half hour, played the second volume of my *Songs without words* right through, to my very great satisfaction; he is quite unchanged, only a little older in appearance, but fresh and merry as ever, and he plays magnificently: he is a perfect virtuoso of another kind, and a master besides. I have had one after the other the rehearsals of the first Subscription Concerts, and thus, on the evening of the day before yesterday, my Leipzig musical directorship began. I cannot describe to you how pleased I am with this commencement, and with my position here altogether. It is a quiet and regular business post. You perceive that the Institution has existed for 50 years, and, in addition to this, people seem very much attached and well-disposed to me and my music. The orchestra is exceedingly good, thoroughly musical, and I think that in another half year it will become still better, for the good-will and attention with which the people here receive and instantly follow my observations quite touched me at the two rehearsals we have had up to the present time; there was always a difference, as though it was another orchestra playing. There are some objections to certain of the performers, but they will be gradually remedied, and I think I may look forward to a series of very agreeable evenings and good performances. I wish you had heard the introduction to my *Morres-stille* (for it is with that the concert begins); the silence in the room and in the orchestra was so great that you could hear the most delicate gradation of tone, and they played the whole adagio in a perfectly masterly manner; they did not play the allegro as well; accustomed to a slower tempo, they always manifested a tendency to drag; the end, on the other hand, where the slow 4/4 time commences, was a great success; the fiddles went to work with an impetuosity which quite startled me, and *Publius* was delighted.—The following pieces: Aria in E major, by Weber; violin concerto, by Spohr; and the introduction to *Ali Baba*, did not go so well; the one rehearsal was not sufficient, and there was often unsteadiness; Beethoven's B flat major Symphony, on the contrary, which composed the second part, sounded magnificently, and the Leipzigers were in ecstasies after each movement. Such eager attention as there was in the entire orchestra I never saw surpassed; they kept a look-out like so many—*Schiesbügel*, as Zelter would have said.

After the concert I received from the members of the orchestra, and offered them, a mass of congratulations;—first came the orchestra, then the Thomaner (fine young fellows, who come in so punctually and lay about them, that I have promised them an order of merit), then Moscheles, with a retinue of amateurs, then the two musical papers, and so on. On Friday we have Moscheles's concert. I am to play with him his Piece for two Pianos; he will then play my new Piano-forte Concerto; my "Hebriden," also, will be in the swim. This afternoon, Moscheles, Clara Wieck and myself, play Seb. Bach's Triple Concerto in D minor. How amiable Moscheles is still towards me; what a deep interest he takes in my appointment here; how delighted I am that he is so contented with it; how, to my surprise, he plays my E flat major rondo better than I could ever have expected; how we dine in his hotel, and take tea, with music, of an evening in mine—all this you can fancy for yourselves, for you know him, especially you, my dear Father. These are happy days, and though I cannot do much work, I soon make up for lost time, when I derive so much enjoyment as I do now.

The first concert did not render me nervous, but to my shame I confess that I never before felt so embarrassed on leaving; I think this arose from its having previously given rise to so much writing and discussion, and I had never before seen a concert of the kind; the locality and the lights confused me. And now, hoping you are all well and happy, and begging you to write very often, I remain yours,

FELIX.

### Musical Pitch.

Extracted from "THE ORGAN, ITS HISTORY AND CONSTRUCTION." By E. J. HOPKINS and E. F. RIMBAULT. LL.D.

Much has been written, at various times, to show that the musical pitch has been gradually rising for the last two centuries; and the opinion has even been expressed, that in Tallis's time it was some two tones lower than it is now. The difficulty, or rather impossibility, has been to reconcile this theory with the notation of the venerable pieces of Church har-

mony of the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth centuries. All who have been accustomed to assist in the choral performance of the services and anthems of the early English Church composers, must have observed that the parts, generally speaking, lie so low for the voices that they can be sung only with some difficulty, even at the present supposed elevation of a major third above the original pitch; and this circumstance has naturally led to much speculation as to whether they ever could have been sung at a pitch much, if at all, below that in present use.

Several different theories have been propounded, with the hope of settling this by no means unimportant question. Some have supposed that the range of the human voice must have been lower at that period than it is now; others, that the composers could not have studied the compass and convenience of the voices for which they wrote; while others maintain that the compositions in question were not contemplated by their authors to be sung to any definite pitch, but were intended to be transposed, to suit the voices, as occasion might require. All these explanations, however, are accompanied by some circumstance that proves fatal to its unqualified reception. Let us examine them in the order they are above given.

It must be needless to insist on the extreme improbability that nature has found it necessary to revise that which has always been ranked among her most perfect works; namely, the vocal organ of the human species; particularly as there exists no real difficulty to render the retention of so unevenly an hypothesis necessary. But were it otherwise, the questionableness of such a theory is soon rendered evident by making an analysis of the music already alluded to. In the Services of Tye, Tallis, Bird, Gibbons, Bevin, Farrant, Hilton, and others, the notation of the treble part in no case ascends higher than D<sub>2</sub>, the fourth line in the treble; while in a few instances it descends as low as tenor A, the second line below. The bass constantly ranges down to FF, and sometimes to EE; and the inner parts lie proportionally low. The anthems of the same composers slightly exceed the above upward range in the treble part; but that only rarely. Now, if the pitch, at the time alluded to, were some two tones lower than at present, the above writers must have considered the sound corresponding with the modern B flat, or B<sub>1</sub> natural, the third line in the treble, as marking the full average upward range of treble voices, and an occasional tenor E, the fourth line in the bass, as not too low for them; and further they must have viewed DD flat, and even CC, the second line below the bass, as sounds quite within the reach of the ordinary bass voices;—ideas certainly most opposed to our knowledge and experience of the compass and capabilities of the several voices in existence in the present day. But, inasmuch as the theory of the former existence of a complete series of different, that is, deeper voices, rests solely on the presumed lower pitch of the seventeenth century—and this latter point is not yet proved—acquiescence in it may for the present be fairly withheld.

With regard to the second suggestion, "that the composers could not have studied the compass and convenience of the voices for which they wrote," the answer to this must depend entirely on the decision arrived at in reference to the former question, and, therefore, may also stand over for a time.

The third supposition is, "that the compositions in question were not contemplated by their authors to be sung to any definite pitch." This, however, does not meet the difficulty. Unless the old English treble voices were as deep as the modern counter-tenors, and all the other voices proportionally lower, Tallis, Gibbons, and the church composers of the period, must invariably and intentionally have written their music in a pitch in which it could never have been sung, and have thus rendered recourse to transposition not simply a matter of occasional expediency, but one of constant necessity. Nay, more, as their services, &c., were from the first intended to be accompanied by the organ (the composers themselves, in many cases, taking their seat at the instrument), and as the organs of that day were tuned according to the unequal temperament;—as, moreover, the music was always written in the scales that were especially favored by that temperament, but out of which, according to the above theory, they must uniformly have been transposed;—it follows, if the above hypothesis be correct, that the learned composers referred to must have avoided using the good keys in performance, if not in writing, and preferred the bad. Now, it is not possible that proceedings so needlessly complex and objectionable as those just detailed could have been recognized, still less have received preference, at the hands of those who were, in all other respects relating to their art, such methodical and deep-thinking men.

In the attempted solutions hitherto advanced, the judgment of the great English composers of the time referred to, and even the original perfectness of some of Nature's own work, the compass of the human voice, have been questioned, while one thing, the mutability of which is so well known, namely, the pitch, has been treated as though it was indisputably a very low one in the sixteenth century.

Now, although the opinion is directly at variance with all the hitherto received notions on the subject, there are the strongest reasons for believing that the ecclesiastical pitch of the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth centuries, so far from being some two tones lower than that now in use, was a whole tone higher than the present concert pitch.

During recent visits to several of the organs of Germany, the writer was frequently struck with the extreme sharpness of the pitch of the old organs. Of the three great instruments at Hamburgh, two—namely, those in St. Catharine's Church, which is the oldest, and that in the Church of St. Jacobi, built in the seventeenth century—proved to be a whole tone above the writer's tuning-fork, marked "Pitharmonic" pitch. The transept organ in St. Mary's Church, at Lübeck, another old instrument, on being tested, was also found to be a whole tone above the same pitch; while that in one of the other churches in the same old town, was a full semitone above the same pitch. On the inquiry being made of the organists of the three fore-mentioned churches, how they accounted for this circumstance, they explained that their organs were tuned to the Church pitch; and it subsequently transpired that in Germany three distinct standards of pitch had at different periods been used to which to tune organs,—namely, orchestra pitch, which was the lowest; chamber pitch, a semitone above the former; and church pitch, which was the highest. On extending these inquiries to an organ-builder of that country, that person stated that he had almost invariably found the old organs, which he had been called upon to tune, repair, or replace by new ones, a semitone or a whole tone sharper than the present concert pitch. Not the least interesting proof of the former existence of a high church pitch is to be found in the fact that Sebastian Bach, in his Church Cantatas, in the most cases wrote the organ part a note lower than the other parts; which circumstance is alluded to by Mr. Macfarren, in his analysis of the contents of the first volume of cantatas, published by the Leipzig Bach Society, printed in the *Musical World* for 1858.

The above facts, in conjunction with others, tended to confirm an opinion the writer had long previously entertained—namely, that in England, as in Germany, there must have existed, at the period of the Reformation, and from that time to that of the Rebellion, a church pitch quite separate from the orchestral or instrumental pitch; and not only so, but even higher than the modern concert pitch. Every circumstance directly supports this hypothesis, which at the same time removes and reconciles all the difficulties and improbabilities, which have encumbered every other view of the same subject.

To begin with a reference to the English Church Music. If we read the notation of the old services a tone higher, the average compass of the treble parts will then be made to the extent from middle b or c<sub>1</sub>, up to c<sub>2</sub> or f<sub>2</sub>; and the bass parts, as a rule, no lower than gamut G or FF—precisely the ranges which are known to be the best for the corresponding voices in church music. By this very simple means the necessity is obviated for supposing that the range of the human voice has undergone any modification; it removes all occasion for suggesting that the whole race of church composers of the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth centuries understood or studied the convenience of the voices so little as invariably to have written too low for them; and it renders it quite superfluous to suppose that that industrious class of writers made a practice of setting their services and anthems in wrong keys, leaving singers and organists to transpose them into the correct ones. William Turner, writing in 1724, says: "When Guido Aretinus reduced the Greek scale into the form now used, there was no sound practised above E la, which gave birth to the common proverb, viz., he strains a note above E la." Without going back so far as this quotation would take us, if the pitch in Tallis's time had been some two tones lower than at present, it is difficult to comprehend a cause for treble voices having to "strain" at c<sub>2</sub>; but if it were a tone higher, it is easy to understand that then, as now, the sound of f<sub>2</sub> sharp could only be produced by the exercise of some exertion.

In addition to the theoretical evidences already advanced, there are many practical reasons for believing in the former existence of a church pitch in England higher than the present one. For some time past it has been the custom with Mr. Tarle, the organist of Westminster Abbey, to play Gibbons'



anthem, "Hosanna to the Son of David," which is printed in C, in D major; by which transposition the music is rendered more effective in performance, and far less laborious to the choir to sing. The writer also has for years made a practice of playing Gibbons' service in G instead of F, and many other pieces a tone higher than they are printed, which experiments have uniformly been attended with so good an effect on the general character of the music, besides affording so much relief to the voices, as to strengthen the supposition that such transpositions were not departures from, but restorations of, the original pitch. Again, the writer observed, at the Bicentenary Festival of the Sons of the Clergy this year (1854), that Mr. Goss played Gibbons' anthem, "God is gone up," in G, instead of F, as written, in consequence of the parts otherwise lying so low for the voices. The tenors descend to B, and in one case to gamut A. By the transposition they had not to go below tenor C or B; but if taken "some two tones lower," they ought to have descended to FF—a sufficiently low note even for bass voices now-a-days.

Another practical illustration that a high vocal pitch was most probably recognized by the early English church and choral writers, may be gathered from the custom observed at both the metropolitan Madrigal Societies, of almost uniformly taking the pitch of the old English madrigals a semi-tone or more higher than the notation represents, that is, in about the German chamber pitch of former times, to the great improvement of the general effect.

Since the above observations were first written, two interesting facts have come to the writer's knowledge, which strongly support the opinion as to a former high church pitch. In the library, at the Exeter Cathedral, is preserved a MS. copy, written about the beginning of the last century, of Tallis's Service in D, transposed into E; and in Dr. Rimbault's library is a copy of Gibbons' service in F, transposed into G; in both cases the notation, no doubt, being raised, to compensate for the lowering of the pitch, in order that the originally intended sounds might be preserved.

In 1644, church organs were ordered to be demolished by Act of Parliament; and so implicitly was the nonsensical decree obeyed, that very few organs escaped the general destruction; and even the two or three that were spared have subsequently undergone so much alteration in the course of improvement that they could afford little or no assistance in solving the question which has just been considered.

The organs built by Smith and Harris after the Restoration were not tuned to so high a pitch as the presumed choir pitch of the time of Tallis and Gibbons. Smith's pitch, however, was much higher than is commonly supposed, as may be gathered from the following passage, extracted from the "English Musical Gazette," for January, 1819:—"It is a remarkable circumstance that all Schmidt's organs were a quarter, and some even half a tone above pitch; this was so severely felt by the wind instruments, at the performances of the Sons of the Clergy, that they could not get near the pitch of the organ. In consequence of this, it was agreed upon, that the organ should be altered to concert pitch, by transposing the pipes, so that the present DDD was formerly CCC, and so on through the organ." To this it may be added, that the pipes to the CCC key are new ones; the two Open Diapason pipes, of wood, standing in the angles of the case to the left of the manuals. The pitch of the Temple organ was also originally very sharp; but was lowered in 1843. Yet neither the St. Paul's nor the Temple organ is even now more than a quarter of a tone below pitch; consequently they must both originally have been quite up to the present concert pitch, and therefore almost mathematically correct, if not quite so. Harris's organs were generally lower in pitch than Smith's. That at Wolverhampton—part of the one that was originally erected at the Temple—was so until a few years since, when its pitch was raised. It is not certain what was the cause of this difference. Probably it arose from the fact of the French foot measure being greater than the German; which measure applied to the organ pipes, would necessarily lead to such a result as that just mentioned. But to return from such speculations to the written music of the latter part of the seventeenth century. On referring to the sacred compositions by the contemporaries of Smith and Harris, we perceive this coincidence in support of the opinion that the pitch of that period was flatter than the earlier choir pitch; namely, that certain notes, such as E<sup>b</sup> and F<sub>2</sub>, which scarcely ever appeared in the treble part of the earlier church music, were now of quite common occurrence.

Soon after the commencement of the eighteenth century, the pitch had again fallen. Possibly Harris's flatter pitch was preferred and accepted as the standard. It is known that the organ in the Chapel

of Trinity College, Cambridge, commenced by Father Smith, and "cut down" and finished by his son-in-law, Schrider, in 1708, was originally adjusted to the pitch which has been shown mathematically to have been a minor tone below the present pitch. The writer of the "Reformation of Cathedral Music," page 25, says Dr. Smith (Harmonies, 1749) gives 393 as the number of vibrations of A in a second. Fisher, in 1823, gives 430. Woolhouse ascertained the Philharmonic pitch, in 1835, to have 424. The same note referred to the scale of vibrations C=512, and derived as a prime harmonic from the subdominant F, will have 526.6. Now the ratio of any of these to 393 is almost exactly as 10:9, which is the ratio of a minor tone, shewing the rise of pitch within a single century."

What is very remarkable is, the pitch had, soon after the commencement of the last century, fallen as much in France and Germany as in England. Of the three fine organs at Strasburg, built by Silbermann, those in the cathedral, finished in 1716, and that in the Protestant church proved, on trial in 1853, to be a whole tone below the pitch of the same fork by which the Hamburg organs were tested the preceding year, and found to be a whole tone sharp. The third organ in St. Thomas's Church is nearly as flat. The organ in the church of S. Maria di Capitol, at Cologne, built in 1767 by König, was originally flat; and, like the Trinity organ, has since been sharpened.

In this case, again, the greater depression of the pitch is manifested by the increased upward range of the notation, as is clearly demonstrated by the music of Handel and other composers of the last century, even without the authority of Handel's tuning-fork, the existence of which further authenticates the supposition. William Turner likewise speaks of the treble voices in his time going some three or four degrees higher than Guido's gamut, which, however, would then have consisted of the same range of sounds as in Tallis's time, or within a semitone of it.

It is evident then, (1) that the organ pitch has within three centuries varied to the extent of two whole tones; (2) that there have at different times existed three distinct pitches, the highest being the oldest; that in use soon after the commencement of the last century being the lowest; and (3) that the present pitch is about midway between the extreme high and low pitches of former times, and is as nearly as possible identical with Father Smith's.

## Music Abroad.

### England.

The principal musical event of the past month has been the Festival of the three choirs of Worcester, Gloucester and Hereford, which took place this time, by rotation, in the Cathedral at Worcester, on the 8th, 9th and 10th of September. The total of band and chorus was 300. Mr. Done, the cathedral organist, was the conductor. We clip a few paragraphs from the daily reports in the London *Musical World*, to show what was done.

*Tuesday, Sept. 8.* This morning, at half-past eight, full service was held in the Cathedral, the admission being of course free to all comers. The *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* were by Sir F. Osley, the anthem Elvey's "Praise the Lord O my soul." For the sake of the collective reputation of the choristers of Worcester, Gloucester and Hereford, I wish that I could express my satisfaction at the manner in which the service was got through.

Then followed a sermon by the bishop, and at 12 o'clock the cathedral was again densely crowded, to hear Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

In the first part Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Banks and Miss Palmer, together with Mr. Wilbye Cooper, sang the solos with marked effect; in the second Mlle. Titiens, Madame Sinton Dolby and Mr. Sims Reeves distinguished themselves, as they never fail to do, while Mr. Weiss, who sustained the part of the prophet throughout, never sung with more earnestness and dignity. The trio of angels was repeated, at the request, I believe, of the Bishop: at any rate it seemed to be quite an understood thing, as the conductor made a dead stop, looking round for an evidently expected signal. Why is the sound a school for conductors? We should then be spared such muddling work as occurred but too frequently this morning. One does not like to be hypercritical upon gentlemen who assume the baton only once in three years, but the want of energy, and general slug-

gishness of the performance, cannot be allowed to pass entirely unnoticed. The attendance was about 1700; the collection £333.

In the evening was a miscellaneous concert:—Mozart's Symphony in D; Bennett's *Naiades* overture; selection from *Cosie fan tutte*; arias, duets, &c., by Sims Reeves, Santley, the baritone, Tietjens, Mme. Sinton-Dolby, the Misses Phillips, and others.

*Sept. 9.* This morning Mozart's *Requiem*, Beethoven's *Engedi* (*Mount of Olives*), and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* have been given, but much as I love each of these great master pieces I cannot but think that there was one too many for a single performance. The conductor seemed more at home with Mozart than he was yesterday with Mendelssohn, the *Requiem* on the whole going very fairly, stricter attention to the various tempi, and less absence of light and shade being observable: the chorus too, throughout, honorably distinguished themselves. For the soloists, Mlle. Tietjens and Mad. Sinton Dolby, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Weiss, we have nothing but praise to offer. Nor was the *Mount of Olives* less satisfactory, the grand "Hallelujah Chorus" bringing the first part to an end most admirably. The *Lobgesang* fared far better than *Elijah*, the time (with one or two trifling exceptions) being generally correct, while both hand and chorus seemed thoroughly to have warmed to their work and played and sang their best. Of course Mr. Sims Reeves produced the effect he always does in the recitative, which he has made so peculiarly his own, "We called through the darkness." This, the succeeding chorus, "The night is departing," and the sublime chorale which follows, were worthy of praise. No less noticeable were the two duets "I waited for the Lord," and "My song shall be always Thy mercy," in which Madame Lemmens Sherrington divided the honors with the great tenor, that lady's solo, "Praise thou the Lord," being also irreproachable. Since its first production at Birmingham, in 1840, each hearing of this work makes one more bitterly deplore the death of its composer, whose intention it was to have made this the first of three compositions of similar character.—What a glorious addition to our stock of classical music would have been two more such examples of the Sinfonia cantata. Again was the cathedral completely filled, nearly 1800 being present, a result exceedingly gratifying as some 700 more than were present on the corresponding day three years since, when the *Last Judgment* and a selection from *Judas Maccabæus* were done.

*Sept. 10.* I am glad to find the taste for Mendelssohn is so much in the ascendant here. We have had *Elijah* and the *Lobgesang*, and last night we had a no less great masterpiece. *The First Wulburgis Night*, which, taken altogether, went very well, despite the usual tendency to drag the time, which seems the special weakness of the conductors of these festivals. Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Weiss sustained the principal solo parts, giving the fullest effect to the music. The rest of the scheme of the second concert was like that of the first.

The entire first part to-day was devoted to Herr Schachner's oratorio, *Israel's return from Babylon*, the novelty *par excellence* of the festival. The late hour at which this morning's performance terminated prevents my giving anything like a detailed analysis of Herr Schachner's work, or how the various numbers were rendered. It must be sufficient therefore for my present purpose to mention the bare facts; viz., that the principals, Mlle. Tietjens, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley, all sang their very best, that Mr. Dane was most zealous in his endeavors, that band and chorus exerted themselves to the utmost, and, although various opinions were expressed as to the merits of the oratorio, I believe the general feeling is one of satisfaction. Be it what it may, the step is one in the right direction, and the managing committee deserve all credit for being the first to introduce even a quasi-novelty into their programme. A selection from the works of Handel, beginning from the *Esther* overture, which for many years ushered in the Tuesday morning's service, constituted the second part. *Jephthah* furnished occasion for Mr. Reeves to display the wonderful pathos that he alone knows so well how to infuse into the recitative "Deeper and deeper still," with its tender air "Waft her, angels," and to Miss Banks the opportunity of singing "Farewell, ye limpid springs and floods" with much unassuming and natural feeling. *Samson* contributed for Madame Lemmens Sherrington, "Ye men of Gaza;" for Mr. Wilbye Cooper, "Total eclipse;" for Madame Sinton Dolby, "Return, O God of hosts;" for Mr. Weiss, "Honor and arms;" and for Mlle. Titiens, "Let the bright seraphim."—That these were one and all well done will be easily understood, and that Mr. T. Harper's trumpet ob-

bligato to the last named air was, as it always is, one of the most interesting features, will be readily conceived by your readers, who are (I should think none of them are not) acquainted with the respective pieces and their interpreters. Nor must I omit a strong word of praise for the choir, which consisted of some 250 fine fresh voices, the soprano and basses being especially noticeable, and the singing remarkably steady throughout. The attendance was again enormous, 2170 persons being present; the Thursday of three years since (when *Elijah* was performed) mustering but 1624. The collection, however, was not so large, being £240 against £255.

#### Paris.

**GRAND OPERA.** Mlle. Tietjens performed in the *Huguenots* four times, and then returned to England. Her victories in Paris may not have satisfied her English admirers, but the *Gazette Musicale* says of her, that "each time the success, which she obtained from the first day became more pronounced, more decided; each time she was applauded, recalled with more warmth, and in short, to sum up all in one word of irresistible eloquence, each time the receipts rose to that figure which is the *ultima ratio* of authors, artists and directors";—according to which *ultima ratio* "negro minstrelsy" is perhaps the height of art!

A new tenor, Villaret, won favor in *Guillaume Tell*, the "Sicilian Vespers" and *Il Tronatore*. Mme. Gueymard and Mlle. Wertheimer sang in the last named piece.

**OPERA COMIQUE.** *Le Caid* was taken up again in the early part of September with Mlle. Girard and M. Bataille, in the principal parts; both much applauded.

**THEATRE LYRIQUE.** This opera house, now dignified with the title *Impérial* (which covers the trifle of 100,000 francs subvention, opened on the 3d of September, under M. Carvalho's management, with Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro." Mme. Carvalho took the part of the page, and Mme. Ugalde that of Susanna. Mlle. Brunetti was the Countess; and the two baritone parts (Figaro and the Count) were taken by MM. Petit and Lutz.

**ITALIAN THEATRE.** The director, M. Bagier, has engaged, for double service both at Paris and Madrid, the following artists: *Prime donne soprani, mezzo-soprani and contralti*: Mmes. Anna de Lagrange, Borghi-Mamo, Calderon, Gassier, de Méric-Lablache, Carlotta and Barbara Marchisio, Adelina Patti, Vauder-Beek, Mariotti. *Primi tenori*: MM. Baragli, Fraschini, Mario, Musiani, Nicolini, Pagans. *Primi baritoni*: MM. Agnesi, Delle-Sedie, Giraltoni, Guicciardi, Guadagnini, Morelli. *Primi bassi*: MM. Antonacci, Bouché. *Primi buffe*: MM. Rovero, Scallèse;—and a long list of *comprimarie* or secondary parts. Two new works of Verdi are announced: *La Forza del destino*, and *Simon Boccanegra*. Among the old works to be taken from the shelf are: Rossini's *Moise*, Bellini's *Beatrice di Tenda*, Donizetti's *Linda* and *Maria di Rohan*, and Pacini's *Saffo*.

#### Germany.

**VIENNA.** Rehearsals of Gluck's *Iphigenia* were going on with vigor. Ander, the tenor, having recovered from illness, made his re-appearance as Jean of Leyden in the *Prophète*, Sept. 10th; and Wachtel, the coachman tenor, has sung twice in the part of Raoul in the *Huguenots*. Weber's *Oberon* filled the theatre, with Wachtel in the part of Huon, and Mme. Dustman as Rezia, a part somewhat beyond her physical force.—The Singakademie announces for the coming season a *Requiem* by Mignon; the "Minstrel's Curse" by R. Schuman; Handel's "Acis and Galathea," and a Cantata and Christmas Oratorio by J. S. Bach.

The Austrian capital will have two Italian Operas in the approaching season. In that under the direction of Signor Merelli, file, will appear Milles. Patti and Trebelli, and Signor Alexandre Bettini;

in that formed by Signor Salvi, Mesdames Artôt, Barbot and Lotri. Signori Mongini, Graziani (tenor and barytone), Zucchini, Angelini, &c.

**STUTTGART.** An opera by Salieri, (a composer of much note in Vienna in Mozart's time), called "Axur, king of Ormus," was to be produced in the latter part of September.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 3, 1863.

### Our Musical Season.

It is time that our musical societies should be stirring for the winter's campaign. Notes of preparation have usually been heard earlier than this. Golden October has come round again, and so far nothing has taken shape, nothing addresses itself to motion; no series of concerts (we mean of the higher order) are announced or even rumored,—nothing except the opening of the great organ, and whatever else may vaguely be imagined to organize itself about that as a centre, or proceed from that as a starting-point. It is naturally a foregone conclusion that there will be Oratorios and other choral concerts with the organ, as well as organ concerts without voices—save such as its own five or six thousand pipes can furnish. The spacious Music Hall, all beautiful and bright and clean again, with that magnificent temple of sound filling the stage end, which was formerly so bare, and drawing all eyes to it like a magnet, and with the noble Beethoven statue, now for the first time set before a worthy background, will invite more than ever to the grander festivals of Art. How rich the place already is in memories of exquisite and sometimes holy hours! What Symphonies and Oratorios, highest moments of Mozart and Beethoven, Handel and Mendelssohn, and all the great ones, haunt its walls! And now the occasion shall be greater—for are we not a nation purified by fire and entering on a new life, with Victory and Peace and Liberty, which henceforth shall mean liberty for all, demanding celebration in exhaustless Symphony and Song? Now too the means, with such a renovated Hall, and such an Organ, and all the new musical interest which these excite, are much increased.

Therefore we have reason to anticipate a musical revival, and in the best sense; that is to say, a revival of what has constituted, at one time or another during the past twelve or fourteen years, the proper musical glory of our city; a revival of the great days of the Orchestra and of the Oratorio societies, not forgetting the sweet seclusion of like-minded circles listening to choice "chamber music."

Let us consider, then, what can we have, and what are we likely to have. Of Organ concerts we need say nothing—they at least are a foregone conclusion—save to repeat the hope that the great organ will be the means of familiarizing our ears and souls, as much as possible, with the great music of Bach; this in itself would be an era in our musical culture, and would go far to compensate for meagreness and failure in almost all the other branches.

Nor need we take into account the Opera, the fitting prospects of whose visitations we have noted elsewhere. Opera—as we generally get it—while it is one of the always popular and fash-

ionable things, only indirectly touches the musical life and growth of a community. It belongs more to amusement than to culture. Occasionally, when we chance to have some great work worthily presented, it does more and kindles an artistic fervor. But opera, to afford to do such good work, must be a permanent establishment, and not a speculating visitor, whose art it is to dazzle a baby public with bright colors, and make us buy, in the heat of the hour's folly, what we do not need so much as better things which cost less and last longer. But we can count some good things, some real treasures of the mind, even amid the fitful fevers of past opera seasons. We hope that the three armies this year threatening to invade us, will not do so wholly to our harm, but will give us, in addition to things hacknied, sentimental, trivial or dazzlingly effective, also now and then a taste of the really great works of lyric art. Some novelties, about which we shall at least be curious, like Gounod's "Faust," are promised, and we shall no doubt hear good singers, each productive of a fresh sensation. From the (to our town) novelty of a well-appointed German opera we certainly shall expect some gain to our stock of lyrical impressions. We think we shall be pretty sure to make acquaintance with *Fidelio*, and a few more works of Mozart,—would that we might add also Gluck; possibly "William Tell," which is German enough in spirit, though Rossini wrote it; possibly too, Weber's *Oberon* or *Euryanthe*; and Cherubini's *Wasserträger*; as well as lighter works of Nicolai, Lortzing, Kreutzer, &c. But we linger here too long in passing; our concern now is with the concerts, not the operas.

To begin with the most important, those of the Orchestra, the so-called "Philharmonic," or Symphony concerts. No organ, opera, or oratorio can supply the want of these. We write them all with little or compared to Orchestra, when worthily engaged in its peculiar work of rendering a great Symphony. But then it must really be an orchestra, a grand one, well appointed, with twice or thrice our usual complement of strings. In our straitened circumstances, however, we must do the best we can; we cannot command half the artists that New York can, or Berlin, Leipzig, London, &c. But on a smaller scale, of 40 or 50 instruments, much has been and may still be done. More depends on the works selected for interpretation, on the programme, and the earnest study bestowed on its execution, than on numbers. Have not nearly all the Symphonies of Beethoven, of Mendelssohn, the best of Mozart and of Haydn, become household words among us, poor as we are compared to the great musical centres? And can we ever do with less? We are glad, therefore, to learn that Mr. Zerrahn means once more to reorganize and revivify his orchestra, and give a series of at least four sterling concerts, in which some of the best of the Symphonies, and some important novelties, will be produced. He contemplates the excellent plan of announcing his whole season's programme beforehand, so that subscribers may know to what they commit themselves. We have heard him speak of Schubert's glorious Symphony in C as among the possibilities; also, among the novelties, Liszt's "Faust" symphony, and Nicolai's choral overture based on the hymn: *Ein feste Burg*. We may be allowed the suggestion, that, inasmuch as the great Organ is about to set the pitch here according to the new French standard, which is

less extravagantly high than that to which we have been accustomed, it will now cost less straining to the voices to achieve the choral parts of the Ninth Symphony; and does not this new facility, combined with all the inspirations of the great passing crisis, suggest this as a good time for a new attempt to render that sublime creation? We long to see the bronze Beethoven looking down upon an orchestra engaged in such a task.

On the good stand taken by these concerts will depend somewhat the tone and character of the more mixed and cheaper Afternoon Rehearsal concerts, which will naturally follow. The Amateur orchestra, also, (Mozart Club), will doubtless do some good things.

In the quieter way of Chamber Music we learn that Messrs. Eichberg, Leonhard and Kreissmann have determined to give another series of such charming concerts as they held at Chickering's last year: when we shall have instrumental works of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, and the rest, with songs of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, sung in their true spirit. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club will of course continue their good work, bringing out more of the last quartets of Beethoven, as well as brightening the impression of the old favorite works in that kind. We hear that they think of commencing their concerts without resorting to the old ungracious, tiresome process of a subscription paper, and without any stipulated number of concerts. We think the plan a good one and quite as likely to succeed. But if the number of concerts is to be fixed, we would suggest the advantage of doing as Messrs. Mason & Thomas have done in New York, publishing the programmes of the whole series beforehand. By this means, the more earnest among the audience will have a chance to prepare themselves somewhat by private study for the right reception and enjoyment of the various masterpieces. We trust that our pianists, too, some of whom are masters, will feel the spirit move them to give some evenings with the fine composers for that instrument.

In all these concerts, the art of arts, perhaps, is that of programme-making. Variety is the spice of life, it is true, and contrast is a vital element in unity itself. How to secure these without vitiating the whole, without loss of artistic self-respect, is the question. The temptation is quite natural, and the practice far too common, to try to conciliate the truly musical, and at the same time catch the crowd; to render outward tribute unto Beethoven, but to claim more to one's self (the player). We trust no one will fail to read the letter of Mendelssohn upon another page, especially the passage where he speaks of "half virtuosos and half classicists, who would fain combine in music *les honneurs de la vertu et les plaisirs du vice*."

We really believe we shall not have occasion to complain again of the past three or four years' poverty in Oratorios, compared with good old times. The Organ alone is guaranty of that. It will shoot new life into the old Handel and Haydn Society; new purposes, new hopes, new sense of youth already begin to stir under its venerable ribs, with energy enough we hope to lead to something. The "Messiah" at Christmas will derive an added glory from the organ; but we expect much more than that. There are other great works which we have a right to hope to hear. It is even time that our famous Oratorio Society should begin to grapple with old Bach, or own itself behind the age. Some good things we know they have in contemplation; among them Handel's music to Dryden's "Ode to St. Cecilia," for the first time, and a revival of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." "Israel in Egypt," with its triumphant Miriam's song and "horse and his rider" chorus, and "Judas Maccabæus" would suit the temper of the times. New life and long life, say we, to the "Handel and Haydn." But are there no other bodies of singers, who might keep this alive and young by wholesome emulation? And is there not other great choral work to be done, requiring organ, orchestra, great Music Hall and voices, besides Oratorio, opening important fields for other organizations? The writer, in the *Musical Times*, from whom we quoted in our last, complains that the H. & H. Society have

heretofore had the exclusive monopoly of the Music Hall on Sunday evenings,—the only evenings on which sacred concerts are remunerative." This, if true, is too suggestive of "the dog in the manger," and we agree with our neighbor that music would probably be the gainer by having the Hall and all other conveniences open to fair competition. But of this hereafter.

### Hayter's Church Music.

Resuming our examination of this book where we left off (see Journal of Sept. 5), we have yet to speak of what is the most characteristic and almost the largest portion of its contents. For it will be remembered, we found its chief peculiarity, among other "collections," to consist in its avoidance of the usual psalm tune monotony, and its borrowing even the themes of its psalm tunes from larger classical works of all kinds. This tendency is still more apparent in the collection of larger pieces, which, with a lot of those mere musical cadences called "Chants," make up the last half of the book.

The first example is unpromising; Mr. Hayter has not put the best foot forward. The piece is entitled *Deus Misereatur*, by Mozart; and in it you soon recognize some lineaments of the beautiful *Recordare* in the *Requiem* looking out through strange disfigurement of the original structure, where voice follows voice in canon, while here, the four parts move *pari passu*.

Next come a couple of *Jubilates* (always with English words). The first, bearing no composer's name, has a familiar sound, and is a graceful, flowing, charming composition. The second, by Novello, is still better; having a figured bass, and generally a free and individual movement of the parts, ingenious but not finical, learned but yet natural and expressive. The *Benedictus* presents itself in five dresses; at first *Winter-clad*, and rather cold and commonplace; the next time anonymously, but pleasantly and cheerfully, with a touch or two of Spohr harmony; then with the name of Hayter—rather a forced effort, chilly and ungenial modulations alternating with weak passages in thirds; then as that ringing glorious strain, full and sonorous, the *Dona nobis* from the first Mass of Haydn,—verily a good selection; and finally with the sweet, serious, placid smile of Vincent Novello.

An entire *Te Deum* follows, arranged by Hayter from the first Mass of Haydn, making an effective piece.—The next piece: *Benedic anima mea*, bears the Italian name of Sarti; a learned composer, but this piece runs too much in sweetish thirds, though it has fine passages. It is not nor indeed are the most of these pieces, church-like in the severer sense of the term; compare it with either Bach or Palestrina, their style is secular—a thing which can be without lacking all religious element.

Next come an Easter Anthem by Novello, with a kindly warmth in it, and a nice Christmas Anthem by Hopkins, (we presume the organist at the Temple Church in London), in the course of which a breath of Handel's pastoral symphony creeps into the accompaniment. A couple of short funeral anthems, both anonymous, both of a soothing and consoling character, but in no way remarkable as compositions, and a *Sanctus* in old English style, strong and solemn, by Dr. Croft, close the list.

There is certainly much in this book which choirs may find of value; much that must be refreshing after most Yankee psalm and anthem manufactures; much that is musician-like, though faults and crudities may here and there be pointed out. We regard it as a progress, but we still hope to see a collection of religious music wholly drawn from deeper sources.

Mr. GILMORE, with his well appointed band, and almost orchestra, commenced a series of brilliant and entertaining popular concerts at the Tremont Tem-

ple last Saturday and Sunday evenings. CAMILLA URSO played her violin for him, and its charm is infallible. Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, the bass, sang, and Mr. ARBUCKLE displayed his fine skill on the cornet. Overtures, operatic potpourris, &c., were played by the band, both with reeds and with brass alone, with remarkable purity of intonation, precision and brilliancy of effect.

MARSTON'S Opera troupe are to open at the New York Academy next Monday evening, in *Roberto Devereux*, the principal parts by Mme. Medori, Mlle. Sulzer, Signors Mazzoleni and Bellini. During the week, *Rigoletto* and *Norma* are to follow.

In New York the various series of classical concerts are announcing themselves. The Philharmonic Society has commenced its rehearsals. Mr. THEODORE THOMAS will give four grand orchestral concerts, and as many public rehearsals, at Irving Hall, with the addition of a full chorus.—The Brooklyn Philharmonic, too, with Eisfeld for conductor, commence their seventh season of five concerts and 15 rehearsals, the first concert to be on the 31st inst., with Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony and Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" overture for the main features.—Mr. MILLS will give four piano concerts, and Messrs. MASON & THOMAS announce the following prospectus of their Soirées of Chamber Music:

Soirée I.  
Quartet, D minor, No. 2. Mozart.—Sonata, Piano, F sharp minor, op. 11. Schumann.—Quintet, C, op. 29. Beethoven.  
Soirée II.  
Quartet, B. Haydn.—Sonata, A minor, op. 105. Schumann.—Quartet, E flat, op. 127. No. 12. Beethoven.  
Soirée III.  
Quartet, F. op. 41. No. 2. Schumann.—Sonata, Piano C minor, posth. Schubert.—Quartet, F. op. 59, No. 1. Beethoven.  
Soirée IV.  
Quartet, Piano, E flat, op. 47. Schumann.—Sonata, G minor, op. 1. No. 5. Tartini.—Ballade, Mason.—Quartet, B, op. 130, No. 13. Beethoven.  
Soirée V.  
Quartet, G. op. 13. No. 2. Beethoven.—Sonata, B minor, No. 1. Bach.—Sonata, Piano C minor, op. 109, Beethoven.—Quartet, G. posth., Schubert.  
Soirée VI.  
Quartet, G. No. 6. Mozart.—Sonata, D minor, op. 121, Schumann.—Quartet, A minor, op. 183. Beethoven.

### Obituary.

#### HERMANN WOLLENHAUPT, THE PIANIST.

This eminent pianist and composer died on Friday evening, the 18th inst., after a very brief illness. He left his native place, Schkeuditz, in Prussia, at the age of 18, having achieved a fine reputation as a pianist, and came to New York in 1845, where he has resided ever since. His name soon became known by his performances at the Philharmonic and other concerts, and the reputation thus achieved gained him at once a large influx of pupils from the best families. This success decided him to settle down as a teacher and he became one of the most eminent instructors in the country. He but rarely appeared in public, as he devoted all his leisure time to composition. His works for the piano-forte are numerous, and are distinguished by marked originality, exquisite grace, freshness, and brilliancy. All these works, though written here, are probably better known in Europe, where they have made for their author a brilliant reputation and have become standard teaching pieces. They have been republished in almost every European city. Mr. Wollenhaupt, having determined to end his days in New York, sent for the whole of his family to join him before he had been two years in the country. For them he made a home, educating his sisters and displaying the noblest traits both as a son and a brother. He did yet more. He sent his brother Bruno to Germany to study as an artist, and afforded him all the advantages that a seven years' stay could offer. He was well repaid for the sacrifice, by the eminence which that brother has attained as a violinist and musician. No man was more respected among us for his rare intelligence and genius, and no man was more beloved for his honorable, generous, open-hearted nobility of character. In every relation of life he was just, tender, and true, and he goes to his grave mourned by all, and with heartfelt regrets, that but few have deserved so well, that a life so useful should have ceased so soon, when so many affections were intertwined with his, and the promise of the future was so bright. All the well-known musicians were present at his funeral, and the piano warerooms and music stores were closed in respect to his memory. His body was interred at Cypress Hill Cemetery, Long Island.—*Tribune*.

**GERMAN OPERA.** A fortnight ago we copied from a New York paper the latest *on dis* about the famous singers whom Herr Anschütz had engaged in Europe for the coming season. That very day the new importation arrived in New York, where the orchestra, chorus and *corps de ballet* have for some time been rehearsing; but on opening the goods, they were not found to correspond in a single particular with the invoice which has been circulating in the newspapers. Entirely a changed set of names—and for the most part heretofore unheard of, (which does not prove that they may not be as good as the best). No Titaschek, no Dall' Aste, no Formes, neither Carl nor Theodor nor—what is the baritone brother's name? Instead of these we have the following list, furnished to the Philadelphia *Evening* by Mr. A. Birgfeld, the business agent of Mr. Anschütz:

The leading tenor robusto is Herr Himmer, who has been for several years at the Berlin opera. The new prima donna for the heavier parts is Madame Himmer-Frederici, from the same theatre. Both are very fine artists. The soubrette is Mlle. Pauline Canisso, from Vienna, who sang with success in Paris last year and has received high commendation from Rossini and others. There is another soubrette, Mlle. Caroline Lang, from Pesth. A singer of the florid style is Mlle. Caroline Puckner, from Vienna. The light tenor is Herr Holler, from the Brunswick opera. The first basso is Herr Lorenz Remy, from Vienna, where he was selected by Salvi for the Italian opera. The barytone's name has not been given to us, but he is said to be very fine. Mme. Johannsen, and Messrs. Kronfeld, Graff, Weinlich and others of last year's company are re-engaged. The orchestra and chorus have been greatly enlarged and improved. A number of operas never played in this country will be produced, including Weber's *Enryantke*, Spohr's *Jessonda* and Gounod's *Faust*, which has made such a sensation in London lately. The company will begin its performances in Baltimore about the 1st of October and will then go to Washington for a fortnight. The season at the Philadelphia Academy will begin on Monday, the 2d of November, and continue throughout the month. The great excellence of the company and the novelty and variety of the repertoire make it certain that it will be attended with great success.

Since noting the above, we find that the German Company were to make their first trial at Brooklyn, last Thursday evening, in *Der Freyschütz*, for a single night only.

**STIGELLI**, the tenor, in a private letter, dated Monza, Aug. 28, to a friend in this city, writes:

"I accepted an engagement at La Pergola in Florence a few days ago for the autumn season. The company will be of the best quality. I shall sing in Gounod's fine opera of *Faust*, which is certainly the most remarkable novelty which has made its appearance for some years. The music is more German than French, fresh, generally original, and full of felicitous phrases and ideas, which are essentially connected with the orchestration. Though filled with "good music", it possesses a charm for those who are not technically skilled in the science. The libretto is as well done as the grandeur of Goethe's poem permits, reduced to the small proportions of an opera plot. The authors have seized on the principal points for scenic effect, and these, with the delightful music, together charm the auditor. It needs a dramatic tenor, a "belle et bonne" soprano, an excellent bass and good choruses."

**THE WRONG MAX.** The *Tribune's* postscript to its account of Maretzek's operatic plans, which we copied in our last, was in error about Gottschalk's being "engaged for 100 nights by Mr. Maretzek." Max Strakosch is the man, the same under whose agency the virtuoso's business has thrived for a year or two past.

The *Transcript* has the following:

One of the finest church organs yet erected in this City of Organs has recently been built, and is now being placed in the Second Church, Dr. Robbin's in Bedford street.

This splendid instrument is the work of the Brothers Hook; and they have exercised their utmost skill

in producing an organ worthy of the beautiful church it will adorn, the critical judgment of our community, and the prominent position they have attained as builders.

The Society have been fortunate in having the services of Mr. B. J. Lang, who has been unremitting in devising the details of its action, and musical characteristics, and in oversight of its construction. The Music Committee of the Church have had their ingenuity somewhat taxed in procuring an outward form, or case, which, while it should harmonize with the architecture of the church, should at the same time enable them to preserve the beautiful Gothic front window—in all of which they have been eminently successful, the present design having been furnished, under their advisement, by Wm. C. Preston, a young artist of growing popularity.

As a musical instrument the organ is of rare excellence, combining stops both grand and beautiful. In mechanical peculiarities, it embraces many modern European improvements now first introduced. As an adjunct to the architecture of the church, it is all that could be desired; neither too ornate nor simple; but embodying all the details of the early English Gothic requisite for unity with its surroundings. The form of the instrument is that of two Gothic temples, united by a screen, with gables of tracery—the corners of each having grouped Gothic columns, supporting light pinnacles. Both gables and pinnacles are crocketed, and terminate in appropriate finials.

Each of these temples, which are of black walnut, will present two gabled fronts, with pipes of harnished metal, in fine contrast with the more sombre hue of the wood; and the many colored lights streaming in between them, over and through the gables and tracery of the screen, produce a most beautiful and pleasing effect. The organist and choir are thus placed as it were between two organs.

This instrument, the bellows of which covers eighty square feet, is of itself a curiosity, has great capacity, and consists of a great organ, swell organ, choir and pedal organs, with the proper couplings, leaders and valves, and has 40 registers and 1712 pipes; it is played by three banks of manuals, and over two octaves of pedals.

From the singularity of form and position of this organ, it has required great mechanical ingenuity to arrange its several parts, and insure promptness of voice and freedom of touch, with easy action; but the Messrs. Hook have overcome all obstacles, and offer this, their last work, to the congregation and the public, with the full assurance that it is in all respects equal, at least, if not superior, to any one yet put up in this country.

Sept. 23, 1863.

**OPERA IN NEW YORK.** Of the opening at the Academy the *Sunday Times* says:

It will be good news to Fifth avenue, and the whole army of white kid glove and opera cloak importers, that nothing has occurred to disturb Max Maretzek's happy family arrangements; that the magnificent prima donna, Medori, arrived in excellent health; that the serenade in honor of her return passed off beautifully; that, in short, all the preliminaries, having been satisfactorily disposed of, the regular opera season will open on Monday evening, October 5th, under more favorable auspices than any that New York has ever before witnessed. The opening opera will be Donizetti's celebrated "Roberto Devereux," with Medori in her great part of Queen Elizabeth, Mazzoleni as Count Essex, Mlle. Sulzer as Lady Nottingham, and Bellini as the Duke of Nottingham. Already the box office of the Academy of Music is besieged, and it is safe to predict a most brilliant inauguration, heightened by the presence of all that New York can boast of fashion and beauty. The first opera night will, indeed, most fitly introduce a fashionable season of unusual promise.

A history of the opera in Berlin has been written by Count Cameillon Schneider of Prussia. Here is an extract: "The Berlin opera is a creation of Frederick the Great, and was opened on the 7th of December, 1742, with Graun's "Cæsar and Cleopatra."—Graun conducted at the piano. One of the first stars on the stage was the dancer Barbarina, the King's favorite, who afterwards married the Privy Councillor von Cöceji, the son of the Chancellor, and died at a very advanced age in 1799, in Silesia, where she had three estates, leaving her entire fortune—100,000 thalers—to an institute for noblemen's daughters."

At the late distribution of prizes at the Brussels conservatory, the successful candidate, Bernard Sternberg, was refused the prize on account of his extreme youth. He is not more than thirteen years old.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Ah! Who can tell how lonely. (Ah! Non pensar che pieno.) Romance from Beatrice di Tenda. 25

Song of Agnes in the well known opera. A varied, rich and pathetic melody, such as we should expect from Bellini, its composer. With Italian and English words.

Wild Shady Wood. (Selva Opaca). 25

Song of the daughter of Gessler in "Guillaume Tell." A splendid and satisfying song to those who can sing it, as also to the auditors. Has Italian, French and English words.

Forward! Onward! Never despair.

Henry Russell. 25

One of Russell's brave, manly ballads, with a strong word of cheer to the tolling thousands. A kind of song that does good in the world.

The Weeping Tree. E. B. Brewster. 25

Our war songs increase in number, and at the same time improve in quality. Of this one, the title, alone, renders it worthy of presentation. It has, besides, simple, touching words and melody.

Birds! that in yon pine trees sing. (Vögelein im Tannenwald.) Fr. Ald. 25

The words are by Linley, and fitted very well to the simple and pretty song of the birds, by Ald, who is very apt at doing such things well.

#### Instrumental Music.

The Sound of Harps. From "Il Polito." C. Grobe. 40

One of the very best songs from the Martyrs, or "Il Polito." Varied in Grobe's well known manner. It is a pleasure to record the appearance of each of these transcriptions, as they render familiar to ordinary players the best works of the masters.

The Shadow Song. (Polka Redowa). J. S. Knight. 25

Mr. K. has put it in the power of every lady to dance with her shadow; so a lady and her shadow, that's two. Two ladies and shadows make four. Four ladies and shadows make enough for a rotation. As the shadow song can be sung as well as played, there's the music. Any close cut lawn may be the ball-room, and an hour before sunset a good time for the exercise.

#### Books.

THE MUSICAL LYRA.—A Collection of Glee, Quartets, and New Operatic Choruses, original and selected. By Frederick H. Passé.

Price \$1.00

It is no easy matter for a music teacher to find a good glee book for his choir or advanced singing classes. Some have been used before. Some are too difficult, some too flat, and some have too many old pieces; good of course for beginners in glee singing, but not novel enough for the present purpose. The Musical Lyra is a fresh book. Nearly all the music and words are entirely new. The words are good compositions or well selected; and the writers of the music deserve credit for combining great variety of arrangement, with simple harmony. The pieces from new operas are first rate.

**MUSIC BY MAIL.**—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 588.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 17, 1863.

VOL. XXIII. No. 15.

For the Journal of Music.

## Half a Dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

ADALBERT GYROWETZ.

(Continued from page 107.)

### CHAPTER XI.

From Paris to Berlin.—Dresden.—Naumann and Himmel.—A feast "to be eaten."—Old scenes and friends in Bohemia.—Warm welcome home in Vienna.—Accepts a diplomatic appointment.—Munich; G.'s symphonies ascribed to Haydn.—Meets Kisevetter on the Rhine.—The artist's pride wounded; returns to Vienna and becomes Kapellmeister.

At length came the catastrophe which ended the career of Louis XVI. Learning the King's condemnation—he was executed January 21, 1793. Gyrowetz hastened his departure from Paris, leaving on the 5th of January, and going via Brussels, Venlo, and the Duchy of Cleve, all the usual routes being closed by hostile armies. He reached the Rhine opposite Wesel, which was at that time the headquarters of the Prussian army, and was set over the river, amidst floating ice—a dangerous passage for which he had to pay well. At supper, in one of the first hotels, he met a large number of officers of the higher ranks; among them Blucher, with whom he afterwards "had the honor to converse." At table the stranger was asked as to his name, object of his journey, and the like.

At the name, Gyrowetz, one of the officers sprang from his seat, embraced him—in true German style—and told him that he preferred his sonatas and nocturnes to all other music, and that they had given endless pleasure; closing with a pressing invitation to come and spend some days on his estate in the neighborhood with him and his family. The composer was, however, in too much haste to see his home once more, to accept the flattering invitation.

The journey to Berlin was made in his own hired vehicle, with a poor fellow of a Jew for a travelling companion, whom he took with him out of pity, but who made himself of great service on the way, and of whom the old gentleman says, "he showed a great deal of honesty," as though that was a rare thing among his race! The old prejudice!—less strong now than formerly—which gives one the hope that an equally wicked and absurd prejudice against the African race in our country may in time be overcome. At Halberstadt, where they arrived exactly at one o'clock P. M., they were told that dinner was over, and all they could obtain to eat was hard black bread and cheese. In Magdeburg next day they obtained a dinner, and Gyrowetz saw three French generals—prisoners—taking a walk upon the walls. Two of them were Dumas and Lafayette!

There is little of interest in the reminiscences of Berlin, to any one but Gyrowetz himself—for whom they had much, his path there also being strewn with roses. He heard *Don Juan* so wretchedly given as to be generally hissed. He visited a school where boys were taught to sing, who sang choruses and songs in the streets, and

thus gained the means of support. He found that, while they learned to sing with much correctness of intonation, and effectively together, they had to go through a special course to develop the voice and the higher qualities, so as to fit them for the stage or the church.

In Dresden, the day after his arrival, he was the guest of Kapellmeister Naumann ["Sons of Zion come before him," in the old Handel and Haydn Collection, is a piece arranged from Naumann], where he met, at the excellent table, Kapellmeister Himmel, (not Hummel) of Berlin. Of course the grand topic was music. Naumann expressed himself in regard to instrumental accompaniments, thus: Loud accompaniments should be avoided, otherwise the singer must exert himself too much to be heard, and the melody be so overwhelmed as to make the effect stunning and confused, rather than attractive and pleasing; and that is the reason why singers nowadays lose their voices so much earlier than formerly. In church music the themes and figures should not be so frivolous and theatrical, as was the mode, but the composer ought to seek thoughts which should be modest and elevating to the soul of the listener—such as suit devotion.

Himmel joined himself to Gyrowetz as they left the house, complained of the dinner, and told his companion to come to him next day, and he should have a far better one. The latter, apologizing for intruding upon his hospitality, accepted, and was taken by Himmel at the appointed time to the Casino, then the most famous eating house in Dresden. The dinner was superb, the wines excellent, and champagne was not wanting. Gyrowetz was delighted, and warmly thanked his host for such noble hospitality. As they were leaving the table, the bill was presented to Himmel, who had ordered every thing, but he coolly turned the waiter over to the thunderstruck Gyrowetz—"The gentleman would settle it!" and so he did; Himmel had no money, and Gyrowetz had to pay! "What a fine invitation!!!" says the old gentleman. He remained some days in Dresden, but before leaving, there came to him a breastpin set with small diamonds, from Berlin, sent by Himmel, which in part made up for the expenses of his dining out.

There is nothing of much interest in his recollections of Prague, whither he journeyed next. Some of his old acquaintances received him with marked attention; some told him to come again, which he would not do, "for that was not his custom, nor did he come thither begging."

From Prague he went to Budweis, where he found his old mother, his eldest brother, a brother-in-law, and some other relations still alive, and who all did their best to make the visit a happy one. Among the persons mentioned in his reminiscences of this visit, is a Count Gavriani, who took the composer one day over to Chulmetz, to visit Count Fünfkirchen, in whose service he had begun life as secretary, and in whose chateau he had composed his first symphonies, serenades and other pieces, and had been so much encouraged

to go on with his attempts, by the fact that he could try each new piece at once, and discover its excellences and defects. He went up into the chamber which was once his, and where he had begun those symphonies, with Joseph Haydn's for his model, by the imitation of which he had broken out his own path—a path which had happily conducted to success, and brought him a good reputation. He remembered there, how often, while engaged in composition, he had been so overcome by his feelings, as to weep and sob; and that to such a degree, as to be heard outside his room, and people would come to see what was the matter with him. At dinner he was placed next the Countess, and had to give the story of his travels to the company. And so passed the day, and he returned to Budweis in great happiness.

The state of music in Budweis in 1793 does not much concern us in 1863, and the remarks upon it may pass. A visit of some days to the Count of Bouquois, where he was treated as the equal of the family, and where music filled up the evenings, was in its results important to Gyrowetz, since he was there introduced to Count Sickingen, who, on learning that the young man was going to Vienna, told him to call upon him there and he would see to his advancement.

In Vienna he found every thing to gratify him in the reception he met from old friends, and the kindness of new ones. The publishers were all ready to pay well for his compositions, which consisted of sonatas, twelve nocturnes for piano-forte, violin and violoncello, and many German and Italian songs and duets, which sold well and some of which became popular also in Italy.

Esterhazy gave him an order for three masses, a vespers service and a *Te Deum laudamus*, which, when finished, were tried with full orchestra in a large saloon, and gained him great credit. Van Swieten was one of the guests, and was pleased to take the composer by the hand and express his satisfaction; and Van Swieten was an authority in Vienna in those days. He had been the friend of Mozart, and now petted the young Beethoven, which remark is not made, however, by Gyrowetz. The Vespers were produced at the Michael church, by Kapellmeister Weinkopf and the masses were occasionally to be heard in Austrian churches for fifty years at least after their first production. Esterhazy invited their composer to Eisenstadt, where he was treated with great distinction during his three days' stay.

On calling upon Count Sickingen, afterwards, he was received very cordially, and in the course of the conversation was pretty thoroughly examined as to the education he had received. The fact that he had studied jurisprudence in Prague, and was now able to converse in German, Bohemian, Latin, Italian, French and English, made such an impression upon the Count, that he inquired if Gyrowetz would like to enter the imperial civil service?

This was an opportunity by no means to be

despised by a young man with no resources but musical composition, and he declared his willingness to accept a position. A few days later Sickingen was appointed to some kind of diplomatic position in the main Austrian army, then lying on the Rhine, under command of archduke Albert, and two secretaries allowed him. He immediately appointed Gyrowetz his corresponding secretary. For some time still they remained in Vienna, and the Secretary found his duties pleasant and not overburdensome, and had time to earn a handsome addition to his salary by composing sonatas and nocturnes.

Sickingen was then ordered to Munich, where he remained three months, and where Gyrowetz had the satisfaction of hearing his own symphonies in the palace of the Elector, and of seeing that they were favorites with his Transparency. One evening in the theatre he heard one of his early symphonies exceedingly well executed, by the superb orchestra led by Ecker. Supposing Ecker had chosen it to give him a pleasant surprise, he sought him out at close of the performances, and expressed his gratitude for a pleasure so unexpected. Ecker, was at first a good deal confused, but, begging his pardon, assured Gyrowetz that it was one of Haydn's symphonies. On demanding and receiving the score, sure enough it did bear the name of Haydn—it was one of the three sold by Tost in Paris, and there printed. Ecker on hearing the story, complimented the composer, and assured him that this piece was so much a favorite, both with the Elector and the public, as to be often performed.

As business increased, and with it cares and labors, Sickingen grew petulant and exacting; and his secretary, who found his labors, though hard and constant, pleasant and intellectually profitable, was often ill able to bear with patience the whims of his employer.

At the termination of the three months in Munich, Sickingen went to Schwetzingen, to the army. Here Gyrowetz became acquainted with Sartorius, and Kiesewetter, in after years an industrious and valuable writer on music, (whose works are in great part, if my memory serves, in the Boston Library), and other gentlemen connected with the military councils. At Schwetzingen there is a fine garden on the banks of the Rhine, from which he often saw the French pickets on the opposite side, waving their handkerchiefs to the Austrians, and carrying on all sorts of jokes and fun with them. Here he used to meet Kiesewetter, walking about playing the flute, of which instrument he was a master.

Business here increased to such a degree, that the Secretary had often to work the night through, and was at all times liable to be called from his bed, to copy and write despatches, all which he would have borne uncomplainingly, had not Sickingen's treatment of him begun to grow intolerable. On one occasion, he shut out all his officials from his table, because a Prince of Würtemberg was a guest, which caused great dissatisfaction. As to Gyrowetz, he could finally bear it no longer, and one day took the post and went off to Mannheim. Sickingen could not do without him, and went himself to find and persuade him to return. The difficulties were smoothed over for a time, but only for a time. Gyrowetz could not endure his position, resigned it, and, to save appearances, was sent as bearer of despatches to Vienna, where he expected to receive a position in one of the public offices. While

awaiting his appointment, he employed himself in preparing and publishing sonatas and quartets, which attracted the attention of Baron Braun, then at the head of the Court Theatres, and led him to offer the composer a position as one of the imperial Kapellmeisters. This offer was the cause of much perplexity to Gyrowetz. Should he remain in the civil service, or devote himself to art? There was much to be said on both sides; but at length, with the advice of friends, he accepted the offer of Braun, and received the appointment.

The conditions were, in short, these; he bound himself to compose an opera and a ballet annually, and to take charge of their rehearsals. Whatever else he should compose he was to receive extra pay for. He must also be present at all operatic performances, to see that no faults of omission or commission occurred, and in case of any, he was to report them. He was subject to no person but Baron Braun, though Weigl, first Kapellmeister, outranked him—a cause of considerable trouble at first, but which was happily overcome.

His salary was, for the first two years, 1000 florins = \$500. The third year 1200fl. After five years 1500fl., and at the end of ten years 2000fl. per annum, for life.

This contract was made in 1804, and the increase of salary took place, according to it, in the third and sixth year of his service; but when the eleventh year came round, he was asked to wait until the finances of the theatre were in a better condition. Meantime the contracts, owing to the various changes in the management, had been lost, and finally, poor Gyrowetz was unable to bring any documentary evidence that the 2000 florins per annum, *for life*, had been secured to him. Years afterwards, however, when Ferdinand had become Emperor, he allowed the chaplain, now growing old, an annual gratuity, for which, however, he had to hand in a petition every year.

(To be Continued.)

### Letters of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

(From the second volume of his correspondence just published.)

TO "CONCERTMEISTER" FERDINAND DAVID, IN LEIPSIK.

BERLIN, the 30th July, 1836.

DEAR DAVID,—Many thanks for your letter, by which you have afforded me much pleasure. I have been turning the matter over in my mind here, and I think that it was really too much good fortune for us two to have come together, and that one had not to reside here and the other somewhere else, without learning much from each other, as it, no doubt, falls to the lot of many a good fellow to do, in our dear, and somewhat detestable, fatherland; on thinking farther, however, I came to the conclusion that there are not many musicians like you, men who pursue incessantly such a broad, straight path in art, and in whose whole proceedings I could take such profound delight as in yours. Such things are never said verbally, therefore, let me write to-day and tell you how your rapid development, during the last few years, has surprised and delighted me; one feels, at times, inclined to be disheartened on seeing so many men of no talent, aspiring to a high aim; and so many men with talent, aspiring after a mean one; consequently, really high talent, united to the proper intentions, is doubly refreshing. With the first-class the place here seems to be swarming; I have been obliged to include in it nearly all the young musicians, a few only excepted, who have visited me; they like and praise Gluck and Handel, and everything that is good, and always speak of it, and yet what they write is thoroughly worthless and wearisome; of the second-class, the examples are everywhere. As I have said, in the midst of all this, the mere thought of you is cheering, and may heaven allow us to succeed in giving utterance more and more to our wishes and our inmost thoughts, and in maintaining and not suffering to perish whatever is dear and holy to us in Art. You have, beyond a doubt, a great many novelties which you are preparing for the winter; I shall be heartily pleased to hear them. I have completed my third quartet in D major, and like it very much—I only hope it may please you as well! I almost really believe it will, for it is more spirited, and, for the executants also, more

thankful than the others, I fancy. I think I shall begin, in a day or two, to write down my symphony, and, in a short time, to finish it, probably here. I should like, also, to compose you a violin concerto for the winter; one in E minor sticks in my head, and the commencement of it leaves me no peace. My symphony shall certainly be as good as I can make it; but whether popular, whether adapted for street-organs, that is something I do not know; I feel that, with every fresh piece, I am getting more and more into the way of learning how to write exactly as my heart feels; and that, after all, is the only standard with which I am acquainted. If I am not made for popularity, I will not gain it by study or effort; or, if you think that wrong, I will say rather I CAN NOT gain it by study. Really, I cannot, and should not like to be able to do so. Whatever proceeds from within, gratifies me, even in its outward effect; and, therefore, I should prize very highly an opportunity of pleasing you and my friends by fulfilling the wish you express—but I can really do nothing of the kind. In my way through life much has fallen to my lot, without my thinking of it, and without my deviating from my course, and the same may, perhaps, be the case now—if not, I will not grumble, but console myself with having done, to the best of my power and judgment, what I could. You take an interest in, and derive some delight from my things, and so do some kind friends: a man should hardly wish for more. Receive a thousand thanks for your good kind words, and for all the friendly things you say unto me!—Yours,

FELIX M. B.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Twilight Fantasies.

A GREAT-ORGAN PRELUDE.

I sat in the Music Hall as evening was coming on. The gray semicircles above grew opaque like porcelain. The light shimmered faintly along the gilded edges of panel and pilaster. Shadows crouched under the light balconies, and then, growing bolder, stole out to meet each other. The sombre magnificence of the organ was not wholly shrouded, although glooms hung over its towers and angel-peopled pinnacles, and its sculptured figures would have been only vague forms, had not my eyes so often followed their exquisite outlines that vision was unnecessary to recall them. I had frequently seen this stupendous work by daylight, had scrutinized in detail the caryatides, lions, griffins, seraphs, singers, the urns, wreaths, busts, viols, masks, and all the ornaments that encrust the front; and now, as from a seat at the foot of the Apollo I could view the whole pile in a single glance, the grand design absorbed every separate feature, subordinated all its various lines, and grouped all its beauties into one splendid constellation. One might almost imagine that the

"fabric huge

Rose like an exhalation, with the sound  
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet."

No sound from the outer world broke upon the perfect stillness within. As I gazed, the divine sense of symmetry, the sense on which Euclid, Copernicus, Newton, Bach, rested, filled me with measureless content. Fainter grew the light; the semicircles above were almost indistinguishable. The organ wore now a dusky, awful front, with only the vague surmise of a line of light along the polished surface of each enormous metal tube. No organist had yet touched the keys. The pomp of Handel's immortal choruses, the oceanic ebb and flow of Bach's themes, the spiritual beauty of Mendelssohn's sonatas, and the all-comprehending majesty of Beethoven, were yet to come. If it were possible now to evoke the spirits of the mighty dead!—to command the Hallelujah Chorus played by its inspired author and sung by choirs of angels!—to bring up all that man has imagined in his most exalted moods, and display the celestial beauty of music free from the imperfections of mortality! I listened, almost expecting a breath from the distant forest of pipes. The silence tingled, throbbed, palpitated. Was it a voice that floated over the dark space to where I sat? Were there sounds from

"airy tongues that syllable men's names"?

These were, indeed, as it seemed to me, audible voices, confused and multitudinous, and mingled now and then with notes of instruments, like the hurly-burly of an orchestral ante-room. No separate word could be recognized, nor any strain of music; but the sound swelled and sank like the far off surges of the sea. When it came nearer strong and manly tones could be distinguished, blended with the softer notes of woman, the sweet prattle of childhood and distant "horns from elfland blowing." For some time I listened to the delightful medley; how long I know not, but can only remember that at length the vague murmurs subsided, as though repressed by a powerful voice that seemed to say:

"Silence, up aloft there! Silence you chattering! One at a time, or I will straighten myself up and topple you all over together!"

It was a voice that might have startled the Erymanthean boar.

A merry sound of laughter ran tinkling down from above, a cascade of melody, and after it, the sweetest of voices asked with provoking archness,

"And which of our two burly Dromios is so impatient? Would he be so naughty, and play Samson? O Hercules, can it be you! You shall go back to Omphale!"

"Yes, my Roman damsel, my pretty Cecilia, it is I," returned the thunderous voice. "My brother, hard-by, is only a dummy, but he has a brawny-shoulder, aye, and an arm! I am—tired—of—this," and there came a yawn as from a drowsy lion—"and I would like even to spin once more at Queen Omphale's feet. 'Lap me in soft Lydian airs' as one of those Britons has it, rather than crush me under this tower."

Here broke in another clear, resonant voice: "But if they would only finish their tortures and give us some music! How can I stand here patiently leaning on my lyre and hear the never-ending drawl of pipes, as Walcker turns the feather edges of sound backwards and forwards razor-wise!"

"What a philosopher our chorister is, to be sure," exclaimed a new and grave voice. "To think of reaching the end by overleaping the means! Life itself is mostly spent in preparation. The play which amuses for an hour cost the actors weeks of study, and taxed the brains of the author for months. The sweetness of Cecilia's song was born out of an agonizing struggle with fierce semitones and rebellious trills. The battle which in an hour settles the destiny of nations is a crisis for which all the elements of nature and all the powers of man were concentrated for a generation. But this dainty chorister of ours, who would reap where he has not sown, would gather where he has not strewed, cannot bear the 'feather edges of tone', and so, forsooth, we must have our registers unharmonized, our punch without sugar, our grapes unripened, our saws!"

"Bach!" screamed the female voice, "don't go on with those odious comparisons! My teeth stand on edge. You know how nervous I am. Even Constantia, our steadfast nun over there, drew in a sharp, thin breath."

"I spare your tender sensibilities, Cecilia, but what are the tortures of tuning and voicing pipes compared with what I shall suffer when once the work is done and the organ is given over to profane hands to be played upon!"

"Profane hands!" exclaimed several voices at once; and that which seemed to be the chorister's continued, "What do you mean by profane hands, Herr Bach? Do you consider it the chief end of man to play your fugues? Did Chaos precede you, and will the end of all things follow you?"

"Don't be unkind to Bach," said the sweet female voice, for although I love music like a girl singing true-love ballads by a brook and he like an astronomer contemplating the spherul harmonies, still I have a great regard for him, indeed I have. He is a glorious old fellow."

"Thank you, Cecilia," replied the grave voice.

"But," she added, "understand me: your organ music is very grand—sometimes a little tiresome, I think, though that, perhaps, is owing to my weak nature that cannot bear the strain of following an idea through a hundred changes and combinations, as in the terrible theorems of those mathematical Greeks. But you treat us singers abominably. You move us like chessmen, and pawns at that; we are bits of shining stone in your mosaic; we are just a flute or oboe added to your orchestra, just another pipe to your organ. And you write for the voice as though it had not a human soul behind it. Your airs are difficult enough, and require intellect to sing them properly, but there is no room for emotion, and the most gifted singer cannot breathe into them one particle of fervor. Melody and harmony revolve about a common centre, like a double star, till they are undistinguishable."

"Brava!" shouted the chorister.

"And I say 'Brava'!" said Bach. "I accept the illustration. Melody and harmony—complementary colors—revolving in eternal beauty together. If I combine forces and think lightly of individuals, does not every leader of orchestras and of armies? Even the great Creator, as he evolves harmony out of discord, does he not strictly subordinate the career of every human actor to His mighty plan?"

"Very well put," said the chorister, "if the human larynx were not a finer instrument than a wooden pipe. If you twist all your strands into one even chain of harmony, why make any difference in them?—why be at the trouble to give one part to a golden tenor, a luscious soprano, a rich basso, when an insensate tube will take up the treadmill theme and play 'tag' with the other parts just as well? Remember that the human voice is the human soul made audible, and it is little less than profanation to treat it as you have done."

"One other thing," said Cecilia, "I wish to suggest; perhaps 'tis a woman's reason, but I believe it moves men just as strongly. You say, my old friend, that the Creator subordinates all actors to His plan. Very true, but then the Creator doesn't let each wayward and wilful creature know it. Each of us felt while in the world a personal freedom of thought and action that was almost godlike. That the Almighty moved us like troops in the dreadful game of war was true, but we thought we were free, nevertheless. But you, Bach, lose no opportunity of showing us singers your mastership. We feel the coils of your serpentine harmonies encircling and crushing us. Your accompaniments surround us, but only touch us in points, like the Punic nails that excoriated the too-honorable Regulus. I like to sing when the glorious fulness of harmony lifts me up, sustains me; then I have the sense of exultation in song, as of a rider borne by a noble horse, as of a boatman rising on the green hills of ocean,—sometimes an awful joy as of a warrior moving on to the fierce clangor of battle. Look and see how your friend Haydn sustains a singer, (though your brain doubles his), how the harmony swells and sparkles but never submerges, how the voice is raised up to an ecstasy! Ah, when I hum over his airs, after having been tangled up with your vermicular perplexities, I feel like an emancipated slave on a morning in spring. The sense of freedom, the joyousness of motion, the glory of brightness, the perfume of flowers, the myriad notes of birds, all possess me with an inexpressible delight."

"I don't wonder the Romans made you a martyr," interposed the chorister; you are so charmingly naive, so rustically enthusiastic, and therefore so fascinating, that, if the polite heathens had spared you, sooner or later you would have turned the augurs into preceptors, the temples into art-galleries, and made the Pontifex Maximus acknowledge you as a saint, on his bended knees."

A clear, silvery voice not heard hitherto, now spoke with a measured accent:

"The music of which the holy Cecilia speaks in such glowing words cannot surely be the music of the higher spheres; she must rather speak from the recollection of her emotions while still in the flesh. The souls that are purified from earthly passion feel none of the unquiet strivings that seem to tremble in the music of mortals. Bach, therefore, serene and self-possessed, reverent and grave, mindful always of the mighty Being to whom all homage is addressed, most fitly represents the composer of the Church, and was born, as I think, to bear the praises of a world up to the Eternal Throne."

"My placid Constantia," replied Cecilia, "you may be right, but it seems to me that others have more purely and more touchingly expressed the sentiment of prayer and adoration, whether of the solitary worshipper or of the multitude in a cathedral. To name no other work, think of the 'Elijah'! Is there not melody, harmony, beauty, devotion? Besides, Bach, as well as Handel, has interspersed long and meaningless roudades in his compositions, which on the score of fitness no one can defend. They are instrumental passages, tiresome to singers, inexpressive, suggested by a prevalent false taste, and will not only die themselves, but will carry into oblivion every work of which they make any large part. But I was thinking of music as living men and women hear and enjoy it, not as it is heard in the realms of the blessed. Here in this Hall we shall see crowds, not only of the common herd, but of the most educated and refined. All of them have bodies as well as souls, have blood instead of colorless ichor, have passions, hopes, fears, desires, aspirations. Their nerves thrill, their temples throb, their bosoms heave, their hearts beat. Here and there is a solitary philosopher, a calm admirer of Beauty and Order and the Fitness of Things; but for every one an hundred thousand emotional creatures who are blind to the Celestial Mechanics and deaf to the Harmonies of the Spheres."

"Let me add a word," said the chorister. The test of vitality in vocal music is that the undulatory sequence of tones contains a melodic idea apart from its accompaniment. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "Il mio tesoro," "If with all your hearts," "In diesen heil'gen Hallen," and every great, immortal melody for the voice, sings itself, and is not dependent upon its harmonies."

"You speak of my vocal compositions," said Bach, addressing himself to Cecilia, "according to the warmth of your Southern nature. But each nation as well as each individual has a characteristic mode of expressing feeling. In Germany I have often known tears of rapture to fall, as my organ led the devotions of the people; while they would have been only annoyed at the *Misereres* of your chapels. But, setting that aside, what have you to say about my organ pieces?"

"Let us ask the others," said Cecilia. "We have rather monopolized the conversation thus far. What say you, Hercules?"

"'Tis scarcely worth while to ask me," he answered like a *basso profundissimo*. "You know I'm an old-fashioned pagan. I have never given in to the new dynasty, and it is the first time I ever upheld anything like worship. But our solemn friend up there has plenty of strength, and is more of a giant in his way than I ever was. I shall feel every fibre in me shake when his youngest scholar begins to trip over the pedals. The other men you have been talking about are mostly thin fellows, I am told, not at all in my way. You should have heard our handsome friend Apollo, over there; he was great on the lyre before he took to killing snakes or had daubed his fingers with medicine. And such a way he had! Jupiter, how the girls followed him!"

"Well, and what say you, sister Constantia?"

"I think Bach's organ music is endless variety in unity, and in his fugues one may hear the always beginning, never ending song of the glorified, the 'forever and ever, Alleluia!'"

And you, my vivacious chorister?—though I warn you against a certain flippancy of speech. You know!"

"I will try to be respectful. If fugues are the alpha and omega of organ playing, then Bach has exhausted the subject, and there is nothing more for any one to do. But I hate fugues, *as such*. I have heard passages in which the parts come grandly rolling in after each other like waves on the beach; and such passages may be properly introduced to vary and ennoble an organ composition. But a fugue composed with malice prepense,—one part starting off at a sober pace, followed at fixed intervals by another and another around the same circle—a wheel of fugacious porpoises, the awkward snout of one just touching the whisking tail of the other—can any thing be more monotonous!—after a time, I mean. One can bear it a while, even more, can be interested in its complexities, and wonder how the parts ever came together; but when this becomes fatiguing, when the noise redoubles,—deep calling unto deep—and the mixtures scream for mercy, while the unhappy melody is strangled like Laocoon,—what then? Who but clockmakers, or torture-loving inquisitors, or the pachydermata could abide it?"

"How patient you are, Bach," said Cecilia, "to hear these cruel comparisons unmoved!"

"It does not matter," he answered. "I can afford to be as unmoved as our grim neighbors, the Fates. Men are born what they are, and I suppose it is no more than truth to say that there are Bach-ists from the cradle. The chorister is not to blame for not understanding me."

"Precisely, my venerable friend," retorted the chorister, in a lively tone. "You have just hit it. Your music is for the mathematical, the reflective, the self-poised people,—those whose blood never rushes in turbulent streams to play pranks with their evenly-ticking brains; those who can construct cylinders, bristling with myriads of pins, every one of which will hit its predestined tinkler infallibly; those who can solve enigmas and decipher mysteries. These are the people that understand you, and the only ones that like you,—I mean, like you as a composer, for every one respects and admires a man of your prodigious power. You are, to some extent, the fashion, but you are not vain enough to suppose that all who affect to admire you are really able to grapple with any one of your learned, laborious, tormenting fugues. Now why cannot your sincere followers, the real esoteric circle, keep your worship for themselves, and not attempt to impose it upon the vast outside multitude of earnest music-lovers, who for various reasons do not and cannot care any thing about you?"

"And do you agree with this judgment, Cecilia?" asked Bach, gravely.

"Not wholly, although it has most of the elements of truth. I think, my friend Bach, that the interest which centres chiefly in ingenious construction or in learning is not likely to be lasting. A beautiful melody, like a beautiful statue, is for all time; but tastes in regard to harmonic modes and modulations change from age to age. And there can be no question but that in the main the change is for the better. It is so in Art, it is so in Literature, it is so in Social and Political Science. The world moves, my friend, and we must move with it. Besides, remember how the scope of the organ has altered since you touched a key! Think of its vast increase of power, of the new stops, the exquisite imitations of instruments, the quality of tone! Then consider the new mechanical appliances, the swell and diminuendo, and chiefly the pneumatic touch that gives to Psyche's dainty finger the same power with that of Hercules's iron hand.

What a new field is open to the composer as well as to the player! What could you do when you played? Only just what you did. You did not attempt a more brilliant style of music, for you had not the requisite stops, and no human muscles could long control the forces you did have, unassisted by the new invention."

"But you forget that the essential quality of the organ tone is still unchanged," said Bach. "You cannot produce concussion or crispness, nor any other quality on which the pianist prides himself. The legitimate style for the organ is unalterable; nothing else is possible, least of all the frivolity of dancing overtures. And when one of the 'moderns' shall sit down to make my giant caper,—like an elephant in a minuet,—I shall feel like toppling over upon his stupid head."

"You are right again, my venerable friend," said Cecilia. "Leave to the piano-forte all the lightsome gayeties and prettinesses, and let the majestic organ sound only what is worthy of itself."

"But," asked the chorister, "will not these new elements of power and beauty call forth a new genius to employ them? It may be long before a composer comes with an intellect so profound as that of the excellent man whom I like to abuse; but will not the happy hour come, when some inspired writer will give to the world organ music as new, as various, as beautiful, as immortal as Beethoven's symphonies? Mozart had written for orchestra before this stately bronze fellow. Mozart was master of construction, and his head was as full of melody as a hive of bees. But did Mozart exhaust the symphony and establish his own works for all time? On the contrary, the world is forgetting all but one or two of them as fast as it can, and Beethoven reigns supreme. Will there come a Beethoven for the organ?"

"Will there come—Will there—Who calls upon the oracle?" asked Hercules, sadly sleepy. "I never did much in that way (muttering), only a day or so at Dodona or Delphos when the *majores* had an adventure in hand. Ask the Fates; they know. What say you, grim sisters! Is there to be any Beethoven for the organ? I hope so, for my part, and then they'll take away this hulking fellow who will stand in my light. What business has he in our way, I should like to know?"

"The oracles are dumb," said Cecilia. "Let us hope the Fates are kindly, although they have lost the power of prophecy."

"Sister Cecilia," said the gentle voice of the nun, "how you mix up truth and fable! I am afraid you were not purged from all heathenish dross."

"I love the Beautiful and the Good, sister Constantia, and I care not where I find them. But let us keep clear of this field of brambles, and call upon Beethoven for his opinion."

"Agreed!" "Excellent!" "Capital!" said several voices.

"Beethoven, most illustrious!" said the chorister.

"Answer, great priest of music!" thundered Hercules.

"My great countryman, Beethoven!" said Bach.

"Beethoven, the all-revered, all beloved!" said Cecilia, persuasively.

"Beethoven!" called the boy-cherubs from the tower tops, and then sounded their horns.

"Beethoven! Beethoven!" all shouted in chorus.

"Call him louder. You all forget your idol is deaf," said the chorister.

Silvery peals of laughter rang. Voices arose in murmurs, gently and then louder. Words grew inarticulate and echoed confused through the space. Organ pipes sounded. Turmoil grew momentarily. There was a shock, a pause, a stillness, an illumination. I rubbed my eyes. Prudent Mr. Walcker was doing a little night work to be ready for the great "opening." It was nine o'clock, and I had slept two hours.

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

The correspondent of the *London Musical World*, writes, Sept. 24:

Meyerbeer, I understand, is at length inclined to forego his repugnance, and to allow the long-talked-of *Africaine* to be produced at the Grand Opera. Some people think that Mdlle. Tietjens has been the cause of this sudden change in his resolution; and,

in fact, it is well known that the gratification which the great composer felt when he heard and saw her in the *Huguenots* surpassed all he expected. I myself think there is much truth in this rumor, although nothing is certain. The principal character in the *Africaine*, as you are aware, was written, or at all events, adapted, for Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli (Madame La Baronne Vigier), and when she retired from the stage, Meyerbeer was obliged to lay aside his opera for want of a heroine. For years he has waited patiently but anxiously, and no *prima donna* has been found in the most remote degree capable of sustaining the principal personage of his new work, until now, when Mdlle. Tietjens seems to have stepped on the boards of the Opera, as though on purpose that the long-deferred masterpiece of the greatest living dramatic composer should be given to the world. Mdlle. Tietjens is not re-engaged at the Grand Opera, but I feel certain will be if the lady be willing.

Of actual news I can find you little. The Opera goes on in its old-fashioned way, ringing the changes on the *Trouvère*, the *Huguenots*, *La Juive* and other well-used works in the operatic department, and *Diabolina* (for the farewell performances of Mdlle. Mourawief), *Le Marché des Innocents* and *Le Diable à Quatre* in the ballet. Madame Penco, whose debuts at the Opera seem to have been most successful, is rehearsing the *Favorita*, and will subsequently appear in the *Trouvère* and *Huguenots*. Her performance of Valentine in Meyerbeer's opera will, I greatly fear, succeed too closely to that of Mdlle. Tietjens to be pleasant. A new ballet is in rehearsal for the debuts of Mdlle. Boschetti, and the *Moïse* of Rossini is in active preparation. The Italian Theatre will open with *Lucia* or *Rigoletto*, when the celebrated "malediction" tenor, Signor Fraschini, will make his first appearance at Paris. M. Bagier has engaged Mdlle. Lumley, a *mezzo-contralto* and *contralto*, for the Operas at Paris and Madrid. At the Theatre-Lyrique they are hussing themselves with the rehearsal of Hector Berlioz's *Troïens*, to which the arrival of Madame Charton-Demeur from Baden, crowned with the laurels she had recently won there, has given additional impetus. The utmost curiosity and interest are felt in all circles for Berlioz's opera—for Berlioz is popular with all grades of the community. It would be odd indeed if Hector did not succeed with the "Trojans," and before Paris too. There is something strangely coincidental in this combination of names. The greatest possible pains is being taken with the rehearsals. M. Gounod's new opera, too, is being rehearsed, so that the artists have their hands full, and all is bustle and eagerness behind the scenes.

### England.

**NORWICH FESTIVAL.** The 14th "triennial meeting," (in aid, like all the English musical festivals, of certain respectable and well established charities) began on the 14th of September, and lasted five days, in St. Andrew's Hall, a church-like place in appearance, although not set apart for sacred uses.

**Monday evening** was devoted to Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*, with Mlle. Tietjens, Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley in the principal solos. There was an orchestra of ninety-three instruments, including sixty strings, and a chorus, mainly local, eked out by voices from the London and Cathedral choirs, of seventy-six trebles, sixty altos, sixty-four tenors and seventy-five basses. Mr. Benedict conducted.

**Tuesday evening.** The second performance was a miscellaneous concert with a vengeance—thirty pieces besides Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony."

**Wednesday morning.** Of the third programme the *London Musical World's* correspondent says:

In point of length, this morning's programme bears a strong family likeness to that of last night, comprising the new oratorio, *Joash*, a scene from Henry Leslie's *Immanuel*, a hash of Stabat, Haydn, Pergolesi and Rossini, as a contemporary wittily observes, "on the grocers' principle—"Try our mixed,"—something by "Thouless," whoever Thouless may be, and several other somethings of which more anon. Norwich has always been foremost among the festivals to produce novelties: Spohr's *Last Judgment*, *Cavalry*, and *Fall of Babylon*, to say nothing of Molière's *Abraham*, and Benedict's Cantata, having been at various times brought forward. Although the subject of Mr. Silas's oratorio—or rather sacred drama (to speak by the card)—is not quite new to your London readers, being the same as that of Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, I append the argument.



## A.C. 878.—THE ARGUMENT.

"Ahasiah, King of Judah, having been killed, his mother, Athaliah, seized upon the crown, and ordered every descendant of King David and her own grandchildren to be destroyed; but Joash, the infant son of the late king, was wonderfully preserved by Jehoshabea, the daughter of King Joram, the sister of Athaliah, and wife of the High Priest, Jehoiada, who stole him from among the king's sons that were slain, and secretly hid him in the temple for six years, where he was brought up and educated by Jehoids, unknown even to his mother Zebiah, who believed that her child had been murdered with the rest." 2 Kings xi, ver. 2 and 3.

"When Joash was seven years old, the High Priest, Jehoiada, informed the Levites that one of the royal house of David still lived, produced the child, and anointed him King, and the people 'clapped their hands, and said, God save the King.' ver. 12.

"When Athaliah heard the noise of the guard and of the people, she was informed that her Jewish subjects were in a state of revolt, and went to the Temple to quell the tumult by her presence. ver. 13.

"And when she looked, behold the king stood by a pillar, as the manner was, and the princes and the trumpeters by the king, and all the people of the land rejoiced and blew with trumpets, and Athaliah rent her clothes, and cried, Treason, treason." ver. 14.

"But Jehoiada the Priest commanded the captains of the hundreds, the officers of the hosts, and said unto them, Have her forth without the ranges: and him that followeth her kill with the sword. For the priest had said, Let her not be slain in the house of the Lord." ver. 15.

"And they laid hands on her; and she went by the way which the horses came into the king's house; and there was she slain. ver. 16.

"And all the people of the land went into the house of Baal, and brake it down; his altars and his images brake they in pieces thoroughly, and slew Mattan the priest of Baal before the altar." ver. 18.

"And Jehoiada made a covenant between him, and between all the people, and between the King, that they should be the Lord's people." 2 Chron. xxiii, ver. 16."

The Sacred Drama of *Joash*, to be performed for the first time at this Festival, is not modelled after the conventional or conventicle fashion of Oratorio, nor has it been the intention of the Librettist or Composer to make sacred characters of Athaliah, or the Priests of Baal, whereby a greater contrast has been produced with the music allotted to the graver personages in the work.

## THE CHARACTERS INTRODUCED ARE:

JEOIADA—High Priest of the Jews. (Bass).  
MATTAN—Priest of Baal. (Baritone).  
ISHMAEL—Confidant of Jehoiada and Captain of the Levites. (Tenor).  
JOASH—The Boy-King, last survivor of the root of Jesse. (Alto).  
ZEBIAH—Mother of Joash. (Soprano).  
ATHALIAH—Usurper of the throne of Judah. (Soprano).

Chorus of Levites, Priests of Baal, Soldiers, Pagan Maidens, and Jewish attendants.

As I have sat out nearly the whole performance (beginning before twelve and not terminating till after four), I must defer going into any particulars of Mr. Silas's work, and the absurd regulation forbidding any expression of feeling on the part of the audience, prevents my recording what effect *Joash* had upon its hearers. It must, therefore, be sufficient for present purposes to mention, that the principals, Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Palmer (for whose painfully apparent hoarseness a printed apology was circulated), Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Weiss, one and all did their best for the sacred drama; and, should it not succeed in maintaining a place in public estimation, it will not be the fault of its original interpreters. Some of the choruses—(exceedingly ambitious, and by no means easy of execution)—would have been all the better for extra rehearsal, and, should it be my fate to hear *Joash* again, I hope that a more efficient representative of "Mattan" may be entrusted with the part. The jumble of "Stabat" was a mistake, and to begin with Rossini and finish with Haydn was at once an offence against chronology and good taste. Mdlle. Trebelli sang Miss Palmer's part with the exception of one quartet ("Virgo Virginum").

With *Joash* as a whole I regret to say that I am disappointed, as I had expected something better from a musician of Mr. Silas's experience. Ambitious in design, and in many points replete with difficulties, the music is generally labored, and, although every resource of the orchestra is employed, the result is ineffective. The instruments of percussion and heavy brass are made use of liberally, while the voices and executive powers of soloists and chorus

are taxed to the utmost, and with a result not always grateful to hearers or singers.

Wednesday evening another miscellaneous concert, with over thirty numbers, including Spohr's Symphony in D, numerous selections from Mozart's operas, and from young Arthur Sullivan's "Tempest" music, &c., &c.

Thursday morning was devoted to Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and Thursday evening to another miscellaneous concert, in which the principal feature was a new Cantata, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, by Benedict. In order to introduce a female character, the old legend of Richard was altered by the author of the words of the Cantata, as follows:

"On his return from the third Crusade, Richard Cœur de Lion was cast away near Aquila, on the Italian coast. This obliged him to travel through the dominions of Leopold of Austria, who was his bitter personal enemy, in consequence of a dispute which had taken place at the siege of Ptolemais, of Acre. His pilgrim's disguise was not sufficient to prevent his recognition and seizure in the neighborhood of Vienna. He was carried as a prisoner to the Castle of Durrenstein, on the Danube. The Emperor Henry VI., who was also a personal enemy of Richard, when he heard of this, demanded that he should be transferred to his custody, on the ground that he only had a right to keep a King-captive in his dominions. Thus he was brought to Trifels, tried at Hagenau before an assembly of German princes, and his ransom fixed at 150,000 marks of silver, about £300,000 of our present money, on payment of which he was liberated. In an age of romance, however, such a denouement was deemed unsatisfactory, and a legend was invented more consistent with the chivalrous character of the English King. He was found by his faithful minstrel Blondel, who had long sought him in vain by going the rounds of the castles of Germany. One day, Blondel found himself in the wild valley of Armweiler, under Trifels, and expected from the extent of the works, that it must be an important place.

"So he went into the woods to reconnoitre, and in order to attract the country people about him, that he might question them, sang a song to his lute. He told the company of herdsmen that collected to hear him many a strange tale of foreign lands, and as he was talking, he saw that a maiden present hung on his words with marked attention whilst a shade of sadness passed by fits over her usually smiling face. He asked whether the castle was inhabited, and whether his music might not earn him a handsome welcome there.

"He was told that no one was suffered to approach the castle, since some distinguished prisoner was brought there one night; that it was strongly watched, and commanded by a seneschal reported incorruptible. Then he examined the fair maiden apart as to the cause of her sadness. She confessed she had heard a song similar to one of Blondel's at a window of the castle, and seen the outline of a noble form in the darkness; that, led by curiosity, she had gone to the place again, and had been seen by the prisoner, who spoke to her in friendly tones, and begged her to come again and gladden his loneliness with the sound of her sweet voice. Blondel then suspects that it is Richard, and the next evening is guided to the window by the shepherd-maid Matilda; sings part of a stave, to which Richard replies; gives notice to his men at arms, who are in ambush in the woods below the castle, who tie their horses to trees, bridge over the moat with timbers taken from the wood, beat down the gate, overpower the guard, and free Richard, who, when he has once a sword in his hand, easily effects the rest for himself.

"The place of his confinement was unknown to the other princes of Europe, but according to a legend long accepted as true, it was ultimately discovered by the King's minstrel, Blondel de Neale, who wandered through many lands, playing one of Richard's favorite songs at every castle in his way, till at last he heard the welcome response of the royal captive. The story thus told affords no opportunity for the employment of the female voice, so the author of the words of the Cantata has ventured to represent that the Castellan had a daughter, who became violently enamored of the imprisoned King, but was ignorant of his rank. He has also assumed that the common German belief in supernatural "white ladies" extended to the castle, which is the scene of action in the story. Matilda, the Castellan's daughter, hearing the project of Blondel, promises to assist him in the liberation of Richard, and accordingly leads the way into the castle attired as the White Lady, who is the terror of the neighborhood. The guards fly in alarm, and the prisoner escapes, but there is no hap-

piness for Matilda. She has discovered at the interview between Blondel and his master, that the latter is the King of England, already blessed with a Queen, and she determines to pass the rest of her days in religious seclusion."

Of the performers and of the effect of the new work, the correspondent above quoted says:

The principal personages were thus represented: Richard Cœur de Lion, Mr. Santley; Blondel de Neale, Mr. Sims Reeves; Urbain, a Page, Miss Palmer; Matilda, daughter of the Castellan, Mdlle. Tietjens. As I feared, Miss Palmer's singing in the morning had by no means improved her voice, and the hoarseness which had been already sufficiently evident, was more than ever painfully apparent, hence the music of the Page suffered proportionately. Mdlle. Tietjens, too, appeared somewhat husky, which is hardly to be wondered at, considering the enormous amount of fatigue she has undergone throughout a long and trying season, to say nothing of her recent performances at Paris (not to mention Worcester), and thus the by no means easy scene which introduces Matilda, although delivered with marvellous energy, did not procure all the effect of which it is capable. "En revanche," Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley sang nobly, the elegant and beautiful song of the former, "I wander in search of a treasure," and the no less charming air, "May is into prison cast," both creating an immense impression.

In the first scene of Richard, "My sight can pierce through prison walls" (where the usual arrangement is inverted, the slow movement following instead of preceding the allegro), Mr. Santley's superb voice and impassioned delivery evoked a furor of applause, and most deservedly so, for more magnificent singing was certainly never heard. Of the Cantata as a whole I can speak in terms of unqualified praise; indeed, it was only to be expected that Weber's most accomplished pupil would produce a work in every way worthy the composer of the *Gipsy's Warning*, *The Brides of Venice*, *The Crusaders*, and *The Lily of Killarney*, by no means forgetting *Undine*, and if I do not like Richard quite as well as the last named, it is the fault of the subject rather than the treatment, inasmuch as the real is incapable of affording as much scope to the imagination as the ideal. The reception of the Cantata was enthusiastic.

The Festival ended on Friday with the "Messiah."

## Btwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 17, 1863.

## The Great Organ in the Boston Music Hall.

The long expected opening is announced. Six solid months of labor,—carpenters, riggers, painters, carvers, gas-men, busily and pleasantly coöperating with Herr organ-builder Walcker Junior and his four men from Würtemberg,—have slowly, thoroughly and surely, under the patient inspiration of a perfect plan, such as admits of nothing slighted, nothing less but rather all more than it seems, thus lifting the details of handicraft up to a dignity of ideal Art, at length put together, in all the wonderful complexity of the internal mechanizing and speaking parts, this latest masterpiece of organ-building skill, and housed them in with unique and becoming architectural grandeur. There stands the work, a structure so imposing, so full of matter to be studied out, of various meaning to be felt in various moods, and much only in the deepest mood, that it already looks as if it belonged to the ages, as if it had grown up with the whole history of Music and of Man.

And six months, after all, was not so very long a time for putting permanently in its place (besides almost preparing the place for it) a work which had already cost full seven years, a good Sabbatical period, in the conception and construction of its innumerable parts. Whoever saw the vast, bewildering chaos in that Hall, after this strange freight of the Dutch bark Presto was unpacked there, filling floor and corridors, while scaffolding and staging ran like spider webs all over

walls and ceiling;—and afterwards, when the organ proper, the internal works, had grown together so far as to require the body to be builded round all that it was and was to be, the farther and still stranger chaos of massive columns, arches, capitals, gigantic figures, human and semi-human, cherubs, muses, ornamental carvings of all kinds, that seemed to multiply as they were brought to light, like the loaves and fishes, and as if there were many times too many of them to find room in any possible structure that should fill the whole end of the Hall,—whoever had seen this could not but feel oppressed with a certain nervous fear that order and completeness never could come safely out of it. But “now Chaos ends, and Order fair prevails.” “Now”—presently, first Monday of next month—“the first of days appears.”

But there is still much to be done before the night of the Inauguration. Only by strong will and great exertions, can the mighty instrument be got ready to speak to us with all its voices at the early date which the heroic faith of builders and Directors has appointed. The delicate and patient work of tuning goes on, and must for weeks go on, all day long and far into the nights; from five to six thousand pipes are not to be taught their true pitch in a hurry. It can and will be done, however, if no accident occurs, and now all things appear to work together to that speedy consummation. The persevering, earnest work, the continual looking of difficulties in the face and grappling with them till they yielded, has brought the thing to that rewarding point where providential solutions of problem after problem are continually appearing in happy and unlooked for ways, where little mountains lift themselves aside, and hopeless blanks are filled by inspirations; when the right thought, the right word, the right man, the muse herself, comes at the right time, though not perhaps a moment sooner; and so there is a safe, a right artistic sort of feeling that all will go through, better even than we know how to desire. The night accordingly is fixed; the seats arranged and numbered; the invitation has gone out; thousands will respond to it, and eagerly pay the unusual, although really small price for the unique occasion, thereby adding their mite each to the Organ Fund, which, liberal as it was, must long ere this have shrunk within the measure of the requirements of so costly and so grand a work of Art, a work to stand for culture and for inspiration to this people. The programme, too, has shaped itself out of the elements and after the idea, essentially, which we have in a former article suggested; that is, the music, wholly of the Organ, will be significant of the occasion, representative of the great organ composers, with Bach at their head, and suggestive of future uses of the instrument; but of the details we may not yet speak. And providentially again, even the Ode, a task from which more than one poet, with too little faith, had turned away reluctantly, has come of itself, mysteriously, anonymously, a most happy inspiration (they say, who have read it), due only, until we know more, to the Organ; and Miss Charlotte Cushman cheerfully consents to come here and recite it. Thus nothing will be wanting.

All this is suddenly so near at hand, that we must now commence the task, however impossible it seems, of giving our readers some detailed description of the Organ, both of its outside and its

contents, both as it looks and as it works and sounds. The difficulty of all description has not grown less, but has kept fatally increasing as we have become more and more nearly acquainted with the instrument. Studying it part by part and watching the putting of the parts together, step by step, as the great thing grew and became a wondrous whole, was very interesting, to be sure,—almost as good as going to the mountains—and fraught with much instruction to oneself; but one may be so full of a thing, that telling of it becomes too formidable a task; and this is just now our case. Given the problem to describe a world, how would you set about it? And even if we limit a question to the world as it is to you, your world, you will not find it easier. But, hit or miss, we will begin and get through the best way we can, without much choosing of the way, for there is no knowing by what labyrinthine windings, doublings, crossings and digressions such a theme may lead us.

It is perhaps best, however, to begin where all begin who stand for the first time before the completed Organ; try to describe it as it looks, and go behind the curtain afterwards. We take our stand, we will suppose, in the upper balcony near the Apollo, and confront the Organ. We see what we have been accustomed to hear called, in our familiarity with smaller instruments, the “case” of the organ. But this is not one of those cases. An instrument, which in itself combines some 80 or 90 instruments (stops, registers), through all their compass, with nearly 6000 pipes or voices, with all the mechanism for reaching, breathing through and sounding each or all of these at will, for blending them in chords, combining them in larger groups and choirs, contrasting them in pitch, in characteristic quality or tone-color, and in power, for bidding each stop sing with individual expression, for weaving many parts in fugue-like webs of harmony; with its innumerable nicely adjusted little valves, those exact and noiseless little ushers at the door of each pipe to admit the wind, such only as has right of entrance; with its miles of nerves or cords of motion (“trackers”), which, branching off in groups in all directions, crossing each other like net work, turning many corners, to all parts of the instrument, impart the action from the finger on the keyboard to the little usher at the foot of every pipe; with its apparatus for collecting and condensing the wind in a vast reservoir, the airy basis of the whole tuneful fabric, and pouring it through trunks and channels toward all the wind-chests, through whose delicate and curious little chambers it is distributed, not in equal, but in just, in carefully proportioned *rations*, to the throat of every tiniest or most monstrous singer; with all its curious contrivances for lightening the touch, swelling and diminishing the sound, rolling up a mountainous *Crescendo* of stop upon stop from a single, softest one to the full force of them all, &c., &c.,—such an instrument is not to be put into a case, but, being built up in the grand proportions of a temple, it has its *house* built around it. The Germans call it *Orgel-gehäuse*, organ house, or housing. In a noble instance, like the present, where an artistic inspiration, a unity of idea, a sense of vital correspondence of the inward with the outward presides over and pervades all, the house or outward temple seems rather to have *grown* up with that which it both hides and reveals, to have risen in its symmetry

and grandeur to the music, heard by a fine inner sense, of the organ soul. Nor does the term *house* do sufficient justice to the beautiful design before us; it is in some sense the *body* of the Organ, the outward visible embodiment of its interiors;—not to be sure, like the animal or human body, itself composed of *organs*, but the body of the *idea* of the Organ, the shadowing forth, by correspondence, of its co-working inner parts and uses, the typifying of all its history and prophecy, as Music itself typifies the whole course and prophecy of Life.—But we have wandered away, we have got lost in the Organ. We come back to our friend in the balcony, and once more begin.

It is our first look: what do we see? Or what do we feel? For a few moments, it is hard to distinguish what we see from what we feel, the cause from the emotion (or in philosopher lingo, object from subject), just as to the new-born babe, or to couched eyes, all objects press upon the retina. What every one has felt on entering the Hall, undoubtedly we feel; a strange shock of surprise and wonder, mingled with a certain awe, at the massive grandeur, the great width and height, the boldness, the sombre shadowiness and glimmering brightness, mingled with an instantaneous sense of the symmetry, and a vague comprehension of the richness in detail, of something nearly filling the whole stage end of the Hall and completely filling us. We are at mid-height of it—of the mainmass, though parts soar higher. All of it above us shines with a pure, liquid silvery sheen, while all below frowns dark and massive, yet with shapes of beauty, faces gracious, stern or grotesque, glimpsing through the shades; a contrast and a complement like rugged shore and shining water, or like the world still in the arms of Night as day dawns, and Day triumphant shining onward from above. It tempts out all our faculties to search the whole front over, to read the parts and phases of a whole so quickening and commanding, to analyze it and then recombine it mentally, until we see all the details virtually in the whole, as clearly as when each arrested the eye singly. But first we note the materials of the great contrast; the lower half, in shadow, is in carved black walnut, massive, sombre, bold, exaggerated (in strict truth to nature) in some features, fixed, strong, Atlas-like and bent in slavery; the silvery sheen above is that of organ pipes, great, splendid ones, of burnished pure tin, grouped in towers, or ranged in gleaming fields, upheld at the sides at intervals by springing shafts and pilasters, clipped round above by a floating ribband outline (all of black walnut), that undulates across the whole upper front, while domes and figures, shooting upward almost to the ceiling, crown the towers: all graceful, airy, light, *free*, winged, heavenward.

Now, if we ask the *size* of the great structure, it is about 50 feet in width. In depth the two projecting central towers come forward 18 feet upon the stage, the wings falling back towards two smaller end towers, making an average depth of 12 feet; but furthermore, the recess behind the stage, which held the old organ and had room to spare, is also filled by the great wind works and the Swell department of the Organ, an area full 10 feet square. In height, from platform to the summits of the towers, it measures 60 feet, while the wind works and their machinery behind go far below the platform. (The full height of the Hall, from floor to ceiling, is 65 feet, its

full width 78, and its length 180). The weight of the Organ is from 60 to 70 tons.

Now to understand the symmetry, the bold beauty, the fascination of the front, we begin to note its general form and outline, the distribution of the parts, the balance and relation of the masses. We know no architectural technicalities, and know no art, no best way or order to present in words an image of what must be seen all at once, at least in picture, to be comprehended; but we may suggest things which will lead some to go and see for themselves. What stands out boldest, what strikes first, are two great towers each side of the centre, guarding the arched recess, within which gleam the white rows of the key-boards, and the bright knobs of the draw-stops, and where sits the organist—grandly sheltered and encompassed, grandly overlooked, as we shall see—will he not approach his task with noble pride and reverence! In the fore-front of the base of each tower, a colossal caryatid, a very Hercules in figure, with immense arms and swelling muscles, monstrous, Michel-Angelesque, exaggerated and yet true, uplifted, with the huge full-veined hands crossed over his old head, bent, with earnest, groaning face, beneath the weight of the heavy cornice, on which rest, with tapering feet, the smooth, shining columns of three giant pipes, belonging to the 32 feet sub-bass, and measuring from 16 to 18 inches in diameter. The two old giants differ only in the particular, that one has both hands under the folds of drapery that fall back from his head, while the other has one hand out. The horizontal line of their enormous elbows, boldly projecting, seems to put great, heavy, one might say Websterian eyebrows upon the Olympian front of the whole work, making it with might and grandeur. This personal giant, Hercules, or Atlas, (he reminds one of Schubert's song to Heine's words: "*Ich unglückseliger Atlas!*" Ah me, unfortunate Atlas! groaning under the weight of the whole world), is flanked on either corner by a caryatid with a lion's head, emblem also of strength, whose protruded breasts and dwindling *herma* figure downwards give to the whole base the outline of an immense lyre. From these giant bases of the two towers the dark lower front falls back with graceful curve, on each side, to a straight line and completes its width with two female caryatides, of the old classic or Egyptian style, which, flanked each pair by another looking off in profile from the end, form the support of a lighter end tower, of charming Campanile form, square and slender, formed by graceful, richly carved pilasters with Corinthian capitals, each sustaining two great shining pipes, one in front and one on the side or end. The faces of these six caryatid women are grandly Sybilline and bold, somewhat exaggerated (purposely) like all the emblems of the shadowy lower part. If you look closely, you will find that the "sisters three" at one end (to your left), are bitter cold and stern, "stony-eyed Fates," as our friend well has called them; while the other three have smiling, gracious, almost playful, witty faces. This may have been merely meant for quaintness and for contrast. But we may think of them as relentless Fates, and as appeased Eumenides, according to the old poetic mythology. When you go inside of the work you will discern a correspondence; the pipes of the "Great" organ, the more earnest part, are planted at the end where the stern ones keep watch, while at the other end the "Solo" organ, with its seductive fancy stops, resides.

The intervals between the towers are marked off into rich panels, filled with bas-reliefs of most elaborate carving, each of exquisite design and execution. They are mostly groups of musical instruments, masks, laurel wreaths, &c., depending from a lion's mouth overhead to almost your feet, as you stand before them, no two groups alike, and every instrument studied out and reproduced in all its individuality. At middle height in each group is enframed a tablet of black marble, bearing in gold letters the name of some great composer. Eight of these representative great names appear upon the front; in the central recess, each side of the organist, the names of Palestrina and Orlando Lasso; outside of the great towers those of Handel, Haydn, Gluck, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Cherubini. BACH and BEETHOVEN speak for themselves bodily. The former, in a noble portrait bust, larger than life-size, looks out from the central window of his "huge house of the sounds," just at the foot of the pipes, surmounting the arch and triangular pediment above the key-boards (or *Claviatur*, as they are collectively called by the Germans.) There he presides, the Master, an inspiration, an example, or a warning to any organist who takes his seat there. Just in front of the centre, helping to seclude the player in desirable and fit impersonality, raised on a pedestal before the arch, on the front line of the giant tower bases, stands Crawford's statue of Beethoven, just in the fore-front and focus of all this grandeur and this beauty, and forming a still more complete, significant poetic whole with it, the rich golden bronze relieved, as it never has been before, against the sombre background, and the intense concentration of brain and intellect in the noble head and face, the regal earnestness and repose in the whole form and action of the figure, more than overcoming the disadvantage of mere mass, as seen between two giants. A king may walk between two huge gens d'armes, or elephants, and look none the less a king.

We would it were possible for us to describe the beauty of that central recess about the key-boards. You must step up to it, to feel the perfect beauty of its form and detail. Rich groups of flowers and instruments on each side, as before observed; decking the pilasters, which include the *Claviatur*—itself most curiously beautiful—a round-surfaced arch, which appears twined together out of exquisitely carved acanthus leaves, crossed at intervals by broad bands of flat surface, well relieved against the foliage; looking out from the summit of the flowery arch, in bas-relief, a female head, with mouth wide open, singing. It has hardly so ideal, so reposeful and divine an expression as we would see there; but it has quaintness; it belongs still to the lower shadowy region, you observe, and has exaggeration; has a startled, wild Cassandra look. For heavenly peace, for Muses, for divinity and joy and freedom, for the realized aspirations, harmonies and final ends of history, we must look up to the realm of Light.

We have left ourselves no room to do it, but must break off here. We have one more opportunity before the Inauguration, when we hope not only to complete this poor description of the Organ house, but also to take the reader inside, and give some view of its musical resources, of its mechanism, with a *catalogue raisonné* of all its Stops, their powers and qualities.

#### Organ Opening in Bedford St.

Our columns have already contained a description of the Organ. Enough now, in our want of room, to place here the more precise statement which was printed on the invitations.

This large Organ, just completed by E. and G. G. Hook, of this city, for the First Church, Boston (Bedford Street), ranks in size among the best in the city.

It is arranged in two parts, showing a beautiful stained-glass window in the centre.

The case is of Black Walnut, of Gothic design, harmonizing with the architecture of the Church, each division showing two gabled fronts, with pipes of burnished metal.

*Great Manual*.—Double Open Diapason, 16 feet, 58 pipes. Open Diapason, 8 feet, 58 pipes. Std.

Diapason Bass and Melodia, 8 feet, 58 pipes. Viola di Gamba, 8 feet, 58 pipes. Principal, 4 feet, 58 pipes. Twelfth, 2-3 feet, 58 pipes. Fifteenth, 2 feet, 58 pipes. Mixture, 4 ranks, 232 pipes. Trumpet, 8 feet, 58 pipes.

*Swell Manual*.—Bourdon Bass and Bourdon Treble, 16 feet, 58 pipes. Open Diapason, 8 feet, 46 pipes. Std. Diapason, 8 feet, 58 pipes. Dulciana, 8 feet, 46 pipes. Principal, 4 feet, 58 pipes. Violin, 4 feet, 58 pipes. Mixture, 2 ranks, 116 pipes. Hautboy, 8 feet, 58 pipes. Trumpet, 8 feet, 58 pipes.

*Choir Manual*.—Open Diapason, 58 pipes. Std. Diapason Bass and Std. Diapason Treble, 8 feet, 58 pipes. Dulciana, 8 feet, 58 pipes. Harmonic Flute, 4 feet, 58 pipes. Clarinet, 8 feet, 58 pipes.

*Pedale*.—Double Open Diapason, 16 feet, 27 pipes. Double Dulciana, 16 feet, 27 pipes.

*Mechanical Movements*.—Swell to Great Coupler. Choir to Great Coupler, sub octaves. Tremulant Sw. Swell to Choir Coupler, unison. Great to Pedale. Choir to Pedale. Pedale Check. Engine (Hydraulic). Swell to Choir Coupler, super octaves. Swell to Pedale. Bellows Signal.

The opening (on Tuesday evening) attracted a large crowd and was quite edifying. Messrs. LONG, WILLCOX and BANCROFT handled the organ with much skill and taste, and the singing by Miss HOUSTON and the Choir gave real pleasure. So did the Organ itself. It has great power for its size. All its stops are good; and some, the flute, the clarinet, the hautboy, are exquisitely voiced, and the two latter remarkably well discriminated. A tremulant in the Swell, (which affected a reed stop in Mr. Willcox's French piece) was singularly beautiful and not too much of it. The programme was:

1.—Dedictory Choral, "Ein Feste Burg," (Luther. B. J. Lang.—2.—a. Offertrium. In B. b. Improvisations. Edward Batiste.) J. H. Willcox.—2.—Larghetto, (Spohr.) Old South Church Choir.—4.—Prelude and Fugue. In C. (Bach.) B. J. Lang.—6.—"I know that my Redeemer liveth," (Handel) Miss Houston.—6.—a. Cantabile from Mendelssohn, b. Fugue. (Novello.) S. A. Bancroft.—7.—a. Andante from Organ Sonata No. 6. (Mendelssohn.) b. Fugue "Et Vitam," from Mass in D. (Righini.) J. H. Willcox.—8. Benedictus and Gloria, from Second Mass. (Mozart.) Old South Church Choir.—9.—Flute Concerto, Allegro, (Rink.) B. J. Lang.—10.—"America," "Our Country 'tis of thee."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 2.—The musical season is fairly begun again, and if you wish, we shall be happy to drop you a line once in a while, as the man said to the fishes. The programme opened last week with a night of German Opera at the Academy of Music. Mr. Anschütz has a number of new *artistes* in his troupe, and brought out *Der Freischütz* with much *éclat*, and to the delight of a very large audience. The Orchestra and chorus were particularly good.

Our "Philharmonic" began its Seventh Season with the first rehearsal last Wednesday afternoon. The "Academy" was brilliant with the beauty and fashion of our quiet and charming city; all more than pleased to have the delightful rehearsals resumed. (It is a fact that much flirting is done to the fascinating *rhythm* of the beautiful music, which so inspires the bright eyes of the fair listeners, that the result can't be helped. "*Please do not converse during the music*," is to be printed on the rehearsal programmes, and then we shall see—what we shall see.)

The orchestra as usual numbers fifty, and comprises the best available talent, under the energetic leadership of Mr. NOLL, with Mr. THEODORE EISEL as Conductor of the Season. The following pieces were rehearsed:

Symphony in A minor, "Recollections of Scotland." Mendelssohn.  
Overture, "Ruins of Athens," (first time)..... Beethoven.  
Overture, "Jubel."..... Weber.

The Symphony is a great favorite here, and was performed during the season of 1861 with much acceptance. You, who know it so well, will agree with the good taste of the subscribers who wish to hear it again.

The first concert will take place the last Saturday evening of this month (the 31st.) with Miss CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, *vocalist*; Mr. HENRY APPEY, *violinist*; and Mr. EBEN, *flutist*, as soloists. The subscription list is already larger than last year, and a brilliant season is anticipated. The directors have not raised the price of subscription (although the N. Y. society is up to \$6), and also continue to issue season tickets to the profession at \$3, which places this important privilege within the means of every student and lover of the divine art in our midst. Brooklyn is of itself a charming city, as aforesaid, but its possession of a permanent Philharmonic Society enhances it wonderfully as a place of residence to people of good taste.

We are to have Maretzek's Italian Opera every Thursday evening, beginning on the 14th with *Rigoletto*, Kellogg, Sulzer, Mazzolini, Barilli and Colletti

taking the parts. If it is as well done as at the N.Y. house, it will be sustained, not otherwise, as the failures of last season proved.

The "Park Theatre" is something new and pretty here. It has been open only a month. This week's attraction is the comic opera of "John of Paris." It has to go on two legs, however, as a *soprano* and *tenors* do all the singing. The "Park" orchestra is small, but is gallantly and understandingly led by Mr. I. M. Lorets, a young composer, organist and pianist, possessing much talent, and long a resident of Brooklyn.

Gottschalk is in New York, and has been quite ill of a fever, caused by loss of sleep, and anxiety attendant on the last illness of his brother. His concerts are therefore postponed.

A grand testimonial concert is in progress, to be given in New York, for the benefit of the family of the lamented Wollenhaupt. Poor Wollenhaupt, we saw the title of the very last effort of his musical pen to day at Pond's, and it is called the "Last Smile."

Many other little local items are in mind, but will keep for a while. We have written many indifferent gossiping musical letters in our day, and were last known in your paper as *Jem Baggs*. We like our first name better, and with your permission will hereafter be again a  
SEVEN OCTAVE.

PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 10.—I am moved to send you a few lines about Piano Teachers and their Pupils by the appearance of a new book: "*The Art Principle and its Application to the Teaching of Music*." By ANNA JACKSON. Philadelphia: Frederick Leybold, 1863."

If there were no other reason to be thankful for the advent of October, the mere fact that its cool nights preclude open parlor windows would make it the most glorious of months. To be interrupted in some pleasing fancy, or awakened from delightful reverie, by music, is grateful when the music is good. If you like it, you can stop and listen. If not, you can go further.

This would answer in the winter. But how, during the warm evenings, when from every second window there gushes a melodic stream of what by itself were bad enough, but which, when heard at the same time with the strains issuing from neighboring houses, is ten thousand times worse? If you escape the young lady who sings "No one to love," in such style, that you at once conclude you have found some one to hate, you do not know what next awaits you. You can but flee from bad to worse.

It is long since I have found it worth my while to stop to listen to music. I could easily name the half dozen houses in our city whose musicians (amateurs, of course) deserve the honor. Walking home late at night, I have found, in front of such, a group of attentive listeners, who would get as near to closed shutters as they could, and stand, for an hour or two, trying to catch the sounds as they forced their way through. And, though the night was bitter cold, and the season midwinter, I have stood there too, uncharitable enough, at such times, to wish that the outside audiences might change places with certain of the in-door auditors, who, I am sure, would not have gone so far for the sake of hearing good music as we.

Now, if good players were plenty, if there were but one tolerable performer to every hundred pianos in this city of brotherly love, there would be about ninety-nine times as many good pianists as we now have.

And why are there so few who learn while there are so many who profess to teach? One reason is, that music is cultivated as an accomplishment, (using the word in its modern, society sense) as part of the outward gilding or lacquer necessary to shine in the world of fashion. For the same reason that they are taught to dance, many learn to play. It is for this that teachers have pupils entrusted to them; not because of talent or love of music. That such should either learn nothing or, at best, acquire mere manual dexterity, is not surprising. They start without the first requisites of the musician. They give themselves no trouble to acquire what a teacher, anxious to earn his reward, would willingly impart to them. If other

reasons are sought, they can be found in the musical ignorance of most parents, and the false requirements of those who prescribe the fashionable music-treatment. And then, there is a great dearth of thorough teachers. Nine-tenths of the profession fall in with existing evils, and, instead of opposing, seek to find their reckoning in them.

While such a state of affairs obtains, art-development must, of necessity, be slow, since the music teacher is the only agent whose exertions can bring about the much desired improvement in the musical status of our people. To quote: "We urge then that the difficulties can be met only by the work of the teacher upon himself, and then, through him, upon his pupils and those influenced by them."

The music-teacher's life is certainly no pleasanter than it need be. Ask him or her, if an artist, and learn that it has more crosses and fewer pleasures than any other. Here the reader will say, "The old story. Every one thinks his fate worse than his neighbors." Perhaps the reader is right. For, if poets and musicians have sufferings unknown to the world, they also have joys of which the world is ignorant. But, then, they have nerves so delicate and sensitive, that one might think they lay bared, and watch lest, in their ignorance, every-day folks should inflict unheard of tortures.

There are rare individuals who, with poetic appreciation, innate love of art and that quickness of perception common to all artistic natures, unite the energy and the unflagging industry that alone achieve results. To have such for pupils, rewards the teacher for much drudgery. The hour with such is gladly extended. Its pleasures more than compensate for the disgust provoked by the musical cipher of the next hour, or the sadness caused by the indolent pupil, who, though gifted with a musical organization, lacks application, and would fain reach the pinnacle without climbing the rocks.

To Miss Anna Jackson, authoress of the little book before me, are due the thanks of the earnest of the profession, for a well-timed word on an all-important subject. Her suggestions are sensible; her hopes, such as all lovers of art would gladly see realized. Her work should be in the hands of every music teacher and every art student, until its truths become as part of his faith. Then, let him inculcate them by precept, and confirm them by his actions, as he loves truth and his art.

MILWAUKEE, OCT. 5.—Musical matters are very "quiet" at present, if we except the inevitable "Gift concerts" incident to the season. The first strictly musical entertainment of the Fall season, came off last week. The 122d Monthly Concert for members of the Musical Society, had an unusually large attendance, notwithstanding the disagreeable nature of the weather, (thermometer 90°), and was made the occasion of introducing upon the stage one or two new acquisitions of the society, who acquitted themselves with much credit. The concert opened with the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream," by Mendelssohn. With a few exceptions, the entire orchestral force did their whole duty, in this as well as subsequent pieces, prominent among which was the Andante and Scherzo from Beethoven's Second Symphony.

Mr. E. NETMANN, in former years an active member of the Society, having recently again taken up his abode among us, delighted the audience by singing Schubert's "Wanderer." I but express the apparently unanimous sentiment of the audience in hoping that the singer will again favor us with a song at the next concert of the Society.

A quartet by Mendelssohn, sung by Messrs. ABEL and NIEDERKORN, and Misses CAVANAGH and BARCOCK, was one of the most pleasant affairs of the evening, notwithstanding the timidity displayed by the ladies, who made their debut, and received an enthusiastic encore. An aria and chorus from "St. Paul" were finely executed, but did not receive much attention, although the words were sung in the English language. The male chorus "On the Rhine," by Kücken, deserves especial mention. The various nice shades of the composition were well rendered, and pleased the audience very much. On the whole, the concert furnished another proof of the ability of Prof. ABEL, the Society's Director, in his unceasing labors for the success of classic music in this busy city.  
TENOR.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

##### Beauties of Petrella's opera, IONE.

- Brindisi, Sing ye who will. (Canta chi vuole). 25  
Romance. Lonely and orphaned (Abandonata, ed orfano). 25  
Duett. Go, be faithful. (Vanne, e serba geloso) 25  
Cavatine. Now shines with clear and dazzling light. (Nel sol, quand' e' piu splendido).  
Song. Behold, where Glaucus bows. (E la rapita in estasi).  
Duett. On the banks of fair Ilisso. (Dell' Ilisso sul le sponde).  
Romance. Ione, now a sad farewell. (O Ione, di quest anima). 25

The opera Ione has been one of the recent "sensations" in Europe, and will, probably, be extensively given, during the coming season, in America. The scene is laid in Pompeii, the time commencing a few days before the destruction of that place. The Brindisi, or drinking song, sung by Glaucus in the tavern of Burbo, and the last romance, "Ione, now a sad farewell," also sung by Glaucus, are fine tenor or baritone songs. The second piece, sung by the rescued slave Nidia, the Cavatine by Ione, indeed all, are of a high order, and amateurs would do well to get the pieces, in anticipation of hearing them in public performance.

#### Instrumental Music.

- Gen. Gilmore's grand march. A. Baumback. 35  
A very brilliant composition, and not difficult.  
Cottage Waltz. For Guitar. F. A. Wurm. 25  
Cousin et Cousine (Two Cousins). Schottische Elegante. J. Egghard. 40

This piece with a neat name, will be found to be elegant and pleasing.

- Vier Clavierstücke. (Four piano pieces). Otto Dresel. 75

Mr. D's scrupulous delicacy of taste will not allow a composition, even his own, to be performed or published, unless it is of a high order.

- The "Slumber Song," (Schlummerlied), is most exquisite.

#### Books.

- FIVE THOUSAND MUSICAL TERMS.—A complete dictionary of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Italian, French, German, Spanish, English, and other Words, Phrases and Signs used in music. By John S. Adams. 50

As the teaching and playing season has again commenced, those who have not purchased the above very useful work, will now have an opportunity. That person must be an accomplished linguist indeed, who can understand all the terms in use in music books. Open this dictionary almost anywhere, and you will see about half a dozen terms which you never saw before, but any one of which you may meet in the next book on music you read, or the next foreign piece you play.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 589.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 31, 1863.

VOL. XXIII. No. 16.

For the Journal of Music.

## Half a Dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

ADALBERT GYROWETZ.

(Concluded.)

### CHAPTER XII.

His Kapellmeistership in Vienna.—His Operas.—Rapidly and number of his compositions.—Ancient old age.—His notes and diaries.—Last tribute to his memory.

Gyrowetz was Kapellmeister from 1804 to 1827—twenty-three years. During this time he produced 26 operas and operettas, and composed or arranged the music for over 40 ballets. In the large quarto indexes to the *Leipziger Mus. Zeitung*, more than two columns are devoted to Gyrowetz and his works, and his history as Kapellmeister can be very well followed in the pages of that finest of musical periodicals ever published.

The first trial of his powers as an operatic composer in Vienna was in the 3 act opera "*Seliko*," brought out Oct. 30, 1804. During the rehearsals his patience was severely tried, many of the singers forming a party in favor of Weigl, and Gyrowetz was forced to apply to Baron Braun to bring them to order. The composer was strict and determined to rule as he had the right to do. Some of the singers he learned had remarked: "We will tame him, he shall become as mild and patient as a lamb," and their efforts to effect this brought him several times to the point of resigning. But Braun supported him, and by degrees he gained the general good will—or at least the appearance of it. As to "*Seliko*," the text was poor and the success of the composer was not brilliant. A part of the audience called him out, another part expressed dislike. At the third performance few were present.

The correspondent of the journal above named says: "It would be wrong not to allow Gyrowetz's music many good qualities. Much originality or great strength is not to be found; but on the other hand a careful and studied work is there, successful characteristic passages occur and a rich instrumentation, of which the really fine overture is an example. The faults which may justly be charged upon him are the two frequent use of the wind instruments, often covering the voices; too little regard for brilliancy in the vocal parts, especially in concerted pieces; and, finally, in the choruses, a want of force and fire. The greatest mistake is in composing so many concerted numbers in succession."

Next came "*Mirina*," a long melodrama, which is pretty severely criticized by the same correspondent, but which ran a long time, and its composer was always called out. The music must have pleased the public, though not the "appreciative few." It was revived in 1826 but with no great success.

"*Agnes Sorel*," which followed in December (?) 1808, ran the rounds of the German opera houses, and twenty-five years afterwards was revived in Berlin. Three years afterwards the "*Augenarzt*" (Oculist) followed, and was sung everywhere.

"*Robert*, or the *Prüfung*" (1813), delighted Beethoven to such a degree, that he attended all its representations.

"Herr Gyrowetz's delightfully pleasing, sometimes very touching music, and the splendid working together of the performers, alone sustained the weak production of the poet. Although there are frequent reminiscences from the composer's former works, and from the compositions of other masters [Handel did the same thing repeatedly]—which in the necessary but unlucky haste of composition could not well be avoided—the writer has heard that this, as was the *Augenarzt*, was written in five weeks—there are far too many beautiful passages to allow, in justice, that which was already familiar to prevent the deserved acknowledgement of the new and beautiful." (*L. M. Z.*, Vol. XV. P. 560).

"*Frederica ed Adolfo*," an Italian opera (1812) was very successful; so was "*Felix and Adele*," one of his last works for the stage, (in the chole- ra times, 1831.)—so much so, that he was called out some ten times during the performance, and four times at its close.

In 1818 he was called to Naples, to compose the opera "*Il finto Stanislao*," for a very bad troop, but which was performed some thirty times.

There was nothing great in Gyrowetz as a composer, except the extraordinary rapidity with which he could throw off his light, pleasing melodies, and clothe them in pleasing, often (then) new harmonies and accompaniments. He was sure of a market; for those—and they are the vast majority—who find in music only an amusement, bought gladly and paid well for such works as his, and the number of these works was very great. Gerber's catalogue of published works, extending down only to the year 1800, gives some sixty songs, canzonets, and the like; twenty-seven symphonies and an overture, two piano Concertos; more than a hundred pieces in the forms of quintets, quartets, serenades, trios, &c., &c.; some seventy piano-forte pieces, sonatas, nocturnes, &c., &c.; four serenades for wind instruments; forty-eight dances and four marches.

Lannoy, in 1835, gives the number of works at that time, some of these *works* consisting of several compositions, as 213, from his twelfth year—it should be eighteenth at least—down to that time, viz: about fifty symphonies, twenty-four trios for two violins and 'cello, forty-four string quartets, three quintets, twelve serenades for full orchestra, thirty-five sonatas for piano-forte, twelve nocturnes, four symphonies concertantes, entr' actes to three dramas, and thirty-six Italian and German canzonets. Add to all this the twenty six operas and operettas, the more than forty ballets, and a variety of compositions after 1835, and we have proofs of remarkable industry, even though his facility of composition was very uncommon.

"In his advanced age," says he, "he employed himself still in composition. In his 84th year he composed his *nineteenth* mass (in D), which was performed with marked success in several churches; besides this, he composes, as his daily morning

occupation and pastime, divers songs for the particular use of youth, with no idea of producing them in public. As to the rest, he lives in quiet retirement, and the pleasant consciousness that he has not in all his life willfully injured any person, and is awaiting in peace and quietness the end of his life of care, having reached in 1847 an age of 85 years.

In the "*Sontagsblätter*," Vienna, Feb. 6, 1848, Ludwig August Frankl, the editor, introduces some extracts from the recently published "*Biographie des Adalbert Gyrowetz*" thus:—

There can hardly be any one in Vienna, who does not know the venerable figure, the expressive features, and the snow-white hair of the aged man who was a contemporary of Mozart, who still moves among us with fresh intellect, who led a beautiful, artistic life in Germany, Italy, France and England, and finally brought back his laurels to the land of his birth. On the 17th of February this year, he will celebrate his 85th birthday. We—a number of literary men—sat with him in a garden in Döbling some two years ago, where he, warmed up by our attentions, related various events of his life, so rich in adventures and changes of fortune. We all agreed that he ought to give the world these reminiscences; they belonged to the public, nor had we the right to enjoy them alone. Our advice found a willing follower, and its fruit now lies before us."

Herr Ferdinand Luib, a well-known contributor to the periodical literature of Vienna for many years past, tells me (A. W. T.) that he performed the labor of preparing the old man's notes and diaries for the press, of correcting the proofs; but his account of the work is such as to show that it may and should be considered—as I have done—in fact an autobiography. Mr. Luib is not responsible for any mistake of the old gentleman's memory, nor for the somewhat helpless style in which much of it is written, and which is easily to be seen, I imagine, in the passages which are literally translated; at all events I have taken no pains to improve it to any great extent. Mr. Luib and my friend Nottelohm—one of the first theoretic musicians whom I know—describe Gyrowetz in his old age, 1845 and onward, as a very tall, very handsome old man, of strong, healthy constitution, just beginning to bend under the weight of over eighty years, full of life and spirits, fond of conversation and of telling his reminiscences, and evidently in poor pecuniary circumstances. Mr. Nottelohm saw him several times in an eating house near the Schotten Thor (Scottish gate), where he (Gyrowetz) used to come and sit and chat over a large tumbler of light wine mixed with water.

The old composer died March 19, 1850.

The obituary notice in the *Ost Deutsche Post* of April 12th following, with the signature "L. A.," I add to the already long history.

"It was in the Spring of the year 1846, that I met the aged Gyrowetz, in a garden near Vienna. His already great age—then 81—did not hinder him from going out on foot to visit friends,

who lived in the villages near Vienna, for he loved society, and to play and joke with pleasant women. An anacreontic lustre played upon his snow-white hair, in his heart it sang and clang, and almost to the day of his death he composed his daily elegiac, dithyrambic, or for the most part, sacred song.

"After a short, friendly greeting, he began, as he often did, that he was in want of money—a not uncommon complaint with German artists—which, when he did have it, he regularly carried to the small lottery offices and gambled away in great part, dividing the rest, however, with his old maid servant, who had held out with her venerable master, 48 years long, in many a sorrow, but seldom in joy.

"However, his complaint was soon made, and he began to impart most interesting reminiscences from his varied life, and to any question, whether he had written all this down? he replied, 'Who takes any interest in the past of such an old man? There was a time when I had my triumphs in Paris, Naples, London and Vienna; some of my quartets, which I brought out in London, were afterwards published by a speculating music-seller under Haydn's name; my operas were sung a hundred times in all our theatres; the airs in my *Augenarzt*, went like Donizetti's all through the world—and now, who knows me? I live poor and forgotten, and that is natural enough,' he added humbly. 'I was only a man of talent, one of those who must call it good fortune, when they triumph in their own time—it is genius alone that lives beyond the grave. It is indeed a singular feeling for one to live and to know that he is mentally dead!'

"The utterance of this thought was, however, the result of an inward conflict, long continued but now past. He seemed to utter it without pain, and as he went on to relate his experiences, I encouraged him to write it all out, and besides his own biography, to give a gallery of his contemporaries, and a sort of history of music during his times. Some weeks later he brought me his biography, "as a proof that he was an obedient child," written out upon a large number of foolscap sheets. This manuscript is now in my hands, and from it I draw the following passages."

Then follow extracts, which correspond to the printed biography edited by Mr. Luib. The article closes in the next number of the O. D. Post, thus:—

"I saw the fine old man after the storms of 1848, and when I congratulated him upon his looking so fresh, he said with a meaning smile: 'Fresh looks, fresh earth upon them—you, honored friend, will live to see it!' and then, as if sorry to have given utterance to a sad thought, he parted from me with the words, 'I am an old scamp—weeds don't die out.'

"I saw him only once again, in March of this year (1850), in his coffin. In a house upon the Minoriten Platz, up two flights, in a smoky chamber, filled with furniture of all the decennia of this century, there he lay, clad in a simple black robe. Seven timepieces of various styles ticked upon the wall or on the table, the piano-forte stood closed, the looking glasses of the poor room were, as usual in the presence of the dead, veiled. Alas! they would have reflected no splendid illumination. Two candles only burned feebly at the head of the corpse, lonely as it was. The old maid servant passed back and forth, snuffing the candles, and finding a hundred things to do. She

told me that for some months he had been unable to leave his bed. His only comfort was to compose, and when, a few days only before his death, the power to do this left him, life first became to the joyous, contented old man a burden. He demanded to be put upon the floor, or, as the German expression is, on the earth, 'I belong to it already,' said he, and thought the end would come sooner there. But as the longed for relief still delayed its coming, he sent to an old friend, Baron von D. [Dietrichstein?] and requested the loan of a pistol, as he desired to live no longer. The friend, shocked at the request, hastened to and spoke long with him. It was Gyrowetz's last conversation; a few hours later his last wish was fulfilled—he was dead.

"Now came some servants in livery, then four men in black cloaks, and shut the coffin and bore it away with no tolling of bells, no prayer. I followed. What a life this had been! What times were included between his birth and death! He saw the 6th of October, 1789, in Paris, where he was the rescuing knight of two beautiful young ladies; he saw the sixth of October, 1848, in Vienna; he heard the tones of the Marseillaise just after its composition amid the storms of the French Revolution, and he was the first composer in Vienna to greet with a song the new era in Austria. March 17th, 1848, the poem 'The press is free' by Gerhard, appeared set to music by him. He saw the free press muzzled after the death of Joseph II., and the siege of Vienna by an Austrian army (under Windischgrätz) in 1848, triumphs and solitary death.

"In the Schotten church, where poets, musicians, painters, and men from all the intelligent circles were assembled, the service for the dead was performed over his remains. A sacred composition, by the master himself, resounded and echoed trembling after the hovering soul.

"In the large churchyard at Währing, where Weigl, composer of the 'Swiss Family,' the church composer Gibel, and not far away Beethoven, Schubert, Seyfried rest, there he was placed Peace to his ashes!"

#### Mendelssohn's Works.

From the *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

We have already mentioned that the second volume of *Mendelssohn's Correspondence* contains, in the form of an appendix, a catalogue of all his works. This catalogue, a work deserving our best thanks, has been compiled by Herr Julius Rietz, and no one is better qualified for the task. It is not only a supplement to, and explanation of, the *Thematic Catalogue*, published by Breitkopf and Härtel, of Mendelssohn's productions, but an authentic account of the development of the master's mind. According to the established practice of the musical publishing trade—a practice which does not advantageously distinguish the latter from the general publishing trade, and which consists in not putting upon the first edition of a work the date of its appearance in print—the "Op." numbers, as we all know, do not afford any reliable information as to the order of the various productions, so far as the time when they were composed is concerned. Hence arises the great trouble encountered by the musical historian and by the biographer of the composer, in going through and sifting their materials, and, frequently, the impossibility of arriving at any quite certain result. This comparison, which is strikingly exemplified in Beethoven's works, for instance, exists also in Mendelssohn's compositions, since in them, as in those of Beethoven, the "Op." number is of no authority for the order of their publication or of their creation.\* All the thematic

\* The difference is most striking; for instance, in the case of the "Walpurgisnacht," composed in 1830 and 1831, but given as Op. 60, 1843, and also in that of the overture to *Ruy Blas*, composed in 1839, but not printed as Op. 95 till after Mendelssohn's decease.

catalogues of the works of Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Mendelssohn, &c., follow the "Op." number, and but seldom give incidental remarks on the period of composition.

Herr J. Rietz has now arranged in the chronological order of their composition, and by the author's original manuscripts, the catalogue of Mendelssohn's published works. Mendelssohn was accustomed to note down upon his manuscripts the place where, and the date when, he conceived the idea of each work, and also when he finished it; but even at this early period, despite all the trouble that has been taken, the manuscripts of twelve works and of various detached songs are not to be found. These twelve works have consequently not been included by Herr Rietz in his catalogue, because he wished the latter to be, in the strictest sense, chronologically correct and perfectly authentic; he has, however, mentioned them in his preface, and given generally, but probably correctly, the date of their composition. The most important among them are:—The Sonata, Op. 6, for piano-forte (the only one published); the Book of Songs, Op. 8 and 9; and the Symphony, No. 1, Op. 10—the last belonging, probably, to 1824 (when Mendelssohn was in his fifteenth year), and all dating from the period between 1824—1828. Furthermore, we have the Fantasia, Op. 15, for piano-forte, and the Six Songs, Op. 19—both undoubtedly composed between 1830 and 1834; and, lastly, the Violin Quartet, No. 1, Op. 44, the Trio, No. 2, for piano-forte, &c., Op. 66, and the Variations for piano, Op. 83, all of which belong to the last period, after 1840.

As works without an "Op." number, and not included in the *Thematic Catalogue*, Herr Rietz mentions, also (without giving the date of their composition): Two Pieces for the piano, Andante, B flat major, and Presto, G minor, published by Senff, Leipzig; Two Songs for four male voices: "Schlummernd an des Vaters Brust," and "Auf, Freunde, laßt das Jahr uns singen," published by Kahnt, Leipzig (*Repertory for Male Voices*), and a "Te Deum" for four-part chorus and organ, with English words (printed in London). Of the organ parts which Mendelssohn wrote for Handel's *Solomon* and *Israel in Egypt*, that for the latter is printed in the edition of the Handel Society, for whom Mendelssohn more especially edited this oratorio. That for the former exists as manuscript in Cologne.

We find, also, included in the catalogue, and in chronological order, the works published from Mendelssohn's papers after his death. It would be, perhaps, desirable to mark them with an asterisk in a second edition. The name of the place, when given, always denotes where the work to which it was affixed was composed or completed.

The series begins in 1822 (when Mendelssohn was in his thirteenth year), with the Quartet for piano-forte, violin, viola and violoncello, in C minor, Op. 1, written in Berlin, and finishes in 1847 with "Alte deutsches Frühlingslied," for one voice, with piano-forte (in Op. 86), Mendelssohn's last composition, written in Leipzig on the 7th October, 1847. On the 4th November, he died.

The following remarks may be made upon the catalogue:—

Under 1824, *Die Hochzeit des Camacho* (played once at the Theatre Royal, Berlin, on the 29th April, 1827), is marked as Op. 10, while at p. 501, the Symphony No. 1, is also marked Op. 10. An Overture for Reed-band, in C major (Op. 24), written at Doberan for the orchestra there, and subsequently arranged for a full military band, is a piece we never heard, but is probably worthy of being recommended to military bands in place of their insupportable operatic *pots-pourris*.

1828, The Quartet for two violins, viola and violoncello, in E flat major, Op. 12, is the second written by Mendelssohn, but it is given as the first; the Quartet in A minor, Op. 13, was composed a year previously (1827). The beautiful Ottet (Op. 20) dates from as far back as 1825; the Fugue for violin quartet in E flat major, printed as Op. 81, was written as early as 1827. Of the three quartets, Op. 44, the date of the first

cannot be ascertained with certainty (See above), but the date given "After 1840," cannot well be correct for this No. 1, because No. 2, in E minor, and No. 3 in E flat major, belong to 1837 and 1838 respectively.

The Overture, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (1826)\*, "*Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt*" (1828), "*Die Hebriden*" (1830), in Rome, —*Melusine* (1833), —*Ruy Blas* (1837), —*Athalie* and "*Priest's March*" (1844), in London.

The first Symphony (as we have said above) dates, probably, from as far back as 1824; the Symphony in A major (which appeared as Op. 90) from 1833, and was often named by Mendelssohn himself his "Italian Symphony; the Symphony-Cantata, Op. 52, from 1840, and that in A minor (designated as the "Scotch" one in his *Reisebriefe*), Op. 56, from 1842.

His sacred works were composed in the following order:—

1830.—The 115th Psalm (Op. 31), in Rome, Three Compositions ('*Kirchenmusiken*'), for chorus and vocal solos, with organ" (Op. 23), and "Three Motets" for female voices, with organ (Op. 39), both in Rome, the last being written for the Nuns of the Trinità de' Monti.—1831. "Verleih uns Frieden (without "Op." number) also in Rome.—1833. Vocal Chorus, "Lord have mercy," in A minor (without any "Op." number), in Berlin, printed in Bösenberg's *Album* at Leipzig.

1834 and 1835.—Oratorio of *St. Paul* (performed for the first time on the 22nd May, 1836, in Düsseldorf).—1837, The 42nd Psalm (Op. 42), 1838, The 95th Psalm (Op. 46).—1839, The 114th Psalm, "Da Israel aus Aegypten zog," in four parts (Op. 51),—1840, "Lobgesang" (Op. 52, performed for the first time in the Thomaskirche, Leipzig, on the 25th June, 1840, at the fourth centenary anniversary of the invention of printing).—"*Festgesang*" for male chorus and brass: "Begeht mit heiligem Lobgesang" (performed on the same occasion and printed without "Op." number).

1843.—Choruses for female voices and piano for *Athalie*, subsequently, in 1845, arranged for a full chorus and band, and printed as Op. 74 (with the overtures written in 1844), performed for the first time on the 1st December, 1845, at the Theatre Royal in Charlottenburg. In the same year (1843), the 191st Psalm (Op. 91), for the festival of New Year's Day, 1844, in the Cathedral, Berlin. The 2nd Psalm, "Warum toben die Heiden," eight-part (Op. 78), and "Herr Gott, du bist unsere Zuversicht," also eight-part (Op. 79). Belonging also to this period is the Hymn for contralto, chorus and orchestra (Op. 96), an arrangement of the "Drei geistliche Lieder für eine Altstimme mit Chor und Orgel," previously published without "Op." number, by Simrock Bonn.

1844.—Hymn for soprano, chorus and organ, Berlin (without "Op." number), Psalms for eight-part chorus (Op. 78).

1846.—"Lauda Sion," for chorus, solo, and orchestra (Op. 73), for the church of St. Martin, Liege. The oratorio of *Elijah* (Op. 70), performed for the first time on the 25th August, 1846. "Sprüche" for eight-part chorus.

1847.—Three Motets for chorus and vocal solos (Op. 69), and recitatives and choruses from the unfinished oratorio of *Christus*.† From what precedes the reader will perceive the very great value of Herr J. Rietz's catalogue. But it is the second catalogue, containing "the unprinted works" of Mendelssohn, which completely astounds us. Justly does Rietz remark in the preface: "The large number of works here mentioned is a proof how strictly and conscientiously Mendelssohn behaved towards himself, and how much he laid on one side, which, even if requiring to be retouched, would have afforded pleasure and delight to the world; but it is a proof, also, that af-

ter his death, care was taken to pursue the same course, and to publish nothing from his posthumous papers unworthy of his name and his importance in the history of Art. Smaller pieces, composed for particular occasions, &c., and of which there exist a very great many, are not included in the list, the principal reason for this being that it would have been difficult to render it even approximately complete. These unprinted works, all of which are still in existence, are arranged according to the different styles of music, so that the reader is able to perceive at a glance the composer's extraordinary industry in each. The date of their composition is mostly added.

Under the head of *Sacred Music*, we find 28 numbers, including some ten grand pieces with orchestra. Among these are a "Magnificat," of 1822; a "Kyrie," of 1825; the 100th Psalm, of 1844; and "Herr Gott, Dich loben wir," for double chorus, organ, four trombones and stringed instruments—in celebration of the thousandth anniversary of the existence of Germany—of 1843. Furthermore, there are thirteen pieces belonging to *St. Paul*, but eventually omitted by Mendelssohn (four choruses, 3 chorales, 4 recitatives, 1 soprano air, and 1 duet for soprano and bass), and more important works a *capella* (some eight-part ones) of 1826; twenty-eight for the Berlin Sing-Akademie. Perhaps the compositions entitled, "Ad Vesperas," for three-part and four-part male chorus, and "Beati mortui," for male chorus, both written later than 1831, might, in the present scarcity of works of this description, merit another trial with a view to publication. We find, also, included among the "Weltliche Gesänge," seven more pieces for male chorus; a "Festmusik," words by Rellstab, also for male voices, with wind instrument and basses, and seven numbers of solos and choruses, dating from 1827, and written for a festival got up by A. Von Humboldt, in honor of the German natural philosophers at Berlin. There is, too, for full chorus and orchestra, a Cantata for the Dürrer Festival, 12th April, 1828, as well as fourteen solo pieces, grand fugued choruses, &c. Three one-act comic operas, and one three-act opera: *Der Onkel aus Boston, oder die beiden Neffen*, are deserving of notice. There are, furthermore, about thirty airs and songs for one voice, with accompaniment. Of orchestral works, the manuscripts include two Symphonies (in D major, 1822; and in D minor, for the Festival of the Reformation, in London and Berlin, performed in 1830), and an Overture in C major, 1825, executed at the Düsseldorf Musical Festival, 1833.\*

For stringed-instruments, there are from twelve to sixteen pieces, in four, five and six parts respectively, a violin concerto being included among them. Among the eleven more important pieces for the piano, are two Piano-forte Concertos, with full band, a sextet, a quartet, a trio and four Sonatas (with clarinet, viola and violin), most of them dating from 1823 or 1824. But there is also a Sonata, with violin, in E flat major, belonging to 1838, that is to the composer's best period. For the piano-forte alone there are, besides a large number of smaller pieces, some productions of importance, including a Sonata in B flat major, 1827, the publication of which would be desirable, because, with the exception of the six Sonatas for the organ, we possess only one Sonata (Op. 6) in this style.†

\* I recollect it very well; it was fresh and animated, and, though possessing no decided character, pleased greatly. In reply to my frequent subsequent inquiries why he did not have it printed, and what had become of it, Mendelssohn always replied evasively; but I could see that he did not consider this Overture equal to the "*Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt*," and "*Die Hebriden*,"—composed subsequently—because it did not express any well defined idea.—L. BISCROFF.

† In the catalogue of the printed works, the Organ Sonata in C minor (Op. 62), No. 2 is placed under 1839 and 1844, and the Sonata in D minor, No. 6 of the same work, under 1844 and 1845, while the date of No. 5 is not given. This is probably owing to some typographical error.

Lobe, in a notice on Mendelssohn, in the *Gartenlaube* (6th February, 1859), says: "He was, as a rule, very severe with regard to his works, and kept back many of the less important ones. We now see that the number of productions thus kept back was exceedingly great." Lobe goes on to say, however: "Of course the expression, 'less important,' applied to his works, is to be understood only relatively to his best productions, for he never published any thing that deserved the designation of 'less important,' in the ordinary acceptance of the words. His relatively less important works are always worth more than many later productions whose authors fancy they equal or even surpass him." We agree with Herr Lobe, and

believe that another and not too timid selection from the rich store of manuscripts Mendelssohn left behind him, would result in the discovery of many a piece of music worthy of being published, and to which Lobe's opinion would well apply.

## Beethoven in Saturn's Ring.

### THE MEDIUMS.\*

The world of music is at the present moment deeply agitated; all the philosophy of Art seems to be overturned. People generally believed, only a few days ago, that the Beautiful in music was, like Ugliness, absolute; that is to say, that a piece that was beautiful, like a piece that was displeasing or mediocre, for persons who call themselves persons of good taste, was also beautiful, displeasing, or mediocre for every one, and consequently, for people without taste or education, the result of this consoling opinion was that a masterpiece capable of causing tears to flow from the eyes of a person residing at No. 58 Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, Paris, or of boring or disgusting him, must necessarily produce the same effect upon a Cochin-Chinese, a Laplander, a Turk, or a porter of the Rue des Mauvaises Paroles. When I say *people believed*, I mean by *people*, savants, doctors, and simple-minded individuals, for in these questions great and little minds are alike, and *qui ne se ressemble pas s'assemble*. As for myself, who am not a savant, a doctor, or a simpleton, I never quite knew what to think of those grave questions of controversy; I believe, however, that I believed nothing at all; but, at present, I am sure, my opinion is fixed, and I believe much less in the Absolutely Beautiful than in unicorn's horns. This is why I beg you not to believe in the horn of the unicorn. It is now proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that unicorns exist in several parts of the Himalayas. We all know the adventure of Mr. Kingsdom—the celebrated English traveller, astonished at meeting with one of these animals, which he believed fabulous (that is what becomes of believing anything), looked at it with a degree of attention offensive to the elegant quadruped. The unicorn, irritated at this, rushed upon Mr. Kingsdom, pinned him to a tree, and left in his breast a long piece of its horn as a proof of its existence. The unfortunate Englishman could never recover from the shock.

At present, I must say why, for some little time, I am sure I believe that I do not believe in the Absolutely-Beautiful in music. A revolution ought naturally to take place, and really has taken place, in philosophy, after the marvellous discovery of table-turning by the aid of the mediums, of the conjuring up of spirits and of spiritual conversations. Music could not remain beyond the reach of so important a fact, and continue isolated from the world of spirits; being, as it is, the science of the Impalpable, the Imponderable and the Indiscernible. A great many musicians, therefore, put themselves in communication with the world of spirits or of mind (as they ought to have done long ago). By means of a deal table, of very moderate price, on which you place your hands, and which, after some minutes' reflection, begins lifting one or two of its legs in a manner, unfortunately, to shock the modesty of English ladies, you succeed not only in calling up the spirit of a great composer, but in entering into a regular conversation with him, and in forcing him to answer all sorts of questions. But more than this, if you set about your task properly, you can compel the spirit of the great master to dictate a new work, which issues entire and hot from his brain. As with the letters of the alphabet, it is agreed that the table, raising its legs and striking upon the floor, shall give so many knocks for a C, so many for a D, so many for an F, so many for a quaver, so many for a semi-quaver, so many for a quaver rest and so many for a semi-quaver rest, &c. I know what the reader will remark: "It is agreed, you say? Agreed with whom? With the spirits evidently. But, before the agreement was made, how did the first medium manage to find out that the spirits did agree?" I cannot tell you; but what is certain, is that the fact is certain; besides, in these grand questions, you must allow yourself to be absolutely guided by your internal senses, and not be too particular.

Well then, already (as the Russians say) the spirit of Beethoven, who inhabits Saturn, was conjured up. That Mozart inhabits Jupiter is known to every one; one would think that the author of *Fidelio* ought to have selected the same star for his residence; but no one is ignorant that Beethoven is somewhat savage and capricious; perhaps, too, he may feel some unwelcome antipathy against Mozart. But, however this may be, he inhabits Saturn, or, at least, his ring. Well, last Monday, a medium who is very familiar with the great man, and does not dread putting the latter in a bad humor, by causing him to make so

\* The above skit is taken from M. Hector Berlioz's last work, *A Travers Chants*.—*Lond. Mus. World*.

\* He did not write the music to be played between the acts, &c., till 1843. On the 14th October in that year, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with all Mendelssohn's music, was performed for the first time in the new palace at Potsdam, and on the 18th October following, at the Theatre Royal, Berlin.

† To the year 1847 belongs, also, the finale to the opera of *Lorelei*, printed as Op. 98 from his papers. "Besides this, there exists of this opera only an 'Ave Maria,' for soprano solo and female chorus, a grand march with chorus, and the beginning of three other pieces.—J. RIETZ, p. 516.

long a journey for nothing at all, places his hands upon the table for the purpose of sending to Beethoven in Saturn's ring, the order to come and talk a little with him. The table immediately began to make indecent movements, raising its legs, and showing that the spirit was near. We must confess that the poor spirits are very obedient. During his lifetime, Beethoven would not have put himself out of the way to go only from the Kärnthner Thor Theatre to the Imperial palace, had the Emperor of Austria begged him to come and pay him a visit; but now he leaves Saturn's ring, and interrupts his profound contemplations, to obey the order (mark well the word) of the first person possessing a deal table.

Such is death, and thus does it change one's disposition! How right Marmontel was to say, in his opera of *Azor*:

*Les esprits, dont on nous fait peur,  
Sont les meilleures gens du monde.*

But so it is. I have already warned you that, in questions of this kind, you must not be too particular.

Beethoven arrives, and says, by means of the legs of the table: "Here I am!" The delighted medium taps the master's stomach. "Come, come," you will observe, "you are giving utterance to absurdities! You don't mean it!" "Yes I do. You have already spoken of brain in allusion to a spirit. Spirits are not bodies." "No, no, they are not. But you are perfectly well aware they are semi-bodies. That has been satisfactorily explained. Do not interrupt me again with such futile observations." I continue my melancholy recital. The medium, who is himself a semi spirit, gives then a semi-knock on Beethoven's semi-stomach, and, without ceremony, begs the semi-god to dictate a new sonata. The other does not wait to be pressed, and the table begins capering about. Some one writes from its dictation. As soon as the sonata is taken down, Beethoven leaves to return to Saturn. The medium, surrounded by a dozen stupefied spectators, approaches the piano, performs the sonata, and the stupefied spectators become dumb-founded listeners, on finding that the sonata is not a semi-platitude, but a complete platitude, a piece of nonsense and stupidity.

How can we now believe on the Absolutely-Beautiful? It is certain that, on going to inhabit a higher sphere, Beethoven could only have become perfect. His genius must have increased and grown more elevated than before, and, when dictating a new sonata, he must have desired to give the inhabitants of the earth an idea of the new style he has adopted in his new abode, an idea of his *fourth manner*, an idea of the music executed on the Erards in Saturn's ring. Yet this new style is precisely what we petty musicians of a petty and sub-Saturnian world call a flat, stupid and insupportable style, and which, far from transporting us to the fifty-eighth heaven, irritates and disgusts us. It is enough to make one lose one's reason, were that possible.

We must, therefore, believe that, the Beautiful and the Ugly not being absolute and universal, many productions of the human mind which are admired upon earth will be despised in the world of spirits; and I find myself authorized in concluding (by the way I have long believed such to be the case), that operas performed and applauded every night, even at theatres which modesty does not allow me to mention, would be hissed in Saturn, in Jupiter, in Mars, in Venus, in Pallas, in Sirius, in Neptune, in the Great and the Little Bear, and in the constellation of Boötes. In a word, that they are infinite platitudes for the infinite universe.

This conviction is not calculated to encourage those who produce a great deal. Many of them, overwhelmed by the sad discovery, have been taken ill, and many, it is said, pass into the condition of spirits, that is to say, become all mind. Fortunately the process will be a long one.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 31, 1863.

### The Great Organ in the Boston Music Hall.

#### II.

We must first try to complete our description of the Organ as it looks. So far we have been mainly occupied with the frowning lower front, the massive, shadowy foundation of the structure, with its caryatid giants, lions, Fates and Sybils, with its almost barbaric wealth of ornamental bass-relief, albeit all is chaste, symmetrical and

noble. What we have seen are the parts in shadow; we must look upward for the parts in light. Below, we are in ancient Night, the darkness of the Past, the period of the dreamy and the monstrous, of huge, half-developed shapes that groan in bondage, bending Atlas-like beneath the weight of a yet glorious world to come; the vaguely stirring, struggling, brooding instincts of humanity in dark ages, when the soul's birth-right, dimly felt, was still withheld by seeming Fates. Above is fulfilled prophecy, the light of Day, the grace and airiness of Freedom, life lifted above servile toil and fear into the pure, free, genial fields of Art, expressed in fully human and ideal forms, in Muses, cherubs, St. Cecilia, all soaring heavenward. Below, the sole material is black walnut, impressive by its massiveness and richness; above, what catches first the eye is shining rows and groups of silvery tubes or pipes, alive, thrilling with audible breath of music, diffusing liquid light as well as sound, however heavily surmounted.

We must tax the reader's patience while we dwell a little further on this contrast, before proceeding to examine the other element in it. It is not at all necessary to suppose that the artist, in designing this *façade*, had any conscious thought of embodying such large allegory as we have found in it, to serve as a key note to the unity of the whole. We take it only as a proof that he has produced a true work of Art, as a justification of his plan, that in it we can read these grand, far-reaching correspondences, found more or less in all of Art's creations, in the old Gothic cathedrals (from which this architecture is so different), in Beethoven's symphonies, in music itself, in every thing we call inspired, because it seems to have sprung from an ideal germ and to have grown, instead of being merely manufactured. It answers many objections on the score of style, or of detail, that we find every feature here support this notion of a speaking whole, in correspondence with the instrumental functions which it covers (the organ proper), as well as with the whole human sense and prophecy of music, which it is the hidden organ's task to serve, and should, therefore, be the visible organ's task to symbolize. If the artist, therefore, has been happy in his plan, if he has hit the right solution of the problem of a noble, beautiful and fit exterior for so significant and grand an instrument, the symbolism will be found there when the work is done, whether he had it in his thought or not; perhaps all the more perfectly, if he did not think of it; Art cannot work well if it begins with being its own interpreter, and therefore its own critic, instead of the spontaneous thing it should be, happy in being merely artist, and, as for meanings, "building better than it knew." Perhaps it shall be one of his rewards, when he himself for the first time stands before his completed work, and sees it as a whole, to find in it these higher meanings, which came there rather instinctively than consciously on his part; his reward, to find that, in working in the sincere, earnest, joyous spirit of mere artist, the thing has worked itself out, as it were, divinely.

When we hear some one say, therefore: "These two old giants are grandly imposing, but then they are only half developed, they are monsters, their humanity vanishes just below the middle of the figure, and dwindles away into mere architectural mass; how much finer would be a com-

plete human form, standing freely out! This is a slave, embedded in the ground on which he stands, and bent forever under an intolerable load,—man subordinate to matter. These traditional caryatides were well enough in old times, but Art in the nineteenth century should be human, Christian, filled with lofty aspiration, free,"—we answer: "No, you single out the part, and do not read the whole; the half human caryatid would be false and senseless were it used above, in those parts of the organ front which tell of light and freedom, but here it is in place; these are the *autochthones*, the earth-born, only half disengaged from their native soil as yet, typifying the beginnings of history, the period of brute strength and slavery. See what these uphold! The freedom, the beauty, the Art, the Christian ideals, the gradual unfoldings of the higher destiny of man! The groaning giant prophecies his own deliverance, and does not Beethoven stand there before him as interpreter? Beethoven, in all whose music the same struggle and prophecy voices itself forth; ever the ground-work of deep yearning gloom and conflict, with the resolution into glorious light and joy? The giants are shadowy and monstrous? Yes, for they uphold the monstrous pipes, the great, deep, shadowy undertones on which the whole pyramid of tones builds itself up, harmoniously, exultantly, into the realm of birds and sunshine. They mark the place, too, in the organ, where all the muttered thunders of the pedal registers, the sub-bass stops, are kept; for these are planted upon wind-chests just there in the middle of the instrument, even as the stern "sisters three," whether Fates or Sybils, on the right wing stand before the forest of large-voiced, earnest pipes, composing the "Great" organ, with which Fugues and earnest things are played, while on the other wing the merrier sisters mark the quarter of the "fancy stops."

Or if, in general, we hear the whole lower front objected to, because it frowns too heavily and darkly, because its masses are so rugged and so overpowering, because its figures border on the monstrous, its giants are chained Samsons, its aspect sternly imposing, its style *rococo* or *Renaissance*, weighed down with ornament, instead of lightened,—we still say: think of what it covers, what it corresponds to on the inside. In this lower half of the organ is contained the drudging mechanism, that which ushers in and waits upon the air that vibrates free and musical in the more living organism, the harmonious series of pipes above. Behind and below all, in the recess, is the heavy machinery which plies the panting rows of bellows, filling the huge reservoir, and driving the wind out through trunks and channels to all parts—these toiling Samsons of the wind-mill, to which the Samsons on the outside correspond again; and then all the levers, arms, and tendons, which convey the action from the fingers on the keyboards to the valves by which air rushes into every pipe. All this great complicated mass and wilderness of mechanism, hundred-handed slaves to the free, vibrating, tuneful life above, is kept behind this massive lower portion of the house.

We will now survey more closely, although briefly, the upper portion of this beautiful *façade*—the parts in light. Lack of technical architectural knowledge of course compels us to pass over many essential features without mention.

Beginning at the centre, where, surmounting



the triangular pediment, which in simple, earnest style completes the framework of the niche containing the keyboards, the bust of Bach pledges the instrument to noble uses, we follow up the central division, presenting a plain field, filled (or to be filled) by five large pure tin pipes, some eighteen feet upward, to a semi-circular pediment, finely contrasted with the pointed one below, and crowned by the presiding genius of the whole, a beautiful female figure,—St. Cecilia, Muse, or whatever worthy character one's fancy may ascribe to her,—seated, playing on her lyre. The face is noble, lovely, full of inspiration; design and execution alike exquisite. A little griffin sits and looks off from each side of her, as if keeping watch. Is there any legendary connection between St. Cecilia and griffins? Under her, from the base of the pediment, leans forth the splendid head of the Apollo. Curving outwardly from this plain central field to the great round towers on either side, are two more fields of silvery pipes (of the 16-foot series), terminating in a broad, undulating, harp-shaped border of the dark wood above. The airy grace of form, the chaste delicacy of ornament in all the walnut frame-work here, both slender shaft and waving border, cannot be described. The floating rib-band line runs up the sides and over the upper fronts of the huge round towers, gliding down and away again on the other side, thus shaping itself into a sort of hood, which sheathes the ends of the three colossal pipes, and makes the dark and massive dome rest gracefully and cloud-like on their heads.

These three great pipes (of pure English tin) grouped as a triple column in each tower, (each some twenty-nine feet in length), form, as we have said, the most prominent and bold feature in the whole front, looming in the strongest light above, as their sustaining Atlases stand out in black and bold relief below. Slender walnut columns, fluted above, barred and riveted below, enclose them, and with gracefully carved Corinthian capitals uphold the lofty domes. The lower parts of each dome are richly covered with the finest bas-relief; on each side, floating female angels, winged, holding lyres; the carving of the graceful limbs, the hands, the feet, so exquisite, that one marvels why so much beauty should be banished so far off, and then finds an uncommon pleasure in a feeling of the honesty and thoroughness of such work, in the artistic loyalty to the ideal, which works as nature herself works, and does its best where it is by no means the surest to be seen. These floating, *free*, winged figures are the offset and complement to the fixed and massive style of all below the pipes. While one hand of each pair holds back a lyre, the other reaches forward to held up the end of a gilded wreath and scroll under the colossal face of a Muse, that looks off full in front. Over the rich frieze thus formed, a heavy cornice, upon Ionic scrolls or consoles, bears up the dome, which rounds boldly upward, ribbed and otherwise relieved with ornament. On the summit of each dome, seeming almost to touch the ceiling, are a pair of chubby winged cherubs, beautiful designs, one standing, the other kneeling in front of him, both playing instruments; one pair the French horn and flute, the other pair the lyre and mandoline. These also are beautifully executed, and would bear close examination were they brought down to our feet. Thus freedom, lightness, poe-

try and grace, finished ideals of our earth-bound nature, with its finer inspirations and its aspirations, characterize, as we have said, the entire allegory of this upper portion, and afford the key and the solution to all the heavy, darkly brooding, crouching prophecy below.

Thus much of the great round towers with the shrine which they enclose. Passing outward, the front falls back again in a harp-shaped field of pipes, answering to that on the inside of the tower, only that the broad upper border offers the returning curve. Double pilasters, barred and fluted, and with Corinthian capitals, like the round columns, divide these from the outermost compartments; and on the entablature above them, leaning on the harp-like curve, and looking off to either side, are life-size figures of a woman and a man, the former laurel-crowned, each with one hand resting on a harp. The male bard is a manly, noble type, full of repose and dignity. The female figure does not seem to us so graceful as some other figures, and yet it is effective, with an all-alive, victorious Corinna air.

The undulating border, which we have traced so far over the whole upper surface, drops in a more sudden curve over the two outermost pipe fields, and their pipes (ten in each), are much shorter and more slender than those of the middle fields. These bring us to the two lateral or end towers, which are square, in Campanile shape, exceeding beautiful in their proportions, composed of graceful pilasters in the same style as before, which are to hold between them (for we write before the whole is put together) two colossal pipes (21 feet each), one in front and one upon the end (or round the corner.) Their leafy capitals take a new start and send up continuations in the form of long acanthus consoles, which sustain rich gabled pediments, crowned with large pavilions, on each side of which stands a four-sided vase or urn, covered with musical emblems, such as are strown so liberally over all parts of the organ which admit of them. These towers, of course, are lower than the central ones. The pediments from which they spring (supported by the Sybils), are semi-circular, finely contrasted with and relieving the sterner classic triangle of that above the central arch; and upon this level, there stands out from either corner a Grecian urn of grand proportions, with the tragic emblem of the goat's head finishing off the bottom of the outer handle; this, with the profile caryatid below, lends a swelling outline to the whole front, not suffering it to end in a sheer, impoverished perpendicular line. The ends of the organ-house correspond with the last-named harp-shaped compartments of the front, each forming a field of ten more shining pipes—thus making a total of from 70 to 80 pipes, ranging from 12 or more to 29 feet in length, which are displayed.

Paying a later visit to the Organ, we find that the artist has been lighting up the entire front, even the lower masses, by a liberal but judicious use of gold, giving it a very gay and festive air, and bringing the great mass into better keeping with the rest of the hall. Mere touches of gilding here and there, for the most part; points to catch the light and reveal sculptured outline; while the number of inscriptions in gold letters has been increased. Thus over the key-boards is the builder's name; in a conspicuous panel, higher up, the motto: "Gloria in Excelsis." In shields within

the gabled pediments of the square towers, are the coats of arms of the two cities, Ludwigsburg and Boston.

This is a meagre and we fear a blind description; but it may prepare the reader to expect, what, we are quite sure he will find, a noble, earnest, rich, harmonious work of organ architecture, in keeping with the purpose and the place. A true, impressive work of Art; unique, as well as beautiful and grand in its conception, and with a wealth of detail so subordinated to a noble unity of aspect as to look like genius. We remember no Organ front (or *house*) in Europe, which it can be said to resemble. There will be criticisms of course, in point of style; for all styles have their partial adherents. Technically, the style of this is Renaissance, and much of its detail is *rococo*; and many have a feeling against a style considered so luxurious in comparison with the severely classic models, or the mystical, religious Gothic. But the Gothic would not suit the Music Hall, fugue-like as it looks and well as it answers to the term of "frozen music." The Grecian and Roman architecture does not suit the Organ, which is too free and spiritual an essence to be clipped within those formal limitations; for Organs, Musical Art itself belong to a later, freer phase of human development. Greek art lived entirely in the Present; Music mounts on wings of restless aspiration. To this the Gothic, with its perpetual suggestion of the Infinite, corresponds.

Precluded from the Gothic, has not our artist found enough of the same freedom, the same infinite suggestion, here in the Renaissance? But the structure has also an individuality of its own, and perhaps the best answer to the question of style would be to say: it is in the Great Organ style,—which, if it has had no models heretofore, now points to one.

Before proceeding to a description of the "Great instrument" itself and of its musical resources, we may as well meet the curiosity which every one has felt to know whence the wonder came, what is its history, and who are the authors. The earlier chapters of this history we have long since given. But now the story is finished; and it does not need to be told better, or more fully for the present, than it is done in the *Atlantic Monthly* by Dr. Holmes. We quote from him:

It is mainly to the persistent labors of a single individual that our community is indebted for the privilege it now enjoys in possessing an instrument of the supreme order, such as make cities illustrious by their presence. That which is on the lips of all it can wrong no personal susceptibilities to tell in print; and when we say that Boston owes the Great Organ chiefly to the personal efforts of the present President of the Music-Hall Association, Dr. J. Baxter Upham, the statement is only for the information of distant readers.

In the summer of 1853, less than a year after the Music Hall was opened to the public, Dr. Upham, who had been for some time occupied with the idea of procuring an organ worthy of the edifice, made a tour in Europe with the express object of seeing some of the most famous instruments of the Continent and of Great Britain. He examined many, especially in Germany, and visited some of the great organ-builders, going so far as to obtain specifications from Mr. Walcker of Ludwigsburg, and from Weigl, his pupil, at Stuttgart. On returning to this country, he brought the proposition of procuring a great instrument in Europe in various ways before the public, among the rest by his "Reminiscences of a Summer Tour," published in "Dwight's Journal of Music." After this he laid the matter before the members of the Harvard Musical Association, and, hav-

ing thus gradually prepared the way, presented it for consideration before the Board of Directors of the Music-Hall Association. A committee was appointed "to consider." There was some division of opinion as to the expediency of the more ambitious plan of sending abroad for a colossal instrument.—There was a majority report in its favor, and a verbal minority report advocating a more modest instrument of home manufacture. Then followed the anacanda-torpor which marks the process of digestion of a huge and as yet crude project by a multivertebate corporation.

On the first of March, 1856, the day of the inauguration of Beethoven's statue, a subscription-paper was started, headed by Dr. Upham, for raising the sum of ten thousand dollars. At a meeting in June the plan was brought before the stockholders of the Music Hall, who unanimously voted to appropriate ten thousand dollars and the proceeds of the old organ, on condition that fifteen thousand dollars should be raised by private subscription. In October it was reported to the Directors that ten thousand dollars of this sum were already subscribed, and Dr. Upham, President of the Board, pledged himself to raise the remainder on certain conditions, which were accepted. He was then authorized to go abroad to investigate the whole subject, with full powers to select the builder and to make the necessary contracts.

Dr. Upham had already made an examination of the best organs and organ-factories in New England, New York, and elsewhere in this country, and received several specifications and plans from builders. He proceeded at once, therefore, to Europe, examined the great English instruments, made the acquaintance of Mr. Hopkins, the well-known organist and recognized authority on all matters pertaining to the instrument, and took lessons of him in order to know better the handling of the keys and the resources of the instrument. In his company, Dr. Upham examined some of the best instruments in London. He made many excursions among the old churches of Sir Christopher Wren's building, where are to be found the fine organs of "Father Smith," John Snetzler, and other famous builders of the past. He visited the workshops of Hill, Gray and Davidson, Willis, Robson, and others. He made a visit to Oxford to examine the beautiful organ in Trinity College. He found his way into the organ-lofts of St. Paul's, of Westminster Abbey, and the Temple Church, during the playing at morning and evening service. He inspected Thompson's *euharmonic* organ, and obtained models of various portions of organ-structure.

From London Dr. Upham went to Holland, where he visited the famous instruments at Haarlem, Amsterdam, and Rotterdam, and the organ-factory at Utrecht, the largest and best in Holland. Thence to Cologne, where, as well as at Utrecht, he obtained plans and schemes of instruments; to Hamburg, where are fine old organs, some of them built two or three centuries ago; to Lubeck, Dresden, Breslau, Leipzig, Halle, Merseburg. Here he found a splendid organ, built by Ladergast, whose instruments excel especially in their tone-effects. A letter from Liszt, the renowned pianist, recommended this builder particularly to Dr. Upham's choice. At Frankfurt and at Stuttgart he found two magnificent instruments, built by Walcker of Ludwigsburg, to which place he repaired in order to examine his factories carefully, for the second time. Thence the musical tourist proceeded to Ulm, where is the sumptuous organ, the work of the same builder, ranking, we believe, first in point of dimensions of all in the world. Onward still, to Munich, Bamberg, Augsburg, Nuremberg, along the Lake of Constance to Weingarten, where is that great organ claiming to have sixty-six stops and six thousand six hundred and sixty-six pipes; to Freyburg, in Switzerland, where is another great organ, noted for the rare beauty of its *vox humana* stop, the mechanism of which had been specially studied by Mr. Walcker, who explained it to Dr. Upham.

Returning to Ludwigsburg, Dr. Upham received another specification from Mr. Walcker. He then passed some time at Frankfurt examining the specifications already received and the additional ones which came to him while there.

At last, by the process of exclusion, the choice was narrowed down to three names, Schultze, Ladergast, and Walcker, then to the two last. There was still a difficulty in deciding between these. Dr. Upham called in Mr. Walcker's partner and son, who explained every point on which he questioned them with the utmost minuteness. Still undecided, he revisited Merseburg and Weissenfels, to give Ladergast's instruments another trial. The result was that he asked Mr. Walcker for a third specification, with certain additions and alterations which he named. This he received, and finally decided in his favor,—but with the condition that Mr. Walcker should meet

him in Paris for the purpose of examining the French organs with reference to any excellences of which he might avail himself, and afterwards proceed to London and inspect the English instruments with the same object.

The details of this joint tour are very interesting, but we have not space for them. The frank enthusiasm with which the great German organ-builder was received in France contrasted forcibly with the quiet, not to say cool, way in which the insular craftsmen received him, gradually, however, warming, and at last, with a certain degree of effort, admitting him to their confidence.

A fortnight was spent by Dr. Upham in company with Walcker and Mr. Hopkins in studying and perfecting the specification, which was at last signed in German and English, and stamped with the notarial seal, and thus the contract made binding.

A long correspondence relating to the instrument followed between Dr. Upham, the builder, and Mr. Hopkins, ending only with the shipment of the instrument. A most interesting part of this was Dr. Upham's account of his numerous original experiments with the natural larynx, made with reference to determining the conditions requisite for the successful imitation of the human voice in the arrangement called the *vox humana*. Mr. Walcker has availed himself of the results of these experiments in the stop as made for this organ, but with what success we are unable to say, as the pipes have not been set in place at the time of our writing. . . .

Before the organ could be accepted, it was required by the terms of the contract to be set up at the factory, and tested by three persons: one to be selected by the Organ Committee of the Music-Hall Association, one by the builder, and a third to be chosen by them. Having been approved by these judges, and also by the State-Commissioner of Wurtemberg, according to the State ordinance, the result of the trial was transmitted to the President and Directors of the Music-Hall Association, and the organ was accepted.

The war broke out in the mean time, and there were fears lest the vessel in which the instrument might be shipped should fall a victim to some of the British corsairs sailing under Confederate colors.—But the Dutch brig "Presto," though slow, was safe from the licensed pirates, unless an organ could be shown to be contraband of war. She was out so long, however,—nearly three months from Rotterdam,—that the insurance-office presidents shook their heads over her, fearing that she had gone down with all her precious freight.

"At length, to borrow Dr. Upham's words, "one stormy Sunday in March she was telegraphed from the marine station down in the bay, and the next morning, among the marine intelligence, in the smallest possible type, might be read the invoice of her cargo thus:—

"Sunday, Mar. 22.  
"Arr. Dutch brig Presto, Van Wingarten, Rotterdam, Jan. 1. Helvoet. 10th 11ad terrific gales from SW the greater part of the passage. 40 casks gin S. D Williams 8 sheep Chenery & Co 200 bags coffee 2 casks herrings 1 case cheese W Winsel 1 organ J B Upham 20 pipes 6 casks gin J D Richards 6 casks nutmegs J Schumaker 20 do gin 500 bags chickory root Order," etc., etc.

"And this was the heralding of this greatest marvel of a high and noble art, after the labor of seven years bestowed upon it, having been tried and pronounced complete by the most fastidious and competent of critics, the wonder and admiration of music-loving Germany, the pride of Wurtemberg, bringing a new phase of civilization to our shores in the darkest hour of our country's trouble."

It remains to give a brief history of the construction of the grand and imposing architectural frame which we have already attempted to describe. Many organ-fronts were examined with reference to their effects, during Dr. Upham's visits of which we have traced the course, and photographs and sketches obtained for the same purpose. On returning, the task of procuring a fitting plan was immediately undertaken. We need not detail the long series of trials which were necessary before the requirements of the President and Directors of the Music-Hall Association were fully satisfied. As the result of these, it was decided that the work should be committed to the brothers Herter, of New York, European artists, educated at the Royal Academy of Art in Stuttgart. The general outline of the *facade* followed a design made by Mr. Hammatt Billings, to whom also are due the drawings from which the Saint Cecilia and the two groups of cherubs upon the round towers were modelled. These figures were executed at Stuttgart; the other carvings were all done in New York, under Mr. Herter's direction, by Italian and German artists, one of whom had trained his powers particularly in the shaping of colossal figures. In the course of the work, one of the brothers Herter visited Ludwigsburg for the special purpose of com-

paring his plans with the structure to which they were to be adapted, and was received with enthusiasm, the design for the front being greatly admired.

The contract was made with Mr. Herter in April, 1860, and the work, having been accepted, was sent to Boston during the last winter, and safely stored in the lecture-room beneath the Music Hall. In March the *Great Work* arrived from Germany, and was stored in the hall above.

But our space is nearly gone, and we must again postpone the full execution of our plan of giving an account of the interior of the Organ and "a catalogue raisonné" of all its stops, their powers and qualities." Moreover, as the pipes of quite a number of the stops are not yet (at this present writing) planted on their several air-beds (windchests) and tuned, the most we can do now will be to give a list of them, which we have been at considerable pains to make full and accurate,—with a few items of indispensable preliminary.

The Organ properly includes five organs, and has four key-boards for the hands, with one key-board for the feet. The first Manual, which plays the *Great* Organ, holds the usual convenient place midway between the other manuals, namely, the second from below; the second Manual, for the *Swell* organ, is the lowest; the third, for the *Choir* organ, is placed above the first; and the fourth, for the *Solo* organ, comes above that. The Manuals have each 58 keys, ranging from 8-foot C, to a<sub>2</sub>, that is to the Sixth above four octaves. But there are 16ft Stops, as well as 8ft ones and these are 4ft, 2ft even 1ft stops by drawing which the scale of the key-board is extended an octave downwards and several octaves upwards.

The Pedal key-board has 30 keys, beginning at 16ft C, the lowest C on our Grand Pianos. But it also commands three Stops of 32ft tone, as well as others of only 8ft 4ft and even 2ft. The highest pipes in the Manuals are not more than three-eighths of an inch in speaking length.

All imaginable conveniences for coupling whole key-boards, or for grouping kindred or contrasted registers (Combination pedals), Crescendo, Swells, Tremolos, lightening the touch, &c., &c., exist here and await fitting notice hereafter. The wind is gathered and condensed in a huge reservoir, holding some 400 cubic feet, which is fed by six great pairs of bellows, worked by a machine, whose wheel will probably be turned by the Cochituate water.

We must again remind the uninitiated that the greatness and importance of an Organ is not to be measured altogether by the number of its pipes, or even by the number of its stops. The York Cathedral organ boasts 8,000 pipes, yet it is not so great an organ as our own, which lacks some 2500 of that number; it is easy to multiply small pipes, tiny whistles, by the hundred; but if they are not needed they are idle vanity. The main essential is an ample basis to the harmonic pyramid of sound, a plenty of full-toned, powerful foundation stops, that is, the unison and octave stops, what the Germans call *Principals*, what we call *Diapasons*. And this is the first great excellence of Walcker's master-work; admirable proportions, combinations, beauty and individuality of character in each, are others, of which it will be the fit time to report after the "Inauguration." For the present, then, we give merely our list of the musical

#### CONTENTS OF THE ORGAN.

##### I MANUAL (GREAT).

1. Principal (or Double Diapason) 16 ft. . . . 58 pipes.  
Of pure English tin; the 24 largest pipes displayed in front.
  2. Tibia Major 16 f. . . . . 46 "  
Of pine wood—borrows the lower octave from No. 1.
  3. Viola Major 16 f. . . . . 58 "
  4. Bassoon (Bassoon) 16 f. } . . . . . 58 "
  5. Ophycleid 8 f. }
- Complements to each other. Free reeds, tuned by a screw. Chiefly of wood, but bells of upper octaves tin.

6. Principal (Diapason) 8 f. ....	58	"
Pure English tin; 12 pipes displayed in side front.		
7. Flöte (Flute) 8 f. ....	58	"
Wood, double width, with double mouths.		
8. Gemshorn 8 f. ....	58	"
Proof tin, conical.		
9. Viola di Gamba 8f. ....	58	"
Pure tin.		
10. Gedeckt (Stop Diapason) 8 f. ....	58	"
Of fine-grained fir wood, wide.		
11. Trombone 8 f. }	58	"
12. Trumpet 4 f. }	58	"
Of proof tin.		
13. Octave (Engl. Principal) ....	58	"
Pure tin. This stop is the <i>Stium-regal</i> or standard to tune by.		
14. Fugara 4 f. (pure tin) ....	58	"
15. Hohlflöte (hollow-toned flute) 4 f. ....	58	"
Of metal (by which is understood here a composition 1-3 Engl. tin and 2-3 soft lead.		
16. Flute d' Amour 4 f. ....	58	"
Of pine and pear wood, slender.		
17. Clairon (Clarion) 4 f. ....	70	"
Reed stop, of proof tin, trumpet-like; in the highest octave 3 open flute pipes in unison replace the reed.		
18. Waldflöte (Flute of the Woods) 2 f. ....	58	"
Proof tin, conical.		
19. Quint (Fifth) 5 1-3 f. ....	58	"
Of proof tin, conical; forms the ground-tone of the compound stop No. 23.		
20. Terz (Tenth) 3 1-5 f. ....	58	"
Proof tin, conical.		
21. Quintflöte (Flute Twelfth) 2 2-3 f. ....	58	"
Proof tin, cylindrical.		
22. Terz Discant (Seventeenth) 1 3-5 f. ....	53	"
Proof tin, conical.		
23. Cornet 5 1-3, (5 ranks). ....	190	"
Harmonies of 16 f. tone; take their ground tones from No 19. Compass from g to a3 (88 notes).		
24. Mixture 2 2-3 f. (6 ranks) ....	348	"
Harmonies of 8 f. tone. Proof tin.		
25. Scharff 1 1-3 f. (4 ranks) ....	232	"
Harmonies of 4 f. tone. Proof tin.		

1930

## II. MANUAL (SWELL).

1. Bourdon. (Double Stop Diapason) 16f. ....	58	pipes.
2. Principal 8 f. (of proof tin) ....	58	"
3. Salicional 8 f. ....	58	"
Proof tin, slender. Tone like a Dulciana of ready quality, but a little stronger.		
4. Dolce (Dulciana) 8 f. ....	58	"
Of metal; one of the softest stops.		
5. Quintatzen 8 f. ....	58	"
A stopped pipe of tin, sounding its harmonic fifth (or twelfth) with the ground tone.		
6. Gedeckt (Stop Diapason) 8 f. ....	58	"
Wood; double width; double mouths in the upper octaves. Very full round tone, with other stops.		
7. Trombone Bass (Trombone) 8 f. }	58	"
8. Trombone Discant (Trumpet) 4 f. }	58	"
Bells of brass		
9. Basson Bass (Bassoon) 8 f. }	58	"
10. Hautbois (Oboe) 4 f. }	58	"
11. Principal Octav 4 f. (proof tin) ....	58	"
12. Rohrflöte 4 f. ....	58	"
What English builders call a "half-stopped pipe," of metal; French: <i>Flute à Cheminée</i> .		
13. Traversflöte (Traverse Flute) 4 f. ....	58	"
2 lowest octaves of fir and pear wood, square, slender. The rest of maple, turned, like the actual German flute; double length, pierced in the middle and overblown (i.e. sounding the octave).		
14. Cornettino 4 f. ....	70	"
Soft trumpet-like, of tin, 12 highest pipes doubled and flute pipes.		
15. Quintflöte 5 1-3 f. ....	58	"
Wood, slightly conical.		
16. Nasard (Twelfth) 2 2-3 f. (tin) ....	58	"
17. Octav 2 f. (tin) ....	58	"
18 Mixture 2 f. (5 ranks) ....	290	"

1172

## III. MANUAL (CHOIR).

1. Gedeckt 16 f. ....	58	pipes.
2. Principal Flute 8 f. ....	58	"
Pure Engl. tin; larger pipes displayed.		
3. Spitzflöte 8 f. ....	58	"
A pointed or conical flute of tin.		
4. Bifra (2 ranks) 8f. and 4 f. ....	116	"
Of tin. Each note has 2 pipes, one stopped, the other (its octave) open and slender. It has also a tremolo.		
5. Gedeckt 8 f. (wood) ....	58	"
6. Clarin Bass 8 f. }	58	"
7. " Discant 4 f. }	58	"
Reeds, trumpet-like, of proof tin.		
8. Viola 8 f. (proof tin) ....	58	"
Of soft intonation like the <i>piano</i> in No. 9.		
9. Physharmonica 8 f. ....	58	"
Purely metal reeds, with a swell.		
10. Hohlpipeife 4 f. ....	58	"
Lowest octave of maple, the rest of metal. A very bright and liquid flute tone.		
11. Principal Flute 4 f. (tin) ....	58	"
12. Dolce (Dulciana) 4 f. (tin) ....	58	"
13. Flautino (Octave Flute) 2 f. ....	58	"
14. Sesquialtera (2 ranks) 2 2-3f and 1 3-5f. ....	116	"
15. Super-Octav 1 f. (tin) ....	58	"

928

## IV. MANUAL (SOLO).

1. Bourdon (St. Diapason) 16 f. ....	58	"
Two lowest octaves of wood, the rest metal.		
2. Gamben-principal 8 f. ....	58	"
Pure Eng. tin; 12 pipes displayed.		
3. Aeoline 8 f. ....	58	"
The softest and most string-like stop of all; lower octave of wood, continuation of proof tin, very slender.		
4. Concert Flute 8 f. ....	58	"
Of finest pine wood, square. From c upward of double length, pierced, and blowing the octave.		
5. Corno Bassetto 8 f. ....	58	"
Reed-stop of clarinet-like tone; bells of tin.		
6. Vox Humana 8 f. ....	116	"
Of metal, with two pipes to each tone, one of them a reed pipe, and partly with double reeds. Also has a special swell and tremulant.		
7. Gemshorn 4 f. (proof tin) ....	58	"
8. Piffaro (2 ranks) 4 f. and 2 f. ....	116	"
9. Vox Angelica 4 f. ....	58	"
A delicate reed stop.		
10. Quint 2 2-3 f. ....	58	"
A covered pipe of metal.		
11. Piccolo (Octave Flute) 2 f. (metal) ....	58	"

754

## PEDAL (FORTE).

1. Principal Bass 32 f. (Double Double Diapason) ....	30	pipes.
6 of the largest pipes of pure English tin, set in the central towers; the rest of wood.		
2. Grand Bourdon 32 f. (5 ranks) ....	120	"
A compound stop, having for its foundation No 6 (Sub-Bass 16 f.), which with 4 ranks of harmonic tones gives the 32 f. sound.		
3. Bombardon 32 f. ....	30	"
A monster reed tone, with screw tuning apparatus.		
4. Octave Bass 16 f. ....	30	"
Pure tin; 18 pipes in the front.		
5. Sub Bass 16 f. ....	30	"
Strong wood, open, of very wide scale.		
6. Trombone 16 f. ....	30	"
Powerful reed tone; bells of steel.		
7. Contra-Violon 16 f. (wood) ....	30	"
8. Octave Bass 8 f. (tin) ....	30	"
9. Hohlflöten-Bass 8f. (Hollow Flute Bass) ....	30	"
10. Violoncello 8 f. ....	30	"
Of tin; sounds remarkably like the real instrument.		
11. Trumpet 8 f. ....	30	"
12. Corno Basso 4 f. ....	30	"
13. Octave 4 f. (tin) ....	30	"
14. Cornettino 2 f. (tin) ....	30	"

## PEDAL (PIANO).

N. B. These stops are placed in the Swell box.		
15. Bourdon (Double St. Diapason) 16 f. ....	30	"

16. Viola 8 f. ....	30	"
Of tin; soft Gamba tone,		
17. Flute 8 f. (wood) ....	30	"
18. Flute 4 f. ( " ) ....	30	"
19. Basson (Bassoon) 16 f. ....	30	"
A very powerful deep reed tone, tuned with screw.		
20. Waldflöte (Forest Flute) 2 f. (metal) ....	30	"

690

Whole number of pipes in Manuals and Pedals... 5474

The Programme of the Inauguration festival, next Monday evening, will be found on our first page. It would be superfluous to dwell upon its temptations; if indeed it is not almost too late, inasmuch as a most numerous and brilliant audience is already secured. The eagerness with which the tickets, at such high price, have been purchased shows that our musical public appreciate the importance of this rare gift of art and science from the old world and desire to share some little of the responsibility of keeping it unmortgaged and in good repair for us and generations after us. It will be a memorable evening.

MUSIC IN BOSTON.—The Organ leaves us little room to speak of other music this week; nor indeed has there been much to speak of. GILMORE's popular concerts, with the unsatiable charm of CAMILLA Urso's bow, have continued to draw crowds, and will still continue to do so, on Sunday evening and afterwards. Excellent concerts of their kind, but why call that a "Sacred" concert, in which "Old Hundred" is preluded by the "Carnival of Venice"!

The "ORPHEUS" gave one of their charming invitation concerts at Chickering's hall on the evening of the 14th, with their usual fine part-song and chorus singing, and with Mr. Leonhard as pianist, and Messrs. Kreissmann, Schraubschilder, Langerfeldt, as solo singers. This was the programme:

1. Chorus. "Auf dem Rhein" ....	Kücken
2. Song. "Trockne Blumen" ....	F. Schubert
3. Chorus. { a. "Das Lieben bringt gross' Freud" R. Frasn	
{ b. "Der traumende See" R. Schumann	
{ c. "Überall bin ich zu Hause" R. Frasn	
4. Piano Solo. { a. Rille Sicherheit } E. Schumann	
{ b. Die Harrende }	
{ c. Im Wald }	
5. Songs. { a. Stille Sicherheit } F. Schubert	
6. Double Chorus. Schlachtlied. ....	F. Schubert
7. Piano Solo. { a. Schottischer Barden Chor. ....	Chopin
8. Chorus. { b. Der Waldmann. ....	Silcher
9. Song. Wie schön bist du. ....	Mueller
10. Chorus. { a. Spinnerlied. ....	Weidt
{ b. Der Philister. ....	Appel

WORCESTER, MASS.—Handel's pastoral, "Acis and Galatea," was performed this week by the Hamilton Club, with the aid of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club from Boston.

GERMAN OPERA.—The company of Herr Anschütz, after remarkable success in Baltimore, are to open on Monday evening in Philadelphia.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY are rehearsing the "Hymn of Praise," and Handel's "Ode to St. Cecilia," for performance in connection with the Great Organ. By the way, it is all a mistake about that Society monopolizing the use of the Music Hall on Sunday evenings; that arrangement was cancelled two years ago, when the rehearsals were transferred to Chickering's.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, OCT. 26.—The week closed with "Ione," Theo. Thomas's matinée, and the Philharmonic rehearsal, with the usual Philharmonic storm. Notwithstanding the unpropitious state of the weather, the attendance at each of these performances was very good. At Irving Hall, Mr. THEO. THOMAS inaugurated a series of matinées, which promise great popularity. The programme, which was interpreted by thirty of the most accomplished performers in the city, included the "Prometheus" overture, by Beethoven; Selections from Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera; the "Aurora Ball" polka, by Strauss; and the "Bijouterie" quadrille by the same composer. Messrs. Thomas and Mollenhauer performed the "Oberlaendler" by Gangl. Miss Lucy Simons who made a most successful debut at the first Gottschalk concert, Gottschalk, and Harry Sanderson were the soloists, and Sig. Muzio conductor. The programme of these matinées will be such as to please those who are fond of variety and good music.

A symphony and overture, by Beethoven, Schumann, or some like composer, together with selections from the popular operas, and well-known polkas, waltzes and quadrilles, will be played at each concert. The second matinee is announced for next Saturday, with Gottschalk, Sanderson and several other favorite artists.

The second public rehearsal of the Philharmonic Society, took place on Saturday at the Academy of Music. The instrumental pieces in preparation for the first concert on Nov. 7, are:

Symphony No. 3, op. 61, in C. Schumann.  
Overture, "Coriolanus," op. 62, in C minor, Beethoven.  
Overture, "Flying Dutchman," in D minor, R. Wagner.

Notwithstanding the increase in the price of subscription, the Philharmonic seems to be well supported this season. The change from Irving Hall to the Academy of Music, although entailing a greater expense, will be more than balanced by the additional pleasure to the subscriber. Mr. CARL BERGMANN will be the conductor at the first concert.

GOTTSCHALK's third concert takes place this evening at Irving Hall. Mr. Gottschalk will be assisted on this occasion by Miss Fannie Riddle, Wm. Castle, Theo. Thomas and Behrens. The first and second concert were immensely thronged and, although on opera nights, the number prevented from entering were sufficient to fill the house. A performance of ROBERT STOEPEL's "Hiawatha" will take place on Nov. 7. MATILDA HERON will recite the poem, and the musical cast will be as follows: Mrs. J. M. Motte as Minnehaha, Mr. Wm. Castle as Hiawatha, Mr. S. C. Campbell as the Great Spirit. The choruses will be sung by the members of the New York Singing Academy. The concert to be given for the benefit of the family of the late HERMANN A. WOLLENHAUPT, the pianist and composer, will take place on the evening of Nov. 4, at Irving Hall, which building has been most generously offered for the purpose by Mr. Harrison. The following committee have the matter in charge: Gen. Wm. Hall, President; C. Beer, Treasurer; Henry C. Watson Secretary; Messrs. Steinway, C. B. Seymour, W. H. Fry, Theo. Hagen, H. A. De Lille, Max Maretzek, L. F. Harrison, Wm. A. Pond, Charles Fradel, E. Remac, M. Masseras, and Paul F. Nicholson. The affair will doubtless be a great pecuniary and artistic success. The gratuitous offer of the house and the services of some of our most eminent artists speaks well for the profession, and the position the deceased occupied in it.

The performance of "Ione," Petrella's great work, on Saturday evening, was one of the most successful of the season, and is placed by the side of that of "Norma," which has met with such a great success by the fine rendition of Maretzek's troupe. "Ione" was announced for the second and "last time" on Saturday evening; but it is to be hoped that the management will see fit to announce it on their bills for future performance. It is a work of power, and there is a wonderful unanimity in regard to its merit. Medori, Sulzer, Mazzoleni, Bellini and Biachi could not select more effective roles, nor do them more justice.

To-night Verdi's "Macbeth" will be repeated with Medori, Sulzer, Lotti, Bellini and Biachi. Novelties are announced in preparation. There will soon be exciting times in operatic matters. Grau is on his way here from Europe, and will soon start an opposition line with his company, with Brignoli at the head. Maretzek will have to look sharp or he will be eclipsed by Grau. When or where the latter will inaugurate his operatic enterprise is not yet known.

Maretzek has just commenced a suit against the editors of a well-known Sunday paper for libel. The articles were drawn forth by the refusal of Max

to give the opera advertisement and the usual free ticket to said paper. It is thought that Max will obtain judgment for damages, which he lays at ten thousand dollars. T. W. M.

CHICAGO, ILL., OCT. 10.—That Boston is regarded as the "hub of the universe," while Chicago is "the centre," belongs strictly to geography, and is mentioned in your Journal, only to show that there is much affinity between these two cities. This affinity might even be proved on the "Journal's" own ground. Boston is the Athens of the East, while influential and far-seeing men strive to make Chicago the centre of the West, in Commerce, Education and Music. Limiting my remarks to music, let me say, that like its grade of the streets, its present grade of music is already eight feet above water. Every one who has lived here but a couple of years, seems to be doing "a first rate" business. There are here about as many Piano-fortes or Melodeons as there are parlors; and the number of teachers and pupils of Music is on the increase. The Philharmonic Society, under the leadership of the accomplished Mr. Balatka, will soon show signs of life; and the Chicago Musical Union, a society of singers under the same leader, which in former years has performed Haydn's "Creation," Handel's "Messiah," and Mendelssohn's "Elijah," will this year take up a German opera for practice. The new Directory of the city mentions two other societies, of which in due time we shall get some information; nor must the splendid male quartet club of Mr. George F. Root be forgotten.

Singing has been taught formerly in our Public Schools, but of late the city feels to poor to pay a singing master's salary, and three years ago vocal music was stricken from the branches taught at the public expense. A few days ago, however, the Board of Education voted to appropriate \$500 for the ensuing year to this purpose, provided a like sum be raised by subscription; and whoever knows the activity and influence of Mr. Cady and Messrs. Root, or the liberality of the members of the Musical Union, cannot doubt that the amount will soon be forthcoming.

Chicago cannot yet boast of a large hall which would answer the demand of a large city, and the nineteenth century, but it has a number of new and splendid church edifices. The organs are all of small or medium size, and are treated by the players much better than they deserve. One of the finest organs, if not the best one, is in St. Paul's church, was built in 1856 by Erben, and Miss L. S. Tillinghast has filled the place as organist for several years. She is soon to be married to Mr. R. R. Frohock, who intends to open a new music store in Boston. We would bespeak for her a warm reception in your city. She is a lady of talent, taste, and executes very finely. At a private organ concert, which she recently gave to her friends, she performed among other difficult compositions, Bach's Sonata in E flat, Bach's Toccata in F, Mendelssohn's Sonata No. 4, Adagio from Mozart's Overture in B flat, and Bach's Fantasia and Fugue in G minor. The manner in which she played the Pedals, would do credit even to Mr. Paine in your city, and I know of no lady player equal to her in performing on the organ. We hope she will make the acquaintance of the new organ in your Music Hall, will there among others gain a hearing, and soon be engaged as an organist in the Eastern metropolis.

The singing in most of our churches is done by quartets, and in the Trinity church the choir varies so much from the inflexible Episcopal form, as to sing a voluntary before the regular morning and evening services. The protestant Germans stick to their time-honored way of singing their sterling chorals by the whole congregation. The Sunday-schools in this place devote a considerable portion of their time to singing, and the coöperation of these religious institutions must be felt before long. CHS. A.

## Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE  
LATEST MUSIC.  
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Vocal Beauties of "Faust," by Gounod.  
The pleasures of youth (A moi les plaisirs) Song. 25  
All hail! welcome. (Salut, O mon dernier). 35  
All hail! live innocent. (Salut!). Song. 35  
The King of Thulé. (Le Roi de Thulé). Ballad. 25  
The golden calf. (Le veau d'or). Song. 25  
Glory immortal. (Gloire immortelle). 25  
Angels, pure and glorious. (Ange purs), Trio. 50  
The hour is late. (Tardi si fa). Duet. 50

The new opera of "Faust" seems to have taken the European musical public by storm. Gounod has succeeded in uniting the mystical German story with most light, cheerful, and at the same time excellent French music, which will before long, be as well known among us as that of the standard operas. There is space in this number to notice but:

The King of Thulé. (Le Roi de Thulé) 25  
This exquisite, though simple ballad, which is sung by Marguerite of Rouet at the spinning wheel, tells of the King who was "faithful unto death"; and:

The Golden Calf, (Le veau d'or). 25  
Sung by Mephistopheles, the roguish devil. The song is a fine specimen of sarcasm, and just the reverse of Marguerite's simple lay.

Now shines with clear, (Nel sol quand' i piu splendido). From "Ione." 40

This is one of the gems of the opera, and is sung by Ione, the beloved of Glaucus.

In affliction and heavy sorrow (Al' afflittio) Romance from "Robert Devereux." 25

Robert Devereux is considered by many, one of the very best works of Donizetti, and the songs which are now appearing, with English, as well as Italian words, will be welcome to amateurs.

### Instrumental Music.

Dividenden Waltzer, Johann Strauss. 50

Strauss's waltzes appeared in such profusion, that he was, at times, dreadfully pushed for a name. In the present set, those who invest in Strauss, will receive a large "dividend" of unusually good dance music.

5th Air varié. Violin and Piano. De Beriot.

A very graceful composition, by an acknowledged master of the violin. Does not appear to be very difficult.

La Belle Canadian Polka. Karl M. Fehr. 25

Who will come for mother now. Variations.

A. Baumbach. 50

Will be welcomed by teachers, and others who like to play a pretty melody, gracefully varied.

Gems of Petrella's opera "Ione." A. Baumbach. 50

Purchasers of this piece, may enjoy, in advance, a choice selection of melodies, which they will afterwards admire in the coming representations of the opera.

### Books.

THE MUSICAL LYRA.—A collection of Glee, Quartets, and new Operatic Choruses, original and selected. By F. H. Pease. Price \$1.00

It is no easy matter for a music teacher to find a good glee book for his choir or advanced singing classes. Some have been used before. Some are too difficult, some too flat, and some have too many old pieces; good of course for beginners in glee singing, but not novel enough for the present purpose. The Musical Lyra is a fresh book. Nearly all the music and words are entirely new. The words are good compositions or well selected; and the writers of the music deserve credit for combining great variety of arrangement, with simple harmony. The pieces from new operas are first-rate.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 590.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 14, 1863.

VOL. XXIII. No. 17.

## The Organ.

From the German of HERDER.

O, tell me who contrived this wondrous frame,  
Full of the voices of all living things,—  
This temple, which, by God's own breath inspired,  
So boldly blends the heart-appalling groan  
Of wailing *Miserere* with the soft  
Tones of the plaintive flute, and cymbal's clang,  
And roar of jubilee, and hantoy's scream,  
With martial clarion's blast, and with the call  
Of the loud-sounding trump of victory.

From lightest shepherd's reed the strain ascends  
To cymbal's thunder and the awakening trump  
Of judgement. Graves are opening! Hark, the dead  
Are stirring!

How the tones hang hovering now  
On all creation's mighty, outspread wings.  
Expectant, and the breezes murmur! Hark!  
Jehovah comes! He comes! His thunder speaks!

In the soft-breathing, animated tone  
Of human words speaks the Allmerciful.  
At length the trembling heart responds to him;  
Till, now, all voices and all souls at once  
Ascend to heaven—upon the clouds repose—  
One Hallelujah! Bow, bow down in Prayer!

Apollo tuned the light guitar; the son  
Of Maia strung the lyre; mighty Pan  
Hollowed the flute. Who was this mightiest Pan  
That blent the breath of all creation here?

Cecilia, noblest of the Roman maids,  
Disdained the music of the feeble strings,  
Praying within her heart, "Oh that I might  
But hear the song of praise, the which of old  
Those holy three\* sang in the glowing flames,—  
The song of the Creation!"

Then there came  
An angel who had oft appeared to her  
In prayer, and touched her ear. Entranced she heard  
Creation's song. Stars, sun and moon, and all  
Heaven's host, and light and darkness, day and night,  
The rolling seasons, wind and frost and storm,  
And dew and rain, hoar-frost and ice and snow,  
Mountain and valley in their spring attire,  
And fountains, streams and seas, and rock and wood,  
And all the birds of heaven and tribes of earth,  
And every thing that hath breath, praised the Lord,  
The holy and the merciful.

She sank  
In adoration: "Now, O angel, might I  
But hear an echo of this song!"

With speed  
He sought the artist whom Bezaleel's  
Devoted soul inspired; in his hand  
He placed the measure and the number. Soon  
Uprose an edifice of harmonies.

The *Gloria* of angels rang; with one  
According voice, great Christendom intoned  
Her lofty *Credo*, blessed bond of souls.

And when, at holy sacrament, the chant,  
"He comes! Blessed be he who cometh!" rang,  
The spirits of the saints came down from heaven,  
And took the offering in devotion. Earth  
And heaven became a choir; the reprobate  
Shook at the temple's door, and seemed to hear  
The tramp whose clang proclaimed the day of wrath.—

With all the Christian hearts Cecilia  
Rejoiced, for she had found what every heart

\* Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

Seeks with strong yearning in the hour of prayer,—  
Union of spirits—Christian unity.

"How shall I name," said she, "this many-armed  
River which seizes us and bears us on  
To the wide sea of the eternities?"  
"Call it," the angel said, "what thou didst wish;  
Call it the ORGAN of the mighty soul,  
Which sleeps in all, which stirs all nations' hearts,  
Which yearns to intone the everlasting song  
Of universal nature, and to find  
In richest labyrinth of hearts and sounds  
Devotion's richest, fullest harmony."

## History of the Great Organ.—Dr. Upham's Report.

GENTLEMEN;

It may be expected of me, perhaps, on behalf  
of the Directors of this Corporation and in virtue  
of my official relations, to say a word to you—the  
Stockholders of the Association, and subscribers  
to the organ fund, who, with a few others, have  
been invited here this evening, to a sort of informal  
test of that work towards which you have  
manifested so much interest, and which now after  
the labor of seven years, has been brought to the  
point of completion. What I have to say will be  
mainly in the nature of an official report—and I  
must claim your indulgence during the recital  
of such dull details as I may offer, in the statement  
of which I will endeavor to be as brief as possible.

If we refer to the announcement, made by the  
Directors eleven years ago, of the musical festivi-  
ties which were to commemorate the completion  
and opening to the public use, of this noble hall,  
now again restored to more than its pristine fitness  
and beauty, we shall learn that the proceeds of  
that occasion, after deducting expenses, were to  
be applied "to form the nucleus of a fund, which,  
at some future day, might furnish the Hall  
with an Organ of the first class."

The expenses of the evening were heavy,  
the next amount realized by the festival being only  
about \$920. This was the germ of that fund  
which has ever since kept steadily growing—by  
individual munificence—by private subscriptions,  
and by liberal appropriations from time to time  
of the money and credit of the corporation, till enough  
was guaranteed to insure the undertaking of  
what I will venture to place among the most per-  
fect structures of the kind that the world contains;  
—till enough, I say, was vouchsafed to warrant  
the undertaking of the project—although the  
usual incubus of a debt weighs now, as it has  
done all along, upon this, as upon so many other  
works, begun, continued and ended mainly upon  
faith. Therefore as we commenced, so must we  
end, by an appeal to the art-loving citizens of Bos-  
ton for their liberality and their patronage, till this  
debt shall be ultimately extinguished, and a  
fund created to keep the organ in perpetual effi-  
ciency and repair.

I shall not go into all the details of the history  
of the "Great Instrument," as it has been fitly  
termed, and most eloquently described, by one who  
touches with his magic pen no subject, whether in  
the realm of literature, science or art that he does  
not adorn, and not adorn only but *exhaust*.  
There are some points in this history, however,  
yet to be gleaned, which it may be of interest to  
state to you here.

Almost immediately upon the organization of  
the Board of Directors, a special Committee  
was appointed for the study and investigation of the  
whole subject, with a view to the future procure-  
ment of an appropriate instrument. Information,  
—*knowledge* of the subject was the first requisite,  
—from books, and from personal observation and

experience, to obtain which the whole field must  
be gone over faithfully, patiently, thoroughly.  
Starting then with this idea, after a sufficient  
time spent in understanding the theory and philo-  
sophy of the matter, the Committee betook them-  
selves to more practical inquiries, by the personal  
examination of the best works to be found in  
this department of mechanical and artistic achieve-  
ment, first in our own city, afterwards in various  
towns in New England, and in New York and  
elsewhere. But no one state, or country or con-  
tinent, could furnish the sum of that knowledge  
that was requisite for the full understanding of  
the subject, and the bringing to pass of that per-  
fection of results at which they aimed.

In the summer and autumn of 1853 the com-  
mittee extended their researches in Great Brit-  
ain, France, Switzerland and Germany, collect-  
ing such written works, and specimens of me-  
chanical structure in the niceties of the art, as  
they could obtain in the countries visited.  
On their return, the facts and experiences in the  
art of Organ-building thus gained, were compared  
with the conditions that obtained at home,—com-  
pared patiently and candidly and with most  
loyal and catholic spirit. It is no disparagement  
to the ingenuity and skill of our own manufacturers  
to say, that here the vantage ground lay unmis-  
takably in the acquisitions which the accumu-  
lated experience of centuries had given to the  
handicraft of the old world.

This must needs be so. Organ-building is of  
ancient origin. It is older than the civilization  
of this Western world. The magnificent instru-  
ment which stands in the Church of St. Cath-  
arine in Hamburg was finished before the founda-  
tions of the first church at Jamestown were begun;  
and the fine Organ in the Church of St. Peter, in  
the same city, which was burned in the great fire  
in 1842, was in its prime of vigorous manhood  
when the red man was listening to the diapasons  
of the storm upon our shores undisturbed.

And from the time the disciples of John first  
heard, in the wilderness about Jordan, the reeds  
shaken with the wind, until the latest triumph of  
mechanism, in which the inventive genius of man  
seems to have been exhausted, it has been a pro-  
gressive art. It is not by any one nation or peo-  
ple that the present perfection of the instrument  
has been brought to pass, but all civilized coun-  
tries have worked together to that end—each in  
its own measure contributing something towards  
the grand complete result. Nor is it strange that  
in this department of science and Art, the build-  
ers of continental Europe are still in advance of  
their livelier neighbors, the craftsmen of Great  
Britain, when we bear in mind the wholesale  
destruction in church and cathedral by the icono-  
clasts under Cromwell, the traces of whose barbarism  
are not yet extinct; whereby some of the  
finest specimens of old world mechanism were lost  
to civilization,—and which it will require a century  
yet of British industry, and patient and conscien-  
tious study and effort to reproduce.

But this is a digression. As I have before said,  
the proceeds of the first evening's concert, given  
in this Hall, [on the 20th Nov. 1852] were set  
apart as a nucleus for an organ fund.

Shortly afterwards, the late Mr. Jonathan  
Philips made the generous donation of \$1000, to  
the Association. This was without conditions,  
and at a meeting of the directors held soon after,  
it was voted that this timely gift should be placed  
to the same account. With the fund as thus in-  
creased, it was afterwards voted to purchase, for  
temporary use, the organ which, till recently,  
stood in the niche behind the screen, and for  
which the Association were then paying a rent  
of \$240 per annum. This instrument, which was  
considered a large and fine one in its day, has, I

may state in passing, been lately disposed of by the Organ Committee, and is now on its way to California.

At a meeting of the Directors, held Nov. 27, 1855, certain propositions concerning the purchase of an organ, together with plans and specifications from organ builders, in this country and in Europe, were brought before the Board, but without definite action thereupon the session adjourned.

On the 10th Dec., in the same year, a proposition from the organ Committee, to take some steps towards the purchase of a grand organ for the Hall, was again discussed. Full particulars as to the construction and cost of such an instrument were given, when, after some deliberation, it was voted to defer the further consideration of the subject to a future meeting.

Early in March, in 1856, the matter was again brought up at a meeting of the Board, and the plan of attempting to raise a private subscription for a portion of the cost of a suitable instrument, was proposed. No very confident anticipations of success from this measure were indulged in by the Board, and, without taking definite action on the subject at that time, they adjourned. The labors of the Committee in that direction were, however, immediately commenced.

The preamble and conditions of that subscription, with your permission, I will read from the little russet-colored book I hold in my hand, (with the physiognomy of which many of you are familiar),—and which are as follows:

We, the subscribers, agree to pay the sums affixed to our names, respectively, towards the purchase of a Grand Organ to be placed in the Boston Music Hall, on condition that the sum of ten thousand dollars be raised by private subscriptions, and an equal amount be appropriated by the Music Hall Association;—the said instrument to be procured under the direction and supervision of the Organ Committee of the Directors of the said Association. It is hereby proposed to obtain an organ of the first class,—one that shall rival in power, in magnitude, and in excellence, the famous instruments of the Old World.

The next official action in the matter was taken at the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Association, held at the Music-Hall, on the 11th day of June, 1856, at which the President, in behalf of the Directors, submitted a Report, in writing, urging, among other things, upon the stockholders, the importance of placing a suitable organ in their Hall. To show the nature and intent of the proposition as then stated, and the reasons which weighed in uniting the votes of the stockholders on that occasion, I beg leave to quote some extracts from that Report, and to recite the purport of the votes subsequently passed:

"It is," says the Report, "the consideration of a plan, having for its object to place in the Boston Music Hall, at no distant day, a *Grand Organ*, equal in calibre, in power and in quality to the famous specimens which have for so many years excited the admiration and wonder of travellers on the continent of Europe. Just such an instrument the capacity of our hall will allow and requires. Without it, its beautiful architecture will always be incomplete, and its acoustic qualities fail to reach their full perfection.

Of the influence of such an instrument upon the interests of the Association, the value can hardly be estimated. It would place this hall at once, in point of attraction, immeasurably above that of any other institution of the kind in the land, and every year, and at all seasons of the year, we see no reason to doubt, would draw as many pilgrims to its shrine as do the world-renowned organs at Haarlem, at Hamburg, at Ulm, and in the Church of St. Nicholas at Freyburg. To the city and to New England it would be an object of just pride, and to the public would prove a source of the purest enjoyment, and an inculcator of a taste for music, in its highest and holiest forms, for many generations to come.

The subject is one which has at times engaged the attention of each succeeding Board of Directors since the founding of the building. The period has now arrived when they would most respectfully but earnestly urge it upon the notice of the stockholders, and bespeak for it the good will and patronage of the Association.

And in the consideration of a matter so important, it seems particularly desirable to set our standard of excellence high—to be satisfied with nothing inferior to the *greatest and the best*. Since we are providing

for a work that shall stand, it is to be hoped, not for decades only, but for *centuries* of years.

It must be admitted that a structure, such as is here contemplated, cannot be had without the expenditure of a large amount of funds. But for this expenditure we shall look for adequate results; and in the long run, it is emphatically true in the history of organ building, that the instrument composed of the best materials, and constructed in the most thorough and substantial manner in all its parts, and by consequence of a superior cost, has been found to best subserve the interest of a real economy.

The plan which, after mature deliberation, has suggested itself to the minds of the Directors as most feasible and proper, is this: that the Corporation appropriate the sum of *ten thousand dollars* towards the enterprise, on the condition that an additional ten thousand be raised by private subscription; the remaining *five thousand dollars*, or such portion of it as may be required, shall be guaranteed *without expense to the Association*.\*

The plan as thus set forth, was heartily advocated by Judge Putnam, and by Messrs. Hillard, Lamb, Möring, and other stockholders present, and on motion of Mr. Putnam, it was voted that the sum of \$10,000 be appropriated by the Music Hall Association, towards the purchase of a Grand Organ for the Hall, of the character mentioned in the Report, and upon the conditions therein named.

It was also voted, that the Directors should be authorized, if it be found necessary, to dispose of the organ then in the Hall, and appropriate the proceeds thereof towards the increase of the fund; and likewise, that all sums appropriated and subscribed for the purchase of the said organ, as contemplated by these votes, should be received and held by the Directors of this Association, in trust for the subscribers, until the purchase be made, and that the said organ, when procured, should be held, used and enjoyed by this Corporation, so long as the Music Hall shall be used for the general purposes for which it is now used, and was originally designed, and that the appropriation of the \$10,000, then authorized, be made only upon these conditions; and, finally, that when the said instrument shall have been placed in the Music-Hall, it shall be, at all times, under the general care, control and supervision of the organ Committee of the Directors, for the time being. All these orders were passed unanimously by a stock vote, in which 734 out of 1000 shares were represented.

One important point may arrest our attention for a moment here. It is the grounds upon which the possession of the instrument is held, as suggested in the Report, and subsequently confirmed by the stockholders' votes. It is, on the part of the subscribers, a generous gift to this Association; and the conditions of their appropriations, on the part of the stock-holders themselves, are such, that the instrument can be retained and possessed by them only so long as their hall shall retain its original character; the inference and the intention, it seems to me, being plain, that in case the building shall ever be sold or diverted to purposes foreign to the designs of its founders, then is the organ to be removed to some place of security till such time as another Music-Hall shall be constructed to receive it. Thus it stands, as it is meet it should stand, the guardian in no small measure of our chartered rights, and the hope of Art in future years.

Other appropriations have since been liberally made from time to time, as they were required for immediate use, the corporation not hesitating to mortgage their property as security for payment.

After this meeting, private subscriptions were pushed forward until the stipulated amount of \$10,000 was promised—and in October following, one of the organ committee was delegated by the Directors to proceed to Europe and complete the investigation of the subject, make choice of a builder, and execute a contract on the part of the corporation with full powers. This mission

\* I may state in explanation here, that it was supposed at this time, the completed work would not exceed in cost the sum of \$25,000. It is unnecessary to add, that circumstances beyond human control, have since contributed to more than double this original estimate. The guarantee alluded to in the Report, was readily obtained on conditions satisfactory to the Directors, and is now among the files of the Clerk of the Corporation.

was forthwith entered upon, and after a period of about five months, satisfactorily concluded upon terms within the limits designated by the stockholders.

I will not weary you with the details of that tour. Suffice it to say, that no time, nor effort, nor pains were spared to obtain, from whatever sources, the requisite information upon which to base a sound judgment, in the choice of a builder, and the procurement of such contract as should be exact and discriminating in its specifications, and comprehensive and complete in its results. To this end, the principal organs and organ-factories in Great Britain, Holland, Belgium, France and Germany, were critically examined, and plans and specifications from all these sources obtained. In London, the valuable aid of Mr. Hopkins, organist of the Temple Church, and author of a learned work upon the organ, was invoked and cheerfully rendered. Mr. Hopkins entered into the plan with enthusiasm from the first, and has never ceased to manifest his interest in its success.

The contract itself, as originally agreed upon in Frankfurt, afterwards carefully revised by Mr. Walcker in person at Ludwigsburg, and finally, after his visit of inspection among the principal organs and organ-factories of Paris and London, critically reviewed and scrutinized in its every detail and specification, in company with Mr. Hopkins in London, is a formidable document of more than forty pages in manuscript.

In this contract is stipulated, not only the general scope and character of the work—the range and compass of its manuals and pedal—its stops in quantity and quality, their combination and connections, number of pipes, weight and composition of metal, &c., &c.,—but the minute details of all the essential parts, and whatever the resources and possibilities of the art, up to the limits of the time of the construction of the instrument, would permit, were insisted upon on the part of the Directors, and cheerfully acceded to and put into faithful execution by the builder. The brilliant trumpets, in the Swell, for instance, are fashioned like orchestral trumpets of brass, and polished and burnished with the greatest care, although hidden forever from view. Its bassoons and oboes are turned and polished, after the similitude of the instruments of their class. Its traverse flute is of choice wood, in shape like actual flutes, turned and varnished, and fitted with *embouchures* of brass—its concert flute is of wood, of choicest selection and finest grain, and so on. So, likewise, with the accessory parts of the instrument,—the wind-chests are constructed after a new and admirable invention of the builder, by which the faults which, under the common system of sliders, have been for centuries justly complained of in the best works, are avoided—and the difficulties, to which we in this country are particularly subjected, from sudden changes of temperature and the hygro-metrical conditions of the atmosphere, are almost wholly counteracted. The swell organ includes within its walls a portion of the pedal, and is an instrument complete in itself. Added to this, is an apparatus attached to some of the individual stops, by which to affect the increase or diminution of the sound at pleasure—besides all which is the grand crescendo and diminuendo to the whole work. The combination movements have been studied with the greatest care. By means of an extensive application of the pneumatic lever, lightness is given to the touch; and by a combination of ingenious contrivances, the whole resources of the instrument are brought within easy reach and control of the player. The pitch of the organ was originally stipulated to be in unison with that of the Boston orchestral pitch, at the average temperature of the Music Hall throughout the year, which was found to be about 66° of Fahrenheit. This requisition was subsequently altered so as to correspond with the new orchestral pitch, adopted by the French, which is somewhat more than a quarter of a tone lower than that of England and our own country. For this the organ can justly claim the thanks of all singers, if not, at the first, of the players upon instruments.

But not to weary you with further details of the

contract, let me quote its closing paragraph, written down and dictated from the lips of the builder himself, which is as follows:

"And in regard to the execution of this commission, Mr. Walker begs to say, in conclusion, that, as well for the interest of Art, as for the consideration of his own good name, he will faithfully and in good earnest, strive to equal and to rival the merits of his best and most extensive works,—guaranteeing to combine with the excellencies to be found in his own land, such additions as he has met with in his recent visit to France and England, and further to introduce, without especial requirement or additional charge, any improvement of real importance that shall come to his knowledge during the construction of the work."

This indenture being completed,—the usual guarantees for the punctual payment of instalments on our part, and the timely delivery of the instrument on the part of the builder were interchanged—the notarial seals affixed, and the contract closed;—with heartfelt expressions of joy and of gratitude on the part of Mr. Walker, that he was thus permitted to place this latest production of his declining years, and the greatest monument to his name, among the cities of the New World—and with no less passionate regret on the part of Mr. Hopkins, who, with an artist's enthusiasm, bemoaned the day when this completest marvel of a cherished art, sailing westward by the shores of England, should fade from his long-lingering sight.

Of the final completion of the work—its successful ordeal before the most competent and critical judges that could be found in England and on the Continent—its tempestuous and perilous voyage of three months duration across the Atlantic in winter—its providential protection from pirates, and its safe and opportune arrival here in the early months of spring, you have already heard or read.

Immediately after the order for the work had gone forth, copies of the original plans and drawings of the hall were obtained from the architect, Mr. Snell, and sent to Germany, together with a model in wood of the interior of the building, showing with accuracy the measurements of its every part, its material and form of structure and the like, so that the instrument might be adapted precisely to the acoustic requirements of the place that was to contain it,—in strictest accordance with which, in its voicing and intonation—its capacity and fund of reserved power, the organ was designed and constructed.

In regard to the architectural form and enshrinement of the instrument, I have time to say but a word. This part of the work was approached by the Directors with no little diffidence and doubt. No structure of the kind, that could be found in Europe, appeared to meet the somewhat anomalous position that was to be occupied. Hence all estimates, as to its cost—and it was many times guessed at by those who considered themselves knowing in such matters—fell wide of the mark. It was only after months and years of patient effort and trial, that the present fitting habitation for so noble an instrument was obtained. The germ of the structure is a design by Hammatt Billings. His were the outlines, and general form and proportions. But in its present emboliment, if we except the cherubs on the tops of the high towers, and the figure of St. Cecilia, the germ alone remains. The finally-adopted plan, in its artistic and elaborate beauty and grandeur, belongs to the brothers Gustave and Christian Herter of New York, whose designs, when submitted to Mr. Billings, were pronounced by him, with characteristic candor and unselfishness, to be superior to his own, and urged upon the acceptance of the committee.

It is impossible to speak, in terms of too high praise, of the care, attention and conscientious application on the part of Mr. Herter himself, and all in his employ, to the work, during the two years and more of its construction. By almost providential disposal, the right man, whether for colossal figures or minutest detail of ornamentation, seemed to come at his bidding; and, in all this profusion of elaborate richness, nothing was hurried, nothing slighted. Be it the artist (who, in the person of the younger Herter, is pres-

ent with us to-night) from whose brain, leaped forth Minerva-like, the finished forms of human and ideal things—or the sculptor, by whose cunning these were stiffened into shape and fixed in the willing wood—the modellers in clay and in plaster—the carvers, the carpenters, the finishers—all labored *con amore* and with one mind towards the perfect result.

Under the admirable management of Mr. Eben Dale, the difficult and delicate task of transporting this vast structure by land carriage, from the workshops of Mr. Herter in New York to the Music Hall, during the last winter, was successfully accomplished, without the least accident or injury.

I should not forget to mention here, what had perhaps been better said in another connection—the successful efforts of Judge Putnam, at Washington, to effect a remittance of the duties upon the instrument, made more than usually onerous by the recent increase of the tariff. In the course of the organ tour abroad, to which allusion has been made, it was ascertained in regard to the large organ placed by the Messrs. Walker, a few years since, in one of the principal churches in St. Petersburg in Russia, that, in consideration of so noble a contribution to Art, the customs were remitted by Imperial Ukase; and it was hoped to obtain, upon like grounds, a similar government favor at home. The weight of eminent names was freely contributed to an application, made in due form to the powers at Washington. On the grounds of imperial precedent or national zeal, we regret to say, our suit did not succeed. But what was reluctantly refused as a nation's boon to Art, was granted when viewed as a purely legal right, upon which the merits of the case were rested by Judge Putnam from the first. The Solicitor of the Treasury, to whom the question was referred by Mr. Secretary Chase, concurring with the Judge that the clause in our charter which defines the purposes and object of this Association, as being a Corporate Institution, established for the advancement of music as an Art, brought us within the category of exemptions named in the tariff act, and justly entitled us to the admission of the organ duty free. Thus at a critical juncture of affairs, an important saving was made in the cost of the instrument.

Some incidents that have occurred during the progress of this enterprise, it may not be improper to mention here—as showing the appreciation the work has already received in foreign lands. The three groups of figures that surmount the central portions of the organ were carved at the Royal Academy of Art in Stuttgart. When finished they were placed on exhibition there and greatly admired. Subsequently, a request was received by the directors, for permission to place them for a time in the great exhibition of the industry of all nations in London, as models of their kind.

About this same time also, came a solicitation from Mr. Walker, endorsed by the State Commissioners and others in Wurtemberg, that a portion of the instrument itself might be set up at the London Exhibition. Both these requests were granted, on condition that the shipment of the organ should not be materially delayed thereby. The project was only reluctantly given up, when it was ascertained that too much time would be thus consumed. Likewise, a few months before the opening of the Great Exhibition, a request came in due form from the Treasurer of the Crystal Palace Association at Sydenham, asking upon what terms a loan of the Boston organ, then nearly completed in Ludwigsburg, could be had for the grand commemoration of Handel—a colossal concert by 4000 picked voices and instruments, to be given in the Sydenham Crystal Palace, on the occasion of the opening of the exhibition. I may say, in parenthesis, that the Sydenham Association were already in temporary possession of a large and fine organ, built for them by the celebrated house of Gray & Davidson in London, and which, it was proposed to take down and lay aside, for the time being, if their proposition was accepted.

This was soon after the commencement of the war—the period of gloom and despondency in

financial matters—a time when the organ fund itself was low, and the prospect of its increase not encouraging—when the rates of exchange were rising, and the time for the payment of instalments approaching. The proposition was discussed in full session of the Board of Directors, and its acceptance on certain conditions entertained. A voluminous correspondence followed. Terms and conditions were named on which the loan might possibly be made, and the Directors, reluctantly and in sorrow, were making up their minds to yield into the hands of a rival nation the first fruits of their long years of anxiety and toil,—when upon a sudden, the "Trent affair," in which Commodore Wilkes and Messrs. Mason and Slidell were the principal actors, intervened and put a stop to further proceedings.

In reference to this more than ordinarily interesting feature in the history of our somewhat eventful organ enterprise, I should be glad to present some extracts from the correspondence to which it gave rise, and which I hold in my hand, but the time will not permit. It is unnecessary to add, that, under the circumstances, the Directors were unwilling to entertain the proposition longer, and all further correspondence on the subject was dropped. Such, gentlemen, and after such manner, is the work you have so liberally and in good faith entrusted to our supervision and care.

It remains to tender to the eminent builder, now ripe in years as in the harvest of a well-earned fame,—to the son, Herr Friedrich Walcker, youngest scion of the house, on whom the mantle of his honored father seems already to have fallen,—to the faithful Stünn, the worthy foreman of the factory, and his associates who accompanied the instrument across the seas, and have worked together faithfully and harmoniously during these long months of preparation, to one and all,—our most earnest heartfelt thanks for the responsible part they have taken, each in his own sphere, in the production of this so great and noble creation of Art.

The city that is first in this New World to receive at your hands a legacy so precious and so rare, will delight to hold you in affectionate remembrance, and be the last I am sure, to fail in her allegiance to the land of letters and of song.

Will you, gentlemen—stockholders of this Association—to whom is now committed the formal custody of this sacred trust, suffer from us a single word of entreaty—that you will accept it and keep it—in the broad and liberal interpretation of the terms so well expressed, in the votes you passed unanimously, while it existed only in hope,—as one of the cherished institutions of our favored city. Preserve it with a jealous care from all base or profane and incongruous uses—guard and protect it and watch over it—in the spirit of the sublime motto you have inscribed upon its front,—as the great names that are before you, in their silent eloquence appeal to you to do,—as the image of Sebastian Bach, from its high enthronement, would entreat of you, if he could—as the Great Master of Harmony, standing never more appropriately than now, through whose deaf ears heavenly harmonies are strained once more upon earth, seems almost audibly to beseech of you. Let it be to you and to your children the inculcator of high and noble aims—an educator of generations yet unborn—teaching with its thousand tongues the precepts of religion and virtue and heaven-born charity—from out whose golden mouths shall ever issue PRAISE TO GOD.

### Ode.

RECITED BY MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE GREAT ORGAN.

#### I.

Listen to the invocation!  
Now awaking, praiseful breaking,  
It shall bear the heart of a nation,  
Rising in vast convocation,  
Full of honor, full of song,  
Upward to the Source of Praise where harmonies belong.

#### II.

It rises from our city by the fragrant sea,  
Where, young, laborious, brave and free,  
She stands in her prosperity.

Our fathers clutched the wild shore stark and cold,  
Saying, This strand shall be our home,  
And let no despot hither come;  
Strong of purpose, strong of bone,  
We will govern it alone.  
Yet Mercy's light our fathers could not gain,  
Nor perfect Justice did their hearts contain;  
They sinned their sins; the tale is not untold.  
And bitterness of arrogance  
And wily hate and ignorance  
Heaped their poisoned agony  
Upon the young-browed colony:  
But still the people grew and strengthened as Time rolled.  
The towers rose, the bells were swung,  
And rifted stone assumed new grace,  
While up and down the children sung,  
Bringing their sunshine to the place.  
After long years their children's children grew  
And wandered into foreign lands,  
And other nations knew  
And saw them bound in cold despotic bands.  
At last, in thankfulness, they said,  
We will choose from out our own  
Those who early loved and reverent laid  
Their listening ear to the harmonic shell;  
Let them seek in many an antique town,  
To find in what recesses dwell  
Art's divinest melodies.  
Voiceless, shall we as the dead  
See the morning spread  
Over us her rich surprise?  
See the evening's golden tale  
Written on each floating sail,  
And no people's song arise  
Tuneless for our home, our earthly Paradise?  
We have sinned, and need a psalm for sadness;  
We have joyed and should find voice for gladness;  
We will build an organ vast,  
It shall sound a noble blast  
And wear a stately form;  
It shall tell of mountain streams,  
Until we hear their quickly flowing dreams,  
Ringing to music for our waking hours;  
It shall rehearse the tale of pine-strewn woods,  
Until their pensive moods  
Shall haunt the common street with their weird powers;  
They who dwell in inland homes  
May learn the murmur of the sea,  
Through its tumultuous tone,  
Surging, as when the north-wind comes,  
After a storm, while yet the fierce waves moan,  
And drives the herded clouds across the crystal sea.  
Nature in every form that soothes our pain  
Shall come to us again,  
As when in childhood's hours of rest  
We lay upon her breast;  
The organ then shall lead the quiring soul  
Onward to worlds where unheard anthems roll.

## III.

At length the people sought and found  
A builder foremost in his art,  
Who bled his work dear unto his heart,  
The child of his old age.  
Tender as a monk of old  
Slipping down the scale of years,  
Who paints his last stroke on the enamelled page,  
So wrought he on this organ for the Free.  
At last the long laborious hours were told,  
Ended their ecstasies and fears;  
Struck by the master's hand, there leaped a sound  
From these fresh wells of secret melody.

Bring the wood of choicest grain,  
Dyed with hues of richest stain,  
Cried the builder old;  
And choose a worthy architect,  
Whose eye can skillfully select  
The subtlest curve in leaf and branch and wave;  
Let his obedient hand engrave  
Whatever form his busy thought shall name.  
Worthy to bind these silver spires within their sculptured frame.

Art-brothers then in answering concord came,  
With fancy glowing in the flame.  
And flashing upward to their high intent.  
The soul of one a instrument  
Where Beauty's hand her influence lent,  
Until harp lines by him were blent,  
And fluted columns lightly sent  
To greet the upper air,  
Crowned with the forest's leafy hair.  
Lost in the convolutions of his work,  
We seem to hear the stir of summer wind,  
Or rustling birds who lurk  
In hidden nooks we seek, but never find.

Another, of athletic mind,  
Brought two strong sons of Atlas, doomed to stand  
Forever holding up with strained hand  
The world of varied pipes and carvings rare;  
Caryatids, gloomy-browed,  
By his power were allowed  
Again to leave the silent halls of Greece  
And listen in their toil to Music's voice of peace.  
And many were the figures from his soul  
Which fled to form and answered his control;  
Chief of them all, the master soul of song  
Follows with jealous love the keys along.  
Last, highest, as if just aite,  
See divine Cecilia sit;  
She has found our far dominions,  
On her wide melodious pinions;  
From her rapt lyre it seems she drops  
Sweet wandering notes to guide the swelling stops,  
While circles into circle breaking,  
Wider circles still awaking,  
Every sphere can swinging hear  
The ripples of our atmosphere,  
The growing circles of our prayer;  
Circling beyond all time, all place,  
And breaking with its suite grace  
Upon dim shores of God's illimitable space.

## IV.

While thus with strenuous eagerness they wrought,  
Thither the black-winged echoes sailing brought  
A heavy noise that quelled each rising thought.  
A wailing as of "War,"  
Now near and now afar,  
Darkened the star-sown firmament of Peace,  
Wherever men should look to find release.  
Black was the sky, and blacker still it grew,  
While Faith alone the unred future knew.  
Still the work was bravely sped.  
Though in faint souls Hope was dead.  
Or distant as a murmur from the midnight summer sea.  
Onward surely went the labor,  
While the sharpened clash of sabre  
Echoed in the workmen's ear,  
Listening yet for Victory.

## V.

A voice for weeping,  
And a bell for tolling.  
Wakeful dreams in place of sleeping.—  
Shall we tell no other story  
Of our country's hard-won glory?  
The organ shall its noble triumphs spread.  
Hasten, builders young and builders hoary,  
Let its first notes tell the eloquent story  
Of fresh desires like autumn lustre shed,  
The willing tribute of our faith and glory.

## VI.

Now the offering stands completed.  
Be its joyful advent greeted!  
Lift ye up each mourning head!  
It shall sound the heroic dead!  
And if the notes must tell of Beauty fled  
From this earth-bound portal  
To the gate immortal,  
Thence, on radiant wing, their resonant might shall bring  
Fairer Beauty born of Duty,  
Beauty fled, but never dead,  
The mortal and immortal wed.

O sweet joys vanisbed!  
O life-hopes hung on broken thread!  
Hearken to-day,  
And hear a people say,  
"Not for their homes alone  
Our martyrs' light hath shone,—  
Broad as the land its rays are known;  
Too generous to wait till set of sun,  
They saw the bitter strife begun,  
Rejoiced to know their innocent course was run,  
Since with their death the enslaved tasks were done.  
Ye, and such as ye, we hold our pledge of Victory!  
Ere yet our tears are dry,  
We hear the wide resounding cry,  
The coming roll of Victory,  
And Freedom walks beside her stately car."

Let the musician come,  
Fresh from that star where Genius has its home,  
Whose sympathetic soul  
Sways, like the wind-swept grain,  
To human joy or pain.  
And yet no passions trample to their base control.  
His hand shall vibrate the responsive strings,  
Hiding on supernal wings  
Of Music's wondrous mystery:  
Now, at his touch, unviled are hidden things,  
Now falls oppression, now decay false kings;  
Through all the tones the voice of Freedom rings  
One choral chant, one song of Praise, A NATION'S VICTORY.

## From the Diarist.

Vienna, Sept. 20, 1863.

Here are some notes written upon the receipt, early in June, of various articles on Gluck's "Orpheus," which the performance of that opera in New York called out in the papers of that city. These notes were mislaid, and have only recently made their appearance again. True, the occasion which called them out is past, but, as they relate to the truth of history, they cannot be amiss in a journal of music. It is immaterial in what particular papers the short extract commented upon appeared, and I will therefore merely denote them by quotation marks.

1. "Gluck's Orpheus, composed in Paris in 1762."

This opera was composed in Vienna, and produced in the Burg-Theatre, April 5, 1762. Its first performance in Paris took place on the 2d of August, 1774, the original text being translated into French by Moline.

2. "Gluck a German, or perhaps more precisely speaking a Hungarian."

Yes, just as a person born in the north west corner of Vermont is a Pennsylvanian. Gluck was born in Bohemia, just on the borders of Saxony.

3. "Handel assailed the innovator furiously."

When Gluck was a young man of thirty, that is in 1745, he composed an occasional piece, entitled "La Caduta dei Giganti," to be performed in London. The occasion was the rejoicings at the suppression of the rebellion of "Charley, my darling, the young cavalier." The piece ran five nights only. Handel, already sixty years old, and the author of the "Messiah," "Samson," "Israel in Egypt," &c., &c., remarked somewhat contemptuously upon the young man's want of knowledge of counterpoint! Seventeen years afterwards, when Handel was already dead, Gluck succeeded in producing a work (the Orpheus) based upon a system, the idea of which had been awakened in his mind by the works of Handel, and especially Dr. Arne in England, and Rameau in France! The "Alceste," the "Elen e Paride," and two operas for the daughter of Empress Maria Theresa followed, and Gluck still had no thought of Paris or French opera. In 1772, Ronlet, a Frenchman and poet, became acquainted with the composer in Vienna, and persuaded him to compose a text which he had written, "Iphigenie en Aulis."

So Gluck had long been victorious in Vienna, before he ever saw Paris as an "innovator." In Paris, his operas followed each other in this order:—

"Iphigenie en Aulis," April 19, 1774. (One year before the fight at Lexington.)

"Orpheus," August 24, 1774.

"Alceste," April 23, 1776.

"Armide," Sept. 23, 1777.

"Iphigenie en Tauris," May 18, 1779.

"Echo et Narcisse," Sept. 24, 1779.

One of the New York critics gives a mass of fine writing about the production of these operas at Versailles. Unluckily they were not performed there at all. Gluck brought them out in the grand opera in Paris, which then was in "la nouvelle Salle du Palais Royal," which was opened January 26, 1770.

A. W. T.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 14, 1863.

## Completion of the Great Organ.—A Week of Musical Festivities.

The "Great Instrument," complete now in its majesty and beauty, and flooding the Music Hall with harmony, has swept into its strong, sonorous current nearly all the musical interest of the past week or two. The subject is so much more interesting than any other that can just now come up to us, and is at the same time so large, as necessarily to almost monopolize our columns. In spite of



ourselves, therefore, and at the risk of being called the organ of the Organ, we make this an *Organ number* of our paper. We have first of all to put on record the incidents of the Inauguration, which embraced a whole week of festivities, public or private, musical or social. And this precludes the continuation in this number of our formal description of the Organ, which has already run through two numbers: we shall resume that in our next. The first and in some respects the most remarkable of these experiences was

#### THE "PRIVATE TEST."

This occurred on Saturday evening, Oct. 31, in the presence of the subscribers and the stockholders of the Music Hall Association, members of the city government and other invited guests, numbering about a thousand gentlemen. Never were hospitable doors besieged with greater eagerness. A huge green curtain was all that met the first inquiring glance toward the stage end of the hall, veiling the great instrument in mystery:—shall we be allowed to see the wonder, or is the sense of hearing to be the only test at present? Meanwhile all eyes are wandering with pleasure over the renovated walls and ceiling of the hall, for years so dingy and discolored. Thanks to Mr. William J. McPherson, the well-known decorative painter, it is all clean and fresh and beautiful again, as if touched by magic. The tone of coloring is changed, and for the better. That delicate and rather timid roseate tint, that used to flush the walls with a faint sunset light, was beautiful, but, like the sunset, it had too soon faded out. Now, to harmonize the hall with the Organ, the walls have been made somewhat darker and the ceiling lighter. In the words of the *Advertiser*,

The groundwork of the diamond panneling in the ceiling has been changed to a sea-green color, with mouldings of buff and cream color, finished with a semi-circular gold-finish moulding, of high reflective power, and knotted, at the intersections, with handsome rosettes of full gilt. The wall panels are finished in brown-drab, as also is the niche wherein the statue stands. Heavy gilt mouldings have taken the place of the narrow strips before used and under the brilliant jets from the cornice serve very materially to diffuse the light throughout the hall. Much of the superfluous gilding about the doorways has been changed to the sober, serviceable drab; in this instance as in countless others which occur to the observer, betraying that mixture of good sense and just appreciation of the uses to which the hall is to be devoted, with a refined and artistic taste, which places Mr. McPherson's name chief among those of his calling.

The old and excellent system of lighting the hall by cornice jet is still adhered to, although a 2 1-2 inch main pipe has been substituted for the 1 1-2 inch in the lighting gallery. The burners are all new, and by the new pipe a supply of gas is at command for the most brilliant display requisite for any occasion.

Another and hardly less noticeable feature of the renovation is the reseating of the hall. The loss of room on account of the platform space taken by the organ is amply compensated by bringing the gallery, which ran behind the first balcony, into the hall. This change, desirable for more reasons than one, allows the seats at the end of the balcony, heretofore on a steep incline, to be placed on a grade uniform with the other seats and other rows to be placed along with them. The clock has been removed to the second (upper) balcony,—a little change producing a great effect on the general appearance of this end of the hall. The seats have been newly upholstered, and covered with dark red enamel cloth. They are numbered by an entirely new set of porcelain plates. . . . The whole number of seats in the hall is 2654. . . .

The system of renovation which has bestowed so much care and expense upon the hall proper, has also extended to the entrance-hall, corridors and ante-rooms. New orchestral rooms, very convenient to the Organ, have been arranged, and the waiting and cloakroom enlarged, newly papered, paint-

ed, carpeted and furnished, and the lower rooms immediately connected with the upper by a circular stairway. In a word, every thing about the hall looks clean and fresh. The eye delights to dwell on the new arrangement of colors, especially in the evening, when they reflect the light with such clear splendor. Incongruous as the associations of delicate light coloring and gilt with a massive black-walnut structure may seem, the combination cannot offend the eye. On the contrary, the effect is so pleasing as to excite general admiration, as was the case on Saturday night.

There was no set programme of the music. But while all were wondering and waiting and surveying the improvements in the hall, a soft strain arose behind the curtain—invisible, impersonal, as befits organ music—and rapidly grew into a sublime *crescendo*, and then sank and wandered on in sweet and careless voluntary,—no composition, to be sure, but fascinating and exciting for the time, as the first sounds from the great mysterious instrument must naturally have been. For a quarter of an hour or more, the audience sat listening, in the dim light, perhaps studying to make out the two cherub faces, that seemed to have climbed to the top of the screen, and to be looking over upon us, when suddenly the gaslights flashed forth, and the curtain began slowly and majestically to descend, revealing first the full length of the cherubs with their gilded instruments surmounting the domes of the two central towers; then the chaste beauty of the ribbed and rounded domes; then the triple columns of huge silvery pipes, with St. Cecilia throned in beauty on the summit of the arch between; and so little by little the whole breadth and grandeur of the superb *façade*, with its grand caryatides, its figures, heads, and wealth of carvings. As the rare symmetry and harmony developed into wonderful completeness, a perfect music to the sight, a symphony in wood and metal, the silence of the rapt audience gave way to a murmur of delight; then round on round of applause swelled in a long *crescendo* with each new phase of the disclosure, all rising to their feet unconsciously. In the excitement of the scene, none saw how silently the fallen screen was gathered up upon the platform and conveyed away; it seemed as if it had vanished through the floor. From the work to the author; three cheers were called for, rousing ones, and given with a will, for DR. J. B. UPHAM, to whose first suggestion, enthusiasm, wise and persistent energy, in the face of one may imagine how much incredulity and worse, for seven long years, the whole enterprise, now crowned with such complete success, is mainly due.

The enthusiasm of that moment was as unique as it was perfect: the like thereof can hardly have been known before. It was a fresh and sudden inspiration; every body was surprised by his own feeling, and knew that every body shared it. The old world has many a great Organ built away into the architectural wildernesses of its great cathedrals; but was there ever an Organ cheered and clapped before in the assembly of the people? This outburst was in strange contrast with the reverent demeanor of churches, where organs hitherto have properly belonged; yet none the less was there religion in it; for was it not in some sense a recognition of the divine, the hailing of a new triumph of our civilization, of a new type and instrument of that ideal harmony of a more free and perfect life, which is the aspiration of our institutions, never felt so keenly by the true American as in this hour of their peril and the new break of day!

After the applause had subsided, Mr. MORGAN, organist of Grace Church, New York, was introduced and performed the "Tell" overture, giving an appetizing foretaste of the orchestral effects, the variety and contrasts of the many stops in the wonderful instrument; in short, gratifying the general curiosity to know its sounds, which probably was stronger at that moment than any purely musical desire for organ music in the highest sense of Art. Mr. Morgan's mastery of the instrument, even with this short opportunity of studying its peculiarities, was striking and was much applauded. Dr. Upham, as President of the Music Hall Association and Chairman of the Organ Committee, then rendered a most appropriate account of his stewardship, by reading the interesting Report, which we give in full in another part of this paper (with the last revisions of the author), of the seven years labor of the committee, with a history of the whole organ project up to this joyous hour of its completion. By this Report the Instrument was formally transferred to the Music Hall Association, and the tenure of the property defined. The solemn charge conveyed in the closing sentences is indeed an earnest dedication of the instrument to high and worthy uses, and in this spirit should be kept by those who have accepted it. No profanation of so grand an instrument; no unartistic trifling, no courting of a low popularity, no mere mammon worship, with that which in its whole plan and structure, and by its grand outward presence, always suggests the high and the eternal! Dr. Upham was often interrupted by applause, especially when he referred to persons who had rendered signal aid to the enterprise, and above all to Mr. Walcker, the builder, and his son, who sat upon the stage, who rose and modestly bowed during the enthusiastic applause at the mention of his name; also to Herr Sturm, his faithful foreman; to the younger Herter, the designer of the organ house, &c. One of the pleasantest features of the scene was to see this little group of Walcker and his workmen, Herter, &c., seated on the stage, a little apart from the group of Music Hall Directors. The artist spirit shone in the faces of these artisans,—that spirit which has reigned in every department, every detail of the work, from the beginning, and which is the surest guaranty that the Organ is a solid success, that it has more sweet and sterling virtues in it than the first week's or the first year's trials can bring out.

After the address, MR. LANG played a sweet Andante of Mendelssohn, and a part of Rink's flute concerto, tickling the ear of the curious. Cleverly and tastefully he did it; but so far there had been no great organ music, nothing of that in which the organ is supreme. All this skimming with fancy stops, orchestral imitations, &c., was well enough for such an informal occasion, when (as we have said) curiosity and not Art was the motive; but, if one thought of it, it was almost in flat contradiction with the earnest closing appeal of the President. One deeply musical soon wearies of all the pretty fluting and mixing of tone-colors, merely to try effects, of all the sentimental solo-singing upon this stop and that stop, making a *Vox humana* of each one of them, and ear and soul begin to crave the grand, rich volume of the full organ, infinite and satisfying as the ocean, rolling out the great thoughts of God, and swallowing in oblivion all the little

weariness personalities of the smaller music. It was a comfort, therefore, when MR. PAINE unstopped the full organ, and in strong and lusty tones, with grand unfathomable basses, (such as those colossal pipes there promise), poured out the roaring, foaming, lifesome tide of Bach's *Toccata* in D minor. Many at first may find the continued sound of the full organ confusing and monotonous; but, depend upon it, the ear learns to love and crave such glorious great sonority; it cannot be too great, provided it be musical, its tones all pure, well blended and proportioned, as they here are.

Mr. THAYER, of Worcester, played a *Marche Triumphale* of his own, and Mr. WILLCOX, with his usual skill, which seems like an instinct, wove together various stops in pleasing combinations, part selected, part impromptu.

The evening ended with a general flocking of the company toward the stage, for a nearer examination of the beautiful details of the work. They seemed a crowd of worshippers going up to a cathedral; and the bronze Beethoven, looking down benignly in the very focus of all that architectural beauty,—how beautiful he looked!—seemed like the idol of their homage.

We have already described the organ front so fully, that we need only notice a few added details here. The mouths of the tin front pipes have been gilded; those of the six great ones in the towers have quaint, antique-looking singing faces, painted on a gold ground, the whole taking a shell-like shape. The spaces in the end towers (hereafter to be filled each by a large pipe), were covered by an ornamental device for the time being,—a series of circular shields containing the opening lines from Dryden's *Ode to St. Cecilia*:

From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony,  
The universal frame began, &c.

The middle space behind Bach, over which the St. Cecilia sits, was dressed with the flags of Wurtemberg and the United States, with stars, a gold wreath over Bach's head, &c.; but this space will be better filled when its destined pipes arrive. The whole, however, is quite tasteful as it stands. And so passed a most delightful and unprecedented evening. All went away extremely pleased with what they had seen and heard of the great Organ, eagerly hoping to hear more.

#### THE INAUGURATION.

The great occasion, the long expected formal opening, took place on Monday evening, Nov. 2. The tickets at three dollars (it might safely have been five) had been rapidly sold, with the understanding that the proceeds should go to the Organ fund; and the Hall was completely filled with such an audience as only fine occasions can assemble, remarkable for character, distinction, beauty, fashion and fine dresses. Organists and music-lovers from almost every State were present. The great green curtain, as before, withheld the desire of all eyes until the appointed moment; nor was the expectation of the ear much piqued or gratified by the weak strains that oozed lazily forth from the veiled oracle. There was no pretence of really playing, or of showing off the instrument, it was simply to fill the time while people waited; had it been ever so good, it would have still been a mistake, because an organ voluntary, before a whole concert of organ music, can only be like eating while one waits for dinner. Silence had been better, until the proper time for music; the rambling and superfluous prelude brushed some of the bloom

off from the fine fruits significantly grouped together in the

#### PROGRAMME.

- PART I.
1. Ode, recited by Miss Charlotte Cushman.
  2. Opening of the Organ by Herr Friedrich Walcker, son of the eminent Organ-builder, B. F. Walcker, of Ludwigsburg, (Kingdom of Wurtemberg.)
  3. (a.) Grand *Toccata* in F. . . . . Bach  
(b.) Trio Sonata in E flat; for two Manuals and Pedal:  
1. Allegro moderato. 2. Adagio. 3. Allegro. . . . . Bach  
By John K. Paine, Organist  
at the West Church, Boston, and Musical Instructor at Harvard University.
  4. Grand Fugue in G minor. . . . . Bach  
By W. Eugene Thayer, of Worcester.
- PART II.
1. Grand Double Chorus: "He led them through the deep," and Chorus: "But the waters overwhelmed their enemies," from "Israel in Egypt." . . . . Handel  
By George W. Morgan,  
Organist at Grace Church, New York.
  2. Grand Sonata in A, No. 8: Con moto maestoso—Andante tranquillo—fugue—maestoso. . . . . Mendelssohn  
By H. J. Lang, Organist of the Old South Church and of the Handel and Haydn Society.
  3. (a.) "Lamentation in Paraclete. . . . . Palestrina  
"Kyrie" and "Sanctus," from a Mass. . . . . Purcell  
By Dr. S. P. Tuckerman,  
Organist at St. Paul's Church.
  4. Offertorium. In G. . . . . Lefebvre Wely  
By John K. Willcox, Organist  
at the Church of the Immaculate Conception.
  5. Hallelujah Chorus. . . . . Handel  
By G. W. Morgan.

The Ode "by a lady of Boston" (now understood to be Mrs. JAMES T. FIELDS), came not more providentially than did the gifted, noble woman who recited it, upon the very eve of her return to Europe. Miss CUSHMAN's delivery was fervent, graceful and impressive, entering heartily into the elevated thought and spirit of the poem. Plainly the Organ had inspired the poem; its "lofty rhyme" was "built" with enthusiasm, with a fine, if an untutored, sense of the significance and the grand uses of the Instrument, fitly connecting it with the social destiny of our free nation. Such an ode would do honor to a much more practised and distinguished authorship; with all its inequalities, occasional weak lines, and so forth, we think, with a writer in the *Transcript*, that it is, "in poetic conception and expression, far superior to the great majority of similar productions in England and the United States;" "in the qualities of structure and imaginative poise and verbal expression of high thought conspicuously excellent." But the best about it is, for that occasion, that the poem finds so much of poetry in the labor which planned and built the Organ, that it appreciates the organ in its wide relations ("Circle into circle breaking, Wider circles still awaking," &c.); that it demands that it be kept true to the dignity and grandeur of its design, and that only the earnest artist use it in Art's pure, soulful, self-forgetting service:

Let the musician come,  
Fresh from that star where Genius has its home,  
Whose sympathetic soul  
Sways, like the wind-swept grain,  
To human joy or pain,  
And yet no passions trample to their base control.

And thus was this noble instrument once more consecrated by this Ode to earnest uses, as it already was by the earnest appeal at the close of the President's report; as it was by the earnest character of the musical programme of the inauguration; as it is by the grand bust of Bach forever looking earnestly out from the centre of his house, by the earnest style of the organ architecture, by the earnestness of its entire design and of all the thought and labor that have patiently produced it.

The Ode was thus the formal, earnest act of consecration; for true effect, the earnest music should immediately have followed. But the dramatic surprise, which at this moment intervened, while it was a disturbing element so far as the opening of the stately music was concerned, was interesting in itself, as well as rendered necessary for certain reasons.—After Miss Cushman had seated herself amid vigorous applause, screened behind the immense bouquet presented by the President, soft strains again rose from within the Organ, swelling louder and louder as the curtain slowly descended in the same manner as before; and there was unbounded demonstration of

enthusiasm, ladies waving their handkerchiefs (though it was not in the nature of things that such a pitch as that of Saturday could be reached twice), and Herr Friedrich Walcker was seen seated at the keyboards. Being led forward and introduced to the audience by Dr. Upham, amid most loud and cordial greeting, he modestly declined to do more than touch a few chords on the organ, not deeming himself an organist, and having been induced to do this little rather in the sense of accepting a just compliment as representing the builder, and of simply drawing a few sounds from the finished instrument in the act of formally delivering it to those for whom it had been made. We are careful to say this, in justice to Mr. Walcker, because some of the correspondents of New York newspapers have stupidly and cruelly entered into criticism of his performance, when no "performance" was pretended or intended, more than the modest little that was done.

As Mr. Walcker rejoined the little group of his associates upon the stage, the powerful rays of an electric light were thrown upon the organ front bringing out much of its detail with great clearness. The effect was startling, brilliant, but disturbing to the more important portion of the musical exercises which then came in order. Even the unscrewing of the organ at that moment was somewhat fatal to true musical enjoyment, which requires silence and a quiet state of mind. But now all was flutter and excitement, all were wondering and exclaiming at the glorious sight so suddenly revealed, pointing out its beauties one to another, and so forth; all which would have had its hour and have subsided, had the front been visible from the beginning. But now this dazzling, unquiet, tremulous light was a new and an irresistible distraction, and it lasted long enough to render the larger part of the audience insensible to more than the mere sound of the whole first part of the music, which was all by BACH, the master of masters in the true organ music,—the fittest of all music to follow immediately upon the Ode in this solemnity, and constituting *par excellence* the musical consecration of the great instrument. Not until that nervous jack-o'-lantern got its quietus, did the mass of the audience really begin to listen and appreciate. Such effects should be reserved to the end of a programme; on a musical occasion let sight-seeing wait the convenience of hearing.

Amid these disturbing circumstances it was that Mr. PAINE, in his quiet and sincere artist spirit, with reverence for the organ and the master and the task, sat down to play the *Toccata* and the *Sonata Trio*. Those who knew how good it was, and therefore listened, were pleased and edified. They did not find the *Toccata* all a great roaring and fatiguing noise, but felt its mighty inspiration, its refreshing grandeur, its inexhaustible suggestion as of the ocean rolling in upon the beach. Nor did they hearken so indifferently and so obtusely as to confound the Trio Sonata in their memory afterwards in one unremitting blare of full organ with the *Toccata*—calling it all "fugue" too—when in fact the Sonata was played on soft stops, with alternation and contrast of voices, as well as of tempo in the several movements. The only fugue, strictly speaking, was the glorious G minor played by Mr. THAYER, which made the proper balance and finale to the appropriate trilogy (so to speak) of great works of Bach. Both of these young artists acquitted themselves admirably, the latter doing credit to himself and to his teacher who preceded him.

Part II. was more miscellaneous, although many of the smart newspaper reporters have complained of the whole programme as "heavy," they betting only on the "light weights." But what was the main design of the programme? what was the meaning of the whole occasion? The music was not chosen, nor ought it to have been chosen, with mere regard to the momentary entertainment. The object was to inaugurate the organ, to pledge and consecrate it to

its high and noble uses, to sound, as it were, the keynote of its central purpose, of its future influence for good, from which it frequently may modulate to lighter variations, but to which it must remain ever loyal and continually return. It was not built for a hand-organ. The programme, therefore, was so selected as to be worthy of the occasion, interpretative of the true worth of this new possession, and such as might be read with pride hereafter in the story of our Organ. It was not made to amuse, nor to gratify mere curiosity about new sounds and stops, nor to show off the skill of the performers or institute any comparisons between them, nor to provoke *encores*, nor to try to beat the fashionable virtuosos and "monster concert" givers at their own poor game; but it was made so as to represent the principal worthy schools of organ music, so far as available organists and time and opportunity admitted of it, and, above all, to reveal something of the proper grandeur and beauty of the Organ in its impersonality. And it is much to the honor of the organists on that occasion, that they so cheerfully and reasonably consented to merge their own personalities in the unity of that design, forgetting themselves in the Organ and its great mission, not thrusting themselves between it and the people. This they did so truly, that criticism on their individual performances is out of place. Suffice it to say that every one did his work well, and every one gave pleasure, just in proportion as he was truly listened to. One more to one class and one more to another, of course, according to the various tastes and culture of an audience rather too fashionable to partake of the musical heaven so generally as we sometimes find on more everyday occasions.

Mr. MORGAN rolled out the great 32-foot basses with superb effect in those "Israel in Egypt" choruses, and had to answer to an irresistible recall. This again disturbed the programme, and more than it need have done, had he simply responded with another piece of Handel, at once in keeping and in contrast with what he had played—for his part was indeed too short; but the introduction just there of the "Star-spangled Banner" with fantastic variations, with the Fourth of July illumination of the flag and the outburst of patriotism in the wrong place, made all confused and heterogeneous; artistic unity was gone beyond recovery, fluttered away like frightened birds. And yet again he was recalled and played. No wonder the people were delighted with his brilliant execution; he is the most experienced and clever master of the instrument we have, perhaps, and he does all good-naturedly and tellingly; it was not all his fault but the public's, if he had to overstep the proprieties of the occasion. Mr. LANG's choice of stops in the Mendelssohn Sonata was most appropriate, and revealed rare beauties in the organ as well as in the composition; it was richly enjoyed. Dr. TUCKERMAN had for his task to discourse a little of the music of the grand old Italian church school and of the old English school which builds upon it; pieces not written for the organ, but yet in the organ spirit. Although he had just risen from long illness, his favorite music did not suffer in his hands. The *Offertoire*, performed so admirably by Mr. WILLCOX, had more of thought and serious purpose in it than most of the French music, and was a very effective specimen of that school. It served well his peculiar talent for contrasting and combining various stops; the leading melody, several times recurring, showed how finely characteristic are some of the tones of the new organ, as the flutes, the softer reeds (hauteboy and bassoon, *Vox angelica*, &c.), and the firm, ringing quality of the trumpet in the great organ. Mr. W. also was *encored*. His is the art to mix stops as the painter mixes and tries colors on his palette. What he did was done gracefully and modestly. Handel's "Hallelujah" made a fit and welcome close to an occasion which, like some other great things, Niagara for instance, will be even greater in the memory hereafter than it was in the actual presence.

## THE COMPLIMENTARY DINNER.

On the evening of Tuesday, Nov. 3d, an entertainment was given at the Revere House by the directors of the Music Hall Association to Mr. WALKER, and the other artists, who have, in various ways and in their several departments, worked harmoniously together in the structure of the great organ. It was a natural and just expression of gratitude to a body of men who have toiled for us with a sincere devotion to art and a noble elevation of aim, which have given dignity to the humblest mechanical function which the enterprise has called forth. With the exception of a certain number of official personages—including the Governor, the Mayor of Boston, the President of Harvard College, the Chairman of the Board of Aldermen, the President of the Common Council, and the Superintendent of public Schools—the invitations were limited to persons who had in some way or other, at some time or other, aided in the enterprise which has culminated in the great organ, or been in some way associated or identified with it. Between thirty or forty persons sat down at about nine o'clock to an entertainment served with the taste and elegance which may always be found at the Revere House.

Dr. Upham presided at the table with a frank simplicity and cordial sincerity of manner, which were much better than the most elaborate graces of rhetoric would have been without them. He began by giving a brief and unstudied narrative of some interesting points in the history of the organ, and after paying a generous tribute to the professional eminence and private worth of the elder Walker, called upon the company to drink to the health of the younger, his son, whose excellent services were duly commended. Mr. Walker in a few simple and modest words, evidently spoken with strong feeling, made proper acknowledgment on behalf of his father and of himself. Mr. Herter, one of the firm of Herter Brothers, by whom the carvings of the frame were mostly executed, was then called up, and in a few appropriate words returned thanks for the honor which had been done. Dr. Upham next called upon the Governor of our Commonwealth, with a happy allusion to the triumphant vote by which he had just been re-elected. Gov. Andrew was warmly received, and spoke with his usual hearty sincerity and kindness of manner. He said that he esteemed it to be a fortunate element in his own lot that he should have chanced to be presiding over the Commonwealth at the time when its Capital city was enriched by this matchless instrument. The Mayor of Boston followed in a few appropriate remarks on behalf of the city of Boston. The Rev. Dr. LOTHROP, who spoke with great feeling, stated some of his experiences connected with the school committee, especially in regard to music in the public schools, and paid an emphatic tribute to the value of Dr. Upham's services in that department. He told the company of the vote which had been passed in the School committee that afternoon, by which the children of the public schools were allowed to lend their aid by singing in behalf of the organ. He described the emotions which he had felt and shared with the audience at the Music Hall on Saturday evening when the curtain fell and revealed the organ's glorious front. The President of Harvard University expressed his gratification at the happy consummation of the enterprise for procuring a first-class organ for the city of Boston, which could not fail to be of service to the community in which it stands, in an intellectual and moral point of view. Mr. JAMES T. FIELDS then read a graceful poem in honor of Germany, the land which had sent us the organ, which was received, as it deserved to be, with warm enthusiasm. Mr. HILLARD, who was next called up, expressed his pleasure at being present, and said he was a representative of those who loved good music without being skilled in it. He spoke of the completion of the organ as an interesting event in

the history of New England. He said that it was highly desirable to extend the cultivation of music and a taste for it among the people of New England, especially in the rural portions, as giving a grace and variety to our common life which it now lacked. He spoke of the great progress which had been made in this respect from his own youth, and of the great benefits which New England had received at the hands of Germany, the land of art, and how much our life had been decorated and sweetened by German music and German musicians. He concluded with a sentiment embodying the idea that a true life was one in which labor and art were blended in due proportions. Dr. HOLMES was next called up, and the mention of his name produced a warm greeting from the audience. He had been lecturing for an hour and a half in the early part of the evening, but neither in voice nor manner did he show the slightest signs of weariness. He read a brilliant and sparkling poem, which was received with hearty and due applause. Judge PUTNAM, who followed Dr. Holmes, gave an account of the manner in which the duties on the organ came to be remitted. Mr. HALE, the President of the Common Council, spoke briefly and appropriately. Mr. PHILBRICK gave some interesting details on the subject of education in Wurtemberg, which he pronounced to be superior to that of most of the German states. We have his speech in full and shall give it in our next.

The company dispersed at an early hour, in one sense, after an evening of rare social satisfaction.

## THE SECOND AND THIRD CONCERTS.

These occurred on the ensuing Thursday and Saturday evenings, with still large audiences, the latter at reduced prices; and thus the week of Inauguration concerts passed in a way that more than satisfied most sanguine expectations,—and with a substantial addition, we trust, to the Organ fund. But our space is so run out that we can barely give their programmes now, reserving comments for a general survey of results after a week more of trials of the organ. The second was divided between three performers, thus:

- Part I. By W. Eugene Thayer, of Worcester.
1. Concert Variations: Star Spangled Banner. W. E. Thayer.
  2. Overture to Le Serment. Auber.
  3. Offertoire. Battiste.
  4. Grand Triumphant March. W. E. Thayer.
- Part II. By John K. Paine.
1. Prelude and Fugue in A minor. Bach.
  2. Choral Varied: "Christ the Lord to Jordan came." Bach.
  3. Andante and Allegretto. Mendelssohn.
  4. Reverie; Suggested by Longfellow's "Song of the Silent Land." J. K. Paine.
- Part III. By George W. Morgan.
1. Overture—William Tell. (By request). Rossini.
  2. Fugue in D major. Bach.
  3. Slow Movement. (Sym. No. 2). Beethoven.
  4. Turkish March (Ruins of Athens). Beethoven.
  5. Movement from the Lessons. Handel.

The third programme was as follows:

- Part I.
1. Prelude and Fugue in C. Bach.
  2. Overture to Samson. (By request). Handel.
  3. Andante from Sym. No. 5. Beethoven.
  4. Offertoire in B Minor. Battiste.
  5. Fugue—"St. Ann's." Bach.
  6. Overture to Egmont (Transcribed). Beethoven.
- Part II.
1. Hallelujah Mt. of Olives. Beethoven.
  2. (a.) Aria Robert to que J'aine. Meyerbeer.
  - (b.) Miserere—Trovatore. Verdi.
  3. Pastoral Symphony, "Messiah." Handel.
  4. Improvisations. By J. H. Willcox.
  5. Flute Concerto in F Allegro. Rink.
  6. National Anthems (by request). Morgan.

There was a great preponderance of good music in all this, and there was some ill-timed ambition and some nonsense. But all served to make the Organ better known and more admired, both in its full power and in its separate or variously mingled tone qualities; while the performers grew rapidly into acquaintance with and mastery of its novel complications, each in his way ministering to great enjoyment; and everybody glad for his own sake and his children's, and proud for Boston and his country, and thankful to the originator, and the authors, that such a noble work of Art, such a beneficent possession, should at length be ours.

The fourth Organ Concert will take place this (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, at 3 o'clock. Tickets, with reserved seats, one dollar. Performers Messrs. LANG and WILLCOX, with a fine programme from Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Battiste, Rink, Gounod, and improvisations by Mr. Willcox.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—The past fortnight has been of unusual musical buoyancy. Irving Place, the great centre of musical attraction, has resounded from morning to night with sweet sounds, only interrupted by the carpenter's hammer preparing for the great ball. On Saturday the street was alive with people at every hour, so numerous were the objects for patronage. At 10½, the Philharmonic rehearsal; 12, Thomas's matinee; 1½, Opera Matinée; 8, Philharmonic and 71st Regiment Band Concert. The amount of wind and muscle required on that day, must have been immense. Who does not envy a musician of the Philharmonic? But to commence somewhat more systematically.

At the Academy the opera deserves the first mention. With great effort, MAREZEK has succeeded in overcoming the prejudice and disfavor aroused by the unfortunate, but unavoidable disappointments and substitutions of the beginning of the season, and his promises are now faithfully performed. The audience has been very large and fashionable, and the performances of the troupe very praiseworthy and satisfactory. "Macbeth", "Trovatore", "Ione", "Lucretia", "Martha", "Lucia" and "Norma" have been presented during the interval of my letters, and "Judith", Maestro Peri's great work, is to be produced on Wednesday evening. The most successful performance of the week was "Lucretia". The whole company was distributed in the cast, and the performance was so gratifying, that a repetition of the opera was demanded and given on the succeeding opera night. The season will shortly end, and then ANSCHUTZ will appear with his German company. GRAU has been moving around very nervously, trying at first to secure the Academy on Maretzek's off nights; but the jealousy of the artists, it is said, prevented the consummation of the plan, and finally winding up in an announcement to perform the opera "La Favorita", on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings at Niblo's Garden. The roles of Leonora, Fernando, and Alfonso will be interpreted by Mme. Vera Lorini, the new *prima donna*, Sigs. Stefani and Morelli. A suit is in progress between Grau and Brignoli—the latter plaintiff—for salary not forthcoming. The "silver-voiced" tenor, it seems, was to receive sixteen hundred dollars a month from the time of his engagement, and the failure and refusal of Grau to pay it, for reasons best known to himself, led to the litigation. In the meantime Grau commences with Stefani, and Brignoli hovers around as complacent and serene as usual, quite happy in his troubles.

The WOLLENHAUPT Memorial Concert was a great success, the house (Irving Hall) being crowded to excess, and many being compelled to leave for want of accommodation. The nature of the entertainment called forth a most generous inducement, and the net proceeds amounted to over \$2,000.

The Academy was filled on Saturday evening on the occasion of the first Philharmonic Concert of the season. It must have been very gratifying to the Board of Directors to see their new enterprise so nobly sustained. It was a venture on their part to assume the expense of the Academy, but the attendance on the night of their first concert dispelled all doubts as to the feasibility of the plan. The audience was large, brilliant, and appreciative, and the rendition of the following programme pains-taking and successful.

Part I.  
Symphony No. 2, in C. Op. 67.....R. Schumann  
Grand Scene from "Der Freischütz".....Weber  
Miss Clara Louise Kellogg  
Concerto for Piano, in F Sharp Minor, Op. 69, (1st time).  
F. Hiller  
Mr. S. B. Mills.  
Part II.  
Overture, "Coriolanus".....Beethoven  
Grand Waltz, from "Faust".....Gounod  
Transcribed by F. Liszt.  
Mr. S. B. Mills.  
Variations de Bravura, for Soprano, (1st time)...Theo. Elfeld  
Clara Louise Kellogg.  
Overture, "Flying Dutchman".....E. Wagner.

There seems to be a perfect surfeit of concerts, and a detailed review of them is utterly impossible. The Rose Hill Ladies' Soldiers' Relief Association, had a grand concert in aid of their funds, at Irving Hall last evening. Mlle. Cordier, who has accepted an engagement from Max Strakosch, sang the Shadow aria from "Dinorah" and Gottschalk, Sanderson, Warren, Campbell and Carlo Patti assisted on the occasion.

Harry Sanderson is to have a complimentary benefit to-morrow evening. All the prominent musical celebrities of the city will appear. T. W. M.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 1.—Though late to commence, the indications of a long and brilliant musical season are favorable. The GERMANIA ORCHESTRA has, thus far, given three public rehearsals, with good programmes, but slim attendance. As soon as we have survived the series of rainy Saturdays now in progress, the crowds that usually attend their entertainments will re-appear, and the Musical Fund Hall will again be alive with the youth and beauty that there do congregate on Saturday afternoons. These rehearsals are a safety valve for the expansive misses who attend but do not listen, and who annoy those who go for the sake of hearing the music. There is no use quarrelling with tastes; and, though I would rather have the solid portion of the programme the larger, and would readily dispense with the frivolities that usually fill up two-thirds of it, I admit that the Germania may as well please those who care for nothing of a higher order than a polka. But if I am considerate enough to sit through all these things in silence, merely because there are those who come to hear them, might not the friends of the polka, the waltz, and the Balse-ian opera, return the compliment, and hold their peace, while the orchestra interprets some creation of Mozart or Haydn, Beethoven or Mendelssohn?

The Germania concerts have hitherto afforded entertainment to a very large class. Because it is politic so to arrange the programme, that every one may find at least one piece to please him, the selections are, of necessity, so varied. From the young lady who delights in the *Ledger no velette*, and whose idea of the musically perfect finds its embodiment in Grobe's variations on The Shells of Ocean, up to yon blue with the convex glasses, who prates about high art, and quotes Charles Auchester at the breakfast table; from the young lady who comes to astound her neighbors with the proceeds of her last French lesson, up, or down, to the young man, with weak eyes and strong glasses, who puns on the programme—all are to be pleased.

The GOTTSCHALK concert of last Tuesday evening deserves to be commemorated as the first occasion of Mr. G.'s favoring a Philadelphia audience with a leaf from the classics. In his arrangement of the Andante and Scherzo from the "Scotch" Symphony, he had the able assistance of Mr. WOLFSOHN. As the composition was received with delight, and its repetition called for, it is to be hoped that Mr. Gottschalk will, in future concerts, give us other classical compositions. There was also a Fantasia on airs from *Il Trovatore*, for two pianos, in which Mr. Wolfsohn again assisted.

Mr. Gottschalk stands in no need of praise. In his own line of music, he stands alone and is, deservedly a great favorite. Of the vocalists little need be said. Mrs. Behrens sang the cradle song tastefully, and Madame Strakosch performed, in her usual manner, the songs we have heard by her for the last fifteen years. She ought to learn a few new ones. Mr. Carlo Patti's violin-playing was a feature of the concert. Unfortunately for himself and the audience, it was of the kind that usually escapes criticism.

To-morrow night the Anschutz Opera Troupe begins its season with Flotow's "Martha," or the Last Rose of Summer, with Variations. S.

## Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE  
LATEST MUSIC.  
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Beauties of "Robert Devereux," by Donizetti, with English and Italian words.

Trembling and pale (Geme pallor funereo) Song. 25  
In affliction. (Al afflito è dolce). Romance. 25  
When methought he loved. (L'amor suo mi). 50  
When gently my heart. (Un tenero core.) Duet. 60  
When in my heart. (Forse in quel cor). Cav. 60  
Yet do I love thee. (Da che tornasti). Duet. 60  
Bring him before me. (Ecco l'indegno). Trio. 50  
I know not how heaven. (Non sai che un nome).  
With my last sigh. (A te diro). Song.  
Live, ungrateful. (Vivi ingrato). Song.  
Friendship and love. (Non venni mai). Duet.

The above are the more noted pieces in "Robert Devereux," thought by many good judges to be one of Donizetti's very best operas. The scenes are laid at the court of Queen Elizabeth of England, and the chief personages are, the Queen, Robert, Count of Essex, Nottingham, and his wife, the Duchess Sarah. The Queen's songs are full, by turns, of strong affection, pity, forgiveness, and furious scorn, jealousy, and revenge. Those of Essex and Sarah are sad, those of Nottingham show manliness, pity, generosity. The stately words and music can hardly fail to have many admirers.

Blanche. Song. Kücken. 25  
A cheerful German song, set to English words by Linley.

The Captain. Song. (Accomp. for guitar). Winner. 25  
A favorite song with an easy guitar accompaniment.

O lay me in the valley. J. P. King. 25  
A fine ballad.

From the red battle field. Quartet. N. B. Barker. 25  
A beautiful and mournful welcome to the lifeless forms of the Volunteers, who return "not as they went."

I wish I were a wild bird free. W. Leonard. 25  
Some fine poetic fancies, and a very pleasing melody.

Fuara in lo via. Comic song. 25  
Capital for children.

Lost tear. Ballad. F. Hoffman. 25  
A beautiful composition.

Instrumental Music.

Finale de Lucretia Borgia. Variations. A. Goria. 75  
The airs of Lucretia, are so well known, that it requires no common genius to make a piece from them which will "sound new." Goria has accomplished this in the present composition, which will not fail to please those who can play it. In five flats. Difficult.

Roulette Polka. Chas. Coote, Jr. 25  
Belongs to a class of music very popular in England.

Extremely simple, but brilliant.

Dream Life Polka, (for Piano), E. Peers. 25  
" " " (for Guitar). " 25

Lauretta Polka. C. A. Ingraham. 25  
Easy and agreeable piece.

Reveil des Oiseaux, (Bird's Reveille) Idylle. C. B. Lysburg. 75  
Quite difficult to play. A sort of instrumental morning anthem, in the spirit of that which fortunate dwellers in the country hear, gratis, at sunrise, in summer, but of a higher style than that composed by the feathered orchestra.

Books.

Czerny's 50 Grand Studies, (Op. 409). Three Books, each \$1.00

Czerny's materials for teachers and pupils are of the very best, and these advanced studies may be safely recommended to pupils who have made considerable progress.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 591.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 28, 1863.

VOL. XXIII. No. 18.

Translated for this Journal.

From Mendelssohn's Letters. New Volume.

TO REBECCA DIRICHLET IN BERLIN.

Düsseldorf, Oct. 28, 1853.

MY DEAR LITTLE SISTER;—The history of my life these last weeks is long and merry. Sunday, Maximilian's day, was my first Mass; the choir was crammed with singers male and female, the whole church dressed up with green boughs and tapestry; the organist *quintled*\* up and down in a frightful manner; the Mass by Haydn was scandalously jolly, and yet the whole was tolerable. Thereupon came the procession with my solemn March in E flat, where the musicians in the Bass repeated the first part while those in the Discant played on; but that made no matter in the open air, and when I met the procession afterwards, they had already played the march so often, that it went right well, and I reckon it an honor to me, that the musicians have begged of me a new march for the next Fair.

Before that Sunday, however, there was a stirring scene. The fact is, no fitting epithet can possibly exist for the music hitherto performed here upon this occasion. A chaplain came and told me his grievances; the burgomaster said that his predecessor was evangelical and had put up with it, but that he wished to walk with them in the procession, and they must have better music. A very old, morose musician, with a shabby coat, who heretofore had beaten the time for it, was summoned and appeared, and when they rated him, he declared that he should not and would not make any better music; if we wished to have it better, we might give it to another. He knew very well that people make great claims just now; now every thing is expected to sound finely—it was not so in his time, and he did it as well as it used to be done. It was really hard for me to bear this from him, although the others will certainly do it better; but I thought to myself, what if I should some day, 50 years hence, be called to a townhouse, and should talk in that way, and a saucy young fellow should snub me, and my coat should be so shabby, and I should know no reason in the world why all ought to sound better,—and then I felt badly!

It was a vexation to me, that in all the musical collections here, I could not find a single tolerable serious Mass; nothing of the older Italians, mere modern show stuff. I conceived a desire to travel over my domains and seek good music; so on Wednesday I seated myself in the carriage, drove to Elberfeld, and hunted up the *Improperia* of Palestrina, the *Misereres* of Allegri and Bai, and also the score and parts of "Alexander's Feast," took them along with me, and I drove to Bonn. There I ransacked the library alone, because poor Breidenstein is so sick, that he will hardly get up again,—but he gave me the keys and lent me every thing. I found splendid things, and took away from there six masses by Pale-

\* *Quintelirte*; evidently a word made up by Mendelssohn, meaning, perhaps, that the organist played *flüth*, or allowed the Quint stop to be too prominent.—Ed.

trina, one by Lotti, one by Pergolesi, and Psalms by Leo, Lotti, &c. Finally, in Cologne I hunted up the best old pieces, that I have ever yet known, especially two Motets by Orlando Lassus, which are quite wonderful, even broader and more earnest than the two *Crucifixus* of Lotti. We sing a "*Populus meus*" of his publicly in church next Friday.

On the following day, that is to say, Sunday, there was no steamboat, and as I knew that my presence was necessary in Düsseldorf, I took the post coach here; on all sides people streamed hither on the highways; many gates of honor were erected, and the houses were set with lamps. I arrived here with my great packet, but not a soul would hear of it; nothing but the crown prince, and again the crown prince. And now he happily arrived on Sunday evening through the gates of honor, during the illumination, amid ringing of bells, firing of cannon, with an escort of civic guard, between rows of soldiers and military music, at the *Jägerhof*. The next day he gave a dinner, and invited me too, and I amused myself most capitally, since I was very merry at a little table with Lessing, Hübner and a couple of others. Besides, the crown prince was as friendly as any one could wish, shook hands with me, said he felt badly that I had forsaken him and Berlin for so long a time, heard my story, called me out of the corner as "dear Mendelssohn"—in short I demean myself at some distance twice as amiably.

I will describe to you the festival, that was given to him, and for which I, with the aid of some old transparencies to be connected together by verses, had proposed the "Israel in Egypt" with *tableaux vivans*! It was in the great hall of the Academy, where a stage was erected. Before it stood in two half circles the double chorus around my English grand piano (some 90 singers in all), and then came the seats for 400 spectators. R—, in mediæval costume, was the interpreter of the whole, and knew how to unite the unlike objects in a very skilful manner in iambics. He showed three transparencies: first the Melancholy after Dürer; to that was sung at a very remote distance, by men's voices, a Motet by Lotti. Then the Virgin Mary appearing in a dream to Raphael, with the music, *O sanctissima*—(a common-place song, but which always makes the people weep). Thirdly, St. Jerome in his tent, with a song by Weber: "*Hör uns Wahrü.*" That was the first part. Now came the heart of the matter. We began "Israel in Egypt" below; you know the first Recitative, and how the chorus raises itself by little and little; first the altos alone, then more and more voices in addition thereto, as far as the strong passage with the single chords: "They sighed, they sighed by reason of their bondage" (in G minor); then the curtain rose, and we had the first tableau, "The children of Israel in bondage," designed and placed by Bendemann; in front Moses, downcast, in apathy, looking away before him; near him an old man, just sinking under the weight of his beam, while his son strives

to take it off from him; some beautiful raised arms in the background, in front a pair of weeping children, the whole closely crowded together like a group of fugitives. This remained standing until the conclusion of the first chorus, where at the same moment the chorus in C minor ended, and the curtain closed before the lucid picture. I have seldom seen a more beautiful effect than that.

And now the chorus sang of the plagues, hail, darkness, &c., without any tableau: "But as for His people, He led them like a shepherd," the curtain rose again; then Moses with uplifted staff came forward, and behind him, in jovial confusion, all the same figures that had mourned in the first tableau: all marching forward, all laden with gold and silver vessels; especially pretty was a young maiden, who with her pilgrim staff came just then out from the *coulisse*, and was about to walk over the stage (also by Bendemann). Then came again, without tableau, the choruses: "But the waters," "He commanded, the deeps o'erwhelmed them," "Thy right hand, O Lord," and then the recitative: "And Miriam the prophetess," at the close of which the soprano solo entered. Before its entrance, the last tableau appeared: Miriam with the timbrel singing praises, other maidens with harps and citherns, behind them four men with trombones facing in all directions; to this the soprano solo was sung behind the scenes, as if it proceeded from the tableau; and where the chorus came in *forte*, there were real trombones, trumpets, and kettle drums put upon the stage; these came in like a thunder-storm. Handel has clearly hinted this arrangement, for he makes them pause after the entrance, until they appear again at the end at the C major, where the instruments recur; and so we closed the part. This last tableau was by Hübner, and pleased me very much.

The effect of the whole was indescribably beautiful. If there had been any pretension about it, there might perhaps be much to be said against it; but it had something social, nothing public in it, and so I scarcely believe that another such beautiful festival could be invented. The things which now followed were a living tableau, drawn and placed by Schadow, "Lorenzo de Medici, surrounded by the genii of Poesy, Sculpture and Painting, who lead to him Dante, Raphael, Michel Angelo and Bramante," with a practical application to the crown prince, and a closing chorus; and then as a second part the comic scenes from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," represented by the painters,—but I relished nothing more, because this had been too striking.

How do you translate, in the same measure: "*No love was crowned, but music won the cause!*" Write me soon a good idea, for on the 22nd of November we are actually going to bring out the "Alexander's Feast," overture to *Egmont* and Beethoven's Concerto in C minor; in Becker's hall an orchestra is built, to my knowledge, for 200 men; and whatever can draw bow, or sing, or pay, will have to come.

Tell me also, whether I shall go on here with my Greek again? I did not dislike it, but I fear it will not go very swimmingly. Can I understand *Æschylus* perhaps? Be frank. . . You must get the *Hebrides* for four hands, it must be already out. But I think the overture to *Melusina* will be the best that I have made.

Adieu, FELIX.

FROM A LETTER TO HIS MOTHER AND  
SISTER.

Frankfurt, July, 14, 1838.

Hiller is here, whose presence was at all times dear to me, and we have always had much interesting intercourse. Only he is not—how shall I call it—one-sided enough for me. By nature he loves Bach and Beethoven before all, and would join himself most gladly to the earnest side. But now he is pleased also with Rossini, Auber, Bellini, &c., and with such many-sidedness no man gets on far. This forms the matter of all our conversations, as soon as we see each other, and so it is doubly pleasant to me to pass some time with him just now, and if possible to work upon him in my sense.

Yesterday morning I came to him. Who sits there? Rossini, large as life, in the most amiable Sunday humor. I really know few men who can be so witty and amusing as he can, if he pleases; we laughed the whole time. I have promised him to have the B minor Mass and some other things of Sebastian Bach sung before him in the Cecilia-verein; it will really be too fine, if Rossini has to admire Sebastian Bach. He thinks, however, after the custom of the country he is in, and will howl with the wolves. He is enchanted with Germany, he says, and if they once bring him the wine list in the evening on the Rhine, the *kellner* will have to show him his chamber, or he will never find it. He tells the funniest, most laughable things of Paris and all the musicians there, of himself and his compositions; and he shows such an immense respect for all persons present, that one could really believe him, if he had no eyes to see the prudent face he wears all the while. But there is mind and vivacity and wit in all his gestures and in every word, and whoever does not regard him as a genius, has only to hear him preach so once, and he will soon change his mind. \* \* \*

Leipzig, Jan. 18, 1838.

TO A HIGHLY RESPECTED COMMITTEE FOR THIS  
YEAR'S LOWER RHINE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

I am heartily grateful for the invitation contained in your letter of the 8th of January. Your friendly thought of me is not less dear to me than the prospect of again attending so joyous a festival and of having the same sort of pleasure in it that I already owe to the Rhenish musical festivals. With sincere joy, therefore, will I accept your invitation, if God grants health to me and mine, and if we can agree to perfect mutual satisfaction upon the choice of musical pieces. The more successful the last Cologne festival was in regard to the order of works performed, especially through the work of Handel with organ, so much the more important does it seem to me to have this time also at least one piece on the programme, by which this year's festival may distinguish itself from the other, and show, if pos-

\* He and his sister had been learning Greek together.

sible, some progress. Now to this end I really think it necessary to have the name Sebastian Bach upon the programme, even if only in a short piece; but certainly it is time, that in these festivals, to which Handel has lent so much lustre, the other immortal master too, who in no piece stands below another master, and in many stands above all, should no longer be forgotten. The same considerations, which now prevail against it, must also have prevailed in former years against the works of Handel; and you are all thankful to those who rose above them, and who have opened to you such a treasure of edification and improvement. May you, therefore, merit like thanks from the Rhenish friends of music, by making a beginning, which (I do not deny) is hard, and must be done with much reflection, but which will surely be productive of the best consequences, and be imitated on all sides. For if something by him is only once performed, then it is not hard to find it beautiful and have it done again. But the beginning! there's the rub.

The plan I would propose to you, therefore, in this regard, would be, to perform at the approaching festival a short Psalm of Bach (some twenty minutes or half an hour long); and if you are afraid to do this on the second day, lest you should frighten away the public through the terror of the learned name, why do it on the first day, and give at the same time a somewhat shorter oratorio of Handel besides. That no fewer people will come to hear the Handel, is quite certain; for anybody not afraid of one desires another, and there are still three or four wholly unknown, most excellent oratorios of Handel, which would last about an hour and a half or two very short hours, and would be a new revelation to all music-lovers. Through the splendid gift\* of the former committee, I have first become acquainted with these works, and I should be very happy if you should again profit by it for this year's festival.

In regard to the second day, I might casually ask, whether you would not knock at Cherubini's door and inquire after his new grand *Requiem*; it would have to be translated, to be sure, and is only for men's voices; but as it is said to be only an hour long, or less, that perhaps would be no matter, and according to all accounts it is a splendid work. Meanwhile, the main thing this time seems to me to be the first point of this letter, and I must once more beg of you that you will talk it over as soon as possible.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Leipzig, Aug. 10, 1840.

. . . . On Thursday I gave an organ concert here in the Thomas-kirche, with the proceeds of which the old Sebastian Bach is to get a monument here in front of the Thomas School. I gave it *solissimo*, and played nine pieces, and a free Fantasia at the end. That was the whole programme. Although the expenses were consider-

\* In an earlier letter (Oct. 6, 1835), Mendelssohn writes, after describing a good time he had with Chopin: "Just before his departure my Handel's works came, in which Chopin had a real childlike joy; but they are really so beautiful that I cannot rejoice enough over them. 33 great folios, in the well-known elegant English manner bound in thick green leather; on the back of each, in strong gold letters, the title of the whole and the contents of the volume; and in the first volume, besides, the following words: 'To Director F. M. B. The Musical Festival Committee of 1835 in Cologne,' accompanied by a very friendly letter of the whole committee, with all their signatures."

able, yet I had 300 thalers left me clear. Now in the autumn or spring I shall repeat the joke once more, and then an ornamental stone can be erected.\* But I practised eight days long beforehand, so that I could hardly stand straight on my feet, and in the street I walked nothing but organ passages.

\* It was done. The monument may be seen on the Promenade under the windows of Sebastian Bach's room in the Thomas School.

Johann Sebastian Bach.

Johann Sebastian, in some respects, the greatest musician that has lived, was the third and youngest son of J. Ambrosius, born at Eisenach, March 31, 1685, one month after the birth of Handel, at Halle, died at Leipzig, July 28, 1750. At a very early age he lost his mother, and had hardly reached his 10th year when his father died also. The little orphan was then placed under the care of his brother, J. Christoph, at Ohrdruff, with whom he continued his musical studies and began the practice of keyed instruments—the harpsichord and organ. The lessons of his brother soon ceased to interest him, and he begged the use of a manuscript in Christoph's possession containing compositions for the harpsichord by Froberger, Kerl, Pachelbel, the most noted organists of that day, but this was refused him. The door of the case in which this book was kept was of lattice-work, through which little Bach's hand would pass, and, as it was not bound, he was able to roll it up and draw it out. On bright moonlight nights, he would take it to his room and copy from it, and thus, in the course of six months, he had it in his own hand. It was hardly finished, however, when his brother accidentally discovered it, and took it away. The act seemed harsh, but doubtless the teacher knew best how to direct the studies of so young a pupil. The boy's pupilage in Ohrdruff was short, being ended by the early death of Christoph. In Europe—in England as well as on the continent—in our day as well as in the days of Bach—there is a resource for such boys in the choir of cathedrals, ecclesiastical schools, and richly endowed churches. English, Italian, and German musical history gives us the name of many a celebrated composer who in youth was a chorister. Bach found a place as treble singer in such a choir at Lüneburg not many miles from Hamburg, remaining there until his voice changed, with the best advantages of excellent school and the best musical instruction, and in receipt of a small stipend, yet sufficient for his boyish necessities. His enthusiasm for the organ, and his zeal for music in other forms and styles, at this period, are sufficiently attested by his foot journeys to Hamburg to hear Reinke, the great organist, and to Zelle to listen to the French band in the service of the prince. With the change in his voice came the loss of his place and the necessity of entering upon a new field. Like Handel, he had studied the violin—with success, as his remarkable compositions prove—and it was now his resource. At the age of 13, therefore, he journeyed to Weimar, and entered the service of the court there as violinist. His leisure hours were still devoted to the organ, to counterpoint, and composition, and in less than two years, though hardly 20 years of age, he was called to Arnstadt to fill the place of organist, probably in the church where his father's uncle Heinrich had so long officiated. The three years spent in Arnstadt were years of most devoted study, and during that time he developed those powers which afterward placed him above all rivalry. Beside the labor which he devoted to the working out of his own conceptions, he let nothing escape him which appeared from the pens of Bruhns, Reinke, and Buxtehude. He was so charmed with the works of the last named that he went to Lubeck to hear him play, and prolonged his visit to a stay of three months, merely to listen to him in the church, for his acquaintance he did not make. In 1707 he accepted a call to Mulhausen, and the following year returned to Weimar, in the capacity of court organist. Encouraged by the continual applause of the

court he exerted himself to the utmost, and his principal compositions for the organ date during the seven years of his services there. In 1714 he gave up his position as organist and accepted the place of concert-master to the duke, with the additional duty of composing and conducting the vocal music of the ducal chapel. Here, doubtless, began the enormous list of works in every form of sacred music, which, mostly in manuscript, are preserved in the musical libraries of Berlin, Leipsic, and other cities. Here, too, he had constant practice in writing orchestral works and instrumental chamber music, and fitted himself for a larger stage of action. In 1717, Marchand, then at the head of French organists, appeared in Dresden, and charmed Augustus so greatly by his skill as to receive an offer of a very large salary to enter his service. Volumier, also a Frenchman, the concert-master of the king—whether jealous for the honor of his own nation or that in which he had cast his lot cannot now be determined—invited Bach to the capital to a trial of skill with Marchand. The Saxon accepted the invitation, and through the kindness of Volumier had an opportunity of hearing his rival. With the knowledge and consent of Augustus, Bach sent his challenge to the French artist, which was accepted. At the time fixed, Bach appeared at the house of the minister where the contest was to take place. The king and company waited long, but Marchand came not. At length came news that he had left the city early that day by extra post. The greatness of the German organist, however, more than made good the loss. Bach returned to Weimar, but soon after accepted the office of Kapellmeister to the court at Kothen, where he remained, composing for and directing the orchestra, until 1723, when the city authorities of Leipsic elected him to the position of musical director and cantor of the Thomas school. During the six years at Kothen, he had not neglected his favorite instrument. Obtaining leave of absence, he again visited Hamburg to see the aged Reinke, who had now nearly completed his century. While there, he gave a performance upon the organ of the Catherine Church in presence of the city magistrates and the principal citizens, extemporizing for more than two hours in such a manner, that the aged Reinke, who had listened with delighted attention, exclaimed at the close, "I thought this art had completely died out; but I see it still lives in you." At the age of 38 then, Bach, rich in all that study of theory, hearing the best models of his age and country, practice as member and leader of orchestras, and constant exercise in composition for church and concert room, could give him, entered upon the calm, quiet life of succeeding years, and devoted himself to teaching and to the working out of his lofty conceptions of the musical art. Twenty-seven years he thus lived and labored, surrounded by his pupils and his large family of sons, composing music sacred and secular in all the forms then known, except the opera and dramatic oratorio, and leaving as the fruits of these years, a mass of compositions, which for number, variety and excellence, form perhaps the most astonishing monument of musical genius and learning. Mozart and Handel alone can at all come in competition with him in this regard. Of the few works from his pen, which appeared in his lifetime, most are said to have been engraved upon copper by himself with the assistance of his son Friedemann, and this labor, added to his others so numerous, finally cost him his sight. A few years later, at the age of 62, an attack of apoplexy carried him to the tomb. He was twice married, and of the fruits of those marriages he left ten sons; all of them fine musicians: several of them among the very first of that great period in the history of the art, in which Mozart, Haydn and Gluck, were the chief ornaments. This great musician had no cause to complain of a want of due appreciation, either as organist or composer. Very soon after his establishment in Leipsic, the duke of Weissenfels conferred the title of Kapellmeister, with the emoluments of the office, without requiring his personal attendance at court, and in 1736, Augustus of Saxony created him "Royal Polish and Saxon electoral court composer." In 1747

he was persuaded to accept an invitation from Frederick II., king of Prussia, to visit Berlin and Potsdam. Notice was given to the king of his arrival in the latter city just as a private concert in the palace was to begin. "Gentlemen," said Frederic, "old Bach has come!" The old organist was instantly sent for, and without affording him time to change his dress, he was brought to the palace. The king had several of Silbermann's piano-fortes in various apartments—one may still be seen there—and to these in succession Bach was taken and called upon to try their powers. At length the king gave him a theme for a fugue, which was so coined out as to afford him the highest gratification, and he immediately afterward demanded an extemporaneous fugue in 6 parts. Bach thought a moment, and selecting the theme, worked it up, to the astonishment not only of the king, but of the several distinguished musicians present. Upon his return to Leipsic he wrote out the fugue, added to it another in three parts, and a *ricercar*, also, in six, both upon the same theme, together with other specimens of his powers, and published them with the title of "A Musical Offering." The only works by Bach, published during his life are exercises for the harpsichord, in three parts, which appeared at intervals; an air with 30 variations; 6 choral preludes in three parts for the organ; variations in canon upon the choral *Von Himmel hoch* and the "Musical Offering." The rest of his works left in manuscript have come out one by one, or still remain unprinted. The 6th volume in folio, of his complete works, has just appeared in Leipsic, edited by the Bach society. Our limits forbid any attempt to give a catalogue of these works—they amount to many hundreds in number. Among them are found 5 complete sets of vocal pieces for the church for all the Sundays and festivals of the year; a great collection of oratorios, masses, magnificats, sanctus, pieces for birth, wedding and funeral occasions, and not a few comic compositions; 5 "passions," so called, compositions to which the accounts of the suffering and Death of Christ, as given by the evangelists, furnish the text; more than a hundred sacred cantatas are preserved in the library of the Thomas school alone. "The Well-tempered Clavier," a collection of 48 preludes and 48 fugues, is known to every student of the piano-forte, as remarkable in its adaptation to the purpose of enabling the performer to conquer the difficulties of that instrument. His works for organ, harpsichord, orchestra, and every sole instrument in use a century since, are as numerous and effective as his vocal compositions, and begin again to form a part of the programme in the principal concerts of Central Europe. As a virtuoso upon keyed instruments, Bach seems to have anticipated the wonderful effects produced in our own days by Thalberg and even Liszt. In his own age he was in this regard—as has been said of Shakespeare as a poet—so far above all others as to have no second. The fingering invented by Bach was the basis of his son Emanuel's work upon the piano-forte, which opened a new era for the instrument, and led, through Mozart and Clementi, the way to the extraordinary perfection exhibited by the virtuosos of our own time. To it he was compelled by his own works, for, as he himself said, "he had often been compelled to study long at night how to play the compositions which he had written during the day." Perhaps the most striking points in Bach's compositions are the marvellous invention they exhibit, and their extraordinary grandeur, power and science. Mozart, when, near the end of life, he came to Leipsic, after having exhausted all the sources of musical learning of Rome, Milan, Vienna and Paris, heard the Thomas school boys sing a motet of Bach. His attention was caught: "Ah," he exclaimed, "here is that from which one may still learn something!" Bach's works occupy some such ground in art as do the works of our noble old English prose writers in literature: they require study to be comprehended and felt in their greatness. Here and there the forms of expression have become antiquated; at first much seems obscure, which afterwards stands out prominent for beauty; but study is rewarded finally by

leading him who perseveres to treasures of original thought there and only there to be found.—*New American Cyclopaedia.*

### What They Say of the Great Organ.

From the *New York Commercial Advertiser*:

The public expectation concerning this organ has not been disappointed. The full power is magnificent, and the solos, which were little used except by Mr. Willcox, seem to be perfect. The *vox humana* I did not hear distinctly, and cannot give an opinion as to its real value. So far as I can judge from a single hearing, the quality of tone has a perfection with which nothing else in the country can be compared. The descriptions which have been written of the case come far short of doing it justice. As I looked at it again and again during the evening I found new beauties. In the softened gaslight and the dazzling glare of the electric light, burning on the polished pipes, I hardly thought of its being real. But on ascending the stage afterwards and standing by the two figures which support the two groups of large pipes, I saw the majesty of the design. Looking at the figure, I was almost startled by its terrible naturalness, for the brawny arms clasped above the head showed great bunches of straining muscle, and the expression of the face was that of intense pain. They do seem crushed, and for my own part, I doubt the propriety of representing human bodies in such posture; but I have to do justice to the fidelity of the work. It is only by standing close by that an idea of the scope and marvellous creation in it can be fully attained. Since Dr. Holmes's article, the artist has improved the general tone by touching bits of gilding here and there, binding in a golden band the viols and flutes which deck the sides of the case, dotting the dome of the towers, &c.

This façade is a creation, a thing of perfect beauty. In itself alone we might behold art enshrined; but when there is behind all this, as its lord and occasion, a thousand-tongued soul, we may be reverently glad at having on American soil what is at least as perfect an organ as any in the world, if not the largest. Let us accept the fulfilment now of this work, begun in a financial crisis, as a hopeful omen. With my heart full of music which I thought it no blasphemy to call divine, I stood under the great pipes, sublime with their open mouths and singing heads painted thereon; and as I marked how every sculptured line for itself wrought a little toward the complete fabric, and the parts lost themselves in the whole, and then turned to the simple and noble words above the keys, over the maker's name, "Opus CC. Begun February, 1857; completed, October, 1863," a flash of the burning light fell on the Saint Cecilia and transfigured her with her harp as the singer, who shall hymn the peace and liberty of the continent. Then, as the light went out, I turned reluctantly, and left the hall and the majesty it contains.

From the *World* (New York).

....Grandeur, more beautiful, richer, better—better in all than the thought had pictured. It makes Boston the metropolis of music, for no other city has achieved the creation of such a glory of harmony. They, the Boston music-lovers, have been liberal, have been patient. They have recognized the value of years, of books. They have sought not the maker, or the country, or the style or the school, but all. For this their agent had crossed the seas, studied all organology, heard all existing giant instruments, asked for all inventions, all improvements, and has been able to judge which was best—and the best is here.

....But of beauty, of form, of shape, of decoration, I can judge, and this casing—this house in which are these harmonies—is exquisite. It is so in form; it is so in color; it is so in carving; in the sweep of the silver pipes; in the recesses, as to an inner temple of music, of the key board; in the busts and legends, and scrolls and columns; but beyond all in magnificence of breadth and height. For the first time the American people see a great organ. The power and the sweetness—viceroy of sound, as voice is king—are in such form and dimensions as bring the mind up with it, and from this opening music in America has advanced a movement of the ages.

If one desired to see the reality of his ideal of a cell where a musician lives, it is before him in the beautiful direction of this instrument. The keys, obedient to every volition, are there and at their side the very riches of all sweet sounds. Touched they talk, and their language is from storm to whisper. When Mr. Walcker, while yet the organ was curtailed, gave the full swell, one might ask of the roof what its idea was of security, and yet as gentle and as glittering as the piano. All voices that air can form—it is but to ask the stop, and it is given. The organ-

ist has all at his command, and never did old master write theme so complex, combination so daring, but that its fulfillment is achievable with this great melodic.

The great organ opening will never be forgotten. We may hear with more patience now of the wonders of Harlem and Freiburg, as in our own land we have their companion. The event has been anticipated as declaring a new era in the refinement of our people. What a people this must be, who in the midst of a terrific war, can thus crowd to a festival of music! The legend borne by the organ is most appropriate—"Gloria in Excelsis." Oh, if we could but add to it, "And on earth peace!"

From the Independent.

The instrument has many doors of entrance. One admits to the huge piles of bellows below, one to the compensating pair above that unites and regulates them. Two enter through carved doors in front, and lead down winding stairs to its central hall. Here, above and around you, rise the pipes and run the multitudinous strings of wood. These thousands of fibrous tissues—slim, narrow nerves—give it speech. Without them, like a voiceless word, it would live and die unheard. With them, it is united with the touch and the soul of man, and so becomes spiritual and immortal. They are of various lengths, according to the distance of the pipes from the player. Some of them reach over thirty feet and turn five or six angles, upwards, sideways, and backwards, before they make the connection. Yet the faintest breath of motion on the keys is instantly answered by the soul within.

Of the more than five thousand pipes that tower around you on every side and of every size, from those large enough for a man to creep through, to mere quills and hairs—of the thousands of little valves, no bigger than those in a child's toy, that open and shut with every impulsion of the fingers—of the many great bellows that rise and fall like the waves of the central ocean—are they not chronicled in *The Atlantic* by the brilliant Professor of human, and so, properly, of this anatomy? To stand here when the organ is playing, and to see—as you easily can, as it is lighted with gas—these harking valves, and waving bellows, and nerves of motion flying back and forward, is like standing in the human frame, which "mediums" profess to do, and beholding the various forms of energy which a great orator calls into play in the full tide of speech. Not being gifted with spiritualistic vision, we rejoice in the not feeble likeness thereof which the great organ expresses when thus excited through all its gigantic frame. One illustration will set this vastness more clearly before you. It is 24 feet deep, 48 wide, and 60 high, or almost exactly the size of a first-class five-storied city house. Empty that house of apartments, and fill it with pipes, shafts, and piles of heaving bellows, and you have the vitals of the great organ.

The front of the palace of music comports with its inward furnishing. A polished basement of black walnut, twenty feet high, is set forth with admirable carvings of heads, masks, musical instruments, scrolls, and eminent names. An hour's study could not exhaust their richness. The key board is approached by an elegant recess, like the doorway of a cathedral. Above this pediment rise the pipes. Like that, they are not arranged on a straight line, but are broken up into that discord which is the highest concord.

The outer towers are of carved wood, crowned with Byzantine domes, with the arms of Boston and Wurtemberg wrought upon them. From them a curve of pipes sweeps inward, and then outward beyond their line to the two prominent pillars. These are composed of three great pipes, each five and a half feet in circumference and thirty-two feet high. They stand in a compact semicircle and are supported by the shoulders of Atlantean caryatids. Their mouths are seven feet from their pointed bases of almost solid tin, and above the orifices on the shaved surface five heads are painted with open mouths full of exultant praise. Thus leap to the lofty ceiling the shining pillars of song. From these advanced towers the curve again sweeps inward to the centre, and a short, straight spire, at whose base is the recess of the key-board, breaks up, with the outer buttresses, the otherwise weakening flow of curvilinear lines. The four towers in the centre are crowned with statuary, the former of cherubs playing on lyre, lute, flute, and horn, while St. Cecilia bending over her harp gives it central and harmonious perfection.

Another thought often occurred during the evening. How is it that we can be indulging in such costly luxuries, when we were told but a few years since that if our Southern brethren left us we should

instantly plunge to destruction? Now Richmond is starving and Charleston is burning, while poor, hated, loathed Boston is giving ten thousand dollars for one evening's entertainment with a new organ that costs more than fifty thousands. She is making ample arrangements for her comfort "in the cold," where her warm enemies are anxious to leave her. May Charleston and Richmond, refined and purified by the fires through which they are passing, soon rejoice in Boston principles, Boston prosperity, and a Boston organ!

### Nuts and Raisins from the Walcker Dinner.

I.

DR. HOLMES'S IMPROMPTU.

I asked three little maidens who heard the organ play  
Where all the music came from that stole our hearts  
away:

"I know,"—said fair-haired Edith,—"*it was the autumn breeze*  
That whistled through the hollows of all those silver  
trees."

"No, child!"—said keen-eyed Clara,—"*it is a lion's*  
cage,—  
They woke him out of slumber,—I heard him roar  
and rage."

"Nay!"—answered soft-voiced Anna,—"*'twas thun-*  
der that you heard,  
And after that came sunshine and singing of a bird."

—*"Hush, hush, you little children, for all of you are*  
wrong,"

I said, "*my pretty darlings,—it was no earthly song;*  
A band of blessed angels has left the heavenly choirs,  
And what you heard last evening were seraph lips  
and lyres!"

II.

MR. PHILBRICK'S SPEECH.

Mr JOHN D. PHILBRICK spoke substantially as follows:

Mr President,—I take pride, as every Bostonian must, in the great triumph of Art which we commemorate this evening; but I take pride in it also on personal grounds, for this achievement is the result of your enterprise. It was you, sir, who first conceived the design, and called to your aid in executing it the accomplished artists and mechanics whom we honor to-night,—you who now do me the honor to introduce me to this company as your classmate.

I know not how to express what I feel on this subject. I remember that Coleridge somewhere says, it made him feel happy that such a man as William Wordsworth had lived. And I must say that it makes me feel happy to know that there is, in this city, such a thing as the Great Organ in Music Hall. Happy are those to whose genius and skill we are indebted for this noble work. Their names will live and be honored here as long as music is cultivated and appreciated.

It is an honor to Boston to possess such a work of art, for it was the education of Boston, or the civilization, which amounts to the same thing, that brought it here. But why could not Boston make it? Why could not America make it? Both the instrument and the matchless structure in which it is enshrined, are the production of the art and skill of the little kingdom of Wurtemberg, for the Messrs. Herter, as well as the Messrs. Walcker, are Wurtembergers. You searched both continents, and found the Wurtembergers most competent to execute your great tasks. How did this happen? This question has been repeatedly asked. Permit me to answer it briefly, for to me it is a very interesting question, and the answer from my point of view contains a very important lesson. Now I say there is no mystery, no chance in all this. No prejudice in favor of foreign skilled biased your choice of artists. Your mot-

to was, "Get the best," and you actually found the best exactly where the educationist would expect to find it, in a state preëminent for mental culture. We are justly proud of the educational eminence of our own State. She stands at the head of the educating States of America. But Wurtemberg, with a territorial area about equal to that of our Commonwealth, and a population a quarter larger, has a far more ample and perfect system of education. If, indeed, I were called upon to name the State in all the world, where all the educational wants of the people are most perfectly provided for, I should designate just this little kingdom of Wurtemberg.

Look at her university with six faculties and seventy professors; her nine real or scientific schools, with seventy professors; her five lyceæ with thirty-five professors and teachers; her six gymnasia with ninety professors and teachers, in which the classical course is equal to that of our colleges; her eighty-seven Latin schools with two hundred instructors; her theological seminaries; her polytechnic school with twenty-one instructors, for teaching the application of science to the practical arts; her institute for agriculture and forestry at Hohenheim, the most complete agricultural establishment of the kind in Europe; her veterinary schools; her superior seminaries for girls; and her seven schools of art and drawing, at one of which the finest groups of statuary which adorn our organ were sculptured;—look at all these institutions, sir, and tell me if there is any other spot on the globe where the means of high and varied intellectual cultivation are more ample and more liberal. Nor is the provision for elementary instruction less liberal. Every locality of thirty families and upwards, must maintain a common school; and where the number is less the school is supported in part by government aid. And it is to be remembered that every one of these elementary schools is taught by a learned man, thoroughly trained in the science and art of education, and devoted to the profession of teaching for life. Indeed, the crowning glory of the Wurtemberg system of education consists in its superior provision for the professional training and improvement of teachers in public institutions, which comprises six teachers' seminaries, each having an ample corps of professors, sixty teachers' associations, and twelve annual institutes of two weeks duration, held in different places in the kingdom. Denzel, the eminent director of the Seminary at Esslingen, wrote the most complete treatise on education in any language, which was published in six volumes, in 1839, at Stuttgart, and in which is developed the highest modern ideal of education.

Nor is this complete system of national education of recent date. Its main features are adopted and incorporated into the frame of the Government, nearly a century before the Mayflower dropped anchor in the harbor of Plymouth; and the University at Tübingen was established long before Columbus made his first voyage of discovery to this New World.

Now since skill in the mechanic and fine arts is the result of mental culture, who does not see, in the facts I have stated, a sufficient cause of the superior skill and art of the Wurtemberg people? Yes, sir, my theory accounts for the fact that you found the highest skill in Wurtemberg, and the fact sustains my theory.

The superior talents employed in the production of your superior organ are the legitimate fruit of a ripe and liberal system of national popular education. Let your guests, on their return to their Fatherland, tell their countrymen that we know and appreciate their educational preëminence.

Permit me to offer, in conclusion, the sentiment: Mental and moral culture, the source of national power, glory, prosperity and happiness.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 28, 1863.

## The Great Organ—What it is not and what it is.

The great work is done and dedicated. We are all proud of it and happy in it. It more than rewards years of patient waiting, more than equals the most sanguine expectation; it vindicates triumphantly the zeal and the persistency of its projectors, and refutes the unbelief of "practical" utilitarians. It seems too good a thing to be true; but it is really ours, in permanent possession, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," as far as work of man may be called certain or enduring. It is done, and nobly done, and there it stands. What does it stand for? What do we gain by having this great Organ? Admitting all the excellence that has been claimed for it as an organ—and we believe it to be as nearly perfect as the art with all its acquisitions to this day could make it,—it is still well, and indeed it is our duty to try to form a sober estimate of the event, both negatively and positively. The enthusiasm there is about the Organ is all natural; the glowing descriptions, even if they overshoot the mark in some particulars, are not too glowing; the delight which thousands have felt in the seeing and the hearing of the wonder is quite sincere and unaffected; it is natural enough, nor could it well be otherwise, that the Organ should be the only musical topic talked of for the time being, and even that the Music Hall for a whole month or two should know no other music but that of the organ, Beethoven's statue standing for his Symphonies the meanwhile—a sure pledge, however, that they will have their day again. We are still in the midst of the enthusiasm, the fresh sensation and surprise of all this; yet it is not too early to try to form to ourselves a clear and definite appreciation, not of the organ as an organ, but of its advent here as likely to impart a new impulse to musical, artistic, social progress. What signifies the new possession? Wherein precisely does its value lie? What can it, and what will it do for us?

To get at the reasonable answer we will begin negatively, approaching definition by the process of limitation. Rejoicing with the rest in our great Organ; admiring it and loving it for the beautiful and conscientious work which we have seen put into it, as we have watched its progress day by day; feeling the poetic grandeur, harmony and richness of its outward enshrinement growing on us daily as we stood before it—a sure sign of a real work of art, a poem to the sight,—caught up, as every one at all imaginative is, by glimpses of great meanings and great possibilities before such a solid revelation, such a tangible, unvanishing *mirage*; hopeful of nobler impulses which it will awaken in men's hearts with the vibrations of its thousands of true, heaven-strung voices; made as happy as another by all this enthusiasm and this fine anticipation, we are still reminded of certain limits in the very nature of the case, which such enthusiasm is apt to overlook, flooding them out of sight.

1. In the first place, it is well called the "Great Instrument." For, after all, it is but an instrument. Whether it will do to hail its arrival as "the most interesting event in the musical history

of the New World," depends entirely on the use that shall be made of it. You may build a splendid statehouse, but that does not "constitute a State;" the birth of the State, though with but a log hut for its offices, is really the event. The arrival of the first Chickering Grand Piano in a musical household is an event; but the birth of a musical genius in that house were an incomparably greater one. The first performance of a Beethoven Symphony in Boston; the first triumph of organized native effort in bringing out Handel's "Messiah" and teaching us the love of such things; the visit of Jenny Lind to these shores; the settling in any of our towns or cities of one really superior, high-toned, genial and inspiring artist, teacher and conductor—are not these greater musical events, more fraught with influence, than the acquisition of the very *beau idéal* of instruments upon the grandest scale? Nay, is there any comparison in worth between a great organ and a great organist—by which we mean a great musician, in the fullest sense, and not a mere player of the instrument. The bust of Bach looks out from the centre of our Organ: suppose we had Bach himself here, a new John Sebastian of the nineteenth century, a free-born American; with whatever instrument came to his hand, would he not be a greater possession than the grandest instrument without him? Indeed it is because there lived a Bach, and because there have been other musical geniuses, creators; because Beethoven's Symphonies and such live influences have nourished a regard for earnest music here in Boston, that we now take unto ourselves an organ. But a great organist, richly as he might revel, could he sit down at these key-boards and pedals, could do a mighty good work in the world with half as good an instrument.

So do not let us be in haste to hail our Organ opening as the *greatest* event in our musical history, while it is verily a great one. If we make too much of it in our pride of its importance, there is danger that we shall not make the most of it in the practical way of its best uses. With all its untold resources, all its grand associations and suggestions, the all in all of Organs never can become the all in all of Music. It is timely to remind ourselves of a few of its limitations, that so we may come to a clearer idea of its true, its noblest uses.

2. The organ cannot take the place of an orchestra. Some are too apt to think it can, because it contains such a variety of stops, each voiced after the type of some orchestral instrument; such unmistakable flutes, clarinets, oboes, bassoons, trumpets, and pipes of such a *stringy* quality as to represent the viol family in all its members; and because some clever organist can combine and alternate these in a way to reproduce to you the leading features of an overture, or movement from a Symphony, with enough truth of color to revive pleasant memories, with the added charm (but not the sterling one) of unexpectedness. Compared to the original, there is at least all the difference of the colored crayon copy from the original masterpiece in oil. Besides, the *drawing* is often sadly out. The color you have; but the form, which is the *tempo*, the rhythm, the thrilling vital accent,—these halt and drag, lack outline, fire and force of purpose, and you lose the soul of the composition in the very luxury of its tone-fleshiness.

Then again, the many parts or voices in an or-

chestral composition run so independently, each following out its own melodic channel, often crossing each other, that there is no playing them upon keyboards with one pair of hands (and feet), as you would organ or piano music. The texture of the fabric is quite different, and far more complicated. The organ gives you the 80 instruments, to be sure; but where are the 80 souls, intelligences, behind the instruments? Compare the notes of an orchestral score—say a symphony—with an organ or piano-forte "arrangement" thereof. In the one, you follow the various colored threads (or instruments) as they mutually entwine, vanish, re-emerge in the wondrous web of tones; in the other, though you may imitate a salient melody of this or that instrument by drawing out some solo stop, or may mix stops to match tolerably well the general tone-color of a passage, yet if you have three, or six, or ten chosen stops drawn out (on the same Manual), they will all move together one way, instead of individualizing themselves. Played on a great organ, a Symphony is merely a piano-forte arrangement illuminated, as it were, by coloring these notes of a bit of melody violet, these bright yellow (as of flutes), these scarlet (as of trumpets), &c., &c.; but all this does not make an orchestral score of it. Overtures and parts of noble Symphonies may be very pleasingly and surprisingly recalled by such clever imitations on so many-voiced an organ, as we have heard here since the opening from Mr. Morgan and some of the younger organists; but if the illusion grow too captivating, till our ears rest contented with it, and no longer ask to have the real thing, where is the musical gain? The great Organ puts back the cause of music, becomes a loss instead of a gain, if it be allowed to supplant or exclude from the field the Orchestra.

3. As to the expression, passion, which most people love in music; seek it in songs, seek it in opera, in oratorio, in orchestral instruments, but do not look for any singularly fine or glowing exhibitions thereof in an organ. It lacks the power of accent; it cannot emphasize or shade a note, except to the limited extent of such contrivances as the *swell* and the *tremolo*. True its tones have their characters, some warm, some cold, some bright and positive, some soft and wooing; one is well named the *Vox humana*, and another *Vox angelica*, and still another might perhaps be named *Vox diabolical*; and is not here material, and *personnel* too, for an opera? Some of the sounds are so sweet, so rich, so warm, or so stirring, that they go right to the heart; but none the more and none the less because the organist is warm or cold at heart himself; the charm is one of nature, just as some human voices seem naturally full of feeling although their owners sing without a particle of inspiration. Whatever is personal, or sentimental, can find better utterance elsewhere than in an Organ; God has given it other organs.

4. If the edification of the listener, or the improvement of his taste for music, or the deepening of his love for it, were in proportion to the pleasure and the wonder which the sounds of such an Organ excite in the largest number, then indeed it would be clear gain in the highest sense. But many things may please the multitude without at all helping to improve its taste. All that tickles the palate is not necessarily wholesome. In a crowd of children sugar plums are popular, and

sure to be *encored*; now the public is a child in music, and giving it sugar plums is not the way to form its appetite for better food. The greatest organ may be so used (and in a concert hall, with no restraints as of a hallowed place, the greater it is the greater the temptation so to use it) as not only to content the ignorant with sweetmeats, but even to demoralize somewhat the musical sense and conscience of the best of us, by lapping our souls in lazy luxury of mere sounds. The very sounds of this Organ are so beautiful, so fascinating, in their contrasts and combinations, that even the earnest Art-lover finds himself enjoying them without regard to any musical thought which they contain; he grows indifferent to meaning, listens willingly and pleased to everything that may be played, however insignificant *as music*, however frivolous in its associations, hacknied in its sentiment, un-organ-like in its entire want of any earnest reference to the Art principle. The charm is partly sensual, partly of pleased curiosity, but in no true sense is it musical, is it artistic. What justifies the existence of the Organ is its power as an instrument to give voice to music that is great in itself as music, its power to interpret a great composition. But when used just to please the ear, the order is reversed; the music is a mere vehicle to the curious and pleasant sounds of so many sets of *minors*: worth about as much as the oil with which a painter blends and fastens his pigments, but not amounting to a thought, a picture, which would have intrinsic value even without the colors. Now if the Organ is not to be used earnestly, if it is chiefly to minister to an idle pleasure in sweet sounds or astonishment at grand ones, if its task is still to be to exhibit *itself* instead of interpreting to us the great music, it becomes too grand a means for so small an end, a sublime superfluity. If the public is such a child in music as to be still calling for Mother Goose when it may have Shakespeare, why, give it Mother Goose in the good old honest nursery (hand-organ or promenade concert) style. But to set up this noble paragon of Organs just to play the pretty tunes, is like giving us Mother Goose in superb folio *édition de luxe*, in the highest style of print and binding, massive covers, gold and Russia leather, like a great church bible, and illustrated with the finest art of Kaulbach or Gustave Doré:—a grand work of Art in itself, but—for the purpose of Mother Goose! Our illustration is an extreme one, to be sure; we do not mean to say that our organ concerts ever have come quite down to this nursery level even during the wildest saturnalia of the mad-cap tyrant Encore, who delights in distorting and pulling to pieces the best planned programmes; nor have we much fear that we shall come to such a pass; we merely suggest sugar plums and Mother Goose as the *reductio ad absurdum* of this whole principle of making a noble instrument but serve the momentary pleasure of the greatest (we sometimes suspect it is only the loudest) number. An inspiration, an idea lay at the root of the art which culminated in the first grand Organ, and that idea was not amusement, nor could this have built it or conceived it, any more than it did the wonderful old Gothic cathedrals, the like of which there is no faith entire enough in this age to produce again.

So far the negative side; now for the positive. The Great Organ cannot of itself bring in great music, or lift us up to it, without the aid of musical genius, culture, conscience,—not so much as these can with poor organs; it cannot take the place of an orchestra, nor of the human voice; it cannot ally itself with sentimentality so consistently or so effectively as a guitar; nor can it go down on all fours for popular amusement without

readily compromising its dignity; nor can it, in stepping from the church into the concert room, properly borrow so much as it brings, and learn to serve virtuoso vanity and egotistic skill, when it should shame them out of sight. These are its limitations, by no means disparaging ones. What remains? Enough, and of the noblest.

1. If it cannot give us these things, it can give us—organ music; and that is a very noble kind of music, and has long been a desideratum among our musical opportunities, a blank in our musical culture. The organ has a music peculiarly its own, and in which a really great organ is supreme. We do not speak now of its technically religious uses, the part it takes in public worship, for our concern is with an organ in no church, a concert organ. The music which is truest to the genius of the organ, the great fugue style (not limited to strict fugues) of Bach, is alike in place, alike divine, outside the church or in the church: it is secular music, in that it has no ritual function; it is religious in that it addresses the sense of the Infinite within us, being impersonal and universal in its spirit, lifting us above ourselves. Who can doubt that the music of Bach, and whatever else there is of really great organ music, will be henceforth much oftener heard in Boston, through the presence of this great organ? It will, it must help, directly and indirectly, to bring Bach as a live influence home to us. What does not every one with a deep love of music feel that he owes to Beethoven? Because through his symphonies we know him, he has become and he remains very near to us, lives in our inmost life. An equally great acquaintanceship and sympathy, an equally enduring blessing, is the true music-lover yet to find in Bach; and this shall as surely bring him to us, or bring us to him, as his grand head looks down there on the organist. In spite of all less worthy uses of the organ, of all the caterings to many tastes and no taste, of all the demands which for a time curiosity will make upon its newly opened variegated stock of sounds, and in spite of the necessity of making it attractive to the crowd until its debt is paid off and it is ours without a peradventure, it must and will in due time find its place among other musical means and influences and in the long run belong to Art. Organ music is not for crowds; it is like the grander poetry, like the Bible, to which the musical soul turns in its deeper moods for strength, for solace, for life and freedom in forgetting all the little wearying personalities and superficialities which ensnare and drag us down. We do not expect the children to enjoy Bach; but as the moral experience deepens, as one learns to know the great inner wants, the hunger of the soul, does he, if musical, come into a condition to understand and feel and drink in deeply that great music; then he feels that Bach's music is not more wonderful for its unequalled technical musicianship, than for its profound tenderness and truth to the most significant experience of all souls. Whoever has deeply suffered, and not lost faith, must love Bach: that is the testimony of earnest musicians; and therefore it is worth while to cultivate enough of musical knowledge and familiarity with his forms to be able to know him. It is the sheerest ignorance which talks of Bach's music as pedantic, learned, dry and merely intellectual. Few creations of man's genius have so much of soul, imagination, poetry. Therefore, we say, this and kindred music does not belong to crowds, to fashionable and parade occasions. Only as an auxiliary, an incident in certain festival occasions, in oratorios, in public worship, does the organ naturally address a crowd. Organ performances as such, and by itself, are for such as like them and at such times as one needs

them; we are not aware that they are or ever were in any part of the world popular; travellers stop at Freiburg to hear the famous organ, because it is one of the lions; but organ concerts do not command and do not need large audiences, as operas and oratorios and symphony concerts do. The sweetest enjoyment of the organ is in the quietest way, and the real worth and comfort of our organ will be felt, after it has ceased to be an event, when the novelty and excitement are passed, and it shall have settled down into its every day, unpretending, ordinary estate. Then it will be heard very frequently, daily perhaps, by such as may come in proper hours, by groups and companies of listeners, more or less as the case may be, now tens, now hundreds, and the influence will steal into their hearts quietly; the less parade and crowd, the better chance of sincere real music. It will have its great occasions also; but the quiet every day influence, on a few at a time, will be the deepest and the widest and the most abiding; for these seeds will take root. Like the great cathedrals, let it in some sense stand always open, as universal as the sunshine, so that one may enter when he is passing, when he feels the want, and let heavenly music shine into his soul.

But we wander; what we mean by all this is, simply, that is not of so much importance that the Organ charm to it the greatest number, as that its word be generally high and great, befitting its great presence, that it discourse earnest, sincere music, so that its influence shall be of the best so far as it goes; and then it will be sure to go far, really, if not obviously. We place, therefore, first in the list of benefits to be derived from the great Organ, that it guarantees to us great *Organ music*.

2. But we do not wish to be too exclusive. The great organ music, such as Bach's Fugues, and Toccatas, or oratorio fugued choruses, which admit very well of being transferred to the organ, are properly played with the full organ, rolling out great volumes of sound, hundreds of pipes blended in one chord. This is the proper organ tone, large utterance of godlike thoughts. It is the kind of tone which best satisfies both ear and soul in the long run; you are exalted and emancipated while it fills you. If it sound confusing and almost stunning at first, the ear by custom learns to love and crave it, and recognizes the movement of individual voices and the wealth of varied detail in its perpetual unfolding. The organ, to be sure, is, and has been commonly considered even by great organists, by men like Mendelssohn, a one-sided instrument,—its one side being this great one of the utterance of what is most sublime, impersonal and universal in music. But it allows alternations from this full chorus duty, and is furnished for them. The beam of white light may be shivered into its prismatic colors. Separate stops may step into the foreground, singly, or in groups, and that too without departing from the true organ style of composition, that is to say the *polyphonic* style. How sweetly they may be contrasted in Bach's trio Sonatas, how touchingly and strangely in his varied Chorals (*Choralvorspiele*), where a voice intones the melody, while figured harmonies rustle and flow beneath it and above it like running water and the breezes in the trees. Mendelssohn's organ sonatas have something of the same charm. Much doubtless may yet be done with the separate stops of such an organ, all in the earnest spirit of true polyphonic music, which no composer has as yet discovered. Would not old Bach find out new ways of using these resources, if he could sit down to an organ like this?

And we are willing, even, to make pretty large allowance for uses of the organ which are not strictly organ-like, especially for renderings of fine passages from oratorios and other serious works. The orchestral "transcriptions" (overtures, &c.) are among the most questionable and in the end unsatisfactory; but they are not unsuggestive for the time being, and may serve a good turn if they are only treated as exceptional, and not as the true thing. The modern French *Offertories* of Battiste, Wely, &c., are too much for effect, too operatic, indulging in such cadences, such melo-

dies as are sung behind the foot-lights; yet they have their good points. We do not fear any of these things, or worse things, provided they are kept subordinate, offset by frequent hearings of the nobler music. In the long run the latter works its way in spite of all smarter and more specious rivals. There are always some souls which it is sure to enter, and where it enters it goes deeply. Whatever is heard, so it be musical, some education of the ear goes on; it depends on the hearer's depth of nature whether he demands more; only take care that he have opportunities; let the great books be within as easy reach as the light novels.

3. The Organ, as an auxiliary, accompanying great choruses in oratorios, &c., and even doing the work of a small orchestral accompaniment in certain cases—although great oratorios are written for orchestra and cannot do without it—can contribute an inspiring element of grandeur, as we shall presently (this very evening) have occasion to witness.

4. The Organ will give, is already giving, a new and a higher impulse to our organists. They work and study with a new encouragement, a new assurance that the dignity of their calling begins to be recognized. To play an organ, such a grand thing as stands there before us, is not that a task worthy of a man? Then everything about the Organ, its grand sonority, its grand aspect, inspire the young organist with a reverence for his task, and kindle in him a noble longing to do something worthy. Publics may be delighted with it as a plaything, and endorse the little brilliancies and prettinesses; all very sweet to their palates, but growing less and less so to the young organist himself, who burns to be in manlier service. Already we have seen that, with very few exceptions, all the organists who have thus far played in the Music Hall, even the lovers of the light and popular, the sceptical about fugues, have sought some color of earnestness for whatsoever they have played. The wonder, after all, is, considering the general ignorance of organ music and what a child the public is in Art, that there has been so little of nonsense and frivolity in these seven concerts. The proportions of pure Organ music might have been greater; but the general drift was earnest. The organists are likely to grow earnest, to deepen in their purpose, under the new inspiration.

5. Last, and not least, one solid, sure gain have we in this Organ: we have got a real genuine *great work of Art*. Great inwardly and outwardly, great in untold possibilities of harmony to the ear, great actually to the sight. It is perhaps the first thorough, really great work of Art, made without any poor economy of means, made with an artistic zeal and conscience pervading the entire work, made with ideal truth and beauty for the motive and no eye to profit or any secondary end, which we have yet had in this country; and therefore by the mere fact of its existence and its presence is it a perpetual inspiration; a reminder of the soul's ideals; a monitor to nobler life and purpose; a rebuke to all sorts of sham and mean pretension in Art; a standard of the best; a grand authority, intolerant of false and foolish things, silently frowning down upon egotistic efforts, or sonorously flooding them out of sight. It will grow harder and harder to do frivolous and shallow things in the name of music under the shadow of such a Temple. May its performance be as noble as its presence!

### Concerts.

The series of GRAND ORGAN CONCERTS, seven in all, in aid of the Organ Fund, closed last Sunday evening. They have been generally quite well attended, the Hall being half full at least, which is a great audience for an organ concert, and at the dollar price must have eked out the fund not a little. The selections, with the exception of the last, have contained less of Bach, or any other pure organ music, than the first two, and yet there has been a great deal that was good and edifying.

MR. LANG and MR. WILCOX divided the burden of the fourth concert (Saturday afternoon, Nov. 14)

between them equally. Mr. Lang played a very grand slow movement (*Grave*) from the Fantasia in G by Bach—a broad, full, rich, deep, tranquil flood of harmony, cooling off the aching petty fever of this life. Also the overture to *Egmont*, so well as to choice of stops and execution, that one missed the orchestral fire and crispness thereof less than he had thought possible. The little Pastoral Symphony from the "Messiah," on a deep diapason sub-bass (how round and satisfying those great tones!) breathed itself out very sweetly; and the Adagio and Allegretto (with flute solo) from Rink's Concerto in F were nuts to many of course. Mr. Wilcox played Handel's "Coronation Anthem," of which Mendelssohn says in one of his letters: "The beginning is of the finest that Handel or any other man ever made; and all the rest, after the first short movement, so dreadfully dry and ordinary!" Also a Fantasia in A flat by Battiste, full of fanciful and striking effects, astonishing the people with the powers of the organ: a rumbling *Improvisation* displaying the beauty of the stops in a graceful way, but hardly amounting to composition; and a March from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," more bright and popular than organ-like in any high sense.—Everything was skilfully done and generally much enjoyed.

The same two organists furnished the fifth concert (Wednesday afternoon, 18th). Mr. Lang repeated the Mendelssohn Sonata and Mr. Wilcox the Lefebvre-Wely Offertoire of the Inauguration Night; very welcome. Mr. Wilcox also played a chorus from Handel's "Saul," and Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" variations, showing the stops to fine advantage, and improvised again acceptably as usual. Mr. Lang gave an organ imitation of the *Freyshütz* overture, which sounded more like the orchestra than either of the overtures thus far attempted. The unearthly great bassoon and trombone of this organ, its warm clarionet-like *Corno-basso* stop, its full, mellow flute tones for the horn passage, and its stringy violin tones, told well in this wild, romantic, mystical overture. Handel's "He shall feed his flock," very tenderly and delicately treated, and a March of Israelites from Costa's "Eli," made out the rest of his share.

In the sixth concert (last Saturday evening) Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, for the first time, joined his force to that of the two gentlemen above named. He played No. 2 of Mendelssohn's six Organ Sonatas, and an *Offertoire* by Battiste (which sounded to us empty and trivial in some parts), in the manner of an accomplished organist. The main feature of the programme to a musician was one of Schumann's six fugues on the letters B, A, C, H (it being the German letter for B natural); it is a noble, truly organ-like piece, ending with an exceedingly grand chromatic *crescendo* of full chorals, and Mr. Lang did it finely. He also gave the Recitative and Angel Trio from "Elijah" on exquisite, fine, remote and slightly tremulous stops, and repeated the *Freyshütz* overture with closer likeness than before. Mr. Wilcox presented Kullak's pretty *Pastorale* in very fresh, piquant and winning colors; improvised with more adherence to a melodic text than before, ending with the Quoniam from Hummel's Mass in B flat; and closed the evening grandly with Haydn's chorus: "The Heavens are telling."

The seventh programme (Sunday evening) was of a more serious character, but too long. The audience larger than usual.

#### Part I. By Mr. J. K. Paine.

1. Fantasia Sonata in D minor, a. *Grave*—Allegro agitato. b. *Andante con variazioni*. c. *Presto*. J. K. Paine
2. Choral Varied; for two manuals and double pedals. Bach
3. *Andante*. Mozart
4. Fantasia in A minor. Thiele

#### Part II. By Dr. S. P. Tuckerman.

- a. Introduction to Oratorio of "David". Neukomm
- b. Chorus from the "Tod Jesu," the death of Jesus. "Surely he hath borne our griefs." Graun
- c. Terzetto—"Lift thine eyes". Mendelssohn
- d. "He was despised" (Messiah). Handel
- e. Choral—"Jesu, King of Glory". Bach
- f. Dead March in "Saul". Handel
- g. Chorus—"Ory Aloud and Shout". Dr. Croft

#### Part III. By Mr. J. K. Paine.

1. *Pasacaglia* in C minor. Bach
2. *Vivace*, from Trio Sonata in G. Bach
3. *Reverie*—"Song of the Silent Land". J. K. Paine
4. Old Hundred with Variations. J. K. Paine

The *Choral Varied* and the *Pasacaglia* were the two great things of this programme; but the latter had to be cut short and the *Vivace* wholly omitted on account of the great length into which Mr. Paine unconsciously ran in his opening composition; a work in an earnest direction, polyphonic in structure, interesting in most parts, but capable we should think of being abridged to advantage. Mr. Paine always plays true organ music, and plays it as no other whom we have among us. The *fantasia* by Thiele is a strong foaming cataract of strong and

splendid harmony almost as stirring as a Bach *Toccata*.

Of Dr. Tuckerman's selections (none of them strictly organ pieces) the most impressive were chorals by Graun, and the Dead March in "Saul," in both of which the great deep diapasons told superbly. The other pieces were all interesting and artistically rendered.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB gave a concert at Chickering's on the 13th, in aid of the Sanitary Commission. Adagio and Allegro from Beethoven's Septet; the stately *Andante con moto*, with variations from Schubert's Quartet in D minor; Mozart's beautiful Trio, for piano, clarinet and viola, with Mr. DAUM for pianist; a couple of Franz songs by Miss HOUSTON, were among the good things of an enjoyable programme.

GOTTSCALK has given three or four concerts of his own fashionable and peculiar music here during the past fortnight, aided by Mlle. CORDIER, the singer, and another little PATTI, master Carlo, who gives promise with the violin.—GILMORE'S Sunday evening "sacred" concerts at the Boston Theatre still draw their crowds; but Gilmore handsomely postponed last Sunday in favor of the organ concert.

### Music in Prospect.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY combine their forces with the Great Organ this evening for a "Grand Choral Inauguration." We shall hear the Organ as an accompaniment in Oratorio (See programme among advertisements). There will be full orchestra besides, and excellent solo singers. Handel's music to Dryden's "Ode to St. Cecilia," will be a novelty, and quite appropriate just now; in this the organ will perform the whole accompaniment. The Society give their services in aid of the Organ Fund.

Next will come the Organ in connection with the musical festival of the public school children—an occasion of rare interest; then the great Sanitary Fair will occupy the Hall; then the Christmas performance of the "Messiah" and that brings it to the end of the year. What next? Plenty of Organ concerts undoubtedly; the more of them the better; but what for Orchestral, for Philharmonic concerts? Is it not time to hear of something?

In the way of Chamber Music in Chickering's Hall, we are to have something choice forthwith. Next Saturday evening Messrs. KRUMPHOLTZ, LEONHARD and EICHBERG will commence a series of four *Soirées*. Those who attended their *soirées* two years ago will need no persuasion. Their first programme will embrace the E flat Trio of Schubert, a violin and piano Sonata (Op. 23) of Beethoven, a *Nocturne* (piano) of Schumann, Beethoven's violin *Romanza* in F, a *Siciliano* by Bach, and of course some fine Franz songs,—for have we not the singer?

DEATH OF MME. VANNUCCINI (late Miss LIZZIE CHAPMAN). It is not a year since our oratorio and concert audiences were listening with rare pleasure to this young native singer, after her studies in Florence. She returned there early in the Spring, and in the month of May was married, at Perugia, to her teacher, the Maestro Vannuccini, considered there the first in his profession, a high-toned, honorable, amiable gentleman. Life looked bright before her. But disease came, and four months of painful illness ended in her death. She had made many friends in her new home, both among the Americans and the Italians, and the attendance at her funeral is said by a gentleman long resident in Florence to have been larger than any he remembered to have seen at a Protestant funeral there.

### Musical Prosperity.

In the midst of our national struggles, which might appear to affect very disadvantageously those branches of industry which are immediately connected with the amenities of peace, it is really surprising to find how prosperous many of those branches are. Music makers and musical instrument makers are alike fully and successfully employed. The demands of the army alone for band instruments and their performers, have been very large. Our teachers are well occupied, and the season bids fair to be a brilliant one in every way. Our noble Organ comes, in the midst of all, to give a new impetus to the cause of music, and expectation is now moving our whole musical community. Piano-fortes are among the most costly luxuries, though musical necessities, of

an enlightened taste. One would think they would be among the first relinquishments which a people at war would make. We are surprised, and no less gratified, to learn that the demand for them was never larger. The single establishment of CHICKERING & SONS is no less than some hundreds of instruments behind their orders. And this is a cash business besides. Even the manifold facilities which such able and experienced manufacturers must necessarily possess, are inadequate to supply the momentary demands of a public, which is willing to pay, and roundly, for the best to be had. It is certainly a satisfactory state of things for those, who believe music to be something more than amusement, to contemplate. In the midst of what seems to be an anomaly, a war prosperity, our people find the time and the means to think of and to purchase music and its most costly appurtenances.

[For Dwight's Journal of Music.]

*The Art Principle, and its application to the teaching of Music.* By ANNA JACKSON. Philadelphia: Frederick Leypoldt, 1868. 12mo., pp. 30.

The leading idea of this very interesting essay is, that the true Teacher should treat music not as a species of Mechanism, but as really one of the Fine Arts. Man (according to the author) is normally so constituted as to possess a Principle of Art—a principle, which (as far as music is concerned) amounts, in the chosen few, to a faculty for the production of original and permanent works; in others, to the ability to reproduce such works in an intelligent and sympathetic performance; and, in a still larger class, to the capacity for appreciating and enjoying such works when so interpreted for them. In all cases, this Principle ought to be educated. For the pupil and the hearer, the proper education should consist in assiduously listening to specimens of true music—to the works of the great Poets, who have uttered what God has given them to say, through the medium of musical sounds. Nor is it enough, (in Miss Jackson's view,) that the education of the pupil should be only thus far associated with the works of the great masters, while the pieces, which he is taught to execute, should be the usual show pieces of mere finger dexterity. She would have his actual lessons to be real specimens of true music. With such views, Miss Jackson would not, to be sure, regret the use of Exercises in mechanism, but she would have them selected and applied in judicious subordination to the true end of piano study.

Music so taught becomes an efficient agent in producing cultivation of the highest order; and when we consider how widely the study of the Piano is diffused, and how naturally it introduces the pupil to other chamber-music, and then to that of the orchestra, we begin to feel how noble a vocation is that of the piano-teacher, when it is pursued in the spirit which animates the essay now before us. Miss Jackson deserves the thanks of all the friends of genuine culture for the earnestness and the ability with which she has employed her pen in the good cause. In the interest of that cause, we venture to go a little beyond the printed record, and to say, Miss Jackson has won a perfect right to speak as she has, by having constantly lived up to her own precepts. She is herself an earnest and successful Teacher in her native city; and, both in her lessons and in her private soirées of chamber music, (for stringed instruments as well as for the piano,) has done more for classical music, in the case of her pupils and their friends, than societies and orchestras have done for the public.

G. A.

WORCESTER, MASS. Handel's *Acis and Galatea* was performed here on Thursday evening, Oct. 29, in Mechanics' Hall, by the Hamilton Club. Too worthy an enterprise to go unchronicled; so we copy from "Stella's" notice of it in the *Palladium*:

The performance of Handel's pastoral was, as a

whole, excellent. The singers seemed not the least daunted by the empty hall in which six or seven hundred listeners seemed but a hand-full; but sang with a spirit and animation which was remarkable.—This was, in no small measure, due to the orchestral support of the Quintette-Club, who had the assistance of Messrs. Burt and Stearns. Their correct, and always artistic playing, was not lost on the singers, who came up to their work with a will, and gave the choruses with almost unerring precision and promptness—and in good time and tune. Certainly, better choral singing is not often heard. "*O, the pleasure of the plains*," and "*Happy We*," were especially inspiring, and readily found favor with the audience. It would be difficult, where all was so good, to particularize what was best; but the triumph of the singers was in the difficult choruses, "*Wretched Lovers*," which was exceedingly well given, and highly creditable to Mr. Allen's ability as conductor. The solos were generally well sung; although there was at times a little want of animation, and an occasional lack of finish—faults always of amateur performances. Miss Whiting, recently of this city, but now of Springfield, took the part of Galatea, and contributed in no small degree to the excellence of the evening's performance. Under Zerrahn's careful instruction, she is advancing to a high rank among native singers—a place that will be won not only by acknowledged talent, but by a conscientious study of what is highest and best in music, without which no performer can succeed in giving truly artistic interpretations. The other soloists were Mr. Richards, *Acis*; Mr. Knight, *Damon*; Mrs. Richards; Miss Hood, whose voice has much richness of tone; and Mr. Hammond, *Polypheus*. The latter gentleman acquitted himself well, giving to his part much of the needed energy and force, without a thought of theatrical exaggeration. The other two were generally successful, and their efforts deserved more than a passing notice. Mrs. Hammond, as pianist for the Club, had an important duty which was well performed. She has more merit than many who are less retiring; and has unusual taste and skill as an accompanist. As for the little orchestra, its playing, aside from the other attractions of the evening, was something to be remembered with satisfaction and pleasure. The seven instruments, played by such performers, produced more sound than would the instruments of a score of indifferent players, and every tone was as "true as steel."

During an intermission between the parts, miscellaneous selections were given.

The Hamilton Club, which retires from the field as the season approaches for the rehearsals of the Mozart Society, celebrated its adjournment for the year by a pleasant social festival on Tuesday evening. After the transaction of business, the society, by invitation of its president, Mr. D. H. O'Neil, visited Marra's supper room, exchanging, over an oyster supper, mutual congratulations upon the success that might have crowned their late concert had the public been disposed to award it. "Better a failure on the part of the audience than on the part of the singers," was the well-expressed sentiment of the Club, and one that will yet gain for it the favor it deserves. Edward Hamilton, Esq., in honor of whom the society takes its name, made some happy remarks, thanking them for the personal compliment implied in their name, congratulating them upon their musical if not pecuniary success, and wishing them a prosperous future. Other members of the society followed, in speeches made upon the principle that "brevity is the soul of wit," and the proceedings were throughout, marked by a spirit of friendliness and good will—a social harmony, which does not always dwell among musical fraternities. Success to the Hamilton Club!

MR. CHARLES C. PERKINS'S "TUSCAN SCULPTURE." The Messrs. Longman & Co. announce in press a magnificent work on Tuscan Sculpture, from its revival to its decline. It is to be published in two quarto volumes, with numerous illustrations on steel and wood designs by the author. Mr. Perkins has lived many years in Europe, and is recognized both in Great Britain and on the Continent as a scholar of eminent ability. Although, so long a resident abroad, he has always shown a true patriot's interest in his native land, attesting by his liberality his sincere regard for the welfare of home. Crawford's glowing statue of Beethoven, standing in front of the great organ, is a perpetual reminder of Mr. Perkins's magnificent generosity, that work being his gift many years ago to the Music Hall.

The great work on the Sculpture of Tuscany will not probably appear till some time in 1864, the designs of so elaborate an undertaking taking years for the engraving. Boston may well be proud of Mr. Perkins, and will hail his book with the welcome every true mark of genius should receive.—*Transcript*.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Friendship and love. (Non venni mai.) Duet. From "Robert Doreonx" by Donizetti. 5

A duet between Nottingham and Queen Elizabeth, in which the manly and pathetic pleading of the generous nobleman for the life of his friend, contrasts finely with the shrill outcries of anger from "Queen Bess," who is exceedingly "set" against her former favorite.

Go, be faithful. (Vanne e serba geloso) Duet from "Ione," by Patella. 5

One of the fine strains of this splendid opera. The singers in the present case are. Arbaces, the Egyptian, and Barbo, formerly gladiator, now tavern keeper in Pompeii. The movement may be called "powerful and melodious."

All hail! Live innocent and purely. (Salve, dimora) Song. Italian, French and English words. From Faust, by Gounod. 35

Song of Faust, contemplating the truth and purity of the beautiful Marguerite of Roust. Very melodious.

Down by the river there lived a maiden.

H. S. Thompson. 25

Mr. T. here tries his hand at a negro song. It is one of the funniest. Good song for the boys.

Behold where Glaucus bows (E la rapito) from "Ione." 25

Duet between Barbo and Nilla, the former tempting the poor slave girl to give a magic elixir to Glaucus. Contains a rich melody.

Soft winds are breathing, Ballad. H. S. Thompson, 25

Exquisite.

Vesta Moore. Ballad. H. S. Thompson. 25

Graceful and mournful, with a very sweet melody.

Softly now, tenderly, lift him with care. Song. C. S. Harrington. 25

One of the very best ballads of the war.

Cousin Jeremiah. Song and chorus. H. S. Thompson. 25

Very comic Yankee song, with a pretty melody.

Garden of Roses. Song. F. Booth. 25

A simple and pleasing melody, with quite a varied harmony in the accompaniment.

To Deum in A b, (In form of chant), H. Wilson. 25

Recommended to choirs.

#### Instrumental Music.

Gen. Grant's Grand March. Gung'l. 35

A very spirited production, worthy to have the name of the hero on its title page.

Mephisto Galop. J. Labitzky. Four hands. 50

Labitzky, if not the king of dance music, is at least one of its prime ministers. The Mephisto galop is easy, brilliant, classical and good for learners as well as amateurs.

Silver bell Polka. Lemon. 25

Schomberg Galop. D'Albert. 25

Most excellent compositions.

#### Books.

The Tuner's Guide. A complete treatise on tuning (and repairing) the Piano-forte, Organ, Melodeon and Seraphine: Price 40 cts.

A very useful and practical little work. Any one who has an ear good enough to tune a violin, or even to sing in good tune, may soon learn by its aid to tune his own piano. This is a very great convenience in places where professional tuners cannot be procured.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 592.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 12, 1863.

VOL. XXIII. No. 19.

Translated for this Journal.

## From Mendelssohn's Letters. New Volume.

TO FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY IN DUSSELDORF, FROM HIS FATHER.\*

Berlin, March 10, 1835.

This is the third letter that I write to you this week, and if it goes on in this way, the reading of my letters will become a standing article in your budget of time-expenses; but then you must charge it to your own account, for you are spoiling me through praise. I pass at once to the musical part of your last letter.

I am particularly struck with your remark, that Sebastian Bach transforms every room, where he is sung, into a church; and so upon a single hearing the conclusion of the piece you mention has made the same impression upon me. Otherwise I confess I cannot get over my aversion to figured Chorals in general, because I do not understand precisely the idea that lies at their foundation, especially where the two contending masses are kept in equilibrium of power. Where, as for example in the first chorus of the *Passion*, the Choral only forms a more weighty and consistent part of the whole, or where, as in the above mentioned piece of the Cantata, if I remember rightly after this single hearing, the Choral is the main building, and the single voice only an ornament, I can more readily conceive of the idea and object,—but not at all where the figure executes variations in a certain sense upon the theme. It will never do to trifle with the Choral. The highest aim with it is, that the people sing it purely with the accompaniment of the organ,—every thing else appears to me idle and unchurch-like.

At the last music morning at Fanny's\* the motet of Bach: *Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit*, and your *Ave Maria* were sung by select voices. A large passage of the latter, in the middle, as well as the end also, seemed to me too artificial and difficult for the simply pious and altogether genuine Catholic style, which for the rest prevails in it. Now if Rebecca\* remarks that some confusion occurred in the execution of the very passages which I have regarded as too difficult, it only proves that I am an ignoramus, but not that the end is not too subtly modulated. Now as regards Bach, the piece named seems to me altogether wonderful. The introduction, which Fanny played particularly finely, has surprised me and taken hold of me as nothing has done for a long time, and I was forced again to think of Bach's solitude, of his utterly isolated position among his surroundings and contemporaries, of his pure, mild, immense power, and the clearness of his depth. Of the single pieces, "*Bestelle dein Haus*," and "*Es ist der alte Bund*," impressed me

instantly and lastingly; but the Bass aria with the alto solos less. What first became clear to me in the *Passion* music, that Bach is the musical representative of Protestantism, grows positively or negatively evident to me in every new piece that I hear of him;—thus lately through the Mass, which I heard in the Academy, and which seems to me most decidedly anti-Catholic; all its great beauties seem to me to avail as little towards solving the intrinsic contradiction, as it would to have Mass read in a Protestant church by a Protestant clergyman. At the same time it became clear to me anew, what a great service Zelter has done in giving Bach back to the Germans; for between Forkel and him Bach was little talked of, and what little talk there was, was almost solely about the "Well-tempered Clavichord." On him first dawned the true light about Bach, through the possession of other works of his, with which he became acquainted as a collector, and taught others to know as a true artist. His Friday musical performances are another proof that nothing, which is begun in earnest and silently continued without interruption, can be without results. It is at least made out, that your musical direction would without Zelter have been a wholly different one.

Your proposal, to restore Handel in his original form, has suggested to me some thoughts about the later instrumentation of his works. Here the question commonly arises, whether Handel, if he wrote to-day, would not make use of all the musical means now at hand for the composition of his oratorios, which after all amounts simply to this: whether the artistic moral phenomenon, to which we give the name of Handel, would assume the same outward form to-day, that it had 100 years ago; or in a wider sense, whether the world to-day looks as it did 100 years ago;—to which the answer is self-evident. But one must put the question otherwise: not whether Handel would compose his oratorios to-day as he did 100 years ago, but whether he would compose oratorios at all. Hardly perhaps, if they are now to be written only as they have been in these latest times. From my saying this to you you may infer, how full of expectation and of confidence I look forward to your own oratorio, which, it is to be hoped, will solve the problem of the union of the old feeling with the new means; else it will fail of effect, just as surely as those painters of the 19th century would only make themselves ridiculous, who should try to reproduce the religiosity of the 15th century with long arms and legs and a perspective set upon the head. To me the new means, as indeed every thing in the world, seem to have come at the right time to support and quicken the inner motives as they grew weaker; for on that height of religious feeling, on which Bach, Handel and their contemporaries found themselves, they needed no great orchestra for their oratorios; and I myself remember very well, in my earliest years, how the "*Messiah*," "*Judas*" and "*Alexander's Feast*," just as Handel wrote them, and even without

organ, were given to the delight and edification of all.

But how is the thing to be come at now, when noise in music has gradually developed in the same ratio with its emptiness of thought? The orchestra is here, and will retain its present form for a long while perhaps without essential alteration. But riches is only then a fault, when one knows not how to use it. How then shall the riches of the orchestra be used? What occasion can the poet give to it, and in what regions, or shall the music separate itself entirely from the poetry and work independently and purely? I do not believe that it will be able to do the latter, at least only in a limited degree, and not with general validity; but for the former an object would have to be found, as well for music as for painting, which by its truth to inward feeling, by its universal validity and intelligibility, should be able to supply the place of the earlier religious objects. Now I cannot help fancying that Haydn's two oratorios are a very remarkable manifestation also in this regard. Both the poems are weak, considered as such; but they have in a very happy manner, instead of the old positive and almost supersensual religious motive, seized the one which Nature, as the visible emanation of Deity, in her universality and her thousandfold individuality, inspires in every open soul. Hence the infinitely deep, but also cheerful, universally current and certainly truly religious effect of these two works, which to this day stand entirely alone;—hence the working together of all the trivial, playful details with the grandest and truest feeling of gratitude, which gushes from the whole; and hence too it comes, that, I at least, would be as unwilling to miss the crowing of the cock, the singing of the lark, the lowing of the cattle, and the merriment of the country people, whether in the "*Creation*" or the "*Seasons*," as in Nature itself. In other words: the "*Creation*" and the "*Seasons*" are founded upon Nature and the visible worship of God, and shall there not still be found new stuff for music there?

The publication of Goethe's "*Correspondence with a Child*," I hold to be a scandalous and pernicious misuse of the press, whereby faster and faster all illusion, without which life is a death, is destroyed. May you be happy with illusions and preserve the childlike attachment to your

FATHER.

TO HIS FATHER.

Düsseldorf, March 23, 1835.

DEAR FATHER,—I have got to thank you for the last letter and my *Ave*; I am often at a loss to comprehend how it is possible to have so accurate a judgment about music, without being technically musical; and if I could say that which I certainly *feel* about it, as clearly and intuitively as you do, the moment you speak about it, I would never again make a single confused speech in all my life. A thousand thanks for it, and for your words about Bach. You have, to be sure, after a single imperfect hearing of my piece,

\* Mendelssohn's brother, who edits the Letters, says: "The following letter from Mendelssohn's father will certainly be read with interest, as it sheds a clear light on the intellectual relations between father and son." It has been selected out of a large number of similar imports.

\* Mendelssohn's sister, who married the painter Hansel, and lived in Berlin.

\* Rebecca Dirichlet, another sister of Mendelssohn.

found out what I have only now after a long acquaintance found, and I ought perhaps to feel a little mortified about it; and then after all it is a j to me to know that such a clearness of feeling in music exists, and that you have got just that; for the whole trouble in the end, and in the middle passage, lies in such little faults, which could have been corrected with so few notes (namely by striking them out), that neither I nor any other musician would have come upon it without frequent hearing, since as a rule we seek much deeper. It injures the simplicity of the sound, which is just what pleases me in the beginning; and though I also think it would strike one less in a perfect execution, especially with a large choir, still the effect will never be just what it should be. Another time I will do it better. But I should like to have you hear the Bach once more, because a piece, to which you attach less consequence, pleases me the most of all:—it is the Alto and Bass aria; only the Choral must be sung by many alto voices, and the Bass be sung very finely. Splendid as are the pieces: "*Beste dein Haus*" and "*Es ist der alle Bund*," yet there is something very sublime and deep-felt in the plan of the following piece, in the way that the Alto begins, and the Bass breaks in all fresh and new, and sticks to his words, while the Choral enters as a third party, and then the Bass joyfully concludes, but the Choral not for a long time, but keeps singing on more and more quietly and earnestly. Moreover it is peculiar with this music;—it must fall very early, or very late in Bach's career; for it differs entirely from the usual mode of writing of his middle period; and the first chorus sentences and the concluding chorus are such, that I should not have taken them for Sebastian Bach, but for some other composer of that time; whereas no other man can have made one bar of the middle pieces.

Mother is not quite just to Hiller; for, in spite of his pleasures and honors in Paris and his backslidings in Frankfort, he writes, that he envies me my place here on the Rhine with all its disagreeable features; and as another may perhaps be found in Germany, I do not give up the hope of persuading him back out of the Parisian honor and pleasure atmosphere into the work room.

Now farewell, dear father. Pray let me hear from you soon and much. Your FELIX.

### What They Say of the Great Organ.

From the *Atlantic Monthly*, (O. W. Holmes).

The great organ of the Music Hall is a choir of nearly six thousand vocal throats. Its largest wind-pipes are thirty-two feet in length, and a man can crawl through them. Its finest tubes are too small for a baby's whistle. Eighty-nine stops produce the various changes and combinations of which its immense orchestra is capable, from the purest solo of a singing nun to the loudest chorus in which all its groups of voices have their part in the full flow of its harmonies. Like all instruments of its class, it contains several distinct systems of pipes, commonly spoken of as separate organs, and capable of being played alone or in connection with each other. Four manuals, or hand key-boards, and two pedals\*, or foot key-boards, command these several systems,—the solo organ, the choir organ, the swell organ, and the great organ, and the piano and forte pedal-organ. Twelve pairs of bellows, which it is intended to move by water-power, derived from the Cochituate reservoirs, furnish the breath which pours itself forth in music. Those beautiful effects for which the organ is incomparable, the *crescendo* and *diminuendo*,—the gradual rise of the sound from the lowest murmur to

the loudest blast, and the dying fall by which it steals gently back into silence,—the *dissolving views*, so to speak, of harmony,—are not only provided for in the swell-organ, but may be obtained by special adjustments from the several systems of pipes and from the entire instrument.

It would be anticipating the proper time for judgment, if we should speak of the excellence of the musical qualities of the great organ before having had the opportunity of hearing its full powers displayed. We have enjoyed the privilege, granted to few as yet, of listening to some portions of the partially mounted instrument, from which we can confidently infer that its effect, when all its majestic voices find utterance, must be noble and enchanting beyond all common terms of praise. But even without such imperfect trial, we have a right, merely from a knowledge of its principles of construction, of the preëminent skill of its builder, of the time spent in its construction, of the extraordinary means taken to insure its perfection, and of the liberal scale of expenditure which has rendered all the rest possible, to feel sure that we are to hear the instrument which is and will probably long remain beyond dispute the first of the New World and second to none in the Old in the sum of its excellences and capacities.

The mere comparison of numbers of pipes and of stops, or of external dimensions, though it gives an approximate idea of the scale of an organ, is not so decisive as it might seem as to its real musical effectiveness. In some cases, many of the stops are rather nominal than of any real significance. Even in the Harlem organ, which has only about two-thirds as many as the Boston one, Dr. Burney says, "The variety they afford is by no means what might be expected." It is obviously easy to multiply the small pipes to almost any extent. The dimensions of an organ, in its external aspect, must depend a good deal on the height of the edifice in which it is contained. Thus, the vaulted roof of the Cathedral of Ulm permitted the builder of our Music-Hall organ to pile the *façade* of the one he constructed for that edifice up to the giddy elevation of almost a hundred feet, while the famous instrument in the Town Hall of Birmingham has only three-quarters of the height of our own, which is sixty feet. It is obvious also that the effective power of an organ does not depend merely on its size, but that the perfection of all its parts will have quite as much to do with it. In judging a vocalist, we can form but a very poor guess of the compass, force, quality of the voice from a mere inspection of the throat and chest. In the case of the organ, however, we have the advantage of being able to minutely inspect every throat and larynx, to walk into the interior of the working mechanism, and to see the adaptation of each part to its office. In absolute power and compass the Music Hall organ ranks among the three or four mightiest instruments ever built. In the perfection of all its parts, and in its whole arrangements, it challenges comparison with any the world can show.

Such an instrument ought to enshrine itself in an outward frame that should correspond in some measure to the grandeur and loveliness of its own musical character. It has been a dream of metaphysicians, that the soul shaped its own body. If this many-throated singing creature could have sung itself into an external form, it could hardly have moulded one more expressive of its own nature. We must leave to those more skilled in architecture the detailed description of that noble *façade* which fills the eye with music as the voices from behind it fill the mind through the ear with vague, dreamy pictures. For us it loses all technical character in its relations to the soul of which it is the body. It is as if a glorious anthem had passed into outward solid form in the very ecstasy of its grandest chorus. Milton has told us of such a miracle, wrought by fallen angels, it is true, but in a description rich with all his opulence of caressing and ennobling language:—

"Anon out of the earth a fabric huge  
Rose, like an exhalation, with the sound  
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,  
Built like a temple, where pilasters round  
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
With golden architrave; nor did there want  
Cornice or frieze with bossy sculptures grav'n."

The structure is of black walnut, and is covered with carved statues, busts, masks, and figures in the boldest relief. In the centre a richly ornamented arch contains the niche for the key-boards and stops. A colossal mask of a singing woman looks from over its summit. The pediment above is surmounted by the bust of Johann Sebastian Bach. Behind this rises the lofty central division, containing pipes, and crowning it is a beautiful sitting statue of Saint Cecilia, holding her lyre. On each side of her a griffin sits as guardian. This centre is connected by harp-shaped compartments, filled with pipes, to the

two great round towers, one on each side, and each of them containing three colossal pipes. These magnificent towers come boldly forward into the hall, being the most prominent, as they are the highest and stateliest, part of the *façade*. At the base of each a gigantic half-caryatid, in the style of the ancient *hermæ*, but finished to the waist, bends beneath the superincumbent weight, like Atlas under the globe. These figures are of wonderful force, the muscular development almost excessive, but in keeping with their superhuman task. At each side of the base two lion-*hermæ* share in the task of the giant. Over the base rise the round pillars which support the dome and inclose the three great pipes already mentioned. Graceful as these look in their position, half a dozen men might creep into one of them and lie hidden. A man of six feet high went up a ladder, and standing at the base of one of them could just reach to put his hand into the mouth at its lower part, above the conical foot. The three great pipes are crowned by a heavily sculptured, ribbed, rounded dome; and this is surmounted, on each side, by two cherubs, whose heads almost touch the lofty ceiling. This whole portion of the sculpture is of eminent beauty. The two exquisite cherubs of one side are playing on the lyre and the lute; those of the other side on the flute and the horn. All the reliefs that run round the lower portion of the dome are of singular richness. We have had an opportunity of seeing one of the artist's photographs, which showed in detail the full-length figures and the large central mask of this portion of the work, and found them as beautiful on close inspection as the originals at a distance.

Two other lateral compartments, filled with pipes, and still more suggestive of the harp in their form, lead to the square lateral towers. Over these compartments, close to the round tower, sits on each side a harper, a man on the right, a woman on the left, with their harps, all apparently of natural size. The square towers, holding pipes in their open interior, are lower than the round towers, and full somewhat back from the front. Below, three colossal *hermæ* of Sibyl-like women perform for them the office which the giants and the lion-shapes perform for the round towers. The four pillars which rise from the base are square, and the dome which surmounts them is square also. Above the dome is a vase-like support, upon which are disposed figures of the lyre and other musical symbols.

The whole base of the instrument, in the intervals of the figures described, is covered with elaborate carvings. Groups of musical instruments, standing out almost detached from the background, occupy the panels. Ancient and modern, clustered with careless grace and quaint variety, from the violin down to a string of sleigh-bells, they call up all the echoes of forgotten music, such as the thousand-tongued organ blends together in one grand harmony.

The instrument is placed upon a low platform, the outlines of which are in accordance with its own. Its whole height is about sixty feet, its breadth forty-eight feet, and its average depth twenty-four feet. Some idea of its magnitude may be got from the fact that the wind-machinery and the swell-organ alone fill up the whole recess occupied by the former organ, which was not a small one. All the other portions of the great instrument come forward into the hall.

In front of its centre stands Crawford's noble bronze statue of Beethoven, the gift of our townsman, Mr. Charles C. Perkins. It might be suggested that so fine a work of Art should have a platform wholly to itself; but the eye soon reconciles itself to the position of the statue, and the tremulous atmosphere which surrounds the vibrating organ is that which the almost breathing figure would seem to delight in, as our imagination invests it with momentary consciousness.

As we return to the impression produced by the grand *façade*, we are more and more struck with the subtle art displayed in its adaptations and symbolisms. Never did any structure we have looked upon so fully justify Madame de Staël's definition of architecture as "frozen music." The outermost towers, their pillars and domes, are all square, their outlines thus passing without too sudden transitions from the sharp square angles of the vaulted ceiling and the rectangular lines of the walls of the hall itself into the more central parts of the instrument, where a smoother harmony of outline is predominant. For in the great towers, which step forward, as it were, to represent the meaning of the entire structure, the lines are all curved, as if the slight discords which gave sharpness and variety to its less vital portions were all resolved as we approached its throbbing heart. And again, the half fantastic repetitions of musical forms in the principal outlines—the lyre-like shape of the bases of the great towers, the harp-like figure of the connecting wings, the clustering reeds of the columns—fill the mind with musical sugges-

\* Only one; six of the Pedal stops, to be as re are placed in the Swell box but the same keyboard commands both them and the forte Pedal. Ed.

† There are but six pairs of feeder bellows. Ed.

tions, and dispose the wondering spectator to become the entranced listener.

The great organ would be but half known, if it were not played in a place fitted for it in dimensions. In the open air the sound would be diluted and lost; in an ordinary hall the atmosphere would be churned into a mere tumult by the vibrations. The Boston Music Hall is of ample size to give play to the waves of sound, yet not so large that its space will not be filled and saturated with the overflowing resonance. It is one hundred and thirty feet in length by seventy-eight in breadth and sixty-five in height, being thus of somewhat greater dimensions than the celebrated Town Hall of Birmingham. At the time of building it, (1852,) its great height was ordered partly with reference to the future possibility of its being furnished with a large organ. It will be observed that the three dimensions above given are all multiples of the same number, thirteen, the length being ten times, the breadth six times and the height five times this number. This is in accordance with Mr. Scott Russell's recommendation, and has been explained by the fact that vibrating solids divide into *harmonic lengths*, separated by *nodal points* of rest, and that these last are equally distributed at aliquot parts of its whole length. If the whole extent of the walls be in vibration, its angles should come in at the nodal points in order to avoid the confusion arising from different vibrating lengths; and for this reason they are placed at aliquot parts of its entire length. Thus the hall is itself a kind of passive musical instrument, or at least a sounding-board, constructed on theoretical principles. Whatever is thought of the theory, it proves in practice to possess the excellence which is liable to be lost in the construction of the best-designed edifice.

From the New York Tribune, Nov. 6.

I hesitate to approach a description of the instrument, either as it regards its external appearance, or as respects its contents as an instrument. Externally, it is so vast, so utterly beyond and so entirely different from anything in the form of an organ that we have seen in this country, that to speak of its exterior as a *case*, as we are wont to do, is an absurdity, and even the German word, *Orgel-gehäuse*, the organ *House*, we feel to be inadequate to express the huge proportions, the elaborate decorations and matchless symmetry of this wonderful Palace of Harmony. It is surely, at least, a place where the Queen of Harmony may dwell, if not a *Temple* in which her patron saint may be fitly worshipped.

Let me attempt to give, in a few words, an idea of its size, as the spectator sees it from the front. The beautiful, exquisitely carved statues that surmount it, almost touch the lofty gold-ribbed ceiling, sixty-five feet from the floor where the spectator sits, and these lovely cherubs, and the holy Saint Cecilia, which, when you stood beside them before they were raised to these giddy pinnacles, towered above your head, seem dwarfed to exquisite statuettes; while far below the floor are the works which give breath to the great instrument—the bellows—worked by an ingenious application of *water-power*, happily overcoming the difficulty of finding always ready a half dozen brawny laborers to do this indispensable work.

The breadth of the organ is about fifty feet, nearly the whole width of the stage. The central portion projects 18 feet from the stage from the end wall, the swell organ and a part of the wind work occupying a large recess beyond the stage entirely out of sight. I know nothing that so nearly gives an idea of the ground plan as the conventional form of bow (which

(audience) perhaps types can give thus: ~~~). The keyboard

of four manuals is in the centre beneath a beautifully-carved arch, wreathed with acanthus leaves, surmounted by a colossal female head, open-mouthed, as if *singing*. Above this a magnificent bust of the great master of the organ, JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, grand and solemn in its aspect, looks down, colossal, upon the multitude, and still below, the motto, "GLORIA IN EXCELSIS."

Most conspicuous of all parts are the lofty towers that rise on each side of the centre, each containing three of the great 32-foot pipes of solid tin, shining like burnished silver. The eye follows these glittering columns to the richly carved dome that caps the towers, surmounted, high above all, by groups of cherubs playing the lute and horn, the flute and lyre.

Half way down these towers on each side is an exquisite figure resting against its side, with a golden-stringed harp in its hand, one side male, the other female, which are among the most beautiful ornaments of the front.

The outline of these harping figures conducts the

eye easily to that part of the exterior of less height lying between these central towers and those that flank the extreme sides.

The central pipes have not yet arrived, and their place last night was filled by the flags of Würtemberg and the United States, and other appropriate decorations.

At each extremity of the front are two lower towers, of different form, square in their outlines, so as to blend in better harmony with the architecture of the sides of the hall. These are also to contain other enormous pipes, which, by mischance have not yet arrived from Europe. The space which they will fill, is temporarily occupied by tasteful ornaments, in keeping with the whole structure. Between these towers and the central ones are rows of glittering pipes, all of the same highly polished metal, forming a most admirable contrast with the black walnut of which the structure is composed. The base of the whole case, below the feet of the great pipes, is elaborately decorated in its panels by carvings in the boldest relief, of groups of various musical instruments, while, at intervals, are giant caryatids of Atlantean proportions upon whose sturdy shoulders rests the ponderous mass or the lofty structure. At intervals are placed black marble tablets, bearing in letters of gold, the names of the great masters of harmony, Gluck, Mozart, Palestrina, Orlando Lasso, and others. To relieve the possible monotony of so great a mass of dark wood, various points of the carvings and architectural ornaments are gilded, thus lighting up the whole, and attracting the eye to portions which might otherwise pass unnoticed. With all this wealth of ornament (which it takes so many inadequate words to describe), there is no overloading. The great size of the organ prevents that, and the effect is the most chaste and faultless.

It would be an idle task to undertake to speak critically of the details of so great an instrument, on a single hearing, even under the hands of such skillful players. Suffice it to say that I heard no dissenting opinions, all agreeing as to its vast volume of tone, so evenly balanced through its entire compass, so full and rich in every part, and supported and sustained by the *pedale* of twenty stops; agreeing as to the beauty of tone of such individual stops as could be displayed on an occasion like this and as to the perfection of the mechanism which permitted a first performance marked by no accident and no failure.

In writing about this, the recollection of your correspondent cannot help going back seven years or more, and recalling the unwearied efforts of Dr. UPHAM (the President of the Music Hall Association), and the persistent industry with which he canvassed the city and neighborhood, for contributions of every amount, from every source to which he had access, to start a fund which he confidently assured everybody would give to Boston an organ unequalled upon this continent, and in some respects unsurpassed in Europe.

Such untiring energy and enthusiasm could hardly fail of ultimate success. He met everywhere a kindly welcome, and those who could not themselves subscribe, were glad to send the doctor to some friend more happily situated, who could contribute. So, in due time the subscription book was filled and the necessary arrangements were completed between the subscribers and the Music Hall Association, and the preliminary inquiries were set on foot in order to contracting for the work.

The labors of Dr. UPHAM did not end with the successful effort of raising the money. He then set himself to work to study the history and construction of the organ, examined all the principal instruments in this country, and visited the chief organ factories in our chief cities. A tour through Europe was nothing to him in his zeal to do thoroughly what he had taken in hand; so he went on an organ pilgrimage through England, France, and Germany, to hear all the great organs of the Old World and visit the famous workshops where they are made. The readers of "Dwight's Journal of Music" will recall with pleasure the account of this "Summer Tour among the Organs," with which they were favored from time to time during Dr. UPHAM's absence.

The result of these careful and laborious inquiries was a contract made with the Messrs. E. F. WALKER & Co. of Ludwigsburg, whose greatest work, the organ in the Cathedral at Ulm, stands unapproached among the productions of modern organ-builders, and ranks with the greatest works of the master-builders of former days.

Seldom, indeed, is any enterprise so much indebted to any individual for its original conception, for the raising the necessary means for carrying it into execution, and for intelligent, enthusiastic direction and oversight of the work in general and in detail, from its beginning to its successful completion.

The beautiful case was constructed by the Brothers HERTER of New York, the germ of the plan being a design by HAMMATT BILLINGS of Boston, who was the first to recognize the improvements suggested by the artist builders, and to urge the adoption of their modifications of his plan.

Above the keyboard, in letters of gold, we read this inscription:

E. F. WALKER & Co., Ludwigsburg,  
Kdm. Wurtemberg.

Begun February 1857, Finished Oct. 1863.

There it will stand perfect and complete, a worthy monument of the builder's fame, so long as time shall spare the walls within which it has been consecrated.

H. W.

### Gounod's "Faust"

(From the New York Times, Nov. 26.)

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—PRODUCTION OF GOUNOD'S OPERA OF "FAUST."—The "Faust" which M. Gounod has set to music, is not the exuberant dramatic production of Goethe, nor the simple, time-honored legend used by Spohr. It is the melodrama of MM. Barbier and Carré, of Niblo's Garden. The work, it will be remembered, retains many of the most striking situations of the original poem, but its plan, and its *dénouement*, are different. Those who are familiar with the works of the great German poet, will perceive at once—from the synopsis which accompanies our remarks on the music—where the several divergences take place. M. Gounod's opera was produced in Paris nearly ten years ago. Its success was immediate, and its popularity has ever since been on the increase. Last night saw its production on the boards of our Academy, and witnessed a new success for the composer.

We will proceed to a consideration of the more prominent points of the work. In the first act *Faust*—old and decrepid—is discovered in his studio—an excessively uncomfortable apartment, by the way, with a megatherium in the corner, and a stuffed alligator overhead—bemoaning the vanity of human wishes, and the emptiness of existence. He determines to seek oblivion in death. Filling a goblet with poison, he is lifting it to his lips, when a chorus of village maidens is heard from without, and arrests his hand. The strain fascinates him for a moment; but when it ceases his gloom returns. He raises the beaker once more, and is again interrupted. This time it is a chorus of laborers singing of the bright sky, the fair earth, and the charms of labor. Rendered frantic by these demonstrations of an external world, of which he knows so little, *Faust* imprecates his fate, and calls upon Satan to come to his assistance. *Mephistopheles* thereupon makes his appearance, and a compact is entered into. *Faust* claims a new life, and is restored to youth, "on the usual terms." The musical plan of this act is ingenious, and the treatment good. The scholarly weariness, disappointment and despair of the philosopher—checked momentarily by the choruses we have referred to—are cleverly realized; although the choruses of themselves are singularly poor, and *Faust* is sometimes labored as well as learned in his musical agony. When *Mephistopheles* joins the scene, he comes like an old acquaintance. Gounod has evidently met him before, probably in "Der Freischütz" or "Robert le Diable." He (the Fiend) has peculiarities of his own, however, if not consistencies like *Caspar* and *Bertram* in the two last-named works. He is a sarcastic demon, a jocos and genteel devil, who sings acceptably and gets cruelly swindled at last. In the *duo* of the compact he is diabolically argumentative, and clinches the nail by a *tableau vivant* of the fair *Margherita*. She is at her spinning-wheel, and the orchestra gives us for the first time the melody that is subsequently heard in the garden-scene *duo* of the third act. The way in which Gounod has handled the rather slight materials of this act displays a valuable knowledge of stage effect. It is appropriate and skilful. The concluding *allegro* of the *duet* between *Faust* and *Mephistopheles* has no particular character of its own, and is barely up to the merit of the earlier portion of the piece. It was badly rendered last night.

The second act opens with the rustic festivities of the *Kermesse*. Students, soldiers, burghers,

maidens and matrons are enjoying themselves. *Valentine*, the brother of *Margherita*, joins them. He is going to the wars, and all his friends crowd around him to give assurance of their friendship, and the promise of protection to *Margherita*, should she ever need it. *Mephistopheles* mixes with the party, volunteers a song, and sings in praise of gold, (*Dio dell' Or, del mondo Signor*). After this his conduct is exceedingly reprehensible. He affronts the students, and endeavors to excite a riot. They try to get rid of him with the points of their swords, but the fiend surrounds himself with a magic circle, beyond which the steel cannot penetrate. It is only when the students turn the cross of their swords toward him that he flees in dismay. From this point the festivities are resumed. During their continuance, *Faust* catches his first glimpse of *Margherita*, and speaks to her a few sentences of flattery which she does not afterwards forget. The variety and picturesqueness of the action in this *Kermesse* scene are very pleasing, and have been seized with great effect by the composer. The opening chorus of students, burghers, etc., referred to above, is already famous. The leading theme is fresh, sparkling and spirited, whilst the internal construction of the whole is unusually interesting. It gives scope and a certain degree of originality to all the characters on the stage. The phrases for the soldiers, for the citizens (a shaky set of Jews) and for the students are distinctive, yet they blend agreeably into the brilliant whole. *Mephistopheles*'s rondo in praise of the golden calf is savage and cynical, but possesses vigor. The best part of the scene with the students is where they succeed in subduing *Mephistopheles* with the hilts of their swords. This is effective and novel. Quiet but impressive traits of infernal relish for mischief are noticeable in every action of the potentate outside the tavern. The *finale* to the act, and the most popular number in it, is the waltz and chorus (*come la brezza*). Of the dance it is sufficient to say that it would do credit to any composer—especially to Flotow, from whom it is partly borrowed. It is lively, graceful and well marked. The animation of the *finale*, of which it is a part, is indeed irresistible, and in its way perfect. What with the chorus accompanying the dancers, and the ballet tripping to the waltz, and the little episode of *Faust* meeting *Margherita* amongst the peasants, the scene is literally crowded with excitement and contrast. The passages between the hero and heroine are very brief. He offers her his arm in a courtly *andantino*, and receives a rebuff in one of the most exquisitely graceful and primly appropriate passages of the opera.

The third act deals exclusively with the celebrated garden scene of the poet. *Siebel*, the accepted suitor of *Margherita*, enters. He sings (the part is played here by Mlle. Sulzer) some couplets (*Parlate d'amore*) while gathering flowers for a bouquet, which he leaves as an humble offering to his sweetheart. The melody is simple, unadorned and touching. It is followed by the cavatina of *Faust*. Left for a moment to himself, the rejuvenated philosopher is inspired with the scene of *Margherita*'s virtuous and happy home. He apostrophizes the humble dwelling in an exquisite solo (*Salvi dimora casta e pura*). The thoughtfulness of the philosopher, and the honest aspirations of a generous lover, are beautifully blended in this wonderful composition. Sentiment and expression pervades every note, and this, too, despite the fact that the melodic line is not always clearly defined. Perhaps this obscurity was intentional. It certainly contributes to, rather than detracts from the effect. The moral impression of *Faust*'s reflections is soon dispelled by *Mephistopheles*, who enters with a casket containing jewels, which he places beside *Siebel*'s modest offering of flowers, and withdraws to see which bait will be taken. In the next number we are introduced to *Margherita*. Her mind still dwells on the youth she has encountered at the *Kermesse*, and who there offered her his arm. She tries to purge it of this dangerous curiosity, but throughout the legend which she sings, the incident recurs to her mind, and disturbs her song. These little interruptions dis-

play much ingenuity, and give dramatic interest to the melody. The *chanson* is on Goethe's well-known ballad: "Es war ein Koenig in Thule." It is written in a minor key, and gains what interest it possesses from being thoroughly singable in melody and perfectly square in form. The conclusion of the scene, where *Margherita* finds the flowers of her old lover, and the jewels of her new one—accepting the latter—is strangely inferior. It is a trivial waltz subject, possessing neither novelty of idea nor freshness of treatment and far beneath the average of the act. The scene between *Mephistopheles* and *Martha* in which the wily strategist informs the lady of the death of her husband, is excellently contrived, and the subsequent quartet in which *Faust* and *Margherita* join this interesting couple, and both pairs, according to their separate fashions, engage in the arduous task of making love, displays again the happy dramatic instinct possessed by the composer, which, if it does not lead to any new and startling combinations, as it sometimes does with other composers, is used with singular freedom from embarrassment. The love duet between *Faust* and *Margherita* (*Tardi si fa addio*) is built on the theme introduced in the vision of the first act. It is a melodious and lovely inspiration, which, from its earnest feeling, will make its way to every heart. The orchestral treatment is very noticeable, especially in this part of the act. An *agitato* concludes the duet. It is its weakest feature. The act closes with *Margherita*'s scene at the window. With small and unimportant exceptions, it is from beginning to end grand in conception and superb in execution. Delicacy of feeling and elevation of thought are combined in it to a wonderful degree. If the whole of the music were equal to what we find in the third act, "*Faust*" would be the finest opera ever written. (!) It is not far from being so even now. (!!)

The fourth act opens with a scene for *Margherita* expressive of her determination to seek refuge from the jeers of her own sex in the church. The scene at the church naturally follows, and her temptation by, and triumph over, *Mephistopheles* are described. The piece is very quiet and fine. *Valentine*'s return affords an opportunity for a military *fanfare* and a soldiers' chorus—both destined to be heard on Broadway for evermore. They are very spirited, but moulded in a somewhat common form. Whilst the warrior is in his sister's town-house *Mephistopheles* makes his appearance and sings a serenade of a jeering and grinning sort. *Valentine* rushes out and demands from whom he is to receive satisfaction for his sister's wrongs. *Faust*, who is with his familiar, draws his sword and the trio of the duel commences. This, like the tenor cavatina, is a small masterpiece. To the musicians it must always be a study; so perfect are its proportions, so admirable its plan, so unequalled its effects. The death of *Valentine* forms the *finale* to the act. Although not comparable in any way to the trio, it is a pathetic and even poetic realization of a catastrophe that deprives *Margherita* of her senses and never fails to grieve and shock the audience.

The fifth act is confined to the prison scene. *Margherita* is in durance on the charge of having slain her offspring. Her reason wanders, and this affords an opportunity to the composer to indulge in reminiscent snatches of the melodies heard in the earlier acts of the opera. The *duo finale* is between herself and *Faust*. *Margherita* dies and goes up to Heaven on the high notes of the violin. (!) *Faust* repents him of his sins, falls on his knees and prays for forgiveness. The poor devil, *Mephistopheles*, who has been at a great deal of trouble in the business, is shamefully cheated out of his dues. Of the fifth act we need only add that it is short, and is remarkable chiefly for a striking recognition of Meyerbeer's style in treating similar subjects.

In manner rather than matter, there are frequent traces of well-known masters in M. Gounod's score. Sometimes they come to us in the shape of harsh modulations, and dreary, drawing intervals, as in Wagner; sometimes in the use of the violins, as in Meyerbeer; and sometimes in weird combinations of the wood instruments, as

in Mendelssohn. But these indications of a studious and retentive mind, are far too slight to detract from the general and unquestionable merit and originality of the opera, as a whole. M. Gounod has produced a work of singular interest. That he is a musician of the ripest knowledge, cannot for a moment be questioned; that he possesses an instinct for what is popular, as well as a sense of that which is artistic and good, is also certain. His dramatic aptitudes, too, are remarkably quick. It is safe to say that not a single "situation" in the play has been lost for want of a perception of its value. In the use of the orchestra he is judicious and effective, without being extravagant. We know of no composer who can claim much superiority over him in this respect. "*Faust*," indeed, although unequal in its parts, deserves to be regarded as the most gratifying addition to operatic music that has been made during the past fifteen years. If—as its success would indicate—it is the pioneer work of a new school of French opera, then we may hopefully look to France for that *juste milieu* of intellectual dignity and emotional warmth which Germany has sought for in vain, and Italy is not destined to supply.

## Musical Correspondence.

[The first two letters were necessarily omitted in our last number.]

HARTFORD, CONN., NOV. 23.—MAX STRAKOSCH has been here with his troupe—Mr. GOTTSCHALK, Mme. STRAKOSCH, CARLO PATTI and Mr. BEHRENS.—Touro Hall was filled at their Concert, of course. Gottschalk was captivating;—but why does he always make a "niunny" of himself, whenever he takes his place at the Piano-forte before an audience—by the nervous attempts to disrobe his fair fingers of those close-fitting "kicks"—giving them (his fingers) an imaginary plunge bath—rubbing and wringing the while—and then turning them out for a general "airing" over the keys? It may suit those of a more exquisite taste, but as a general thing it disgusts more than it pleases. THALBERG was charming in this particular—bowing in that graceful and respect commanding manner—carelessly resting his ungloved hand over the back of a chair, or an edge of the Piano-forte,—then quietly seating himself and performing at once the piece which he had announced upon his programme. However, one is Gottschalk, and the other is Thalberg,—that's all.

The new compositions of Mr. Gottschalk did not seem to "take" with the audience—and it was not until he played (with Mr. Behrens) his well-known Duet, "Ojos Creolos"—that he brought his listeners up to any just pitch of enthusiasm—although he had before played Weber's Overture to "Oberon," arranged for the Piano, with Mr. Behrens. He was again encored after his brilliant and sparkling "Cuban-eyed duet," and performed his arrangement of "Home, sweet home"—producing that remarkable singing effect, which he seems lately to have introduced into his playing. Some one has told me that Mr. Gottschalk interpreted classical compositions very finely in private; why won't he do something of the kind in public, once in a while? It would certainly be acceptable in Hartford.

Carlo Patti played upon the violin delightfully, and was encored. Mme. Strakosch was also encored, but for what, I do not know. Surely not for sweetness of voice, nor for the purity of her pronunciation in the English songs she sung. I hope she will let poor "Kathleen Mavourneen" rest awhile before she again attempts to awake her from her slumbers.

Mr. GRAU's new company have also given an operatic Concert at Allyn Hall the last week—with rather poor success in the way of a house. Mme. LORINI (not Virginia Whiting,) sang finely; but Mlle. MORENSI (an American lady) was the favorite during the evening—being encored nearly every time she appeared. MORELLI was very much liked.



Mlle. CASTRI had a sweet, sympathetic voice, but was ill. Sig. STEFANI, the tenor, seemed to be in bad voice: singing as though he was suffering from a spasmodic contraction of the epiglottis. The concert upon the whole was not the best which we have had of late—the singers not knowing their parts sufficiently—two performers looking at one copy—and the poor (not in ability) accompanist having “daggers” looked at him because he didn’t play just when they took it into their heads to sing.

We are to have a grand treat next week, Dec. 1st, —on which evening our “Beethoven Society” will perform “Elijah,” for the first time in Hartford, with a chorus of over a 100 voices, assisted by Dr. GUILMETTE and the “Germania” orchestra from Boston. Mr. JAMES G. BARNETT is the contractor, Mr. WM. BABCOCK, organist.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 20.—The German Opera troupe has been here three weeks and has performed *Martha* (twice), *Stradella* (twice), “Joseph in Egypt,” *Der Freyschütz*, the “Barber of Seville,” *Fidelio* (twice), and Gounod’s *Faust*. As but one of these works is new, curiosity was chiefly directed to the manner in which the different operas were brought out. There was naturally a great desire to learn how the new members of the company would compare with the singers they replaced. In judging of the merits of the ladies and gentlemen introduced to the American public by Mr. Anschütz, regard must be had to the fact, that to induce great artists to leave lucrative positions in order to accept engagements involving a long voyage and promising poorer pay, is very difficult if not impossible. For though Mr. Anschütz’s undertaking has proved a success, he could have been imprudent had he ventured too much while German opera was yet an experiment. Under these circumstances, it were unfair to expect vocalists far above mediocrity.

Herr HIMMER (tenor) made his first bow in Flotow’s *Martha*. Audiences are indulgent with tenors, so rarely is an excellent one vouchsafed us, and would have been satisfied with an artist of less merit than Himmer. He has a powerful voice, and, though affected and unnatural at times, is a clever actor. The other tenor, Herr HABELMANN, has less power, but sings with better taste, and is a more judicious actor than Himmer.

Another new arrival is Madame HIMMER-FREDERICK. Her rendition of the part of Nancy, in *Martha*, was fair but not good enough to lead one to expect that as Agatha in the *Freyschütz* she would prove so much better. Undoubtedly, her greatest success, thus far, was Margaret.

Then there is Mme. CANISSA, who is weak in difficult parts and out of tune in every part that she sings.

The new baritone, Herr STRINECKE, is an excellent artist. It were unfair to pass judgment on his voice, as during the entire season he appears to have been suffering from a severe cold.

Last year, the orchestra and chorus were so well drilled, that those who were used to the slipshod manner in which former operatic choruses and orchestras went through their work, pronounced them perfect. These important adjuncts (or essentials) merit the same compliment this season. If there be any room for improvement, it is in the number of the violins.

The great card of the season was Gounod’s *Faust*. The libretto is nearly the same as the *Faust and Marguerite* that was performed here a few years ago as a melo-drama.

The opera is conceived in the spirit of the modern French school. There are elaborate orchestral accompaniments, with melodic sprinklings that remind one more of the counterpoint of the Italian opera-writers, than of the German composers, though it is often claimed that Gounod’s *tendenz* is German. It is difficult to pronounce on such an opera on a first

hearing, and I shall indulge in no criticism of special parts, but confine myself to the general impression that the work made upon me. Gounod evidently aims high, and is a man of great musical attainments. He seems to have drawn his inspiration from the same foundation as Meyerbeer, but did this after M. had already been there. A critic in one of our journals, compares the styles of the two authors, setting *Faust* against *Dinorah*, the weakest, perhaps, of Meyerbeer’s successes.

There is in *Faust* sufficient scope for brazen diatonic dissonances; there are several spirited choruses, and there is much that will improve on further acquaintance.

To treat a work like Goethe’s *Faust* as an opera, is a most ungrateful task; one on which a composer should venture with great care. The attempt to embody the ideal, to present tangible types, or counterfeits of those spiritual creations that find one great source of the delight they afford us in the grandeur with which our imagination clothes them, is always a failure. Is it likely that the music of a Gounod can add to the excellence of a work like Goethe’s? And if that which is added be not equally as good, in its way, is not the addition a senseless one? Would it increase the beauty of a fine painting to cover it with a veil? Would it not lessen the force of the impression that the uncovered picture would produce? Would you not conclude that your picture would be better without the covering? And, by parity of reasoning, that Goethe’s *Faust* would be better without, than with Gounod’s music?

It is true that the libretto of the opera I write of is but the skeleton of the play that Germania gave to the world because England gave it Hamlet. This makes it the more unpleasant. When, last Wednesday, I gazed upon the tableau of the apotheosis of Margaret, the muslin clouds, the colored fire, and the gilt rays of a miniature sun, reminded me of a Christmas pantomime, and I could easily understand why Lamb said that he would rather read Shakespeare’s plays than see them acted on the stage.

In truth, the tragedies of Shakespeare, of Goethe or of Schiller are not adapted for operatic treatment. There are, in each and all of them, situations in which music might be introduced in some such way as Beethoven has done with Goethe’s *Egmont*, or Mendelssohn with the “Midsummer Nights’ Dream.” Intellectuals like Beethoven or Mendelssohn would approach the task with such reverence that their music-offering to the drama would be worthy of it. M. would not have longed so anxiously for the subject for an opera, had he dared to venture upon the sea in which Verdi and Gounod flounder so pitifully.

I have just seen Mr. WOLFSOHN’s prospectus and programme, and found it rich with the names of such works and authors as must please the most fastidious of musical purists. Mr. W. will have the assistance of Mr. THEODORE THOMAS, of New York, and Messrs. EICHBERG and KREISSMANN of your city, besides Messrs. AHREND, SCHMITZ, and other excellent resident musicians. He announces a Soiree for the 24th.

Messrs. CROSS and JARVIS will begin their series next month. Miss BARNETTE (of New York) is giving matinees. Mr. GRAU promises to favor us with two operatic concerts, and, to-morrow evening, the German company will give a concert, when their orchestra will play Beethoven’s C Minor symphony!

Nov. 21. I open my letter to add that I was one of that select audience of fifty-four persons who were sprinkled over the auditorium of the opera house this evening, and who represented that fraction of our population who care enough about a symphony of Beethoven’s to leave their home during a shower for the sake of hearing it. I am sure that taste improves with us. Three hundred years ago, Beethoven’s symphonies were not played in Philadelphia. Now they are, and one man out of every ten thousand attends the performance.

NEW YORK, DEC. 8.—Maretszek closed his brilliant and successful season with three performances of Gounod’s “Faust.” The general impression at its first performance was a somewhat unfavorable one, but a better acquaintance with it has ranked it among the most meritorious and popular of operas.

The plot (See third page) is a very interesting one, and presents several very fine situations and tableaux. Miss KELLOGG, as Margaret, or more happily Margherita, has a sweet, plaintive rôle, and renders it with unaffected grace and simplicity. In the solo “*C’era un re, un re di Thule*,” as well as the duo with Mazzoleni in the second act, she secures the most profound stillness and attention, which seems almost painful, so plaintive is the melody. MAZZOLENI, as Faust, has but an ordinary opportunity to display his fine vocal power. BIACCHI, as Mephistopheles, draws the honors of the opera. His rôle is one of great merit, and his performance is unexceptionable. The overture and choruses are very fine, and the opera is already popular. We shall soon have the opportunity of hearing it from the German company.

Carl Anschütz opened a season of German opera at the Academy of Music on Wednesday last, with “Alessandro Stradella,” and has given the “Barber of Seville,” “Fidelio,” and last evening “Martha.”

It was evident upon the opening night, that the building was entirely too large, to be filled either by the paying patrons of the German opera, or the voices of his artists. The house was meagre and chilly, and the performance was hardly satisfactory, save the efforts of the orchestra and chorus, which Anschütz always makes the feature of his enterprise. Mme. JOHANNSEN, Mme. BERGER, Mlle. CANISSA, Herren HIMMER, HABELMANN, STRINECKE, GRAFF, WEINLICH and SCHULE, are the prominent members of his company, and some are very clever and meritorious artists.

It is to be hoped that Anschütz will succeed with his undertaking, but it is quite evident that the people do not love German opera well enough to enjoy it at his price. The tariff of prices as charged during the Italian season remains unchanged, and it would be much better policy for Anschütz to reduce it by one half.

On Saturday, Irving Place was the theatre of no less than four performances. THOMAS’S Matinée at 12, Philharmonic rehearsal at 3½, “Fidelio” by the German troupe, and Band Concert by the 71st Reg’t. at 8 o’clock. To show the pleasing nature of Theo. Thomas’ concerts, I transcribe the programme of the last one.

1. Symphonie in A minor, Op. 16. . . . . Gade.
2. Grand Fantasia de Concert, “Martha,” . . . . . Pattison.
3. Polka Fantasia. . . . . Herzog.
4. Grand selections from Faust, (by request) . . . . . Gounod.

1. Overture, “Siege of Corinth,” . . . . . Rossini.
2. La Campanella . . . . . Liszt.
3. Waltz, “Gedankengang,” . . . . . Strauss.
4. Romanza: “L’Eclair,” . . . . . Halvay.
5. Quadrille, “Kuenstler,” . . . . . Strauss.

At the matinee on Saturday next, Mr. Pattison will perform Mendelssohn’s *Capriccio in B minor*, with orchestra, and also a “Grand Concert Overture” of Mr. Pattison’s composition.

Maretszek is in Philadelphia doing well. “Tone” and “Norma” the rage. T. W. M.

## Wright’s Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 12, 1863.

### The Choral Inauguration.

The union of Handel and Haydn chorus, orchestra and Great Organ on Saturday evening, Nov. 28, was so impressive and so glorious, that the concert had to be repeated last Sunday evening. For convenience we shall speak of the two performances as one, inasmuch as they did not

differ very essentially either in the programme, which was the same with one short omission (and still too long, though excellent), or in artistic quality of rendering, or in audience, large on both occasions, yet (strange to say) not filling every seat. The chief difference on Sunday was in the seating of the singers and in the spectacle. The orchestra of 40 instruments (SCHULTZE at their head) occupied the middle of the platform before the Organ, at which sat Mr. LANG. The Soprani and Alti were grouped in curved lines upon either side; and rising behind them, tier on tier, on a temporary staging, the tenors and basses tided back into the side balconies, making a fine sight, with the majestic Organ in the background, its lower corners only being obscured. On the second occasion the chorus occupied a still loftier and wider amphitheatre, built for the concert of the 1200 school children, and the platform came much farther forward into the hall, whereby the sound, especially of the orchestra, told more effectively. The Organ, too, shone out for the first time in all the glory of its front pipes, the missing ones having at length arrived; five of them filled the central field, behind Bach's head, where had been flags; and a large one in each of the square end towers, made the front, hitherto abridged of part of its effective width, shine all along the line. Naturally the last performance is the freshest in the mind, while it was in some respects the better of the two, and therefore our remarks will mainly date from that.

The old Handel and Haydn practice of "playing in" the chorus singers was wisely discontinued, and the first sounds of the programme fell fresh upon ears not already dulled by music never listened to as music. And the first burst was overwhelming:—full chorus of three or four hundred voices, full organ, and full orchestra, all blending *fortissimo* in Luther's Choral: "A strong castle is our Lord," with which the "Religious Festival Overture" by Otto Nicolai begins for its subject. The volume of tone was immense, the colossal basses of the organ filling in behind and buoying all up, while its upper tones as well as the orchestral instruments added piquancy and brightness; the voices seemed not only firmly held in their places but enriched by such support, and the sonorous *ensemble* was as round and musical and fresh as it was startlingly grand and powerful. Then followed the long symphonic part by orchestra alone, quaintly old and contrapuntal after Handel's style, working up the theme and fragments of the theme, and working in after a while a new and livelier subject with the Choral, the voices and organ coming in again at intervals. It is a learned and an interesting composition, such as few would have expected from the author of the sparkling comic opera: "The Merry Wives of Windsor;" but it was too long, considering what was to follow, and our orchestra is hardly large enough, coming after such a *tutti*, to make it sound otherwise than feebly. (O that Boston had an orchestra half as good for an orchestra, as the Organ is for an organ!) Under the circumstances we would have been content with the Choral *pure et simple*.

Then came Handel's *Hallelujah* chorus, which of course rolled out in grander volume than ever before, but which, being so familiar, was well spared on Sunday evening.

The grand feature of the first part was Handel's music to Dryden's Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, composed in 1736, never before heard in this country. It is not one of Handel's great works, but it is full of genial and delightful music, it is moderate in length, hardly an hour, and it was

peculiarly appropriate to the opening of our Great Organ, not to speak of other coincidences with our case as a people just now. Partly one enjoys it as a curiosity, but much of it also for a certain real characteristic and unique beauty as music, speaking to the higher feelings. The accompaniments were transcribed for this occasion for the Organ, alone, by Mr. Lang. This was interesting as an exhibition of the various fine powers of this Organ in the accompaniment of voices, although we shall not be so rash as to say that it could fully make good the want of an orchestra. Mr. Lang certainly showed fine skill and taste in the selection of stops and in the general treatment. Each piece held the pleased attention; and that even through the somewhat stiff and antique Handelian Overture, which, opening with a broad and stately *Larghetto* (oboe tones predominant), passes into a quaint fugged Allegro (given with trumpet stop), and ends with a rather slow naive sort of Minuet, with a series of variations, in which Mr. L. contrasted the stops quite charmingly.

The first words: "From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony, this universal frame began," are given in recitative by a tenor voice, which continues, with descriptive accompaniment, in the lines

When Nature underneath a heap  
Of jarring atoms lay, &c.,  
The tuneful voice was heard: Arise!  
Then cold and hot, and moist and dry  
In order to their station leap  
And music's voice obey;

which last thought is accompanied by little dancing jack-o'-lantern phrases of the instruments, the whole somewhat as Haydn might have written. Mr. LYMAN W. WHEELER showed himself master of the true, chaste recitative style, together with a voice of good power, pure and sweet in quality. The recitative was a good test of the refined intelligence as a singer which he evinced throughout the evening. Then the chorus, in D major, takes up the theme: "From Harmony," with ringing, fresh sonority, the different voices running octaves up and down upon the words: "Thro' all the compass of the notes it ran," and tenors and basses consolidating in grand unison on: "The diapason closing full in Man." How heartily Handelian this!

The next piece is a Soprano air, slow, sweet, full of a subdued and quiet rapture:

What passion cannot music raise and quell?  
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,  
His lateening brethren stood around,  
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell,  
To worship the celestial sound.  
Less than a God, they thought, there could not dwell,  
Within the hollow of that shell,  
That spoke so sweetly and so well.

It is preceded by some length of instrumental symphony, hinting the principal motives both of melody and accompaniment which follow. One figure, quaintly rendered by a soft dull stop on the organ, well answered to the "chorded shell." It was sung with purity of tone and truth and delicacy of feeling by Miss HOUSTON, whose noble voice, alike remarkable for sweetness, largeness, flexibility and sympathetic quality, has been much improved of late by culture. She is now an artistic singer, and can adapt her voice to various subjects. True feeling of her music, the instinct of seizing its poetic points, she always had.

From this gentler mood we are roused by: *The trumpet's loud clangor*. Tenor air and chorus. The trumpet stop of the "Great" organ rang out lustily in prelude and accompaniment, and Mr. Wheeler's voice, though not of the most trumpet-toned, did its herald duty well, uttering the *hark! hark!* and the *charge! charge!* with much declamatory energy. The chorus came in splendidly and *charged* all along the line, with even step, unflinching, full of spirit, the quick reiteration of "The double, double, double beat of the thundering drum" being quite suggestive, and the great sub-basses of the organ thundering to some purpose in the pauses between the *harks!*

A short march follows, somewhat in the large and simple style of Gluck, well rendered here by round, full organ stops.

The song of "The soft complaining flute," and "woes of hopeless lovers, whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute," warbles itself away in ornate figures after the quaint old cut, giving scope for various fine flute tones in the organ, offset by stringy tones (Salicional, Dolce, &c.) in which this organ is so rich, to answer for the lute, and taxing the powers of a modern singer. Miss Houston executed it tastefully, albeit with a slight timidity.

The Tenor sings the air of the "Sharp Violins," which the poet couples here with "jealous pangs and desperation, fury, frantic indignation," and all that. A curious piece, with wide, impassioned intervals and quaint figures, in which the singer acquitted himself as only a well taught singer could.

From this point the ingenious imitations are pretty much dispensed with, and the music rises to a nobler height and there sustains itself. For now comes the great theme of the Ode, the praise of the Organ, the praise of St. Cecilia, of Music, and "the great Creator's praise." Henceforth the Soprano is always in the foreground. First, after a slow, cheerful-solemn prelude in full, round organ tone, the air: "But oh! what art can teach the sacred Organ's praise?" A strain of pure, chaste, simple, sustained, heavenly melody, demanding the best art and soul of *cantabile* singing, and in that respect as well as in its phraseology resembling Mozart's *Deh vieni, non tardar*, which Mme. Goldschmidt sang divinely. Miss Houston sang as if such an ideal reigned in her mind, her best voice seconding the spirit in which she sang, and went right to the heart. Violin tone went with the voice, full organ tone filling the pauses.

Imitation returns again for a moment to illustrate the point of the poet and the Soprano, which is to contrast the ruder music of classical days of fable:

Orpheus could lead the savage race,  
And trees unrooted left their place,  
Squacious of the lyre.

with the Christian music which claims Cecilia as its patron saint and muse. The Orpheus air is marked *alla Hornpipe*, and is a sort of snarling bagpipe strain, which Mr. Lang cleverly imitated by a reed stop. The form of the melody is essentially "sequacious," drawn out in linked *sequences* and curling roulades. This is a momentary descent from the dignity of the last part of the Ode; but a loftier tone is struck, and the change is like looking suddenly up into a clear Christmas sky with all the stars out, the moment the Soprano begins her recitative: "But bright Cecilia raised the wonder high, when to her organ vocal breath was given." The Finale (solo and chorus) is sublime and worthy of the words:

As from the power of sacred lays  
The spheres began to move,  
And sang the great Creator's praise  
To all the blessed above;  
So when the last and dreadful hour  
This crumbling pageant shall devour,  
The trumpet shall be heard on high,  
The dead shall live, the living die,  
And Music shall untune the sky.

Each line at first is given out in large, sustained high tones by the Soprano unaccompanied, and then answered with the full weight of all the voices in plain harmony with figurative accompaniment of full organ. The effect is wonderful. Still more so when a shadow falls upon the music at the mention of "the last and dreadful hour," and still more so when the Soprano soars to and firmly holds the high A on the last syllable of: "The trumpet shall be heard on high." Miss Houston's voice was nobly adequate to all this. The last two lines furnish two contrasted subjects, which

are worked together with contrapuntal skill and increasing interest and grandeur in an elaborate chorus. "The dead shall live, the living die" is given in short declamatory phrases by one set of voices, while "And Music shall untune the sky" is sung by the others in a free and flowing melody, all combining sometimes on the declamatory notes.

The choruses were all given with precision, spirit and a generous sonority. We could wish, however, more weight on the contralto side, and less of shrill edge, more of the refined and cultivated tone on the part of the sopranos.

Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," which formed the second part, is too well known and justly admired to require us to go into any detail. Suffice it to say, we never have enjoyed it with such complete zest as on those two evenings. Never, surely, was it so well rendered here. All its grandeur and its beauties came out clear and unmistakable. The orchestra (which we of course all wish were larger) gave the three admirable movements of the introductory Symphony in such a way that all felt the warmth, the soul, the imaginative beauty of the music. The choruses, filled out and sustained by the deep, full flood of the great Organ tone, with lively orchestral skirmishing in the foreground, moved on compactly, grandly, and with such momentum as to mark a new era almost in our chorusing. Mr. Conductor ZERRAHN was throughout master of the situation and must have felt proud of his army. The solos were all very finely sung by Miss HOUSTON and MR. WHEELER; Mrs. FISKE seconding the former quite well in the duet: "I waited for the Lord." In the thrilling passage: "The night is departing!" Miss Houston's voice rang out more triumphantly than ever on Sunday evening, electrifying the audience.

#### Chamber Music.

Messrs. KREISSMANN, LEONHARD and EICHBERG gave the first Soirée of this their second season at Chickering's Hall last Saturday evening. And a delightful evening it was; with the union of three such artists, in so choice a programme as they know how to make, and their artistic pride in making the best that they know how, it could not be otherwise. This was the bill of fare:

1. Sonata in G major, for Violin and Piano, Op. 30, No. 3. Beethoven  
Allegro assai, Tempo di Minuetto, Vivace.
2. a. *Mondnacht*. R. Schumann
3. *Widmung*. R. Schumann
4. Romanza in F major, for Violin, Op. 50. Beethoven
5. *Siciliano*, in G minor, for Violin and Piano. S. Bach
6. *Gewitternacht*. R. Franz
7. *Die Hurende*. R. Franz
8. *Frühlingsschmelze*. R. Franz
9. *Novelletto*, Op. 99. Schumann
10. *Nocturno*, Op. 62, No. 1. Chopin
11. *Trio*, Op. 100, in E b major, for Violin, Piano and Violoncello. Schubert
12. *Allegro, Andante con moto, Scherzando and Allegro moderato*.

The Beethoven Sonata has all the fresh warmth and imaginative free play of his earlier style, and was finely rendered by Eichberg and Leonhard. This and the Schubert Trio were the great things of the evening. In the latter they had the valuable aid of WULF FRIES with his Cello; and all the fine inspirations of that marvellous work, whose several movements swarm with fascinating and original ideas, such as no other musical brain since Beethoven seems to have been so haunted with, were brought out with a true artistic skill and fervor. It seemed to us that Leonhard had never played so well; and indeed we might extend the praise to all he did that evening. Sometimes we have had to tax him with treating his music too much *ad libitum*, even to a degree of wilfulness not edifying nor poetic; but there was no cause to think of that this time; he was faithful to his author, not by any scrupulous constraint, but happily and freely, entering into the spirit of the work, and playing with that fine and vital touch, that easy subordination and faultless mechanical detail to expression, which showed that the work possessed him, making him its organ. With such interpretation the *Novelletto* of Schumann and the *Nocturno* of Chopin, both new to the audience, and both wonderful fine and characteristic fancies, and very difficult, proved extremely fascinating.

In the accompaniment of the Franz and Schumann *Lieder* Mr. Leonhard showed a poetic appreciation and a facility such as only one artist here may have surpassed. Mr. Kreissmann was in fine voice and sang the songs with all his usual fine intelligence and feeling, the voice being all that could be desired except once or twice when forced a little. The "*Mondnacht*" (Moonlight Night) of Schumann is a most lovely, exquisite creation, lifting one's soul to a purer and serenest atmosphere. "*Widmung*" (Self-dedication, or Homage of the lover to the beloved), beginning *Du meine Seele, du mein Herz!* is better known, a fervent, rapturous love song, soaring beyond Beethoven's *Adelaide*, if that were possible. The wild, impetuous "*Gewitternacht*" (Night and thunderstorm) of Franz, with its lightning flashes of accompaniment, is almost too much for mortal voice, except at least in a small room, where it may fill and thrill all through and through; we only wondered that the singer could do so much with it. The other songs were altogether charming.

Mr. Eichberg, besides playing the violin part very finely in the Sonata and the Trio, played as solos Beethoven's Romanza in F—a good piece, and yet one that he to whom it is no longer new may easily get tired of before it is through, for it is long and has a certain sameness,—and the fresh little *Siciliano* of Bach, which always charms.—We missed his usual purity of tone in some parts of the former piece, and once or twice did think expression slightly overdone, although of course the general style was masterly.

The next Soirée of these artists is set down for next Saturday evening, the 19th.

#### The Children with the Organ.

The Musical Festival on Wednesday afternoon, when, by permission of the School Committee, 1200 children, out of the public schools, sang with the accompaniment of the Great Organ, was an occasion of which no words could fully express the interest and the significance. The significance of it is, that it identifies the artistic bow of promise, which that Organ stands for, with the whole educational aspiration of this free Republic as it takes form and beginning in those free common schools, which are the pride and beauty and salvation of our democratic life and liberty. It couples the artistic and the social promise from the very bud and germ, making school training and the opening of the artistic sense through Music, appear as necessary complements of one another; and therefore it was a wise instinct, and no mere folly of parade, that a few years ago invented this beautiful plan of interesting all the children, and their parents too, in music.

The scene, always a most ideal, memorable one, was doubly so this time. As the long files of girls and boys, entering in all directions, ascended quietly and orderly the tiers of staging rising on both sides of the Organ, till the farthest rows of heads in the first balcony were nearly hidden under the second, while five or six rows also filled a third part of the balcony above, it seemed like some great Catholic cathedral ceremony and procession; the more so, as bright warm colors abounded in the dresses of the girls, some groups of scarlet opera cloaks and shawls suggesting a whole college of cardinals, with altar boys, *et cetera*. But as they were all seated, still more, when they all rose to sing, with their fresh and handsome youthful faces, beaming with bright intelligence, blushing with the modest bloom of innocence, we could not help fancying ourselves once more before some of those pictures by Fra Angelico, or Lippo Lippi, where the whole sky and atmosphere about the Virgin, or whatever central figure, is full of heads of cherubs and child angels, all flushed with eager song of praise. Here the magnificent Organ temple formed the fitting centre and background, making the scene artistically and wonderfully complete. Good taste had dictated all the details of the arrangement; for instance the dark green covering of the seats relieving the red dresses so refreshingly. And the grey rows of boys, contrasting with the gay flower beds of their sisters—how

round all their faces looked, how bright too! they at least might have been cut out of the aforesaid old Italian paintings.

Mr. J. C. D. PARKER presided at the Organ, which was the only accompaniment. After a short voluntary all the children joined their voices in unison in a Gregorian Chant to the words of the Lord's prayer. The wide expanse of fresh, cool tone, rich, pure, even, tranquil, was something to renew one's sense. What could be more beautiful, more touching, for the brief time it lasted? This and the Russian National Hymn, that followed, were to our ear the most effective, and most beautiful of the *tutti* performances. "Hail Columbia" was bright enough, and steady enough and full of boy voice; but musically it made a poor pendant to the Russian tune.

Next came the Angel Trio from "Elijah": *Lift thine eyes*, sung by the advanced pupils of the Girls High and Normal School, 120 in number, fair fruits of Mr. ZERRAHN's special training, (who, by the way, conducted the whole with his usual enthusiasm). The voices blended very sweetly and purely, the three parts preserving their melodic outline well, and the lower contralto making together a rich round tone like an organ. Other organ there was none. The choral: "Let all men praise the Lord," from Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," did not sound so well as some chorals we have heard the children sing, either in sustained volume or in purity of tone; but then the unison was naturally their after hearing it so recently in harmony from 400 full-grown voices.

After an interlude of very acceptable Organ selections by Mr. Parker, we were treated to a curious and really beautiful effect, by the melody of the Prayer in *Freyshütz* being, not sung, but hummed as it were between the teeth of the 1200 children, very softly, swelling now and then with that peculiar stress of an insect hum approaching you—called in the bill "with muted voices." This is an effect which our German Liedertafeln sometimes indulge in. It charmed the audience, so remote and fairy-like it seemed, and had to be repeated. "Old Hundred," the audience joining in the last verse, made a grand conclusion of the concert.

We cannot help believing that, by simply forming part in such a beautiful impressive whole, partaking of a collective act so lyric and picturesque, the children's hearts are elevated, and the latent germ of "the Art principle" within them quickened. It must inspire the love of order, rhythm, unity in all things. And thus, with our higher means, with developed Art, it seems to bring Music back to the old Greek meaning of it as the rhythmical element, the soul of unity and order in the whole human culture.

This unique Festival will be repeated in the Music Hall this afternoon.

#### Music Abroad.

BOLOGNA, (so writes a correspondent of the *Evening Post*, in whom we recognize our friend "Trovatore") has always been a celebrated musical centre, and Rossini's predilection for the place induced him years ago to take up his abode here. A house-painter, engaged to decorate his house during the absence of Rossini, depicted in a series of exterior frescoes that admirable *maestro* as a semi-nude Orpheus enchanting both the animate and inanimate with his strains. The composer of the "Barbiere" was not remarkably pleased with this inconvenient adulation, which suddenly rendered his private residence one of the "sights" of the town.

The Teatro Comunale of Bologna is one of the most brilliant opera-houses in the world, far lighter and more elegant than most Italian theatres. The boxes are very large, luxuriantly fitted up, and each one provided with a projecting balcony, which most agreeably breaks the monotony of the lines of tiers. The audience dress elegantly, and the display of silks and jewelry, to say nothing of beautiful Italian Juliets, is something to remember, even to one accustomed to the elegance of dress and personal beauty exhibited so often at the New York opera, or to the ponderous brilliancy of Covent Garden and Her Majesty's. The opera season has just opened with "Rigoletto," sung by Lotti, *prima donna*, as graceful a woman as ever trod the stage, and a finished vocalist to

boot; by Cima, a good baritone; by Borchard, a contralto, a pleasing *Maddalena* to any one who has not been spoiled thereby by Adelaide Phillips's inimitable rendering of the part; and by Bignardi, the tenor, who was several years ago in New York, and who has made a great success here in Bologna, by his skilful, delicate singing, rather than a great excellence of voice. For the lighter operas few tenors are more satisfactory than this Bignardi, who was last night called five times before the curtain. At another theatre another opera company is soon to appear in *Favorita* with the American favorite, Gazzaniga, as *prima donna*. Albites, her husband, formerly a popular music teacher in New York, has something to do with the orchestra.

PARIS.—Of the new opera by Berlioz, *Les Troyens*, a flattering telegram appears in the London *Musical World* of Nov. 7; to-wit;

The new opera of Hector Berlioz was produced last night (Wednesday), at the Théâtre Lyrique, with brilliant success. After the first and third acts the enthusiasm was extraordinary. The grand septuor was unanimously asked for again. All the singers good, but Madame Chardon (Dido) especially superb. The *mise en scène*, the most splendid ever witnessed at the Théâtre Lyrique. Band and chorus excellent. A genuine triumph for Berlioz.

FLORENCE.—Italian journals announce the engagement of Giulia Grisi at the Pergola. She is to make her debut in *Norma*. When will the "God-deas" learn that her divinity has passed away!

Gounod's *Faust* has been given in Florence by Stigelli, Boschetti, Atry, and Pizzigati. It was a great success, and the papers say it was impossible to give an idea of the enthusiasm created. The artists were repeatedly called to receive the applause of the public. Our friend Stigelli seems to be as much appreciated in Europe as he was here.

LEIPZIG.—There was a grand celebration here on the 18th Oct., in commemoration of the great battle in 1813. The Musical Societies sang a *Te Deum* to 30,000 persons assembled in the market place. Handel's Hallelujah and Luther's old hymn, "A strong tower is our God" were then sung by the whole assembly. Representatives from 150 German cities and the veterans of the war listened to an address in the Town Hall from the burgomaster; and then visited the chief points of interest in the battle field. Ten thousand persons joined in a torchlight procession in the evening and bonfires were lighted on the hills about the city.

MUNICH.—The Second Musical Festival was held here in September, in the Glass Palace, a building erected on the model of the first Exhibition Building in London. It was on a grand scale; five or six thousand persons present, including performers. There was a chorus of 1200 voices; and the orchestra was composed of 100 violins, 40 violas, 38 violoncellos, 30 double basses, 8 flutes, 6 oboes, 6 clarinets, 8 bassoons, 12 horns, 6 trumpets, 6 trombones, and 2 pairs of kettledrums. We have room for but a few sentences from the interesting account of it in the *Lower Rhine Musik-Zeitung*.

The concert began on the 27th of September, at eleven o'clock A. M. This hour was selected because the Glass Palace cannot be lighted, and because, on the same evening, an opera—and that opera Mozart's *Don Juan*—was given at the Theatre Royal, a thing never before heard of during a musical festival. The programme was made up of Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica* and Handel's *Israel in Egypt*. All things considered, the gem of the first day's festival was the performance of the Symphony. We were somewhat incredulous as to whether the large number of executants would heighten the effect, from an artistic point of view, and, still more, as to whether they would attain the precision and the delicate expression which this magnificent composition demands. But the piano and forte, the light and shade of the tone-picture, were rendered in exact conformity with the intention of the composer; just as were the increase and decrease of the waves of sound; as well as the *sforzatos*, the abrupt breaking off of the *fortissimo*, also, followed immediately by the piano, being given with great precision. The expression was, certainly, in many passages, seconded by the masses; nay, in several, it was the latter which made it so completely prominent.

After the brilliant inauguration of the festival by

the Symphony we had Handel's oratorio of *Israel in Egypt*. The selection of this work was, in the first place, justified by the admirable way in which it was executed. and then, more especially, by the fact that the large masses engaged could be employed to the greatest advantage in the numerous choruses.

The vocal solos in *Israel* were sung exclusively by local artists belonging to the Theatre Royal. The principal part of the chorus consisted, as we heard, of local members, the Akademie, the Oratorio Association, the Sängers-Genossenschaft, the chorus of the Royal Chapel, that of the Theatre Royal, and a great many amateurs, a large number of whom are continually being formed and improved, thanks to the performances of musical masses, which are here, luckily for music, so frequently given and so zealously attended in the churches.

The second Festival Concert, on Monday the 28th September, at 11 A. M., took place, like the first, in the Glass Palace. It began with a very admirable performance of a symphonistic work (in D minor) by Franz Lechner, and which, inappropriately enough, he has called a "Suite".

The Suite consists of four movements.—1. Prelude, a lively and richly-figured piece of writing, which at once introduces us to the peculiarity of the composition, by the treatment of the stringed instruments; 2. Minuet, distinguished for the originality of its motives; 3. Variations, which form, perhaps, somewhat too long a series for an orchestral work, although the changes in the tempo, the rhythm and the instrumentation, artistically deceive the hearer as to the length. These Variations are, in other respects, an admirable specimen of composition, not simply interesting on account of the knowledge and art exhibited in them, but melodically pleasing and expressive, being invested with a high charm by the employment of solo parts for the clarinet, the horn, etc., as well as the performance of separate stringed instruments in the full chorus, as, for instance, of all the violins, or all the violoncellos and violas. The Variations conclude with a march, effective more on account of its grandiose instrumentation than by the originality of its motives. Being executed, however, by such large numbers, it produced a powerful impression, which called forth tremendous applause and loud cheers for the composer. 4. Introduction and Fugue, the former in andante time, and the latter in majestic allegro—a piece of writing, into the strict form of which the master allows a gushing flood of free musical ideas to stream.

After this orchestral display, the second part of the concert opened, on the contrary, with a purely vocal work, devoid of all accompaniment. To sing a *capella* with so numerous a chorus is not only attended with great difficulties, but does not really produce an effect in keeping with the numbers employed. As we have already often experienced at great gatherings of male choruses, there exists for choral singing, as far as regards the executive masses, a limit above which the effect of those masses is increased very little, if it is increased at all, and while the *forte* is not much benefited if there are a thousand voices singing instead of four hundred, the difficulty of obtaining precision and characteristic expression is augmented. Certainly in Munich the eight-part motet by Palestrina, "Hodie Christus natus est," commenced imposingly, and it was a proper feeling which had selected one of the old master's compositions, adapted, as a Christmas cantata, by its dash, to the development of large masses; the precision and purity of intonation, too, were praiseworthy. But delicacy of expression was, as a rule, wanting.

Next followed a scene from the oratorio of *Il Ritorno di Tobia*, by Joseph Haydn, for contralto solo and chorus. The Prelude and Fugue for Orchestra, by Johann Sebastian Bach, again displayed the excellence of the united violin-quartet.

The finale to the second act of the opera of *Idomeneo*, on the other hand, once more afforded brilliant evidence of the eternal magic spell exercised by Mozart's music. The selection of this finale for performance at the Musical Festival was highly judicious. It was here, at Munich, that the greater part of *Idomeneo* was composed; it was here that, on the 18th January, 1781, Mozart completed it, and wrote, "Laus Deo! I have got over my task!"

The second part of the concert was brought to an end by Beethoven's March and Chorus, "Schmückt die Altäre," from the *Ruinen von Athen*, a fragment which, by its melodic loveliness and its clear harmonies, seemed to be a beautiful continuation of Mozart's music, and pleased universally. For the third part of the concert, the programme presented us with Handel's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day."

The third day was celebrated by an evening concert, of which the chief features were Joachim's playing of Beethoven's violin Concerto, Mme. Schumann's performance of her husband's Concerto, and Mmc. Dustmann's singing.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Rock me to sleep, mother. Ballad. *Lesta Vers.* 25

Thy mother will rock thee to sleep. *Lesta Vers.* 25

These two ballads, one responsive to the other, add two pretty songs to the pile of home musical literature, now, we are glad to know, already so thick on the top of many home pianos and melodians. The words of the first song have been used before, but the music is new, and we cannot sing about "mother" too much or too often.

My bonny, bonny Mary, O! Song. *H. Hyatt.* 25

A smooth and cheerful melody.

President's Hymn. Song and Chorus.

*J. W. Turner.* 25

We here have the new hymn, which is hereafter to be a standard one, set to appropriate music. Sing it while it is fresh.

I know not how heaven will strike the blow. (Non sai che un nume.) From "*Robert Devereux*." 75

Duet between Nottingham and his wife, the Duchess Sarah. Suitable for a barytone or tenor, and a soprano voice. Full of deep pathos and intense feeling.

We've left for the Union. Song. *F. Souder.* 25

Patriotic and spirited.

We are fairies of the sea. Duet. *S. Glover.* 50

An easy and elegant duet, smooth and melodious.

### Instrumental Music.

Letty Lorne quickstep. *J. C. Johnson.* 25

An easy arrangement of a very "laking" air, one of those, which, when a person hears, he cannot be still, but must immediately begin to keep step to it. People, in their second quarter, can learn it.

Zamora Waltzes. *J. Strauss.* 50

A set of brilliant waltzes in Strauss's well known style, hard, metallic, and without depth of feeling, but enlivening and dance-inspiring.

Il Bacio. (Valse de salon.) *Katzer.* 50

Katzer's arrangement of the ever favorite "Kiss," which everybody who can play it should know.

Mephisto Galop (for four hands). *Lubitsky.* 50

Four hand pieces, as a rule, must possess the characters of power and brightness, as the use of double chords, by two performers, precludes much delicacy or tenderness. Hence a wide awake piece, like the above, is a good exhibition piece, and commended as such.

Good Humor schottische. *Kapper.* 25

Very good humored. Play it when you are tempted to be "out of sorts," for "music hath charms to soothe a" cross person.

Absence. Nocturne. *B. Richards.* 35

It may be safely said that Richards has not yet composed an inferior piece.

### Books.

Union Collection, for Violin and Piano. 50 cts.

Flute and Piano Duets. 50 cts.

These two similar works are favorites, already, and will come into increasing use when better known. Gentlemen who can play the flute or violin, are furnished with the means of passing agreeable evenings, in company with ladies who can play the piano.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 593.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 26, 1863.

VOL. XXIII. No. 20.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Opera in the Family Hapsburg.

(Being preliminary to Number Two of "Half a Dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries." See Vol. XXIII, Nos. 9 et seq.)

[Before attacking the memory of SALIERI, i.e. with biographic malice prepense—and in all friendliness to the little dark man, who really played a great part in his day and generation—I must put you through a short course of another diet, and inflict *quant. suff.* of ratherish, but not too, dry matter upon your digestion. That is to say: for ulterior purposes, I wish the readers of *Dwight's Journal* to be somewhat at home in the private musical life of the family, the heads of which have for so many centuries been rulers of such a large share of Eastern Europe, and more especially to be able to form some definite idea of the relations of the Hapsburgs to the old Italian opera. The question why did not Emperor Joseph II. perceive at once the merits of Mozart and place him at the head of the Vienna opera, instead of retaining Salieri as Kapellmeister and composer, will answer itself, if these relations be once understood. Not that any thing about to be written in this sketch will have direct bearing upon that point—indeed the date of Mozart's advent in Vienna will not be reached—but the origin and strength of the taste of the Austrian imperial family for the Italian opera of the time will appear and be explained.

The basis of these sketches is to be found in certain articles under the signature of "B—r" in the *Vienna Recensionen*, 1858, and part of the materials in *Würrbach's Biographisches Lexicon* of the Austrian Empire. As I know of no source in the English language whence the information, proposed to be compendiously embodied here, can be drawn, it is certainly to be hoped that it may prove of musical-historic value if not of interest—and who, knows but some American Polko may find inspiration in it for a dozen musical novels? A. W. T.]

As we have to do with Emperors and Empresses, with crown princes and princesses, archdukes and archduchesses, with a king or two now and then, we must find some means of fixing when they lived,—we must have a date for a starting point. [Blessed be the man that first invented dates! That discovered chronology to be the eye of history, as we used to study in Daniel Whelpley's "Compend" years ago, in J. Q. Adams's administration.]

*Anno 26 post urbem* (Boston) *conditam*, *anno 26 ante urbem* (Philadelphia) *conditam*, *anno 30 post urbem* (New York) *conditam* (i.e. when the Dutch built the block-house on Manhattan Island), *anno*—say, *Anno Domini* 1656. It is the last year of William Bradford's Governorship of Plymouth Colony; the second year of John Endicott's third term as Governor of the Massachusetts Bay, the 20th year of Harvard College, and the 5th of John Eliot's town of praying Indians at South Natick. Roger Williams was elected last year President of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations; John Webster is serving his one year as head of the Colony on the Connecticut river. Peter Stuyvesant, last of the Dutch Dynasty, is in the tenth year of his rule over "die Nieuw Nederlandt, Communipaw and the countries beyond—now forming part of that

region known variously as the "State of Camden and Amboy," "Copperheaddom" and New Jersey, and of that distant settlement of Swedes and Finns on the farther side of the waters now called Delaware bay; which settlement was conquered by the mighty Stuyvesant only the last year. Samuel Matthews was Governor of the Colonies in Virginia, and Catholic Maryland was in charge of Commissioners sent over by the Puritan Parliament. England had not yet generously begun to empty her prisons, jails and pauper-houses into the wilds of North America, and hence the country of the "Confederate States"—known briefly as "Rebeldom"—was still uncolonized. Beyond the ocean, the grandest man who ever ruled the destinies of England—the Puritan farmer Cromwell—was drawing toward the close of his glorious career.\* Baptist tinker Bunyan was ordained to teach and preach only last year by the congregation at Bedford; and the learned Mr. John Milton, the other great literary creative genius of that generation, now in his 48th year, is Latin Secretary to Parliament, or his Highness the Lord Protector, I do not know which—perhaps both—is living, as nearly as I can make out, a second time a widower, blind, but in easy circumstances, down in old Scotland yard, convenient to Whitehall. The play house, so long suppressed by the Puritan and Presbyterian rule, shows signs of resurrection; for Cromwell allows (1656) noseless Sir William D' Avenant to produce at Rutland house entertainments in "declamation and music, after the manner of the ancients," which he calls operas (!). Shakespeare has been quietly reposing just 40 years in the church at Stratford; "rare Ben Jonson," 19 years in Westminster Abbey; and John Dryden is a young man of twenty-five still at Cambridge, I suppose, who as yet seems to have done nothing in letters, but compose a poor poem on the death of a certain Lord Hastings.

And so we get a starting point.

The first two years of tinker Bunyan's preaching were the last two years of the reign of Ferdinand III., *Dei gratia*, King of Hungary, Bohemia, Rome, Archduke of who can tell how many states, and Emperor of Germany;—an association of ideas, which will enable ten to remember when the Emperor died by referring to the tinker, to one who will fix the tinker in his mind by reference to the Emperor. There has been one Shakespeare, one Raphael, one Michael Angelo, one Handel, one Beethoven, one Bunyan—but as for Emperors!

In July, 1656, Ferdinand III., Emperor of Germany, for the last time celebrated his birthday in one of the summer palaces near Vienna, for on the 2d of April following he died. He was a practical and theoretical musician, and the last

\* My admiration for that great and pure man dates long before Nuttall Carlye had fallen down and worshipped him, i.e. publicly. The utter worthlessness of the Nuttall-Epico poet's estimate of character, is shown in his delusion of that old brute, Frederick William I. of Prussia. When he has finished whitewashing the Fredericks, let him try his hand at Pope Alexander VI., Jeff. Davis and James Buchanan.

musical illustration, but one, in Athanasius Kircher's "Musurgia," Vol. I., is an Italian vocal composition by him in four voices and a figured bass. An extract from a *Miserere* is contributed by a correspondent to the *Leipzig Musik Zeitung* for 1826, p. 503. An ancient publication at Prague was an air with 36 variations, also from his pen.

At this last birthday festival was performed a "Drama per musica" entitled "Theti," in five acts, with ballets, text by Diamonte Gabrielli, music by Bertali, imperial chapellmaster. At the close of the opera, his son and successor, Leopold, already king of Hungary, as British heirs apparent to the crown are princes of Wales—"danced a ballet with eight sea-gods."

Ferdinand died April 2d 1657, and the previous deaths of his three older sons now placed the hereditary crowns upon the head of the fourth, Leopold I, who was soon after elected also to the German imperial dignity.

Leopold had been intended for the church, and his education of course had been in that direction during his childhood, and gave him a fondness for science and letters, which he cherished through life and for which he did much. He was but eighteen years of age when his father died, and he found himself in a position to deny himself no desire of his heart. He inherited the Hapsburg passion for music, and one of his first acts was the erection of an opera house hard by the palace, on the spot where now the imperial library contains the musical collection, which during the almost half century of his reign he brought together. In 1688, when the Turks besieged Vienna, it was found necessary to remove the theatre, because, being a wooden structure, the "Greek fire" of the enemy endangered the palace.

Leopold called Padre Kirchner (not Kircher of the *Musurgia*) from Rome, to teach him counterpoint, and under such excellent instruction the Emperor became a fine theoretic musician, and a voluminous if not great composer; certainly there is no tradition that any of his works were damned. Imperial and royal works of literature and art are always successful at home. See the writings of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte for instance; or the church architecture of his late poor old Majesty, the last King of Prussia. In the imperial library at Vienna the musical productions of Leopold are preserved in quantities,—oratorios, hymns, motets, music to operas, comedies and ballets. He played the flute and had a spinet in each of his palaces, at which he spent many of his leisure hours. He kept up an orchestra and complete troop of singers both for the chapel and the theatre. The vocalists and principal composers came, almost of course in those days, from Italy; that country, which had for so many centuries, been the centre of the world's trade, art, religion, letters and vice, and which, retaining the monopoly of artificial Soprani and Altis—who could have no other hope or ambition in life, than such as depended upon their perfection as singers—

had carried vocal and subsequently instrumental music, until the enlargement and perfection of orchestras, to their highest pitch of excellence. When another nation shall become so rich and luxurious, and its priesthood so debased, as to fill its churches and theatres with that class of singers, then will old Italy be rivalled in the perfection of its vocal music.

Bertali was Chapelmaster at Leopold's accession, but after some half dozen years is heard of no more, "gone to his death-bed" probably, and Antonio Draghi's name occurs continually as composer of the court operas, in several cases both of text and music. "B—r" says: "We will specially mention Antonio Draghi here, on account of his almost unequalled fecundity, since in the repertoire of the Court Opera, which we have made running through a period of two centuries, this composer appears with 156 dramatic works, which he composed for Vienna, and which were performed there. They begin in 1663 with "Oronisba," to which Draghi also wrote the text, and end Nov. 8, 1699 with "Alceste," text by Cupeda, ballet music by Hoffer, which opera was performed on the birthday of Archduchess Maria, daughter of the King, afterwards Emperor Joseph I. by command of the Emperor. This composer had in Nicolo Minato, imperial court poet, an equally inexhaustible text writer. For, from the "Atalante," music by Draghi, ballet music by Schmelzer, performed Nov. 18, 1669 in honor of the dowager Empress Eleonora's birthday, to "Muzio Scevola," music by Bononcini, imperial chamber composer, performed on the 'nameday' of Empress Amelia,—he wrote 110 textbooks for Vienna.

The last text book B—r claims to have been the "Muzio Scevola," which was composed by Handel, Bononcini and—who? Attilio, say all authorities but Chrysander, who gives Act I. to Filippo Matteo, called Pippo, first violoncellist in the orchestra, and it is his business to know. Chrysander, too, says that the London "M. Scevola" text book was by Paolo Rolli, so here two doctors disagree.

Beside Bertali and Draghi, we have the names Cesti, Pederzuoli, Sances, Zaini as composers; Schmelzer and Hoffer composers for the ballet and two ballet masters. The "Chapel," technically speaking, consisted of a chapelmaster, a vice do, 3 composers, 5 organists, 34 vocalists and 41 instrumentists—a fine establishment at a time when in Western Europe Louis XIV.th's, "four and twenty fiddlers all on a row," were such a marvel.

The wardrobes and scenery of the court operas were very splendid and costly; for instance, the mounting of "Il Pomo d' Oro" cost 100,000 florins—some \$40,000—in those days when the comparative value of money was far greater than now. The regular annual expense of the court musicians was 46,780 fl., besides "remunerations." Leopold examined every candidate for his chapel himself, and every opera offered for performance; in the theatre he always had the score of the music before him, and it was no uncommon spectacle to see him directing the music of the mass from his box in the palace chapel.

His first wife cared nothing for music, but his second, Claudia Felicitas, from the Tyrol, played several instruments and sang well—she was shrewd too. At the Carneval of 1674 she caused to be performed an opera in 3 acts, entitled "La

Laterna di Diogene," text by Minato, music by Draghi, in which various "court weaknesses" were brought to the Emperor's notice, and even some lessons administered to him indirectly in the person of the Alexander the Great on the stage.

Leopold shewed the ruling passion strong in death. It was May 5th, 1705, that he lay dying. He had received extreme unction and said his last prayer. Now he called for his orchestra, and to the soft tones of their instruments breathed his last.—Dramatic?

It must not be forgotten that the Italian language was as familiar at court as German; that there were then no German opera and no German singers,—at all events in this part of the world, and even in North Germany it was only in a helpless infancy, not really flourishing even in Hamburg, until near the close of the 17th century. It is curious that English opera with Purcell, and German opera with Keiser both flourished at the same time, and that neither then took firm root, both being crushed out by the Italian opera—but by an Italian opera composed by Germans, Handel, Hasse, and so on!

(To be continued.)

## Review of Mendelssohn's Letters. Second Volume.

From the London Athenaeum.

*Letters from the Years 1833 to 1847, of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (Leipzig, Mendelssohn; London, Williams & Norgate)*

Though no one can accept this second volume of Mendelssohn's Letters—a sequel to the first—as standing in place of a biography,—though every one must regret the delay of his survivors in producing such a befitting memorial, seeing how many of those have already passed away out of reach,—the value of this new revelation exceeds that of the former one. Such a picture of ripe manhood, succeeding to a youth of brilliant promise, as it affords, has seldom been displayed. Mendelssohn's impressions of Italian, French and English travel were so fascinating by the spirit of enjoyment which they breathed, by the rapid acuteness of the writer's observation, by his power of rendering, with a few happy touches of lively, poetical, discriminating language, the magnificent shows of Nature, the precious works of Art, the distinctive peculiarities of character, no matter what their sphere or demonstration. Here we have the golden fruit of that travel and those experiences. Here, after having been shown the aspirant in the fresh and eager pleasure of wandering apprenticeship, we see the artist in the triumphant and generous mastery of his craft.

We fancy, however, that the picture might have been yet fuller and brighter than it is. It is impossible not to feel for those who have read the first letters with some knowledge of the subject, and who, while reading them, discerned editorial indiscretions in no respect consistent with the general tone of caution assumed. Whereas many passages and persons were avoided with scrupulous delicacy, others, claiming more consideration and reserve, were printed and exhibited without mitigation, in a spirit savoring rather of pique against some who are living than of respect for the feelings of the dead—who was the foremost of men to confess and to regret the injustices of a gifted boy's impertinence, into which he must have been more than mortal not to have been hurried by his spirits, his precocious knowledge, and strong artistic convictions. To take but one instance: nothing could be in worse taste than nakedly to print the sarcastic criticisms on "Robert le Diable" in a record from which so many things were omitted, and in which so many things are massed. Few except the initiated will be able to put a name to a certain musical companion of Mendelssohn's Roman life, of whose mistakes he wrote freely, and whose name is here

considerately suppressed, out of deference to the feelings of the living. Why, then, should every ill-natured person have been invited to chuckle over the severe judgment flung out in the heat of youth against M. Meyerbeer? The German journalists have chuckled accordingly, and have pelted the composer of "Robert" with Mendelssohn's sharp words. This, we repeat, is cruel to the dead as well as the living. No one that has mixed ever so slightly in Berlin society can be unaware of the spirit of that capital, which is cynicism in its worst form,—that of petty scandal among artists, aye, and among statesmen and philosophers too, such as may befit crones of quality, but not honest and sincere men. The revelations of Miss Ludmilla von Assing, from Von Humboldt's letter-cases, would prove this, had not the fact been otherwise notorious. In Spontini's time, a whisper was allowed to pass round that the real author of "La Vestale" had been disposed of by the crafty Chapel-master, who was reaping his laurels—so much was the Italian detested. It is no indiscretion to state that a *Montagne* and *Capulet* disunion reigned between the rival Israelite houses of Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, both looking to the highest artistic honors and preferments which the Prussian capital had to offer. But we had a right to expect that such paltry rancour should have been buried in the grave of a great and good man; one who, in his mature life, did cordial justice to Spontini and to M. Meyerbeer (as we can attest from recollection); one, too, who, largely because of the pervading influences of bitter and ungenerous, and disloyal *colerie*-tone, came, as we shall see, to avoid Berlin as a residence, with all its honors and appointments, pressed on him by the direct and flattering encouragements of royal favor, even though the city contained that dear family house to which his heart was drawn, as to a magnet, whithersoever his wanderings led him, and those beloved relatives without whose sympathy and appreciation the most brilliant success availed him nothing.

Still, after all the allowance which the above remarks imply as being necessary has been made, this book is unique in its portraiture of a musician's character. The beardless youths of today's Germany, who whistle away every great reputation of the past with a stupid ignorance—borne out, it must be said, by their pretenses at composition,—who will call Mozart slow and pale, and patronize Beethoven as a pioneer, and admit Weber to be a folk's-composer, and yawn at Mendelssohn as a monotonous and shallow formalist,—should be here rebuked (supposing any sense of shame lingers among them) by the exposure of the thoughts, opinions, and sympathies of the most German of Germans—of the truest of true men, who could prove his greatness as an artist by his catholicity in admiring forms of Art different from his own,—each according to its real worth, no matter whether it was old or new. Let us paraphrase what he writes about Chopin to his sister, Madame Hensel, in 1835: "I cannot deny, dear Fanny, that I have lately discovered that you have not been just enough to Chopin,"—giving excellent reasons for his admiration, and going on to tell of a curious Sunday evening, A.D. 1835, on which he played before Chopin the music of his then unproduced "Paulus," when, betwixt the two acts of the oratorio music, the Polish composer,—not at that time withdrawn, by bad health, and bad Parisian influences, from public performance,—played, as an *entr'acte*, some of his *nocturni*. Later, Mendelssohn loved to play and to exhibit these very compositions,—which one of the new pedants would have found disgusting, because not like his own work;—and to dwell on the peculiarity in the music, on the charm in the man, while neither imitating the peculiarity of the one nor emulating the charm of the other.

So, too, whether the great and real artist found something to admire in the technical treatment of the keyboard of the pianoforte by Döhler, or whether he did curious and admiring homage to the union of power and elegance, and perfect mechanism in Herr Thalberg's piano-forte effects,—he was always ready rightly to appreciate,

willing to learn, and nowise to be swayed or carried away by any predominant fashion, but ready with love, ready with reason, ready without envy to help, to bring home (that home being always Germany) the best of the best, no matter what the country of birth might be,—no matter how different the usages which separated one musical world from another. He was prepared to try the difficult conquest of the Grand Opera of Paris. He enjoyed practising on the field of success which he had conquered in England. Here is another encounter which shows the man in all his geniality:

"Yesterday (the date is Frankfort July 1836) I went early to Hiller's. Who is sitting there? Rossini, stout and broad, in the most charming of Sunday humors. I know truly few men who can be so amusing and full of spirit as he when he will. I have talked with him about getting the Mass in B minor, and other things by Sebastian Bach sung for him by the Cecilian Society; that will be too rare. The Rossini wondering at Sebastian Bach! But he thinks 'tis as well to do as the people of the country do,—and when he is among wolves will howl."

A closer knowledge of the author of "Guillaume Tell" would have taught Mendelssohn that the Pescoeres *maestro* did not express interest in Bach as an act of mere complaisance. It is only of later days that the universality of Signor Rossini's musical knowledge, and the retentiveness of his memory have come to be known in all their fullness and force. This trying Bach on the Italian recalls another experiment of the kind, made on another composer of another country, whose pretensions of the highest musical knowledge and the utmost severity of taste may well be called amazing. When visiting Mendelssohn, he, too, without any air of howling when among wolves, expressed no common curiosity about works of Bach unknown to him—the eight-part Motets among the number. Mendelssohn collected these and sent them to the hotel where Z— was staying. When they met again, Z— was duly oracular on the subject: "But do you know," said Mendelssohn, who used to tell the story with infinite humor, "the music came back to me without his even having untied the strings of the parcel!"

Too few letters referring to Mendelssohn's residence at Dusseldorf are given. Yet that was one of the most interesting periods of his life, that which preceded the universal acknowledgment of his genius. He was then, too, in closer connection with theatrical matters than at any later period, having even, during a short period, some share in the direction of the opera conjointly with Immerman, and dreaming even then of writing "Tempest" Music, as a sequel to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture. Difficulties and troubles arose, as they are too apt to do, in the weary world of dramatic enterprise: the failure, too, of an opera produced at Berlin—"Carmacho's Wedding"—may have had its part in damping such ardor in the cause as he possessed. Be this as it may, however, instead of Mendelssohn's opera, which he was always talking of writing, there came his oratorio "St. Paul," which was produced for the first time at the Lower Rhenish Whitsuntide Festival at Dusseldorf, and first in England, not at Birmingham, as the editors of those Letters have stated, but at Liverpool. One critic only, but he was a writer whose prejudices were passion, the late Gresham Professor, made light of the work because it was not Spohr's, and, with an acumen which it is amusing to call to mind, balanced it in the scales of wisdom against an oratorio by Mr. Perry—giving, on the whole, the preference to the latter; but the voice of all England and all Germany was against that arrogant man. There could be no longer an instant's doubt that a star of the very greatest magnitude had risen. The immediate success of his oratorio seems honestly to have surprised Mendelssohn. It assured his position,—which was thenceforward to the day of his death such an one as few, if any, musical artists have ever occupied. He had a home everywhere among the best of the best. In England he exercised a sort of fascination, which has still not passed away. He

had admirers enthusiastic enough to collect every possible memorial, not of himself alone, but of all belonging to him. During a quarter of a century, he was the musical type or pattern by which every young beginner anxiously modelled his music. Well would it have been had our young men modelled themselves after his indefatigable industry, his unswerving sense of duty, his upright courtesy, his charity, his resolution to gather knowledge and to recognize what was good in Art, no matter whether it agreed or disagreed with his own individuality! These selected Letters only display this phase of his character partially. They tell how keenly he relished the Shakespearian Readings of Mrs. Fanny Kemble how he was enchanted by a player on a poor little instrument of wood and straw, one Herr Guzikow; but they do not show what pleasure he could also take in a thing so perfect of its kind as the riding of an equestrian, M. Paul Cuzent, for whose performance he actually wrote music (now, we suppose, lost.) Cuzent must have been a superior man, with better ambition than usually goes round in the ring. He retired from the booth and betook himself to the study of music and composition. An operetta by him made its way to public performance at the Theatre Lyrique at Paris; but he followed his patron and friend before he could work out a second career.

While we are indicating blanks which remain to be filled up, the number of which makes the record of a life so richly noble, so necessary, we may call up as an illustration an evening in which the composer of "St. Paul" sat like a delighted child at the corner of a piano-forte, to be regaled till the "small hours" by the inimitable and always artistic whimsies of Mr. John Parry. He would not let them come to an end. "Now a little more—now, pray! a little more!" improvising betwixt show and show, with a vivacity and readiness of invention, such as no royal person could have commanded. He was always, in brief, quickened to do his best by every thing that was real,—superior to the beggarly feeling of the apaiser, of the pedigree man, of the martinet, who think, with *Lady Blarney*, that "there is a form,"—men who dare not move, and dare not enjoy, and dare not understand, till rubrical warrant is given to their pleasures.

There is small need to dwell on the influence which Mendelssohn's residence at Leipzig exercised over that somewhat Bœotian town, (Bœotian in spite of its University, its fairs, and its publishing-houses). He made it the capital of musical Germany. The concerts there, in his time, were without peer. The players' instruments were poor and their appointments were not good: two deficiencies which he bent himself generously to improve, and which to some degree he did succeed in improving; but there has been nothing before or since comparable to his energy in research, his liberality in welcome, his power of keeping alive an audience a long winter through, without any false or foolish condescensions to the nonsense of the moment.

If Leipzig was Mendelssohn's capital as above described, he as its king could show royal hospitality. In a letter (date 1840) to his mother, he writes of a visit from Dr. Liszt in his best vein. Two men less like one to the other (both being consummate musicians) could not be imagined; but no one of the congregation who, by blind wonder, have helped its oracle to lose itself, can be more outspoken than was Mendelssohn, in tribute to the marvellous power of hand, and memory, and heart, belonging to the guest at Leipzig. And delightful is it, though a little melancholy to those who have a recollection of similar hospitalities, to meet there with Mendelssohn's postscript to all he had written to his mother, in the form of his tale of a party given by him to Dr. Liszt, in 1840, at the *Gewandhaus*, to three hundred and fifty guests, at which were "orchestra, chorus, bishop (the drink known by that name), cakes, Meeresstille overture, psalm, triple concerto of Bach (played by Mendelssohn, Hiller and Liszt), choruses from "St. Paul," fantasia on "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Erl König,"—"the devil and his grandmother." But the hospitality did not imply acquiescence on the part of the

man who lovingly erected a monument to Sebastian Bach, under the shadow of the Thomas Kirche, with any of his guest's feverish vagaries, which ended in the discovery and patronage of Herr Wagner as the great latter-day musical prophet of Germany.

Instead of paraphrasing letters, it may be better for the moment to continue calling attention to the incompleteness of these memorials of a great man's life. We have to pick our way, by aid of some small knowledge, towards the issue of the success of "St. Paul," and the achievements marking the residence of the composer of "St. Paul" at Leipzig, during which time Mendelssohn helped so many bounteously, and helped himself so modestly. As life advanced, however, and with it his consciousness of life's duties and his own powers, it became obvious to him that he could not be a mere mouthpiece to the German winds that blew from all the four quarters of the compass. It was delightful, no doubt, to every one else,—whether such guest was Chelard or Marschner, or other unlucky man whose success had been chequered by the caprices of German popularity,—or whether it was a rising composer from the little-known north, such as Herr Gade—to find a ready welcome—a great artist sitting at the gate, waiting to produce, with all his heart and soul and spirit, all that new-comers young or old could offer. It became obvious, even to a man so liberal as Mendelssohn, that, while directing those Leipzig concerts, he was in no small degree devoting his life to others, whereas a life of his own was waiting for him. Thus, after having as conductor raised a second-rate orchestra, and a series of dull concerts to a brightness and a notoriety which, as has been said, were without parallel, the time came when Mendelssohn felt that he must live for himself; and that he could serve the great cause of German music better by asserting himself as a composer than by being the usher and interpreter of others. Accordingly he slackened his intercourse with the people of his capital as a maker of music for their pleasure. He was, by this time—the later period of his life—sought for, persecuted with attentions, it may be said, on every side, by the great and the powerful. It was not possible that such a man should be allowed to live his own life and to work his own works without reference to courts, or orders, or appointments. So that, after the "Lobgesang" had carried out and enhanced the reputation made by the "St. Paul," and after a small mercantile town had been virtually made the centre of German musical creation—thanks to the presence of an original and conscientious man of genius—it became a necessity that such a man as Mendelssohn should not be longer overlooked. He was to be attached to the court of Berlin at any price.

History may possibly do more justice than is the fashion of the hour to the memory of the late King of Prussia, as a monarch who, during the early part of his reign at least, had liberal views, if visionary, in regard to literature, science and art,—and who did his best to make his chilly and pedantic capital less chilly and pedantic by gathering to it some of the best men of Germany. His wisdom, however, fell short of his aim, because his personality and vanity were stronger than his wisdom. His patronage was too despotic. He was too much given to meddle—to occupy the gifted persons he had enticed to Berlin or encouraged there over chimeras and whimsies of his own finding out, from which no permanent result could possibly arise. His favorite architect, Schinkel, thwarted in the execution of many of his best designs (and whose reputation has suffered from the restraining economy of his master), was, nevertheless, commissioned to waste time, thought and ingenuity in devising plans and working out details for a new capital, as though there was any chance of its being built, supposing even the money had been in the treasury. Mendelssohn, again, was to be employed on tasks only a trifle more genial—tasks almost as useless as any which a musician so conscientious as he was can undertake,—even though they were hailed by a Bunsen as inaugurating a new musical era. Translated Greek tragedies were to be

revived and performed after the manner of the ancients, with choral and orchestral music by a modern writer,—though small use could be made of Doric and Lydian and Phrygian modes, as unfit for the time we live in as the masks and buskins of the Athenian stage. The composer's compliance gave to the world two great examples of difficulties surmounted, in the choruses to "Antigone" and to "Œdipus;" but let the best be made of them that faith and reverence can make, they remain still, and must remain virtually, so much dead matter,—at best representing a pleasure of which only the few and the gravely scholastic can partake in all its fulness. To be tied to such services, even had it been in a world where there were no such things as cabals, neither courtiers yawning in secret over the Attic feasts, imperfectly served, which were set before them by royal caprice, would by no means have suited one of Mendelssohn's independent spirit. None could know better than he that to be retrospective is one thing, to attempt to galvanize the shapeless remains (for to such do the relics of Greek music amount) of a by-gone world—still more, to substitute modern creation in their place—is another. To his court-service at Berlin we owe, it is true, that peerless setting of Shakspeare's fairy play, the "Midsummer Night's Dream,"—the setting of the "Athalie" choruses,—and (in another sphere) the noble unaccompanied eight-part Motets for the Cathedral, which stand next to Palestrina's music; but these letters show how he chafed and was vexed in the fetters which pretending lovers of art tried to fling around him,—how, while Bunsen was encouraging him to expend leisure and ingenuity on pseudo-classical dressings of classical works (in which there can be no reality), his heart and mind were breaking away from every command of the kind, however seductively couched. After vain attempts, at the instance of many mistaken friends, to reconcile two impossible things, free agency and court-service, he retired from the fruitless struggle. It is impossible to cite any thing in the whole library of letters written by great men more noble in tone, more direct in utterance, more respectful, without a touch of sycophancy, than those having reference to Mendelssohn's withdrawal from Berlin. On his being pathetically adjured not to be a traitor, not to desert his king as others were doing, he replied that, while he loved his country and honored his sovereign as thoroughly as the best of them (though he was only a musician), he could most efficiently prove himself a good subject by free labor in the wide field of art, as his own instinct led him, and not by attempting, against his better judgment, faded and false modern classicalities, for the poor purpose of giving a learned and refined air to the Potsdam and Sans-Souci of the nineteenth century.

While these negotiations were going on, he was busy over the sacred masterpiece of this century—his second oratorio. What a year was that which brought "Elijah" to light! To show how little these letters will stand in stead of the Biography that should be written, it may be pointed out how meagre of necessity are the notices of the busiest period of Mendelssohn's life as a creator and conductor—the year when within a few weeks were crammed a musical festival at Aix-la-Chapelle, with Mdlle. Jenny Lind,—the production of that excellent Catholic hymn the "Lauda Sion," at Liege,—the Singing Festival with upwards of three thousand male voices at Cologne, over which he presided,—and the hasty bringing out of "Elijah" at Birmingham. Those were weeks full of animation and event—perhaps the culminating time of his triumphs as an artist; and as such relished by him with an exquisite heartiness. He was then pursued by artists and admirers from every part of France and Germany; and would tell, with infinite humor, among other encounters, how, while looking at the Archbishop's tomb in Cologne Minster (a building for which he entertained an admiration amounting almost to a passion,) he was drawn back to the world of "lamp-oil and orange-peel" by the appearance of a composer of no mean merit, Onslow, and the euphuistic and mannered, yet not

insincere, compliments of that courtly man!

So long did he loiter, naturally beguiled by the excitements of the summer, that a part of the "Elijah" was brought to London, at the last moment, in fragments; its composer by no means considering his work as complete, not having made up his mind as to some of what are to-day considered its favorite portions. It is a fact that he spoke of the possibility of leaving out that delicious air, "O, rest in the Lord," by which he seemed to set little store, but was persuaded by his friends to wait and see the effect produced by it.

Of all things, the Letters published give only a meagre account. We must here stop, however,—probably to return to the book on some future day; certainly frequently to refer to the treasures of wit, thought and instruction which it contains. Meanwhile, it appears to us the duty of the time is not so much to point out this story or the other fancy, as to urge on the survivors of so great and so complete an artist and so good a man, that they are indulging themselves, not showing affection for him, by withholding such a full biography as is a duty to those who inherit the name of Felix Mendelssohn. The catalogue of his published works, though drawn out by Herr Rietz (his trusted friend), is not correct, and for a simple reason: there are English works omitted, published in London, which he may have failed to enter in the list kept by him for the most part so carefully.

#### English Organ-Playing.

(From "The London Review,"—August 7.)

Mr. Willis's large organ, originally erected at the International Exhibition, having been transplanted to the Islington Agricultural Hall, was opened on Tuesday last by Dr. Wesley. A performance of the *Messiah* was given on the occasion by a band and chorus numbering upwards of a thousand, the principal singers being Mdlle. Parepa, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Between the first and second parts of the oratorio, Dr. Wesley performed a fantasia and fugue (*extempore*). Organ-playing in this country is so profitless a pursuit that any artist who devotes himself exclusively to the cultivation of the grandest of all instruments deserves respectful consideration for an enthusiasm which, whatever fame it may bring, will scarcely produce much more solid results. There is, perhaps, no walk of musical art so absorbing as organ-playing. Singing and violin-playing have powerful fascinations for artistic egotism, but the vainest of singers or violinists must occasionally feel a yearning for something beyond their own individual efforts. Not so the organist—seated at an instrument of sufficient magnitude, with its three or four manuals, (key-boards) and its proper complement of pedals, realizing the grand conceptions of that Michael Angelo of music, Sebastian Bach, or indulging in the reveries of extemporaneous fancy, the organist sinks all sense of the personal in the sublimity of an instrument whose tones are identified with the most sacred and ennobling associations. Among the few English organists of distinction, the late Samuel Wesley (father of the Dr. Wesley just referred to) merits especial mention, not only as an improvisatore of considerable powers, but also as having been the first to introduce among us the fugues of Sebastian Bach. Samuel Wesley's organ playing was that of a clear, though not profound thinker; his natural genius was greater than his technical acquirements, and hence his improvisations were admirable rather for intelligible distinctness than for recondite elaboration. By far the greatest English organist was the late Mr. Thomas Adams, a man whose truly remarkable powers were never thoroughly appreciated save by the few who are capable of following the intricacies of fugue and counterpoint. This gentleman, although, of course, not comparable to Mendelssohn in genius and fancy, was little, if at all, inferior to him (as an organ player) in mechanical dexterity and command of the intricate combinations of counterpoint in his impromptu performances. One, two, and sometimes three

subjects (frequently proposed at the moment by one of the audience) were treated with logical strictness and unhesitating clearness, including all those ingenious combinations and devices (inversion, augmentation, diminution, &c.), which are difficulties even in deliberate composition. True, in his free fantasia playing, his style was sometimes disfigured by antiquated mannerisms which he had imbibed from the false taste prevalent during his early studies. Take him altogether, however, Mr. Thomas Adams was a man of very rare and remarkable talent, absorbed in the exercise of his special powers, and reaping but small reward and limited fame—dying the organist of an ordinary parish church; and, so far as we remember, without one word of passing comment. Much interest was excited by the announcement of Dr. Wesley's performance on Tuesday last, and many amateurs of the organ were attracted by the desire to hear a player whose celebrity has not been extinguished by his long absence from London. Dr. Wesley commenced with a prelude in the free style, leading to an andante in which he displayed some of the solo stops of the instrument, and concluding with a fugue which was announced as extemporaneous, the preceding movements it may therefore be presumed being written composition. The subject of Dr. Wesley's fugue was neither new or interesting—it was so trite as to possess no importance in itself, and could only have derived it by an elaborate treatment which it did not receive. A counter subject was added, which, however, speedily disappeared; and after the usual "point d'orgue" and some sequential repetitions of the subject, the fugue was wound up by a brilliant "coda." Dr. Wesley exhibited consummate skill in his treatment of the instrument, his unerring readiness of hand and feet evincing complete mastery over all the difficulties of his art—but, although our greatest living organist, Dr. Wesley can scarcely be considered the equal of Adams either in clearness of rhythmical phrasing, purity of part-playing, or ingenuity in the devices of counterpoint.

#### Music in Italy.

(Correspondence of the London Musical World.)

Vicenza, October, 17, 1868.

SIR.—The Opera in Italy, as conducted on a first-rate scale, has so often been described that it may be a relief to understand how it is done on a third-rate scale in the smaller provincial cities; and let the Operas at Arona, Verona and Vicenza stand as types of their class.

Arona is a most charming town on Lake Maggiore—neat, clean, amid fascinating scenery, and yet enjoying all the conveniences of access by steamboat and railroad. Nobody ever stops there—English tourists rush on, as if they were running a race, and take the first train to Milan, and, in consequence, the inns are reasonable, and not overcrowded, while the churches seldom see inquisitive strangers examining their treasures under the dictation of Murray.

The theatre at Arona is, like the town, neat and small. As the performance was announced to begin at half-past seven o'clock, I went there at seven, expecting to find a large audience present. My advent excited a flutter among a few shabby officials, who were eating chestnuts by the light of a little oil lamp in the vestibule. One of them went into the box office, lit a candle, and procured a ticket about a foot square, which he sold to me for the sum of one franc, admitting me to the parterre or pit, and then another official stopped eating chestnuts to receive from me the piece of pasteboard as I passed into the theatre.

Instead of the well-lighted, half-filled auditorium I had expected, I found myself in a sort of mammoth cave, dimly lit by one feeble oil lamp, which seemed to be suspended in some miraculous way from the proscenium, and shed a dying glare upon the front of the drop curtain. Not a soul was yet in the house, and a melancholy silence reigned around, the whole scene suggesting an Italian cemetery at night, with the lamp that is always burning in the centre thereof.

Time dragged wearily on, and soon I went out again to nerve my drooping spirits by a stroll in the street. Returning at twenty minutes past



seven, I found five people in the theatre, while an extra lamp had been lighted near the door. A few moments later, without a moment's warning, the proscenium lamp began slowly to ascend, and disappeared at the top of the stage. A solemn click was heard, and part of the ceiling of the auditorium parted, disclosing a large chandelier, with the lamps thereof all lighted. The seventh man now entered the auditorium. The chandelier then began to slowly descend, amid the acclamations of the seven auditors. It rested when about ten feet above our heads, and from this elevation generously dribbled oil over the pit.

The eighth auditor now entering was followed by the ninth, with his wife and three small children. At the same time a face was applied to a great aperture in the drop curtain, and a pair of big Italian eyes took a survey of the house. Anxious as I was for fresh demonstrations, I almost missed the next stage of this mysterious series of proceedings, which was the weird illumination of a clock somewhere up near the ceiling. After this a row of foot-lights suddenly popped up from some subterranean recess under the stage, and was followed by a great green carriage top, intended to hide the prompter. Alas! why did it not stifle his noisy tongue! The house was by this time half full; and the members of the orchestra finally strolling in one by one, as if they dropped in casually, and had no particular business there, the opera was actually begun before the excited mind had fairly recovered from the effects of the machinery whose operations I have described.

It was Verdi's *Luisa Miller*, very fairly sung; a good baritone who, spite of a long grey beard, still looked young enough to be Louisa's grandson; and a robust tenor, a large, splendidly-built young man, being worthy of special notice. The house was quite enthusiastic, and in the final trio of the last act the singers would have excited the admiration of even a London audience. The other opera of the season at Arona is Ricci's *Che dura Vince*.

Vicenza is one of the most beautiful places in Northern Italy,—quite as beautiful in its location as Verona, of which Ruskin has so much to say. The opera-house, or Teatro Pamato, is a curious half-classic affair, built outside the gates of the city on the finely shaded plain which lies between it and the railway station. The front is a projecting semi-circle, crowned with statues, and presenting among the green trees quite a picturesque—almost Arcadian—appearance. The roof of the auditorium is simply a vast sail of canvas, supported in the centre by a large mast, as in a circus tent. Yet the interior is quite pretty, and well lighted, though the floor is mother Earth alone. Of course the place is only serviceable in fair weather. Here I heard quite as good a performance of *Norma* (excepting as to chorus) as I have heard in the finest European capitals. The *Norma* was a Signora Piedola—a large, well-formed young woman of the Medori style, and of striking merit both as an actor and a singer. The next night she sang in *Lombardi*, where the mediocrity of the tenor and baritone only made her ability the more striking. All the singers were laboring under a cold, and Piedola also was so hoarse, that she sang the air "Non fu Sogno" but poorly, and indeed in one part quite broke down. This misfortune, however, seemed to arouse all her energy, for during the orchestral interlude she stamped her foot almost involuntarily, gathered her strength, and burst out in the repetition of the air with almost startling force and effect. The effort was a dangerous one however. After the air, before she could reach the side wings, she was seized with a fit of coughing which seemed to rack her very frame, and scarcely left her strength to acknowledge the generous applause of the audience. I have not heard or seen her since; but I suppose that in the cold, damp, little roofless theatre of Vicenza, this splendid lyric artist is still wearing and wasting away her strength and her ability.

At Verona I heard perhaps the cheapest kind of Italian opera, at the Teatro della Porta Nuova,—a day theatre. The performance was announce-

ed to begin at half-past four p.m., and I was again, the first at the spot. The theatre was merely a stage, with shabby drapery and drop curtain while the auditorium consisted of a gallery built of rough pine boards, and the intervening space or pit, which was floored only with gravel, and had no roof at all—not even the bit of circus canvas. It was, moreover, an undertaking of no little difficulty to find this theatre, as it was in the rear of a big beer shop, and the only intimation of its existence was a little sign, bearing the words—

#### BIRRERIA

E

#### TEATRO.

The brewery being evidently considered the most important portion of the establishment.

The opera was *L'Elisir d'Amore*, sung quite well by a half worn-out little prima donna, a neat tenor with a "still small voice" like conscience, an inexperienced and a good basso. The chorus was poor, and the scenery consisted of a view of the church of San Fermo in Verona. The opera began at about sunset, but as night came on, footlights popped up, and members of the orchestra—mostly boys of about sixteen—lit little candle ends. The conductor wore a felt hat and his subordinates generally kept on their caps, as did most of the audience, who were generous in their applause, yet quite appreciative withal of any errors.

Talking about conductors, reminds me of the singular idiosyncrasy of him who wielded the baton at the Vicenza theatre. This brave Signor wore a splendid black beard, which he "cherished with a father's care." Between the acts he would turn around to the audience, take out of his breast pocket a cigar case, open it, and extract thence a large comb with which he would proceed calmly and deliberately to comb this beard. The majestic gravity which characterized this proceeding—the air of utter sang froid with which he languidly gazed at the audience, during the operation, bordered on the sublime. Yet I would not advise Arditi or Costa to emulate this proceeding, at least in public; for only the conductor of Vicenza could do it with that grace and nonchalance so peculiarly his own.

TROVATORE.

### Musical Correspondence.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., DEC. 19.—If increase of musical taste in a community is to be judged by the amount of fostering bestowed upon art and its professors, justly indeed may we boast of the refinement and liberality of the communities residing in the capital cities of Connecticut, Hartford and New Haven. The "Beethoven Society," now an institution of the city of Hartford, has just given, with the greatest success, two performances of Mendelssohn's sublime Oratorio "Elijah," one in Hartford and one in New Haven. The large attendance in both places proves how thoroughly their efforts to diffuse a taste for the grand and beautiful are appreciated. The impetus given to this divine art by the performing of such important works is hardly to be calculated; and the visit of the society to this place, for the purpose of enabling us to listen to this great composition, is an event that will live in the memory of all who were present and enjoyed the result of their labors and careful study. I have heard this Oratorio in New York and Boston, but must confess that I have never enjoyed the performance to the extent of the other evening. It may have been from the fact of its being given by too limited a number of voices in large buildings, where the sound was comparatively lost. Here, where the hall seats 2,000 persons, the choruses told with thrilling power, while the mellow grandeur of the harmony, the powerful instrumentation, the sombre loftiness of intonation, which characterize Mendelssohn's style, were brought out with marvellous effect.

The Society had for their accompaniments an ex-

cellent orchestra from your city, amongst them, the Quintette Club, and the Germania Society. Their playing exhibited a fine appreciation of the composer's meaning, and I do not exaggerate, when I say, that the accompaniment was the most perfect instrumental performance of the kind I have ever heard.

Not a point of mechanical execution was it so admirable, but in all the higher attributes of mind and spirit, did it stand above all others. I would particularly mention the violoncello of Mr. Fries, and the oboe by Mr. Rebes. The ladies and gentlemen forming this society have very musical voices, the trebles in particular. Every point in the exquisite score, both vocal and instrumental, was brought out distinctly and forcibly; whether in their extreme *fortes*, their *crescendos*, and *diminuendos*, or *pianos*, and in every degree of light. Their singing was admirable; it seemed as if the spirit of the immortal composer must have been with them. It was indeed a pleasure to listen, because there was no anxiety that all would not be complete.

Dr. GUILMETTE was the Prophet, and well did he perform his part; there was no husbanding of resources. His singing exhibited many physical and intellectual beauties; it would be difficult to select any particular passage for remark, for he displayed his gifts with equal grace and importance throughout; there was no execution of mere isolated passages, while others were allowed to take care of themselves. His pathos as he depicted the sorrows of the heart-broken Elijah; "It is enough; O Lord now take away my life," was truly impressive, and produced a deep sensation, which was made manifest by that kind of applause which bespeaks the irrepressibility and sincerity of the tribute.

The other solos were sustained by Hartford talent. Mrs. HUNTINGTON's singing of "Hear ye Israel" was remarkable for its intensity and truthfulness. She managed her voice with rare skill; there was ease, brilliancy, and a perfection of intonation not often found in a singer. Miss SMITH's singing made a thoroughly favorable impression; she has a voice of delicious purity, and sings with much force, taste and expression. The "Sanctus" of the Angels had Mrs. HUBBLE for the first soprano. She has a superb voice, breadth of tone, and grandeur of sustaining power; her upper notes soared gloriously above the orchestra and chorus. The trio "Lift thine eyes" was beautifully read, and most deliciously sung by Mrs. Huntington, Mrs. Hubbel and Mrs. RISLEY; the latter has a noble contralto voice. The quartet, "Come every one that thirsteth," was finely rendered by Miss VON WAGNER, Miss CURTIS, Mr. HUNTINGTON and Mr. HUNT. The former gentleman has a fine tenor voice. The four great choruses, "Thanks be to God," "Be not afraid," the scenes on Mount Horeb, and the translation of Elijah to Heaven, were a triumphant success.

To Mr. J. G. BARNETT, the conductor, and Mr. W. J. BABCOCK, the organist, great praise is due for the manner in which they have drilled the Chorus singers. To Mr. Barnett, in particular, would I tender my thank; she is evidently a thorough and effective musician, and has great, natural capacities for his position, that of Conductor. He must have studied this great work, with the eye of a critic, and the heart of a lover, and the consequence was, that the audience were enabled to read almost the soul of the composer. His admirable analysis of the oratorio (on the Programme) enabled those not musically educated to enjoy and better understand the different movements in their order.

S. O.

NEW YORK, DEC. 22.—The German Opera wound up last evening with Gounod's "Faust," its second representation by the Anschutz company. The house was filled from pit to dome, and the enthusiasm unbounded. The choruses of the *Kermesse* in the second act, and the Soldiers Chorus by the Arion

Society, in the fourth act, were rapturously encored, and the opera throughout was a success. The two performances of "Faust" have saved Anschutz from the pecuniary loss which the failure of the previous performances would have entailed, and it is a great pity that he did not commence his season with it, instead of "Stradella," "Martha," and the like, which drew hardly a "Corporal's guard." The German Opera season has proved a failure, and this fact reflects but little credit upon the German population, who have always been such liberal patrons of their own national enterprise. As Anschutz steps out, Maretzek pops in, and our Holiday week will be doubly gay and brilliant, from the presence of the Maretzek troupe at the Academy. Medori, Kellog, Mazzoleni, Bellini and Biachi, will very happily replace Johannsen, Frederici, Himmer, Habelmann, Steinecke, Graff and Weinlich.

The dress circle and boxes, so cold, sombre and dreary the last month or more, will now shine out resplendent with diamonds and beauty, and (*vide Herald*) Shoddy; Maretzek, Joell and Gosche will be as happy as mortals can be, and the short holiday season of four nights will put money into the pocket of the management, and charity into the hearts of the patrons. New York, with all its sins of extravagance and excess, never was more liberal than at the present time in its contributions to objects of mercy and charity. The Academy on the occasion of a patriotic entertainment for the benefit of the Soldier's Home, on Tuesday evening last, was crowded to excess at an admittance fee of one dollar, and an innumerable number of similar entertainments have received the same generous patronage of the public. So we herald the advent of the Italian opera in Christmas week with joy, for many hearts will be gladdened, many trials softened. Maretzek opens to-morrow evening with Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Medori, Brignoli, Sulzer, Mazzoleni, Bellini and Colletti. "Ione," Norma, and "Faust," will be given on the successive opera nights, and "Don Giovanni" at a matinee, and then you will be afforded an opportunity of listening to them yourself, neater home. In February they will return to us for a long and, I trust, successful season.

The second Philharmonic Concert was given to a full house on Saturday evening last. The soloists of the evening were Mme. Virginia Whiting Lorini, and Mr. Robert Goldbeck. The programme comprised Beethoven's "Pastoral" Sixth Symphony; "Le Songe," a *Morceau Symphonique*, by Mr. Goldbeck, for piano and orchestra; Gade's overture "In the Highland," and Wagner's "Rinsi" overture. Goldbeck's "Le Songe," received the most unbounded praise. "The Pastoral" with all its charming wood, and brook, and bird music was well executed, and a happy introduction to the evening's programme. The concert was under the direction of Theo. Eisfeld. The next will be conducted by Carl Bergmann.

The Harmonic Society give their annual performance of "Messiah" at Irving Hall, on Christmas evening, under the direction of Mr. George F. Bristow. Miss Brainerd, Mrs. Jenny Kempton, Mr. Simpson, and Mr. Thomas, are the soloists.

Messrs Mason and Thomas's soirées of Chamber Music will commence on the 12th of January. They will include the performers of last year, and the programme will present works of interest.

Theo. Thomas's Matinée, on Saturday last, was very well attended, and in addition to the attraction of the performance, an additional inducement was offered in the shape of the presentation of the "Christmas Polka" by Chas. Fradel, to every lady patron. The next will be on Saturday, when an unusually attractive programme will be presented.

"Timothy Trill" had an intelligent audience last night at the Parker Institute, to hear his new lecture on "Popular Music in and out of Church." The points of the discourse were these:—First, "A reform in the musical departments of our common schools by increasing the number of pianos, and teachers therein." Second, "the establishment of free Orphan Schools." Third, "the revival of Ora-

torios, with boys in place of women." Fourth, "the erection of a hall with an organ, &c." His remarks were honored with frequent applause.

The Christmas Music in the several churches will be unusually fine this year. Much pains and labor have been taken to prepare it, and the performance in many churches will be the feature of the service.

"Trovator" is home again, and I hope ere long will resume his letters to you. The pleasures of his trip through Europe will be ours also, if he will only take his pen in hand and talk.

T. W. M.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 26, 1863.

### Concerts.

**MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.** The fifteenth season of these true and constant caterers to the advanced taste of the not too many who love the deep and quiet joys of classical chamber music, opened on Thursday evening, Dec. 10. The pleasant Chickering hall was not quite filled, although there was a very goodly gathering of appreciative listeners, including perhaps some who will appreciate better by and by. How one misses the old faces! Not all of them, thank Heaven; but fifteen years bring many changes in all companies. The Club itself, though, is unchanged; the same pleasant faces, the same artistic enthusiasm as for several years past, while in point both of individual accomplishment and of consensus one remarks encouraging improvement. SCHULTZE still holds the leading violin, MEISEL the second, GOERING and RYAN the tenors (these two ready in emergency with flute and clarinet), and WOLF FRIES the violoncello. The programme of this first concert was happily chosen:

1. Quintet in C minor, No. 1. . . . . Mozart.  
Allegro—Andante—Minuetto in canone—Allegro.
2. Sonata in A for Piano and Cello. Op. 69. . . . . Beethoven.  
Allegro ma non tanto—Scherzo. Allegro molto—Adagio cantabile and Allegro vivace.
- Messrs. J. C. D. Parker and Wolf Fries.
3. Fandango for Violin. Op. 60. . . . . Molique.  
Wm. Schultze.
4. Adagio and Rondo Scherzo, from the celebrated Sonata "Le retour a Paris." Op. 70. . . . . Dussek.
5. Quartet in F. Op. 41, No. 1. . . . . Schumann.  
Introduction, Andante espressivo and Allegro—Scherzo, Presto Intermezzo—Presto.

The Mozart Quintet made a genial and delightful opening. It is one of Mozart's earlier works, written in 1782, a year after his first important opera *Idomeneo*, but written originally as a Serenade for wind instruments—two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons—and soon afterwards arranged by Mozart in the form in which it is now chiefly known, of a Quintet for strings.

Jahn says of the Serenade: "It has something large and serious about it, not the character of sadness, but of a strong and resolute resistance; note particularly the second theme of the first movement. The andante, together with great tenderness, holds fast to a composed and earnest character, which is uncommonly edifying. In the Minuet Mozart has introduced an exceedingly ingenious contrapuntal trick. The last movement passes gradually from an unquiet into a quiet mood, and ends fresh and vigorous." The Quintet was clearly and nicely rendered.

The Sonata Duo by Beethoven, is one not hitherto familiar here, and is throughout, from the first statement of the opening theme by the violoncello, so delicately imaginative, so instinct with musical delight, so full of happy inspirations all springing from one inspiration, that we trust, the concert room hereafter will often feel its pleasant glow and stimulus. It was played con

amore, with truth and delicacy, by both interpreters. Mr. PARKER, certainly, showed a rare certainty, ease and finish in his piano-playing; and this was still more notable in his rendering of the two movements from the Sonata by Dussek, a famous old composer, for first introducing whom to a Boston audience at this late day we thank him. Dussek, of course, would not wear with us like Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, and the like; he is comparatively tame, monotonous in point of modulation, but elegant and graceful, and deserves to be better known. The *Rondo Scherzo*, though the theme comes round so many times with little variation, is so full of life and grace and piquancy, so nice in form and detail, and was so nicely, daintily performed, that it gave a very artistic sort of pleasure and was heartily applauded. The violin "Fandango" by Molique is a sparkling thing and suffered nothing in the tasteful execution by SCHULTZE, with quintet accompaniment.

Another string Quartet by Schumann! following up the good work begun by the Club last winter. It certainly says something in its favor, that the new work (new to us, we mean) was listened to throughout with close attention at the end of a concert, without a sign of weariness, but evidently with a most lively interest. It seemed a difficult and a strange work, full of ideas, and, as far as we could judge from a first hearing, was happy in the rendering. We cannot say it charmed us quite as much as the one in A (No. 3 of the same *opus*) which was performed last year; but it did please us greatly, and perhaps will please still more on further hearing; for which further hearing we here plead and venture on no more remarks at present.

The concert was, artistically, one of the best successes of the Quintette Club, and an auspicious opening of the series, which, though they cautiously promise only half the usual number of concerts this time, will we trust prove so enjoyable as to result in a "to be continued." The second concert falls on the 7th of January.

**BOSTON MOZART CLUB.** The concerts of our zealous amateurs are in one sense private, and yet not unmentionable. No tickets are sold; you go by invitation: and they are really what they profess to be, "Social Orchestral Entertainments" given to the Associate and Honorary Members. But thier artistic significance is wider, reaching beyond the private, and beyond the social circle. In days when we have actually no professional and public orchestral organization in our city, no "Philharmonic Society," no—to call up the names of blighted hopes—"Germania" or "Musical Fund," it is significant and does suggest a germ of promise, that we have four and twenty amateurs who care enough for Symphony and Overture to bring their instruments together once a week, and even learn unusual instruments for private gentlemen, and hire a "professional" or two to eke out the requirements of a score, and put themselves under the tuition and drill of the best leader they can find, and study out these fine works practically for themselves, and even for their friends and their friends' friends. For, these things being given: a considerable amount of practical musicianship scattered here and there among amateurs; zeal, organization, leadership, and steady laboring together for improvement, it must follow and it does follow, that in due time they have acquired completeness, unity and fluency enough to render some of the master-works with a rewarding glow of triumph to themselves and edification to their friends.

Of course their beginnings are humble, their pretensions small; all that they give you is clear gain; they stand in no way obligated to your patronage, in no way committed to any public service. And yet in one sense, perhaps, they have committed themselves to Art and to themselves, to make the most of a good thing well begun; what they so well appreciate, shall they not keep on and accomplish? In these small beginnings we cannot help hoping there may lie the germ and promise of the true Orchestra that Boston needs. The permanent orchestral society, we mean, whose bond of union is the love and common ministry of Art, and not material interest, which works (primarily at least) for Art and not for livelihood, and which we may look to as the organized certainty of unfailing periodical returns of Beethoven and all the great symphonic masters, as frequently and as cheaply as possible, with all possible perfection of interpretation, at all events with a right artistic and unselfish loyalty to Art in the interpreters. Professional services may be called in, always without stint as far as necessary to ideal excellence; but it has long seemed to us, indeed all our musical experience here has taught us, that the true Philharmonic Society, the true organization for Symphony concerts, should be founded on the love of such music, rather than on the business of music; Art-loving amateurs should originate it, foster it, direct it, and keep it up to the true mark. Not what will make most money or draw in the crowd, but what will go straightest and always to that mark, should be the object of the Society we stand the most in need of. Seek first the kingdom of divine Art and its righteousness, and be content to wait till "these things shall be added."

To return to the Mozart Club. This is the fourth season of their entertainments; and that in Mercantile Hall last Monday evening showed gratifying progress. Our friends seem steadily growing into the full stature, symmetry, vigor and freedom of an orchestra. Under CARL ZERRAHN they have had earnest practice. Their complement of instruments (for a small, outline orchestra) is now nearly whole. We counted 4 first violins, 4 second, 2 violas, 2 cellos, 2 double basses; flutes, oboes, clarinets and horns in pairs; trumpet, and tympani. Bassoons were wanting, also trombones; the skill of Mr. Ribas was called in for first oboe. Some new faces there were, and one or two familiar ones were missing; where was the gallant leader of the violins? Not finally withdrawn, we trust. Yet the "attacca" never seemed remiss or inefficient. The programme was a good one.

**PART I.**  
GRAND SYMPHONY, in D major. . . . . MOZART  
Allegro—Andante—Minuetto—Finale; Allegro vivace.  
**PART II.**  
1—OVERTURE. "Fidelio." . . . . BEETHOVEN  
2—ANDANTE, from Symphony No. 4, (Italian). MENDELSSOHN  
3—CONCERT WALTZ. . . . . STRAUSS  
4—SERENADE for Select Orchestra. . . . . EISENLOTT  
5—OVERTURE. "Italiana in Algieri." . . . . ROSSINI

Of the classical selections, the first two movements of the Mozart Symphony (a very fresh and festal composition, one of his happiest, though written in such haste, for a family festival, that he "scarcely remembered a word of it" a few days afterward and was surprised to find how good it was), and the Mendelssohn Andante, the last particularly, went very well and smoothly. The other parts indeed were creditable; but the *Fidelio* overture required more of an orchestra. The lighter pieces passed off gracefully and brightly; Rossini's witty, cordial humor came well in at the

end, warming as punch and sleighbells in cold weather. The concert found a sympathetic audience; for what it lacked in skill was present in the spirit.

**TERESA CARRENO.** This uncommonly gifted child pianist, whose playing and, we may add, whose whole appearance produced such a sensation here a year ago, has returned to us. The interval has been spent in Cuba, partly in giving concerts, partly in solid practice, the result being that she has gained in physical strength, in musical skill and understanding, and has added largely to her repertoire both classical and of the virtuoso kind. On Tuesday evening she celebrated her tenth birthday by a concert in the great Music Hall, playing in alternation with the Great Organ.

In an artistic point of view the two things do not match nor in any way go well together: it is hard to establish any relationship between them, except a mutually damaging one; the piano sounded the feeble after the organ, the organ sounded to no purpose, a strange *non sequitur*, after the piano. Then the Music Hall is far too large a place for unaccompanied pianism, especially for the best or even a fair appreciation of the powers of such a child. Then again it dwarfed the pretty act to nothingness, to see it there, not relieved against, but rather extinguished by the grandeur of that gigantic Organ front,—for front it will be, and not background to any thing that is not of a kindred greatness, that is to say, to any thing less than an oratorio chorus or an orchestra; and even these must be engaged in the rendering of music which is intrinsically great, or still the grandeur of the Organ, Beethoven also, will look cold and spectral, with an unreal and disturbing presence; whereas the moment the inspired, great music is begun, the ice begins to thaw and the whole Organ and Beethoven look instinct with life and thrill in unison. On little things that Organ looks down chillingly; there is no help for it.

These things we mention as so many disadvantages under which charming little Miss Teresa appeared that evening. No wonder if the audience, the house seemed cold, and "influenza" unrestrainable in the assertion of its presence; the time too not quite fortunate, falling just on the reaction from a long and great excitement, that of the glorious Sanitary Fair. If therefore under all those drawbacks the young maiden made a fine impression and won plentiful applause, as indeed she did, it was so much the more to her own credit, say what we may of the arrangement. The programme, divided between herself and Mr. J. B. LANG, between the Chickering grand piano and the Organ, was as follows:

**PART I.**  
1. Prelude and Fugue in C. . . . . Bach.  
2. Marche Me Nait. . . . . Gottschalk.  
3. Overture to "Egmont" (Transcribed). . . . . Beethoven.  
5. Paraphrase de Concert, sur Rigoletto de Verdi. . . . . Liszt.

**PART II.**  
1. Pastoral Symphony. (Transcribed). . . . . Handel.  
2. Grand Caprice sur la Sonambula de Bellini. Thalberg.  
3. Overture to "Der Freischütz" (Transcribed). . . . . Weber.  
4. (a) Impromptu. (b) La Emilia Danza. Teresa Carreno.

Teresa's selections were not so interesting as she could easily have commanded. The Gottschalk March is empty, the Liszt and Thalberg opera fantasias are show pieces; but they exhibited her remarkable clearness, firmness, brilliancy and grace of execution. She has gained much in power, in certainty and ease in executing difficulties, in intelligent conception too, while her touch has a fine vital, sympathetic quality. Among her *encore* pieces, she played the Funeral March of Chopin, wonderfully for her, but not quite as it should be. After all, what struck us as most fresh and individual in her playing was the two little compositions of her own, which really show music to be the world which she is most at home in. She has lost nothing of her lively, natural, childlike manner, although she has grown somewhat.

Mr. Lang's Organ pieces were played in his usual masterly manner, the Pastoral symphony and *Frey-schütz* overture being loudly and persistently encored, to which he responded in kind, that is by playing again a part of the same, and not something else.

**MORE CONCERTS.** A musical spell succeeds the Fair; a whole week of concerts, daily, until Sunday next. We go to press so early on account of Christmas, that we can review no further, and must simply announce the rest.

1. For Wednesday afternoon and Thursday and Friday evenings, three CHRISTMAS ORGAN CONCERTS, with reasonable programmes, with Messrs. LANG and WILLCOX, PAINE and THAYER, TUCKERMAN and —, for organists; and, what we hail as a good sign, a return to wholesome popular prices, fifty cents for reserved seats.

2. Saturday evening, at Chickering's, the second Soirée of those genuine artists, KREISSMANN, LEONHARDT and EICHBERG. Their programme is richer than ever, and indeed the pieces are not only very choice, but, with the exception of one or two *Lieder*, are, we believe, quite new to our concert rooms. Mr. Eichberg will play a violin Sonata by old Arcangelo Corelli (No. 6, op. 5); then comes a sacred aria by Bach, arranged by Franz, and sung by Mr. Kreissmann; then Sonata (violin and piano) in G, by Beethoven, one of the greatest; then Mr. Leonhardt will play Chopin's *Scherzo* in C sharp minor; then three songs by Schubert; and for a winding up, the *Scherzo* and the *Andante* from Sonata Duo by Schumann, Op. 121.

3. Also on Saturday evening, TERESA CARRENO's second concert in the Music Hall; Miss HOUSTON and Mr. WHEELER assisting vocally, and Mr. DAUM as accompanist.

4. Sunday evening, the annual performance of "The Messiah," by the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY in extra force, with the Great Organ, orchestra, ZERRAHN for conductor, and for solo singers: Miss MARIA BRAINERD, of New York, Mrs. J. S. CARY, Mr. J. R. THOMAS (basso), of New York, and Mr. L. W. WHEELER.

**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.**—What fitter or more welcome to a musical friend than some handsome volume of imperishable music. On Ditson's counter you will find all Beethoven's Sonatas done up in two good volumes; or those of Mozart in one; or Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words." Or should your friend have taste that way, there are the two convenient volumes of Bach's "Well-tempered clavier," [48 Preludes and Fugues.] Then there are standard oratorios in just the shape to carry to the Music Hall, and then beautiful editions of the best Italian Operas, *Don Giovanni* included, and lighter things for lighter lovers, and simpler for the simple.

**NEW YORK.**—The German Opera (Anschütz) has not succeeded at the Academy of Music. They have played "Fidelio," noblest of operas, really well, we are assured, but still to empty benches. The "ever-verdant" *Frey-schutz*, as Fry calls it, was also played better than ever before in New York, to an audience only "improved in numbers over the original statements of paucity and poverty." To quote further from Fry (*Tribune*, 14th and 16th):

The upper tiers, 3 and 4, for the Academy boasts several benches aloft, had intensely interested Teutonic faces in it, delighted with their favorite interpreter of the loves, lager and free shots of Germany. The brilliant choruses of act 1 passed off well; the old waltz was fluent as ever; "Max" through the lips of Herr Habelmann, uttered his sweet woes with the red devil behind him; "Caspar" (Herr Weinlich) gave his model drinking song, which is too transcendental for vulgar wear. Madame Frederici was much applauded. She uttered the breathings of the prayer with a truly religious fervor, and was loudly encored—but we regret to say by a small audience. We hear a great deal of progress in art, as in learning and virtue; but we are not able to perceive it when the master-work of the romantic musical school does not draw a better audience, while caricatures of the African draw crowds, and an audience is found three hundred times in the year to ridicule the mute and the oppressed. We do not believe with such audiences as he now has that Mr. Anschütz can succeed. There is a great city of native Germans in New York, and they alone ought to fill the house; but what with their neglect, and the Americans who cannot find any merit in the best strains if allied to German consonants and gutturals, there is a deplorable want of proper attendance.

The orchestra of Mr. Anschütz should alone command attendance, not counting the attractions in the vocal department.

The Stage (clearly a German organ), of last Saturday, announces the premature finale, pointing to causes with we fear too much reason:

Thanks to the bad taste of the American opera-going public of this city, who have, during the past three weeks, almost entirely deserted the Academy of Music, not because the performances—as a general thing—were inferior to the Italian opera troupe, but because the toilettes of shoddy could not be displayed

to as great an advantage as formerly, and to the evil influence of the daily press, of which the *Herald* has been the most prominent, Mr. Anschütz will be compelled to discontinue his performances in this metropolis on Monday next.

We cannot wonder that the German editor speaks with some bitterness of the disgrace which the New York public have affixed upon themselves by not supporting the German Opera, an institution which is worth more, in a musical point of view than all the Italian operatic enterprises that have been conducted in this city for many years. Such perfect orchestras, and choruses as those under Mr. Anschütz's control have never been heard in this country, and perhaps will never delight the ears of the New York public again. The artists also have not by any means been so inferior in merit as to deserve the small encouragement which has been extended to them.

Mmes. Johannsen, Frederici, Cannissa, M. Habelmann and others of the company, have always well performed their respective rôles, and if they do not possess as powerful voices as those of their Italian contemporaries, they sing and act with much more attention to the requirements of the operas in which they appear. But it is useless for us to continue either in dilating on the merits of Mr. Anschütz's troupe or in upbraiding the public for the disgraceful manner in which they have acted towards it, for in this city no musical enterprise or manager will succeed who either will not pay the press to laud him and company to the skies, or who cannot establish a fashionable emporium in the hall in which his entertainments take place. With the American people, as far as musical taste is concerned, we can only exclaim, "Vanity, vanity and all is vanity."

Try Boston, Mr. Anschütz; we don't believe the love of music is quite all vanity here.

FARMINGTON, CONN. Twice, for want of room, have we been compelled to postpone due mention of a couple of classical concerts, which took place at Miss S. Porter's Young Ladies' School, Nov. 9th and 10th. This school is privileged in having its musical department under the charge of an earnest and accomplished musician, like Mr. KARL KLAUSER. Not only is good music taught there, but care is taken that from time to time the pupils shall have a chance to hear some of the finest Chamber Music which the city of New York can furnish. For nine seasons in succession it has come to their own door, in the shape of a visit of the Quintette party consisting of Wm. MASON (piano), THEO. THOMAS and MOSENTHAL (violins), MATZKA (viola), and F. BERGNER (cello). Nor do they come with a "country programme," but they bring their best; so that those remote from the musical centres may have some chance at least to hear for themselves what the good music is. This time the programmes of the two evenings were as follows:

- Monday, Nov. 9th.
1. Trio in E flat major. Opus 97. . . . . Beethoven
  1. Allegro moderato. 2. Scherzo. 3. Andante Cantabile. 4. Allegro moderato.
  2. Quartet in G major, No. 1. . . . . Mozart
  1. Allegro vivace assai. 2. Minuetto. 3. Andante Cantabile. 4. Allegro Molto.
  3. Quartet in E flat major. Opus 47. . . . . Schumann
  1. Allegro ma non troppo. 2. Scherzo, molto vivace. 3. Andante Cantabile. 4. Finale, vivace.
- Tuesday, Nov. 10th,
1. Quartet in F major. Opus 18, No. 1. . . . . Beethoven
  1. Allegro con brio. 2. Adagio. 3. Scherzo. 4. Allegro molto.
  2. Sonate in F sharp minor. Opus 11. . . . . Schumann
  1. Introduzione—Allegro. 2. Aria. 3. Scherzo e Intermezzo—Allegretto. 4. Finale un poco Maestoso.
  3. Quartet in D minor, posthumous. . . . . Schubert
  1. Allegro. 2. Andante con moto, (con variazioni.) 3. Scherzo. 4. Allegro molto. 5. Finale, Presto.
  - Valse de l'opera Faust de Gounod. . . . . Liszt
  - William Mason.
  - Ballade et Polonaise de Concert. . . . . Vieuxtemps
  - Theodore Thomas.

CHICAGO PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. We have glowing accounts of the opening concert of the fourth season, Nov. 13. Chicago, it would seem, greatly needs a Music Hall: its orchestra is as large as ours in Boston, and its Philharmonic enthusiasm greater, judging from the fact that on this occasion Bryan Hall was besieged by hundreds who in vain sought entrance; one account states that a bonus of five to twenty-five dollars was offered for single tickets.

The orchestra, under the able direction of Mr. BALATKA, played Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, (of which the bill contained a brief, uncommonly good

analysis), and the overture to *Zanetta*; and accompanied Mrs. KLOSS (formerly Mrs. Bandt) in the *Capriccio Brillante* of Mendelssohn, who also played a piece by Liszt. The *Times* says of her:

Mrs. Kloss is an artist who has few equals. Her conception of the music before her is acute, and her touch more vigorous, clear, and decided than that of any lady performer to whom we ever listened. We think she has an execution almost equal to that of Gottschalk, and with it a much better faculty for interpreting the spirit of the composition than has that renowned pianist.

Extraordinary praise is given to the singing of a young Chicago debutante, Miss FREDERICA MAGNUSON. Her principal piece was "*Santo di Patria*," a difficult aria from Verdi's *Attila*. The critic above cited says:

Her voice is a mezzo soprano of extraordinary compass, flexibility, and power. It has all the brilliancy of the highest finish, but, unlike such voices in general, it is full of feeling—not a cold glitter, like that of a diamond. Possessing perfect mechanical execution, yet she never loses sight of the sentiment,—every trill, every swell, every flying leap among the octaves, each modulation of her exquisitely finished tones, is warm with feeling and instinct with inspiration. She uses her voice not to astonish and dazzle, but to give expression to the poetry.

If Miss Magnuson has a fault, it is one which is rather the excess of a virtue. Her body seems so finely harmonized and sympathetic with her mind, that involuntarily she accompanies her singing with a species of dramatic action, which, while its existence should not be discouraged, should be repressed and held under rigid control. A little attention to facial expression, and one or two others of these sympathetic physical correspondences, would greatly enhance the pleasure one enjoys from her singing.

Another rhapsodizes more at length, saying among other things:

She not only sings, but, in our opinion, she lives and breathes the very atmosphere of the spirit of the song itself. She is a natural born tragedienne, and, from the little we heard her Friday night, we should judge that she must have devoted herself mostly to the study of the *opera seria*, where undoubtedly she will attain the highest position, and pluck her choicest laurels, should she devote herself to it.

We thank Miss M. for showing to our musical people who deprecate dramatic gesticulation in singing, that to sing an opera piece successfully, even in the concert room, one has no need of standing statue-like before an audience like the trembling school girl on examination day, forgetting the spirit of her lesson, but merely repeating the words committed to heart. It was refreshing to see the graceful and impassioned soprano sweep away mistaken notions of concert-goers by her true conception of the aria as well as by the expression of her face on which the meaning of every word could almost be read.

Her enunciation of the Italian is almost faultless, and were we to meet her without knowing her to be American-born, we would take her for a Florentine. As to her voice, every one who heard her will agree with us that a richer and more melodious voice never greeted a Chicago audience. To judge from her middle notes, we would call her a mezzo soprano, but even while we speculate on this, she startles us with the rich, deep notes of a D'Angri, and then again all at once she ascends into the regions of La Grange, though not possessing, as yet, the exquisite flexibility and finish of the latter while in her palmiest days. With continued industry and practice, Miss M. may soon as readily manage and control the bird-like warblings of the wonderful Adelina Patti, as she does now excel her in the richness and sympathetic expression of voice. Her trills were smooth and showed excellent schooling.

Philadelphians are severe on Maretzek's orchestra, having the memory of that of Carl Anschütz's German Opera still fresh in their minds. Vestvali was at the Louisville theatre last week.—Opera troupes are multiplying; we read of a fourth that is about to venture out here in the cold, before the third (Gran's) is as yet safely housed; a little paper in New York, called *The Stage*, has the announcement, thus:

OFFICIAL.—Mr. B. Ullman is at present giving concerts and operatic performances in the Royal Theatre, Amsterdam, Holland, with Miss Carlotta Patti, and will shortly arrive in this country with a new and well selected troupe of lyric artists.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Save our Flag. Song and Chorus. L. S. Morris. 25

Adds another to the many good patriotic songs in use. Strong and manly, and good for the heart as for the voice.

Banner of the Sea. Song and Chorus. B. Covert, 25

Spirited song in praise of the navy and marine. The "men of the sea" have not been noticed as much, by song writers, as the blue coats on land. This is a good one for them.

Slumber Song. (Schlummer lied). W. Taubert. 25

A charming little cradle song, which mothers who can sing should not fail to procure. Its little stories succeed each other so quietly and dreamily, that any child may be expected to slumber at the end of the last verse.

Ave Maria. Gounod. 21

Gounod's masterly rendering of the Faust music brings other works into notice: among them this sweet and classical song.

La danza d' Amore. (Dance of Love). Lucatoni 35

One of the most fascinating songs. The music is in waltz time, and the expression delicate. It has both Italian and English words, and must become popular as a parlor and concert song.

Past and Present. Song. John Barnett. 21

Good song by a composer well known.

### Instrumental Music.

Il mio tesoro. (Don Giovanni), Operatic Tit-bits.

C. Grobe. 40

Mr. Grobe has done a good service, in rendering almost every known melody accessible to those who cannot play difficult music. We have here a "treasure" from Mozart's opera.

Sally come up. Dance. 25

One of the simplest pieces that could be put together, pleasing, and excellent for learners.

Gertrude Galop. W. J. Dietrich. 25

Brilliant and not difficult.

March du Crociato. F. Burgmüller. 30

A fine march of medium difficulty.

Homeward Waltz. J. S. Drake. 50

A work of considerable power and energy.

Zamora Waltz. J. Strauss. 50

Very brilliant, of course, but with a more marked and flowing melody, perhaps, than the average of Strauss's compositions.

### Books.

OPERATIC PEARLS.—A Book of Songs, Duets, and Trios, from Favorite Operas With English, French, and Italian words.

Plain \$2.00; cloth, \$2.25; full gilt, \$3.00

It is no common pleasure to announce this valuable work, in which the greatest favorites in all popular operas are put together in the most convenient form for keeping, in a musical library, or on the piano. Every lady, who has made considerable progress in singing, should try her voice on opera songs.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 594.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 9, 1864.

VOL. XXIII. No. 21.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Opera in the Family Hapsburg.

(Continued from page 154.)

So Italian opera alone was known at the Court of Leopold, and in this and in the ballets the highest nobility and even members of the imperial family were often actors in the private performances of the palace. B—r furnishes a list, which he was unable to make complete, as access to certain records was denied him, of such imperial and noble appearances upon the stage.

1661, May 9.—*Il Cico Crescente, in tre Intermezzi, per Il Pastor Fido*, music by Bertali. This was given in the park at Laxenburg, near Vienna, on the birthday of Leopold, as introduction to a ballet, in which Carl Joseph, the Emperor's brother, a boy of twelve years, danced.

A performance, Jan. 24, 1667, affords a peep at the splendor of the young monarch's amusements. The occasion was his marriage (on the 12th December previous) with the unmusical daughter of Philip IV. of Spain, his first wife. The piece was "*La Contesa dell' aria e dell' acqua, festa a cavallo*," by Francesco Sbarra, with an equestrian ballet by Carducci, Equerry called from Florence, the operatic music by Bertali, the ballet music by Schmelzer, the whole under direction of the imperial chief Equerry, Count Dietrichstein.

There being no building in which this spectacle could be exhibited, an architect—Passetti—was called to Vienna from Italy, who put up in the principal palace court a temporary structure, sixty feet high, supported on stone columns and arches, with three grand portals and spacious enough for the 5000 spectators, "came from all lands" to witness the performances.

The marvellously poetic idea, which found local habitation in Senor Sbarra's production was this: the two elements Air and Water have a strife (*Contesa*) as to which has the right to engender the pearl—Margaret, the royal bride—and call their brother (or sister, I do not know which) elements, Earth and Fire, to their aid. At first the quarrel is confined to words with musical accompaniment, but at last they seize their weapons and smite each other hip and thigh,—as Samson did the Philistines, before going to dwell upon the rock Etam—until the Gods and the Emperor interfere and put an end to the contest. This ballet was produced by the nobility with fabulous magnificence. There are described in the text book—still preserved—twelve equestrian ballet figures, which the Emperor led in person. Carl, Duke of Lorraine, was the Air; his ally, Fire, was acted by Count Raimund Montecucoli; Water appeared in the person of the Palatine Count Philip v. Sulzbach, and Count Dietrichstein was Earth. The number of "acting and singing performers" was 38.

Margaret returned to the elements only six years after, dying March 23, 1673; but Leopold comforted himself with the musical Claudia Felicitas on the 15th October following.

1667, June 9. "*Vero amore fa soave ogni fatic*

*ca*," text and music by Draghi, was an introduction "*ad un nobilissimo ballo di 12 Dame etiope*"; which is all the information I have upon this work.

1669, Feb. 16. "*Chi più sa manca l'intende*," opera in three acts with ballet, music by Draghi. The symphonies and ritornels were by Leopold, who also played the harpsichord part throughout the performance. The names Waldstein—of the famous Wallenstein race—and Mansfeld appear in the list of singers, that of Chilomonseck (queer Italian for Kielmansegg) as 2nd violin. The two unmarried archduchesses, sisters of the Emperor, danced the ballet, to Schmelzer's music.

Same year, Nov. 18. "*Atalante*," drama for music in 3 acts, text by Minato, music by Draghi, performed at the birthday festival of the Emperor's stepmother, Eleonore. At the close, ballet danced by her stepdaughters, archduchesses Maria and Eleonore.

1670, May 9. "*Leonida in Tegea*," drama with ballet, text and music as above, with an air in the 3d act by Leopold, on whose birthday festival the performance took place. Actors and singers were the higher nobility.

1670, Nov. 18. "*La casta Penelope*," musical drama in three acts with ballet; text and music, Minato, and Draghi and Schmelzer; on the birthday of the dowager Empress. The archduchess Eleonore was now deceased, but Maria as Virtue, and four ladies of honor as assistant Virtues, danced the ballet in the temple of Virtue.

1671, June. The young Counts Königseck and Wallenstein danced a Sarabande, music by Schmelzer, in honor of the Emperor's birthday.

1671, Nov. 9. "*Cidippe*," musical drama, 3 acts, and ballet, by Minato and Draghi, with airs by Leopold; on the Empress mother's birthday. At the close, archduchess Maria and four ladies of honor represented Diana and nymphs.

1672, Feb. 21. "*Sulpitia*," musical drama and ballet by Minato, Draghi and Schmelzer, on the name-day of the dowager. Archduchess Maria and ladies of the Court represented this time Glory and the heroic virtues.

1672, Feb. 2. "*La Tesselonica*," musical drama, 3 acts, and ballet, by Minato, Draghi and Schmelzer, on the Dowager's birthday; at the close archduchess Maria, Marchesa Trivulzia and four young Countesses performed "Dance of happiness."

1673, Carneval. "*Artemisia*," 3 acts, and 3 ballets, text by Minato, performed by the ladies of the court on the private stage as fast-night amusement.

1674, Nov. 10. "*La nascita di Minerva*," festive piece with ballet, by Minato and Draghi, on the Dowager's birthday, on the private stage. Archduchess Maria and 5 court ladies danced a representation of "Cheerfulness."

1676, June 9. "*Il Seleuco*," musical drama, with ballet, on the Emperor's birthday. The ballet was "The dance of the Morning Star ten early stars outshining," by the archduchess Maria Antonia and ten ladies of the court.

1676, Nov. 22. "*Lo Specchio*," a cantata for 5 voices, by Minato and Draghi, sung by "an Archduchess" and 4 Countesses.

1677, Nov. 18. "*Rodogone*," musical drama, 3 acts, with ballet by Minato and Draghi, performed in the private theatre by the nobility on the Empress mother's birthday. The archduchess Maria Anna with five ladies danced a representation of "Shrewdness" (*Klugheit*).

1680, Nov. 15. The Court was in Linz. In honor of the name-day of the Emperor, the archduchess Maria Josepha and six ladies of the court danced a ballet, music by Schmelzer.

1680, Nov. 24. Prince Louis of Baden and gentlemen of the Court performed a ballet, "*Gli Fentoni*," music by Schmelzer.

1682, Carneval. An introduction, vocal piece, text by Minato, and a gipsy ballet, music by Pederzuoli, performed by the King of Poland, the Duke of Lorraine, and the Empress mother's ladies.

1682, June 9. "*Il sogno delle Grazie*," introduction to a ballet by Minato and Draghi. On the birthday of the Emperor at Laxenburg, performed by archduke Joseph, archduchess Maria Antonia and ladies of the court.

1684, Carneval. "*Finto Astrologo*," with a comedy and ballet, by Minato and Draghi, performed by the nobility.

1685. "The recreations of the female slaves in Samia," an interlude, with German and Italian text by turns, music by Emperor Leopold, and performed by the Empress mother's ladies.

1685, Carneval. "*Scherzo musicale*," in the "manner of a scenic representation;" Minato and Pederzuoli, "chapelmaster of the Empress," performed by the ladies of the Empress.

1685, Carneval. "*Amftrione*," prologue, by Minato and Draghi, performed by the Emperor's chamberlains.

1686, Carneval. Three pieces are given in B—r's list. "*Musica per una festa*," by Minato and Pederzuoli, performed by archduchess Maria Anna, the Elector Palatine, with ladies and gentlemen of the Court.

Music to a "Comedia" of the "noble ladies of the Court," with alternate German and Italian text, by the Emperor Leopold.

"*Il ritorno di Teseo dal Labarinto di Creta*," introduction to a ballet, by Minato and Draghi; performed by the Elector of Bavaria and ladies of the Court, after Leopold's return from a campaign.

1688, Nov. 15. "*Il Silenzio d' Harpocrate*," musical drama, 3 acts, text and music by Draghi, on the Emperor's name-day, performed by the nobility.

Thus we have reached the date of the English Revolution, and the final expulsion of the Stuarts; and nothing is more natural than to compare the elegant and chaste amusements of the imperial family at Vienna with those of the royal family of England, during the period we have had in review. The former are purely æsthetic—poetry, music

and the dance combine to do honor to the mother or brother, the Empress or Emperor, in illustrating virtue or representing pure subjects from ancient mythology—the fashion of that age. But he, who has had occasion to study the dramatic literature fostered by Charles II. or his brother and successor James, knows what a perfect moral cloaca the English stage was; and not only what filth was uttered in public by actresses, but what filth was written by women themselves for public utterance. I challenge the production of a loose expression in all these works still preserved in the imperial dramatic archives in Vienna. That in the popular German drama of that age there is much which could not now be revived is certain; but it is chaste in comparison with the contemporaneous English drama, and its humor of that kind does not measure its success by the degree of its filth and obscenity.

1689, Carneval. A ballet, music by Schmelzer, danced by the Queen of Poland and other ladies of Court. Airs by the Duke of Lorraine.

1689, Nov. 15. "*L'Harpocrate*" again, performed by the nobility on the Emperor's name-day. Probably the text was re-written, as Minato's name appears.

1690, June 9. "*Scipio conservatore di Roma*," musical drama, 1 act; performed on the Emperor's birthday, by the nobility.

1692, Carneval. "*La chimera*," fantastic drama, 3 acts, by Minato and Draghi, performed by the nobility.

In this piece were ten "singing persons," among whom were:

Cottis, a lunatic of various fantasies.—Count Zernini.

Acce, a female zany of various follies.—Franz Zernini.

Hipparcho, an astrologer.—Count Waldstein.

Arepsia, in love, but not believing any thing her lover says.—fräulein Countess Waldstein, &c.

The first ballet was of fishermen, danced by six nobles; the second of herb-women, by seven countesses; the third of negroes, by four nobles, and as many women of high rank.

1690. (3?) The first fruits of virtue exhibited in young Cato of Utica. This was a drama in German, but with music and dances. Of the twelve performers, six were children of the Emperor.

Cato—Joseph, aged 15.

Cepio—Carl, in his 7th year.

Portia—Elizabeth, in her 13th year.

Livia—Marianua, in her 10th year.

Julia—Therese, in her 9th year.

Cornelia—Josefa, 6 years old.

1695. Festival music composed by the Emperor, and performed by the archduchesses.

1697, Carneval. "*Musica per la Comedia*," German, Italian and French text alternately, music by the Emperor; performers the archduchesses and ladies.

1697, Nov. "*Sulpitia*" again, but with alterations, and airs by the Emperor, new ballets with music by Hoffer, on occasion of Leopold's name-day.

1697, Carneval. Musical interlude, by Minato and Draghi, "*Se sia più giovevole la fortuna o il merito?*" sung by four ladies. "Confidenza, Speranza, Prudenza, Avertenza."

1698. "*L'Amazona Corsara*," musical drama, 3 acts; music by Badia, performed by the nobility.

1699, Feb. 28. "*Imeneo trionfante*," Serenata, music by Badia.

This "Triumph of Hymen" was produced upon occasion of the marriage of archduke Joseph, in the large court of the imperial palace. Thirteen large open-coaches formed a procession, which, entering the court, drove round and came to a stand in a circle, when the Serenata was performed. Three of these vehicles were very magnificent; the central one conveyed Hymen, Jupiter, Hercules, Juno, Hope, a Good Genius, Youth, Pleasure, Union, and a number of Athenian virgins, who were set at liberty by Hymen. [Why? Because, Joseph having taken a wife, they were free to seek husbands?] In the carriage on the right were Apollo, the 17th Century (!) Time, Joy, Leda, Diana, and the four Continents, surrounded by the most celebrated poets [representatives] crowned with garlands. On the left rode Venus and the Graces, Cupid, Mars, Bacchus and Mercury with Tritons and Nereids. The other ten carriages were full of gods and goddesses, (the singers and orchestra).

Here I would suggest that the term "Serenata," as applied to such works as Handel's "Acis and Galatea," may well have had its origin in performances of this kind; for the "Serenata" may be called a short opera, to be performed in costume but without action, precisely the kind of performance, which suited a stage consisting of coaches, in an open court for the theatre. Nor was the Serenata, thus understood, any novelty in Vienna. B—r cites a work, of date 1641, to the following effect:

"Next day there was a magnificent procession; for first came six triumphal cars in the palace court, drawn by small, white ponies, also by bucks and unicorns; on each splendid music, and thereby also trumpets, drums and other instruments were played. Then came Neptune with twelve whales, in which many rustic pipes (? *Schalmeien*) were heard. Farther there appeared a garden with flowers and fountains, with Venus, and four mountains, with noble music and in splendid array. The last mountain and procession came to a stop before the windows of her Majesty, and a comedy was performed."

1699, Nov. 15. "*Il Sole; La Fenice, Al Tempo, Musica di Camera*." Text by Cupeda, music by Badia; performed on their father's nameday by "Joseph and his brethren," the archdukes and archduchesses, and gentlemen and ladies of the Court.

1700, Feb. 28. A Prologue to the opera "*Il Demetrio*," performed by Joseph and his wife, and his sisters, the archduchesses.

It would seem that Leopold's daughters were singers, not dancers like his sisters.

1700. "*Diana rappacificata con Venere e con Amore*," musical drama, music by Badia, on the birthday of Joseph's Queen, performed by the nobles with some of the actors of the court theatre.

This closes B—r's list of these private and family performances during the life of Leopold I.

(To be continued.)

#### Professor Wylde's first Lecture at Gresham College.

From the London Musical World, Dec. 5.

In selecting the theme or thesis of the course of lectures I am about to deliver (the first since my appointment to the office of Lecturer on Music at this time honored College), I have con-

sidered well how it is most in my power to carry out the intentions of its noble founder in establishing these lectureships.

In the absence of any "*lex scripta*," which would have, perhaps, fettered any lecturer and have cramped his remarks within the bounds set to art and science in days gone by, I think some kind of conjecture can be formed as to the views and wishes of one so enlightened as Sir Thomas Gresham, could he now "*viva voce*" supply the wanting instructions.

In some cases where there is no "*lex scripta*" for guide and direction, recourse is had to the "*lex non scripta*" (i. e., tradition.

But art and science progress so rapidly that the traditional instructions of the founder, were they adhered to, would (perhaps, equally as well as written), rob his gift in the present time of the value and use to which it might be applied.

Reading and expounding certain books in Bœthius was, in the time of Sir Thomas Gresham, regarded as the proper course of study for musical university degrees, and it is not improbable that, had any instructions been left by the founder, they would have insisted on the teaching and expounding of these works, which would not have proved very edifying to a general audience.

Being free, therefore, to lecture on any subject connected with music, I intend, bearing in mind the acquirements of the age, to use the privileges of the office to which I am appointed, to discourse on subjects belonging to music as an art and science, according to our views at the present time, in such a manner as may, I trust, be of benefit to those who desire instruction as well as musical recreation. I cannot hope to surpass in style and diction the many learned men who have lectured within these walls, but, as I am one of the few musicians by education who have held the appointment, it is possible the subject of my discourses may be more directly in consonance with the views of the founder.

I find on referring to the list of Professors at this College, that only four out of sixteen who occupied the chair have been acknowledged musicians; the others have been for the most part learned men, such as Dr. Richard Knight, a celebrated physician of his time, and a voluminous writer on every subject except that to which he was appointed in this College, viz., music; Sir Thomas Baynes, the "Fidus Achates" of Sir John Finch, the brother of the famous Heneage Finch, afterwards Earl of Nottingham; the Rev. Dr. Shippen, Principal of Brasenose College, Oxford, &c., &c., &c.—all men doubtless able from their varied accomplishments to lecture on any theme, but less formed on that account to discourse on theoretical subjects. I would here take the opportunity of referring with regret to the loss which not only this College but the musical profession has sustained by the death of the late occupant of this office, one of the few real musicians who have held it. The precept "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," is one which leads men to eulogize those who have passed away from among us, whether they deserved it or not, according to our standard of excellence; but, it is not in conventional terms that I would speak "in memoriam" of the late Professor Edward Taylor. Nothing which I can say, I am aware, will add to the reputation he has left behind him, but I would record in this place (the scene of some of his labors) that the respect shown him whilst amongst us will cling to his memory now that he is departed, and that his name will continue to be held in respect by those who knew him in his professional capacity and private life.

I will now say some few words about the means by which these lectures may be made popular as well as instructive. A discourse on music, unrelieved by examples or illustrations, and not containing anything beyond a mere disquisition, would, I feel, very soon become uninteresting and wearisome. I wish, however, to make these lectures somewhat different from the kind generally delivered at Literary and Scientific Institutions. The object of most institutions in giving Lectures on Music appears to be to get up a concert, which for the most part consists of music totally unfitted to improve the taste. The pro-

gramme is generally interspersed with anecdotes of composers, their habits and modes of living, in fact, anything likely to amuse and attract a paying public. Now, anecdotes and amusing stories are all very well in their place; but they do not convey instruction, nor, with few exceptions, do the lives of the "sons of song," poetic or musical, contribute any very instructive examples. Geniuses are often very erratic in their worldly proceedings. Extraordinary mental capability for doing one thing well is often accompanied by a "want of judgment" in other things, and by little self-control. But the "eccentricities" of great poets and great musicians should be forgotten, unless introduced in "the works" which they have left behind them, and certainly ought not to be "raked up" as bits of "scandal" and amusement.

Lectures on music consisting of anecdotes and biographical notices have no more to do with instruction in the art than with science, under which name music is allowed to enter into the curriculum of Literary and Scientific Institutions.

Lectures of this kind at all events ought not to be admitted within these walls; here there are no coffers to fill; Art, therefore, need not be lowered for that purpose, but kept upon its high pedestal. If acquaintance is to be made with Art, let it be by exaltation of its admirers, not by bringing it down to a degrading level. The love of a pure and elevated style of Art is not, as it were, indigenous in the mind; it comes by study and reflection, and forms the crowning pinnacle of our civilization. For those engaged in daily occupation, it is not easy to find time to study more than that which brings immediate advantage; it is not easy to learn to appreciate the beautiful in Art. But, I say, let all the time at our disposal be employed in the endeavour to acquire a taste, which, in any art, the more it is cultivated the greater is the pleasure derivable from it. I intend to let the illustrations with which I furnish you be such, as will, I trust, promote this object, as well as illustrate my remarks.

My lecture this evening is on "Form" in musical composition.

The art of composing music is an imitative art; all the great composers owe more or less to their predecessors, although in almost all their works individuality and originality are apparent.

Some are of opinion that the faculty of composing music is a gift bestowed by nature, similar to a good voice, or correct ear: that composers owe everything to what is called genius; that writing in moments of inspiration they produce what is beautiful intuitively, without design, except so far as the will is concerned, and without labor, except as far as it is occasioned by transmitting the ideas received.

Now, I am not going to deny that nature endows some people with a faculty which enables them to become musical composers and withholds that faculty altogether from others. I am not going to deny that musical composers, as well as those otherwise gifted, do sometimes appear to be under some extraordinary influence, which enables them to produce (with apparently little trouble or mental exertion), the sublime and beautiful in a form never before presented, as if it had been revealed to them.

To deny this is to deny the possession of genius at all, and to say that where mental capacities are equal, the same result ensues. No, what I desire to show is, that conceptions of the beautiful are only of use to the patient "Art laborer," to the imitator of the acknowledged forms of musical art, to the thoughtful designer and constructor who designs and constructs after models of known excellence, guided by a taste formed upon the study of what his predecessors had done, and impelled by a sentiment of the mind to give expression to that craving for the new and beautiful, which, like a spirit within him, permits no rest until it has attained it or exhausted itself in the attempt.

Suppose a figure of supernatural beauty presented itself to an accomplished painter or sculptor in a trance; that he had a revelation

of what real beauty in form is; his perfected skill might enable him to produce an embodiment of the beautiful far above any imaginative conception. But of what avail would such a vision be to the comparative unskilled artist? Would not his unpracticed hand fail in power to delineate that which he has seen? And would not his attempt at expression be marked by signs of his own unskilfulness, and have no similarity with the perfect form presented to him? For all purposes of reproduction, he might as well have not seen the vision, and he could no more fix the beautiful figure in enduring colors or material than the early philosophers could the fleeting image in the Camera, before the discovery of photography.

Now, conceptions of the beautiful in music doubtless are not restricted to great creators. Visions of the beautiful may have filled the minds of very unskilled musicians; but if the skill have been wanting to form the outline of its embodiment; if the imitative art be deficient; if the manipulatory power fail; if fettered by the trammels of the art, overwhelmed by its difficulties, the mind lose the impression it received and the conception has been realized, of what use has such a vision or conception been to the musician? For all purposes of communicating pleasure to others, that susceptible musician may as well never have existed; his visions are those which may have wrapt his own soul in *ecstasy*, but not have contributed to the transport of any other. We have many musicians of this kind. I could name many works, in which, amidst a chaos of ideas and ill constructed forms, a feeling of the beautiful is discoverable, and the composers of which, better art, more acute observation and study of acknowledged masterpieces might have enabled to take rank far above their present condition, and perhaps have urged on to accomplish things destined to enduring fame.

Believe me then, there is no mystery in musical composition; it results from a study of form, and is an art that can be imparted like all other arts; and the power of acquirement varies, as well as all other powers of the human mind in different people; but the conception of the "beautiful," the longing desire and cravings of the soul for that which is unseen, for a taste of that true beauty of which it is only allowed occasional glimpses: this power and these emotions cannot be communicated. Whence they proceed and how they arise is as unintelligible as any other problem of the Psychologists, and will ever remain so; consequently Art cannot make a poet-musician, but Art can make the pen ready to depict the beautiful, when it presents itself to his imaginative faculties, and he feels desire to give expression to those emotions and sentiments which, as they are not always active within him, are pure inspirations or revelations of the beautiful.

I have said the art of composing music is an imitative art, but the imitation practised is not like that in the sister arts of Painting and Sculpture. In sculpture, the artist seeks to represent or imitate in marble well known and admired forms and features, or forms and figures of such beautiful properties as seldom or never are found existing in one natural object, but which by imitating the separate beauties of many, he unites into one form of more than ordinary beauty. In painting, the imitation of nature is not so direct; the subject to be represented is idealized and the effect of reality is produced, not by an exact copy of nature, but by that representation of it which cheats the imaginative faculties into a belief that what is represented to the eye is a reality, not a delusion. In both arts, however, the imitation practised is that of nature. Now, in musical compositions by the great masters, there is neither a direct nor idealized representation of nature practised, (except in some few exceptional cases, such as in Beethoven's Pastoral symphony, where the notes of the quail, nightingale and thrush are introduced); but the imitation is confined to that of conventional forms of construction and design, which have grown up from very meagre outlines to their present elaborate dimensions. Unity

and propriety of form are two especial attributes of the beautiful. In imitating conventional forms of construction and design these attributes are ensured; hence the desirability of attaining excellence in the imitative branch of the art.

(To be continued.)

### The Monster Organ.

From the Washington Star.

We reprint from a Washington contemporary the following admirable and valuable addition to the literature of musical criticism:

Boston has been greatly excited lately over the inauguration at the Music Hall in that city, of the largest organ in the world, built expressly for "the hub" by Welcher, of Wurtemberg.

The pressure of war news has prevented us heretofore from noticing the organ of organs in appropriate terms, but we now propose to give the readers of the Star some idea of the powers of the "great instrument." We make up our account from the Boston papers and magazines, taking the precaution, of course, to prune down their partial and doubtless high-colored statements to the bounds of credibility.

This monster organ, then, is equal in power to a choir of six thousand throats. Its longest wind-pipes are two hundred and thirty-five feet in length, (requiring the erection of a tower for their special accommodation), and a full sized man can crawl readily through its finest tubes. Eight hundred and ninety stops produce the various changes and combinations of which its immense orchestra is capable. Like all instruments of its class, it contains several distinct systems of pipes, commonly spoken of as separate organs, and capable of being played alone or in connection with each other. Four manuals or hand keyboards, and two pedals or foot keyboards, command these several systems — the solo organ, the choir organ, the swell organ and the great organ, and forte pedal organ.

Dr. Holmes (O. W.) says it was at first proposed to move the sixty-five pairs of bellows, designed to fill the monster instrument, by water-power derived from the Cochituate reservoirs, but it has been found more convenient to substitute two nine-horse power self-regulating Ericsson engines as motive power. Dr. Holmes states that these engines keep an even stroke and work admirably. He adds that no description will do justice to this stupendous instrument.

It requires six able-bodied organists to manipulate this immense musical machine; and those engaged at the inauguration at the Boston Music Hall were J. K. Paine, organist of West Church, Boston; Eugene Thayer, of Worcester; B. J. Lang, of the Old South Church; Dr. Tuckerman, of St. Paul's Church; J. H. Willcox, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception; and G. W. Morgan, of Grace Church, New York. They were selected with reference to avoidupois as well as musical qualifications, their weight ranging as follows:

Paine,	Lbs.
Thayer,	180
Lang,	200
Tuckerman,	175
Willcox,	215
Morgan,	192
	245
Total.	1,225

When in the grand crescendo passages these six organists rose simultaneously from their seats, and receded a couple of paces, rushed forward in line, throwing their collective weight of over twelve hundred pounds upon the pedals, the musical explosion — for by no other name can it be designated — was terribly grand.

Through inadvertence the roof trap-doors of the Music Hall had not been raised, and the first effect of this great detonation of sound was to lift the heavy tin roof from the wall sockets some fifteen feet into the air, holding it suspended there until the immense volume of sound had forced a passage beneath it.

It is proposed to avert similar accidents by placing an immense sound-escape chimney over the Music Hall, after the style of the draught chimney to a furnace; but Dr. Holmes, who has given much attention to acoustics, suggests, perhaps not altogether seriously, that the condensed sound thus vented may fall upon the city in solid chunks, doing damage.

Outside the building the effects were quite as remarkable. It was noticed that the spires of the different churches in the city vibrated over an area of several degrees, the weather-vanes upon them dipping and oscillating in the most singular manner, from the same cause. The walls of houses throughout the city were sensibly shaken, furniture displaced, &c., causing many timid persons to rush to the street, thinking it an earthquake.

In the towns immediately adjoining Boston the concussion was also supposed to be an earthquake. At Newburyport it was thought that the sound indicated a heavy naval engagement off Boston Harbor. At Salem a jarring concussion and report was experienced, resembling in sound a heavy burden train passing over a trestle work bridge. At Jamaica Plain it was thought to proceed from a thunder storm in the direction of Boston, and, curiously enough, the barometer fell several degrees at that point; and the same fact was noticed at Natick, Lynn, and as far distant as Taunton.

The water receded from Boston harbor in a wave of considerable magnitude, and in its retrograde and return swamped, stranded and keeled over several vessels, doing no little damage to the commercial interests.

Gold fish in globes, and fish of all kinds in aquaria, were instantly killed; and what, for a time, was unexplainable, was the fact that they sank immediately, until it was ascertained by Dr. Holmes that their bladders had been burst by the concussion; when, of course, being minus their floating apparatus, they went down like lead. Dr. Holmes states also the remarkable fact that numerous dead bodies of drowned persons were brought to the surface in the harbor and in Charles River by the same concussion. A singular effect was produced by the pulsation of sound from the crescendo detonation passing along the telegraph lines from Boston in various directions, and which travelled a distance of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles over some wires, or until considerable bodies of running water were encountered, over which, for some unexplainable cause in acoustics, the Eolian tone—which is described as a wild, uncanny wail—would in no instance pass. Dr. Holmes humorously notes that the same fact is recorded of witches—i. e., that they cannot pass over streams of running water! Another curious feature of this phenomenon was the fact that musical tones swelled and contracted in regular crescendos and diminuendos at equal intervals along the wires. Thus at Worcester, which is forty-five miles from Boston, the sound was barely perceptible, while at Springfield, just double the distance, the tone approached to a shriek in volume.

Dr. Holmes thus explains this interesting fact. It is well known among musicians that the vibrations upon the strings of a violin, harp or any stringed instrument, do not take the shape of a single pulsation with its maximum expansion at the centre of the string, but are divided along the string, in numerous smaller pulsations or crescendos, crossing each other at regular diminuendo intervals, at which latter points the string is nearly or quite motionless. The knowledge of this curious law of vibration readily affords a solution, says Dr. Holmes, to the mystery of the telegraphic crescendo freaks noticed.

Dr. Holmes, who, in company with Mayor Lincoln, a delegation of the Boston city council, and a body of leading savans of the Harvard persuasion, made an interesting pedestrian tour through some eight or ten miles of the main pipes of the monster organ before it was set up, has written a graphic description of the trip, and of the organ as a whole. The party found no difficulty in walking quite erect through at least six miles of the major pipes, and got through the smaller Eolian tubes quite comfortably on their hands and knees. His description of the great instrument has appeared in book form under the *apropos* title of "Soundings from the Atlantic."

#### Joseph Mayseder.

Joseph Mayseder was born on the 26th October, 1789, and died on the 21st November 1863.† He was a musical and characteristic original, whose peculiarities cannot well be understood, except by those who scanned him very nearly indeed—a characteristic original, looking so simply and unaffectedly into the world that people fancied that they had summed him up at the first glance—and yet, on the other hand, presenting so many contradictions in his qualities as a man and as an artist, that the observer could not deny he stood before an unsolved psychological riddle. Whoever saw the unpretending old gentleman, without knowing him, would have taken him for an ordinary member of the honorable guild of tailors or grocers. Whoever spoke to him, and in answer to every thing that was said, received an answer hardly any thing beyond a friendly and assenting smile, or the ever-ready assurance, "Yes, yes, I thought so: that is exactly my opinion," must have considered him as a perfectly insignificant personage; and whoever witnessed his nervousness in his social and artistic relations, must certainly have put him down as the arch-representative of Viennese musical snobism.

Immediately, however, the quiet, nervous little

† *Recessiones*.

man had his instrument in his hands, immediately the clear tone of his violin was heard, people forgot the man to think only of the artist, who had, perhaps, now and then, a little touch of old Vienna about him, it is true, but who, notwithstanding, was a first-class violinist, whose performances, full-toned, harmonious, rounded and easy, like all that is artistically perfect, delighted his eagerly attentive hearers.

Mayseder's tone was not particularly great, but it was full, round, and as clear as a bell, while his manual skill was marked by irreproachable neatness, and that unfailing certainty which executes without a single fault all it has once undertaken, because it never undertakes any thing that it is not convinced it can perform. His conception was not alone always simple, unaffected, natural, and free from aught like mannerism, but interpreted with a noble fervor, and inspired with an inimitable grace, which, to judge from Mayseder's appearance and behavior, no one would have supposed he possessed.

Mayseder's sphere of action was never extended beyond the Austrian frontier—scarcely, indeed, beyond the ramparts of Vienna. In that capital, however, his efforts were fully appreciated and unquestioned. At the Vienna Congress, and even more during the period from 1820 to 1830, he frequently appeared as a concert-player, sometimes alone, and sometimes with the popular violoncellist Merk, or with the well-known virtuoso on the guitar, Giuliani. At that epoch he composed a large number of gracefully brilliant solo-pieces, trios, quartets with the piano, variations, serenades, etc. During the latter half of his life, he withdrew more and more nervously from publicity, playing as a rule, only as first violin in the Imperial orchestra, as soloist in operas and ballets, and as a quartet-performer in private circles. As a quartetist, he had, under Schuppanzigh's guidance, acquired, at an early age, a pure, elevated style, which, combined with his natural artistic qualities, adapted him, above all, for executing in perfection the quartets of Haydn. In this capacity, he was, and ever will be, a model for all who heard him. Next came his rendering of his own works, as well as those of Spohr, Mozart, and the "first" Beethoven. For the "later" Beethoven he wanted grandeur and passion, and sometimes the true dash of expression, and for the "latest" Beethoven inclination and comprehension besides. Of modern composers, he played Mendelssohn, though he was not especially fond of that master; he was not the man to introduce new works. His rendering of old compositions, above all of Haydn's, as we have already mentioned, produced an agreeable, a refreshing, and an artistically-purifying impression.

With Mayseder, consequently, there has sunk into the grave a specimen of true artistic worth, and, at the same time, a portion of that old Vienna, partly genial, and partly snobbish, which now will probably form a portion of History, for it will hardly ever be resuscitated in a similar shape. May, however, all that was good and beautiful done by these individual representatives of the art of old Vienna be preserved in our words and our writings, as well as in the memory of all lovers of art, as a valuable legacy, so that it may still exert its influence beyond the grave, encouraging, fructifying, and purifying, as a model to be imitated, as a symbol of genuine style, and as the fundamental thought of that serious training which the present generation so greatly needs.

#### Berlioz's New Opera, "Les Troyens."

"Spiridon," in a letter to the *Evening Gazette*, translates several opinions; among others this:

Here are the criticisms of Mons. d'Ortigue: "Is it not a strange thing that a musician who has been classed for five-and-twenty years, and who, it must be confessed, proclaimed himself five-and-twenty years ago among the romantic and *fantaisistes* composers, should have selected for his definite work, a subject borrowed from the pure, classical order? There are in Mons. Berlioz's mind two great objects, which have been for him the two great sources at which he has alternately drawn the inspirations of his art. In his earlier manhood he became possessed of a sincere passion for Shakespeare, whom nobody understands and has more completely at the finger's ends. But there remained in his breast of the school studies of his youth a scarcely inferior passion for Virgil, whom he knows by heart. So much for his poetical masters. As for his musical masters, we may, perhaps, find here the analogy of the same contrasts. Every body knows Mons. Berlioz's tendencies and predilections, and he does not conceal them. To an ardent admiration for Beethoven and Weber, in instrumental music, who represent, or who formerly represented, in his opinion, modern and romantic musical genius, he joins a not less ardent admiration for Gluck and for Spontini in lyrical music, and they

represent in his opinion antique and classical musical genius. I know Mons. Berlioz thoroughly. An artist, a musician, a critic, a judge of his powers cannot misprize the immense value of men like J. S. Bach, Haydn, Mozart and Rossini. I name these only. He admires them, but this admiration evidently occupies in Mons. Berlioz's mind a secondary rank only; it is, so to say, an intellectual admiration, which, except certain works or certain pieces of these authors which spontaneously excite his sympathetic fibres, does not rise above an intellectual imagination, but leaves his imagination and heart calm; while for Gluck, Spontini, Beethoven and Weber, this admiration is almost always raised to enthusiasm, although I hasten to say, it is always the result of reflection and of criticism. Such is Mons. Berlioz's nature. . . . Mons. Berlioz has not considered whether an antique subject suited well with our contemporary theatrical tastes and usages; nor whether the subject of *Aeneas* and *Dido*, which, notwithstanding repeated attempts, has never hitherto been successful on the stage, offered real chances of success. No, he has not reckoned all these things. He felt that this picture of *Dido's* loves and misfortunes might inspire the musician that is in him and he wrote his 'book.' . . . I do not mean to pretend that *Les Troyens* is a work without fault. It contains real, nay, considerable faults. The recitatives and the airs are too often confounded together in it; the airs in it wear the mien of the recitative and reciprocally; in both the accompaniment is sometimes overloaded; the abruptness and harshness of some modulations may be noticed; we may point out a phraseology which is sometimes laborious and inverted, and want of connection between the periods of a piece; we expect in vain a transition which isolates these periods while at the same time it connects them together; we may regret the accumulation of accords on measures which require only one, so that the ear, disconcerted, loses the sentiment of tonality, feels the clue escape from it, and this clue would often be a single note, one holding note. We could desire more simplicity in an antique subject. It may be seen that I am far from wishing to attenuate the defects of this score, and Mons. Berlioz himself provokes this critical examination by the minute care he has given to all the details of expression. But at the same time what accents! what constant elevation! what respect for truth! what beautiful lyric declamation! And what an admirable orchestration! Alternately brilliant, profound, colored, varied, impetuous, poetical and always sonorous, while remaining sober and discreet! But one must not go to hear *Les Troyens* with one's ears full of Italian cabalettas and the filling formula of the vaudeville school of the Opera-Comique. . . . Let Mons. Berlioz know this: He shall never taste repose on earth; he belongs to those men of talents destined to struggle gloriously all their life long. His perseverance, his talents, his ideas of the true, the noble and the beautiful, his firm conviction are the qualities which, despite some differences of doctrines and opinions, attached me thirty years ago to Mons. Berlioz's fortunes, and made me, a pure classic, follow him in all the phases of his composer's career; happy, having reached an age when a now long experience brings me back more and more to the study and the love of the old masters, to give to the great victorious artist a new proof of a friendship which honors me and which I have, perhaps, the right to call foreseeing as well as disinterested and devoted.

## Fine Arts.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### The Late Collection of Pictures at the Athenæum.

Those who have lingered in London, in the season, must remember the delight of the British Institution in Pall Mall, which from year to year gathers the finest things in England, and England is the richest country in Europe, except Italy, in the old Art. They are the contributions from private collections in London and the neighborhood, and dispersed with the end of the season after three months exhibition. The selection is varied annually. May we not indulge the hope that some similar scheme may be inaugurated here; and if on a scale necessarily of less importance and value, of more need to the artistic culture of New England. Are we to be behind the English in liberality and public spirit? Is our Art education to be entirely neglected when there are means at hand to improve and extend it? We trust not; but



let it be said, without fear of contradiction from the discerning, that the knowledge of Art here, and feeling for it, are out of all proportion backward, and behindhand, when compared with the general intellectual advancement and culture of the community, and its relish for the æsthetic in other directions, as in music, gardening, architecture, books and their adornments. The collection just dispersed alas! too quickly, for its adequate effect upon the public taste and feeling, was, no doubt, the rarest and best ever brought together in this city, and perhaps in the country, when we consider the variety of periods and countries; the styles and schools represented—if not in all cases adequately—yet very fairly and pleasingly. With a rapid review, too hasty, glancing and imperfect to be satisfactory, or in any degree appreciative, just, or critical, within the limits of this article, let us, for the present attend, to the teaching one notable picture may afford us; for we cannot hope to particularize the varied excellence that was here assembled. One object, well attended to, and exhausted, is better than many glanced at, and confused, leaving kaleidoscope impressions in the mind, of no value to our education.

Every one must have noticed, as you entered the inner room, the striking portrait, by the door, of Epes Sargent, 1756, by Copley; done in such a strong, and manly, but we venture to think, mistaken manner. In one sense the more real a thing is in Art the worse it is; for reality is not a function of art; and it would be a mistake to suppose that this portrait is in a high, or true style of painting. It affects reality, but flesh and blood, in consequence, look like a casting of steel, slightly tinted. No warm blood would flow and no celestial ichor; no life be extinguished, were he wounded—that steel-cold man: nor could he wink, or fold his hands, for they are rigid as ice. In short, this is a very clever and plausible untruth in art; else was Denner, who was never excelled for reality, a greater painter than Titian.

Looking more carefully, and truthfully at nature, we find flesh has softness, texture of life, transparency; and absorbs light and transmits it; is transfused with glow and luminous quality; humid with perspiration, and surface tenderness, and the indescribable result of organization; a play of light, and subtle change, and palpitation, or livingness, which this hard handling does not render, and any painting can but suggest, and faintly give. We have but a part of nature here, roughly approximated—form—but not the most delicate and exquisite quality. Flesh painting is one of the subtlest things in art and most difficult.

It cannot be too much insisted on, that Art is suggestion and abstraction; that it is not its province to achieve the impossible—reality—which nature has done in an infinite way before her;—nor the semblance of reality. It is a subtle abstraction of qualities, and impressions, which please the artistic sense, and refined imaginings, and feelings of the soul: a record of the impression exterior nature—the objective—makes on the inner nature of man, the artistic sense and soul—the subjective. If reality were the function of Art, its use would cease; for have we not nature about us in sky, and field, and leaf, and flower, and tree, and the human face divine; and cannot we step out any day, or turn round any moment, and behold these. Should we then go to dull paint and canvas for a "counterfeit presentment." Would not Art be a senseless, tame thing, if it were only the transcript of nature, if that were possible, or even a clever illusion. Are we, and our essence, and interior selves something different from nature, or are we material and external, like much of Art as it is, and as far as it goes; or have we souls and feeling, and is it a nicer and nobler point to record their manifestations and moods? No, Art is greater than nature, as Goethe said; and it is of the soul, or higher being—a subjective, and yet an objective thing; like man himself, compounded of two natures, soul and body;

founded in truth, but uniting in itself the spiritual as well as the material, of which the universe is composed. It has soul—feeling—in it, or it is nothing worth: To reproduce nature by pigments, and on flat canvas; or in cold, hard marble is impossible. Then is it not what we can do, to fix our fleeting souls, our finest perceptions, insights and feelings in her presence; her inspiration, and the emotion she excites? As perspective and drawing, are not space or matter; but the abstraction, the mind and eye make, to represent them; but they must be true to nature—objectively founded—subjectively done. Moreover, art is the impression of the higher and keener, and instructed, or trained senses, and gifted souls, which get more out of reality than the common faculties and ignorant, can perceive, or are constituted to feel and represent. It is a sad failure, and a perverted strife with nature, when reality is attempted; a false direction, and a low standard and aim, and at once ceases to be high art, which is essentially spiritual, ideal, though derived from and depending upon nature, and founded rigidly on its laws—its higher laws. It must not in its wildest, fancifullest flights and most aspiring creations, overstep this modesty of nature, but possess and exhibit a verisimilitude, without which, it is vain extravagance and personal conceit, tawdry and conventional *fiasco*.

Some artists are essentially creative; but they must have this verisimilitude. Such was Michael Angelo, who transcended nature; and left in his superhuman conceptions, too vast in significance to be finished, the record of a soul which despised the petty limits of mortality, and leaving the ignorant present behind him, aspired to the function of creator. Curious littleness which can see nothing in him but extravagance and monstrosity, vulgar strength. Such was Shakespeare in Caliban and the Tempest, the witches, the Ghost; and Lear, in his passion, like a god, apostrophizing nature. Such was Rubens, endowing ancient myths with a new life; and Keats, and the painter of that little group of Satyrs in the late exhibition; and such is Beard in his comic drama of the bears. Such in music is Beethoven, who, ever to our feeling and apprehension, is as the recreation of a world after chaos. We recognize the elements; we never knew them so combined. Alchemist, archimage, enchanter, this potent chemist is as Shelly called Byron,

"The Pilgrim of Eternity."

Such is Gustave Doré, in his wonderful interpretations of nature, and the weird and imaginative. Such eminently was Dante.

It is no doubt given to the highest minds to create, but it must be out of nature as we find her, and no false metal. It must be the true material, worked up and touched by the master and creative hand; no theatrical, melodramatic, conventional, academic and extravagant counterfeit. No false sublime, or pedantry, and academy, as in some German work; no material sublime, seeking to achieve the immaterial, by accumulation of parts. The infinite and sublime are to be subtly suggested, felt, and indicated; not delineated, and elaborated, and made out obviously, else are they a *caput mortuum*.

#### Ball's Statue of Washington.

[Correspondence of the Round Table]

Boston, December, 1863.

The last great fair held in Boston before the present, was that, I think, four years ago, in aid of the fund to give Ball a commission for a statue of Washington. After conscientious labor, the small equestrian model which was then exhibited has grown into a colossal plaster image, considerably modified in contour and detail, and now nearly completed for the founder. Mr. Ames of the Chicopee Works gives, I believe, no hopes of being able to undertake it, as long as the present war demands so largely of his foundry, and as at least a year and a half must elapse after the plaster is cut up and put into his hands before he can present us with the completed bronze, it is likely to be some years yet before it will find its permanent position.

Mr. Ball intended the work to be just the size of Brown's in Union square, N. Y.; but in working it up to a state of finish, he has exceeded that by a few inches. The horse is a powerful animal, as light in shape as a war horse is allowed to be, and the artist has laboriously fashioned him, working from living models, casts (some of his own making), and photographs. He is reined in to a stand still, and taken before all his feet are fixed to the ground. Washington sits erect, dressed as a general, his eye peering into the distance as if watching some manoeuvre of his troops, the point of his drawn sword fallen upon the wrist of the bridle hand, as if, having pointed out with it a direction to an aid, it had dropped while his attention was riveted, and thus found a resting-place which enabled the artist to give the needful repose a statue should have. The head of Washington is a noble one, and is based upon Houdon's, undoubtedly the most authentic, and in the opinion of the venerable Josiah Quincy, the only one where resemblance has not been made dubious by the idealizing trick of the artist. Mr. Ball has not, however, neglected to study thoroughly the head by Stuart, now in the Boston Athenæum.

The entire effect of the composition, as it now stands in the spotless white of plaster, is very gratifying. The artist has had the advantage of a sufficiently large and lofty room to build it up in, one which he had erected purposely, with proper lights, and a turn-table, which enables him to present every aspect of it to varying light. It has been a pleasure to see the conception come forth under his tools, and these, I may say, are seemingly very rude—not that they are not the very things he wanted, which they doubtless were. The ordinary implements for moulding in clay were, of course, unfit for the material he worked in. There was first a framework of iron bars, following the curves of the legs of the horse, projecting for the neck and head. Then wisps of hay, or some such material, were put in a bulk, till a rude resemblance of the horse was formed. The structure was now ready for the rough splashes of moist plaster, and the shape acquired with using mere pieces of iron hoop for scrapers, or smaller implements of almost as rude construction, of this or the other curve, or varying in the shape of point; or with rough files, looking much like a boy's hat, set thick with screws imbedded to their heads at an angle. Then, when the horse was about completed, I saw it one day with wisps of hay hanging on each flank; these again became the legs of the rider, and upon this rose the body, and finally came the minute care that scratched away, and scratched away, till every detail came out perfect. It is not yet definitely settled by the committee having it in charge where the statue will be placed. There could hardly be a better place for it, however, than the public garden, directly opposite the opening of Commonwealth avenue.

Mr. Ball has now in hand the small model of Forrest as Coriolanus, which some of that actor's friends have ordered. He has already moulded the tragedian's head, and takes the two with him to Italy in the spring, there to set up the model in life-size, and superintend its transmission into marble.

Every time I go into his studio I regret that nothing has been done with the statuette of Allston, which he brought back as one of the fruits of his Italian study when he returned seven or eight years ago. The contemplative artist sits in his loose robe, with some of the insignia of his art beside him, half rapt in look, much as if considering the maxim that comes so forcibly to every true artist's mind, "Life is short and art is long." This model is worthy of being put into permanence. It ought to adorn some spot where a society that he did so much to elevate may have a constant recognition of one so lofty, so pure, so enduring. Mr. Ball knew Allston in the happy artistic relation of almost filial reverence. The great painter was a man that bade a young artist God-speed heartily and yearningly. His good nature could even brook youthful arrogance; but Mr. Ball was not a man to be guilty of what another, notoriously if not worthily, known in art circles was. He took his instruction devotedly, and has lovingly embodied his reverence in his ideal of the man.

#### Wright's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 9, 1864.

#### Music of the Holidays.

The old year went out and the new year came in full of music. From Christmas Eve to Twelfth Night there has hardly been an evening without its concert; and it is flood-tide still. True, with

all these temptations we have missed the syren voice of all, the Symphony; we have had no orchestral concert; and, as we have said before, not all the charms of organ, opera, oratorio, string quartet or piano can fill up the vacuum one feels in the absence of the Orchestra performing in its own right and not as mere accompaniment. But we live in hope. If the effect of this one year's privation might only be to give us twice as large and twice as good an orchestra another year, it would be a small price to pay for it. Meanwhile the heterogeneous multitude of musical performances since our last issue is bewildering to any purpose of a fair and full review. Even to hear all has been impossible; to remember and digest all that has been heard, not less so; and still more is it impossible, within our limits, to speak of all that really left a clear impression. He who can listen to all the music that is made in such a season, must have long ears, and not critical. We will put down here such slight record as we can.

**CHRISTMAS ORGAN CONCERTS.** First in order came three concerts with the Great Organ, on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 23, on Christmas Eve, and on the evening of Christmas. These drew fair audiences by varied programmes and a return to the old popular price of fifty cents. The selections on Wednesday were these:

1. Prelude for the Organ.....Sechter.  
Followed by the first two "Commandments" from "Mt. Sinai".....Neukomm.
2. Flute Concerto, Adagio Allegretto.....Rink.
3. "Benedictus"—(Mass in G.).....Weber.
4. Organ Fantasia.....S. P. Tuckerman.  
Introducing the "Russian Hymn" and "God save the Queen."
1. Sonata in D. (Maestoso, Andante, Fugue Maestoso).....Mendelssohn.
2. Prelude in C Minor.....Hesse.  
Followed by "The Dead March in Saul".....Handel.
3. Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven.

The performers were Dr. S. P. TUCKERMAN and Mr. B. J. LANG. The former gave a good taste of the large and satisfying quality of the full organ in the pieces by Sechter and Neukomm; the first a composition of considerable interest, the second consisting mainly of effects of full plain chords; and we confess when we cannot have a real polyphonic organ composition à la Bach, we like next best to fall back on passages of full plain harmony; for in each chord there are so many voices blended in a great Organ, that the listener is free to imagine all sorts of fascinating fugal complications. The sweet Weber *Benedictus* he illustrated with appropriate stops very acceptably. His Fantasia on National airs was not much to our taste. In the second part he gave us a respectable specimen of the compositions of the celebrated Breslau organist. Hesse, who died but recently, and renewed ("by request") the sensation once before produced by the pedal thunder in the solemn march from "Saul." Of Mr. LANG's three selections we have spoken before. It was good to hear the Mendelssohn Sonata again, the same which made so fine an impression at the "Inauguration;" it sounded even better this time. Mr. Lang is more and more at home among the stops and couplers, and works them together with fine tact.

On Christmas Eve the first part was played by Mr. THAYER of Worcester, as follows:

1. Christmas Offertorium.....Battiste.
2. Andante from Sixth Sonata.....Mendelssohn.
3. Fugue in G minor.....Bach.
4. Offertoire.....Battiste.
5. Trumpet Chorus from "Samson".....Handel.
6. Marche du Sacre from Le Prophète.....Meyerbeer.

The first *Offertoire* was jubilant; we liked it better than the second, which had been played

at the School Children's Festivals. The Bach Fugue was not the *great* one in G minor which we have heard before; it was a shorter one and yet a very fine one and finely played. The trumpets sang out lustily in the "Samson" chorus. The Mendelssohn Andante was a good acquisition to our list of real organ music, while the march from the *Prophète* was nothing of the kind. The young organist won much praise by his execution.

Part II. was by Mr. J. K. PAINE.

1. Christmas Music:—(Selections from the Messiah.)  
a. Chorus, "For unto us a child is born." b. Pastoral Symphony. c. "Glory to God" and "Amen" Chorus Handel.
2. Air and Chorus.....Gluck.
3. Toccata in F.....Bach.
4. Vivace from Trio Sonata in G.....Bach.
5. Variations and Fugue on the "Star Spangled Banner".....J. K. Paine.

It did not seem to us that those "Messiah" choruses suited the organ so well as they did the season; yet many passages told very grandly. The adaptation from Gluck, given in the full, round "organ tone" (diapasons, principals, flutes, &c., without reeds and fancy stops), was just of the right quality for simple honest organ music. The magnificent Toccata in F was splendidly played and won loud and warm applause; these are the things whose power is sure to be more and more felt as the ear grows familiar with them; here was progress in the listeners since that opening concert! The quick movement from the Bach Sonata, too, with softer stops, was charming. Mr. Paine's Variations and Fugue have come under notice more than once before; he has earned this credit in his treatment of such popular themes, that what he writes is real composition, polyphonic, having unity and development, in true organ style.

The third of these concerts we were not able to attend, and can only give the programme:

The programme contained for novelties, the Allegro of Concerto No. 1, in G, by Bach, and the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, played by Mr. LANG; *Exaudi nos*, Mozart, *Gloria* from Haydn's 15th Mass, and *Eia mater*, Rossini played by Dr. TUCKERMAN.

Messrs. KREISSMANN, LEONHARD and EICHBERG gave their second Soirée at Chickering's on Saturday evening, Dec. 26; and there was such an audience both in numbers and in character, as nothing but the real zest of the preceding soirée could have drawn. There is the certainty of something stimulating to the finer sense in the announcements of these artists. The programme was as choice as it was new, each piece yielding fresh and keen enjoyment.

1. Sixth Sonata for Violin, (Op. 5,) in A major, [1700,] with Piano Accompaniment. A. Corelli.  
Grave, Allegro, Toccata, Adagio, Allegro.
2. Aria.....S. Bach.  
[Piano Arrangement by R. Franz.]
3. Sonata, for Violin and Piano, [Op. 96] in G major, Beethoven.  
Allegro moderato, Adagio espressivo, Scherzo, Poco Allegretto.
4. { a. Am Meer, }  
{ b. Aufenthalt, } F. Schubert.  
{ c. Die Post. }
5. Scherzo, [Op. 29.] in C sharp minor, Chopin.
6. No. 2 and 3, from [Op. 121.] Schumann.

The enjoyment of the Corelli Sonata, however, was chiefly that of curiosity. Interesting for its quaintness, and by comparison with things in like form by his contemporaries Bach and Handel. Of the latter you detect characteristic features in his Italian older brother. Compared with the *Suites* and *Sonatas* of Bach and Handel, the movements here are very short and humble flights; but there is an honest heartiness about them; no sickly sentimentality or nonsense; and

you see that they knew how to play the violin in those days, and it takes a good artist like Mr. Eichberg to do the old piece justice now. The *Toccata* is a very slight and momentary freak compared to Bach's *Toccatas*. The final Allegro we found really interesting.

Thanks, hearty thanks to the singer who has the will, and who has taken the pains to be able, to initiate us at all into the incomparable sacred vocal music by Sebastian Bach! And such a singer is our excellent Kreissmann. The Aria, as he sang it with Mr. Leonhard's fine rendering of the difficult accompaniment, plainly made a deep impression; few liked to let it pass with a single hearing. It is a song of thanksgiving, introduced by a few phrases of that marvellous *recitative* in which Bach is as much the master of masters as he is in counterpoint; every phrase, every interval, every sustaining chord is fraught with meaning and with feeling, and speaks to the soul. Gluck and Mozart are great in this art,—this *expressive*, not dry technical art, mind you—but Bach will be acknowledged even greater when he is known as well. The words are: *But one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned round and praised God with a loud voice, &c.* Mr. K. gave it in German, with fine voice and accent, with all the nobility of style and feeling of the music. The Aria itself was sung as it should be, and that is ascribing very high and rare qualities to the singer; for a singer has learned more of the truest vocal art in mastering one of these arias, than he could perhaps in the whole repertoire of modern Italian opera. The melody, quite different from the common cut of melodies, and yet none the less melody because it is inseparably intertwined with the parts or voices in the polyphonic accompaniment, is so broadly laid out, moves with such long reaches of rhythm, is so lofty and sustained in style, so closely wedded always to the thought and feeling of the words and to their very sound, so free from the hacknied cadences of modern song, that one must be indeed an artist to deliver it with ease and grace, as well as fervor, so as to make its beauty felt. This Mr. Kreissmann did, and we only hope that he will do it again for us and often. There will be no lack of lovers for such music, let it once become familiar.

The Beethoven Sonata was a new revelation of the same unmistakeable genius, known to us in so many works of his, yet new in every one. There is a rare subtlety and fineness in the musical ideas of this Sonata; so naturally and simply are they treated, each point, each phase in the development, each unexpected, welcome return so felicitous and beautiful, that it seems a purely spontaneous product of imagination. And yet it is full of the most cunning mastery of practised art. We found particularly charming the first movement. What a fascinating little  *motive*  it sets out with! just a quaint phrase of four notes playfully flung out by the violin, but so strangely novel, so challenging to the best art and fancy of such a composer to work it out into a poetic whole! The *Scherzo*, again, is in an admirable humor, thoroughly original and charming, and the *Finale*, beginning with quite a common sounding rondo melody, as is Beethoven's way sometimes, yet proceeding to develop latent possibilities such as no other would have dreamed of! Eichberg and Leonhard played it to a charm. We know not when the former has played with

such absence of anything like exaggeration, such chaste purity of style, in addition to his other excellencies.

The Schubert songs were of the best and sung in Mr. Kreissmann's best style and voice. The *Scherzo* by Chopin had not been heard before in any of our concert rooms; one of the most impassioned and most full of meaning of that pianopoe's purely individual creations; full of difficulties, in the overcoming of which and in interpreting the work as a whole Mr. Leonhard was most happy—at least so far as it depended upon him, for to the hearer, and possibly somewhat to the player, the latter portion was disturbed by the noisy manner in which some thoughtless people, having no music in their souls, bespoke especial attention to the important fact that they were leaving us. The *Scherzo* must be played again. The two pieces by Schumann were the best movements from a Sonata for violin and piano; very fine and characteristic. They too should be heard again.

**CHRISTMAS ORATORIO.** The Handel and Haydn Society of course gave us "The Messiah" (Sunday evening.) They always do that, as the year comes round, even if they do nothing more. And it is a good thing to do,—one of those good old conservative customs which has a meaning and beauty in it which the annual recurrences of a life-time cannot exhaust. It is the best thing our old Oratorio society can do at Christmas, until perhaps they shall be able also to bring out on some other evening in the same week the "Christmas Oratorio" (Cantata) of Sebastian Bach. It would be pleasant to compare them. But this time, if they gave us nothing new, they gave us Handel, that great work of his which most speaks to the common heart. They gave it for the first time with the Great Organ, grandly buoying up its massive choruses and filling in behind with its great wealth of harmony. They gave it with unusually full chorus seats, perhaps 350 voices, drilled with unusual pains; with the best orchestra that could here be raised; with good solo singers, with CARL ZERRAHN as conductor, and B. J. LANG as organist. There was an immense audience, at double the old price, so that every seat in the Hall, apparently, was filled.

Of the performance as a whole, it may be fairly said that there was a life and spirit in it which made it easier to overlook many defects. It was not the best achievement of the Society by any means, and it was far from being the worst. So far as the coöperation of the Organ went, it was a success; that made the choruses more ponderous and grand, and withal more brilliant, its hundreds of blended voices in each chord, with all its finely attuned "mixtures" and harmonics, being clearer, truer and more penetrating than the indifferent average of human organs. (To this advantage there was also possibly an offset, of which presently.) Some of the choruses, the great broad popular ones like "Hallelujah," went splendidly. Others, the more fugued, and fragmentary, full of points to be snatched up quickly now by this and now by that set of voices, went badly (such as "He shall break their bonds asunder"). We doubt not this was in a great measure owing to unaccustomedness in singing with the organ, as well as to the new location of the different bodies of the singers which the Organ has made necessary. The conductor stands far out in front of the organ; its tone reaches his ear an instant *after* the key is pressed down, so that the organist has to anticipate by just that instant. The pipes, according to the quarter where they are housed, arouse and bear off the singer in spite of the conductor's wand. The tenors, for instance, sit right against that side of the organ where all the strong pipes of the "great" organ, trumpets, cornet mixtures and all, leap out

aloud. There is general bewilderment; Conductors wonder that the Messrs. Tenors will still keep in advance; all but the most resolute, sure singers drop away for fear of doing mischief, leaving the burthen of the work in a great measure to the Organ. But these are difficulties which time and familiarity will remedy. It seems quite desirable that the Society should sing as often as possible in the new circumstances, till they feel at home in them. The same difficulty, it will be remembered, was once charged to the strangeness of the Music Hall itself, without the organ; time cured that.

There was fault too in the orchestra. They began out of tune, and several times were guilty of "an uncertain sound." But this sin they too might charge with reason on the Organ; it being awkward to adapt their instruments at once to its low pitch (the new French pitch) so effectually as to feel at home in it. Time will bring the remedy for this too.

A few words of the Solo Singers. Miss MARIA BRAINERD, of New York, new to a Boston audience, made, we are sure, a far better impression generally, and that too among quiet, sincere, earnest and not unexact music-lovers, than any one would infer from the newspaper criticisms of the next day. She has some sterling qualifications for an Oratorio singer, if not all, her voice is a clear, pure, true, sweet and powerful soprano, flexible and evenly developed, facile for running passages, as in "Rejoice greatly," and sustaining itself well in "I know that my Redeemer." She seemed to approach her task earnestly and conscientiously, and gave, as we have said, much pleasure. True, she has faults; there was too much of the false kind of *portamento*, or sliding from tone to tone; too much suggestion otherwise of opera or miscellaneous concert singing, rather than of the chaste and noble Oratorio style. Perhaps we might have found more of this at home; but can we not afford also to honor merit from abroad, such as we find it?

Mrs. CARY's contralto grows more and more rich and musical; her first air sounded to us a little dry and timid; but "He was despised" and the others made a deep impression: for there was feeling, style and finish in the rendering. Mr. WHEELER really deserves to have more power of voice, the quality of tone, the method, style, conception, spirit and expression are so good. He is an intelligent and conscientious artist. Nor is his power of voice by any means painfully inadequate even for the Music Hall. Such as it is, we had far rather have it with his style, than thrice as great without it. It is but fair to say that he did well with "Thou shalt dash them."

Mr. J. R. THOMAS, of New York, pleasantly remembered here, has remarkably even and clear execution in the bass songs, but the voice seemed rather dry and sympathetic,—perhaps owing to a cold.

**NEW YEAR'S ORGAN CONCERTS**, three of them, by Mr. MORGAN, ought to be mentioned next; but our space is gone, and all but mere mention must be postponed. They were highly successful. In two of them he had the aid of singers:—Mrs. KEMPTON, from New York, who comes back to us signally improved, a most satisfactory contralto; Miss HOUSTON, who won new honors, and Miss BRAINERD, to whose excellence in concert singing no one, we believe, took exception.

**SACRED ORGAN CONCERT.** Last Sunday evening Mr. PAINE and Dr. TUCKERMAN, with the aid of Mrs. KEMPTON and Miss HOUSTON, performed a very rich programme, only much too long, to the largest audience since the opening, and most patient and pleased listeners. But this too must lie over.

Mr. PARKER's Vocal Club sang Mendelssohn's "Athalie" and other choice selections to the delight of Chickering's Hall full of their friends last Monday evening. We hear it will be repeated, when we hope to have more room to speak of it.

**ITALIAN OPERA.** Max Maretzek, with his famous troupe, nearly all of them to us new singers, made a brilliant opening at the Boston Theatre on Monday evening in Petrella's "Ione." We have only room to say that "Ione" has at least the one great merit of being well constructed for dramatic effect, and that the singers made the most of it. Trace of originality or spark of genius in the music we could not detect. Hacknied *Norma* sounded new and noble after it. The singers were all distinguished by the dramatic quality—we hardly dare to say the finest kind of that quality, which is often most dramatic when it is most quiet—but by the demonstrative, strong, "effective" kind. They were mostly large, muscular, energetic persons, with large, powerful voices, and entered into their work with great abandon, sang and acted with all their might. This quality in the robust tenor, Sig. MAZZOLENI, a man of noble figure and bearing, was so in contrast with sweet-toned Brignoli's indifference, that he made one large class of the audience crazy with delight and commended himself not slightly to the rest. His voice has not a very pleasant quality, sounds forced and is afflicted with the *tremolo* (so were all their voices more or less, except the admirable baritone BELLINI, a true artist both as singer and actor); but he has large compass, good execution, sustained power on high notes, and is never wanting in the intensely dramatic. We heard him the next night in the first act of *Norma*, and are not sure that we ever heard that ungrateful scene of Pollione given better.

Mme. MEDORI for a prima donna has qualities to match. A large, richly developed soprano, fine execution, earnest fidelity to dramatic requirements, good declamation, no lack of tenderness sometimes, but best in the climaxes of passion. "*Casta Diva*" she sang too dramatically for our taste, but there were splendid points. Mlle. SULZER is a fresher, but a less finished and more timid singer, with a telling contralto, only slightly tremulous as yet, and won much favor. Signor BIACHI, although tremulous, is a noble basso. As we said, they all act well. The chorus is much larger and better than we ever had in opera; the orchestra uncommonly efficient, and the conductor, Sig. NUNO, a very able one.

These are mere first impressions. Why be in a hurry to find singers great and to ascribe to them the rare gift of genius?

The Concert of the Quintette Club, the Organ Concert of the three brothers CARTER from Canada, divers Operas, &c., came too late for notice this week.

This evening Messrs. KREISSMANN, LEONHARD and EICHBERG give their third Soirée, with a splendid programme, as usual.

## Music Abroad.

### London.

The December musical journals describe the great organ recently placed in Doncaster Cathedral, by Schulze, regarded as a first-class sample of German organ-building, and containing nominally 94 stops, but really not so many, and not so great an instrument as that by Walcker, in our Music Hall.

The musical lectures of the new "Gresham Professor" are reported in full; the introductory will be found in another column.

The first Great Choral Meeting of the 1600 members of the London Division of the "Handel Festival Choir" had rehearsed "Jephtha" in Exeter Hall, Costa directing.

The "Monday Popular Concerts," at St. James's Hall, count up to No. 138, and they have only been established three or four years. Certainly a flourishing institution, and a most successful attempt to furnish classical music, rendered by first-class artists, to the people, at low prices. In the last concert, young Lotto, the Bohemian violinist, till lately only known in the virtuoso, Paganini sort of music, has here been taking the lead in the first Quintet and the Septet of Beethoven.—Quartets of Beethoven and Haydn, and has played with Arabella Goddard a couple of Sonatas by Dussek. The famous lady pianist has also played a Solo Sonata by Mendelssohn, (his only composition of the kind), Weber's Sonata with clarinet (Lazarus) in E flat, Woelff's *Ne plus ultra* Sonata, and in Hummel's Septet. Schubert's B flat Sonata, No. 6, had the masterly interpretation of Charles Halle, who also played Mendelssohn's Second Trio with Lotto and Paque. Mr. Benedict conducted; other instrumental artists, a rich list, took part in the concerted pieces; and vocalists (Santley, Wilbye Cooper, Miss Emily Spiller, Renwick, Mme. Rudersdorf, Sims Reeves) sang selections from Benedict's *Richard Cœur de Lion*, from Handel's old opera *Esio*, songs by Bennett, Glinka, the Russian, Spohr, Henry Smart, Ardit, Gounod, &c.; Reeves sang Handel's "Deeper and deeper still," Mme. Rudersdorf Schubert's grand sacred song "Die Allmacht."

The "National Choral Society," under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, has opened its winter season in Exeter Hall with Handel's *Judas Macabæus*; Mr. W. H. Cummings acquitting himself creditably in Sims Reeves's great tenor part, and Mlle. Parepa, Miss Palmer (the delightful contralto) and Mr. Santley ditto in the other parts. Mr. Martin, it seems, has taken a large body of fresh young voices, and has "done wonders in raising them in a short time from charity hymns and part-songs to oratorios."

English Opera is still experimented with and still discussed as warmly as ever, *Musical World* and *Athenæum* being agreed for once, at least on the subject of a *primo tenore*; the latter says of the last new opera by Balfe:

"Two adjectives will characterize Mr. Balfe's share in 'Blanche de Nevers' ('The Duke's Motto'). The music is weak and wearisome, and, like that of 'The Desert Flower,' has not a point (so far as we followed it) that dwells in remembrance. Mr. Balfe would seem to have taken leave of such freshness of melody as he possessed, some four years ago—otherwise in 'Satanella.' He writes now, moreover, with a negligence for the orchestra betokening a disregard of reputation not pleasant to meet. In brief, we can imagine any number of pages thus covered, with a solitary effort of fantasy, still less exercise of science. This, then, is a specimen of opera at a low ebb—scene succeeding to scene, ballad to ballad, some of them pretty in their own artificial way, but none having the slightest permanent value. What matter? A new Rossini could not be better received than Mr. Balfe has been throughout his long and prolific career. There is small chance now of his giving an earnest thought, and as little, it may be feared, any more gracious melody. In part, this habit of slack composition has been, doubtless, engendered by the circumstances under which it has been exercised. The Covent Garden composers might be called on to write by receipt; and this receipt, it is needless to add, enjoins peculiarities more marked than winning when the 'lion's share' of the music is to fall to the lot of a tenor, who is also manager, and, lastly, is Mr. Harrison. It is time plainly to say, that no great opera can be sung, that

no good opera can be written, when this star is in the ascendant. His voice, never pleasant, now requires management from note to note, is as often false as true, and has often three or four different qualities in its register. These faults cannot be carried off even by acting as careful and well-intentioned (if frequently over-conscious) as his, nor by an articulation meritoriously distinct, which has always placed him apart from most of his comrades. There can be no good opera written in which this gentleman has to be measured for the principal serious and sentimental tenor part. We would gladly have been spared the necessity of saying this; but season goes after season, and opera by receipt after opera by receipt: in England's present musical plight, we ought to have some better theatrical story to tell. Let us add, as a matter of justice, that Mr. Harrison acts adroitly in this difficult double part."

New operas by Mr. Harry Leslie and by Mr. Benedict are said to be in preparation; and *Punch* says:

We are happy to be able to state that the prospects of English Opera are as brilliant as ever, and that a series of new works is in course of preparation. Mr. Wallace is engaged upon a libretto founded on the *Ticket of Leave Man*; to be followed by a new opera by Mr. Balfe, founded on *Leah*; to be followed by a new opera by Mr. Wallace, founded on *Miriam's Crime*; to be followed by a new opera by Mr. Balfe, founded on *Bel Demonio*; to be followed by a new opera by Mr. Wallace, founded on *Manfred*; to be followed by a new opera by Mr. Balfe, founded on *The Ghost*; to be followed by a new opera by Mr. Wallace, founded on *Cool as a Cucumber*; to be followed by a new opera by Mr. Balfe, founded on the *Irish Tiger*. Other new works by the same eminent composers, and based on subjects judiciously selected from the current playbills, are talked of, and it is truly gratifying to look backwards and forwards and watch the progress of English musical art.

Jullien (the younger), like his great exemplar, keeps up great "monster" promenade concerts, at Her Majesty's Theatre, frequently giving a "Mendelssohn night," a "Beethoven night," &c. Camillo Sivori's violin has turned up in these concerts. Vieuxtemps has concluded his tour in England, with Carlotta Patti, and gone to Paris, soon to return and lead in the "Monday Populars."

Winter Concerts, under Mr. Manns, are given in the Crystal Palace. At the fifth, they had Mozart's Symphony in B flat, No. 11; Beethoven's E flat Concerto with Miss Agnes Zimmermann for pianist, who also played pieces by Taubert and Paner; and Mendelssohn's *Hebriden* overture. Strange to say, an Italian singer, Signor Marchesi, sang a recitative and air from Sebastian Bach's Cantata: *Der Zufrieden-gestellte Æolus*, "with good voice and still better feeling." Also Miss Parepa sang: "What shall I sing?" (Benedict) "Daughter of Denmark," (Brinley Richards), &c. Madame Arabella Goddard was engaged for the next time.

LEIPZIG.—At the 7th Subscription Concert in the Gewandhaus, a new Symphony in A, by Judasohn, was performed. Dr. Gunz, from the Royal Opera, Hanover, sang Boieldieu's air: "Komm, o holde Dame," from *La Dame Blanche*; "Gott, welch ein Dunkel hier," from *Fiddio*; Schubert's "Frühlingstraum," and Wüllner's: "Nicht mit Engeln;" adding, in obedience to the general desire of the audience, Schubert's "Horch, horch, die Lerch;" Spohr's E minor concerto; Vieuxtemps's "Rêverie," and Paganini's "Perpetuum mobile" were played by Harr Auer, who met with a very gratifying reception on this, his first appearance at these concerts. Beethoven's *Leonore* overture, No. 3, was performed in a masterly manner by the orchestra. A selection of chamber music was given at the third concert of the Euterpe Association, the principal artists being Herr Ehrlich, and Herren D. Ahna, and Espenhahn, from Berlin. The concert began with Herren A. Rubinstein's B flat major trio (Op. 52.) This was followed by Beethoven's Romance, in G major, for violin, Bach's "Toccata" in D minor, and Mendelssohn's Variations in D major, for violin and piano-forte.—The programme of the eighth Gewandhaus Concert included symphony in G minor, Mozart; "Ner Sturon," for chorus and orchestra, J. Haydn; Concerto, in G major, for the pianoforte, Beethoven (played by Mad. Clara Schumann); overture to *Genesefu*, R. Schumann; "Variations sérieuses" for the pianoforte. Mendelssohn (played by Mad. Clara Schumann); and the Thirteenth Psalm for chorus and orchestra, Woldemar Bargiel (first time of performance, the composer conducting).

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

A Hero has fallen. Quartet. J. P. King. 25

In memoriam of a brave soldier, by a composer who is himself in the army. A tribute to one of the heroes of the assault at Fort Wagner. Full, impressive music.

Oh, weep no more for brave boys gone. Salem. 25

A good war song. Add it to your collection. These emanations from the patriotic spirit of the times, will be very valuable in the coming days, when we shall all be considered heroes, and this, the heroic age.

Mother, oh sing me to rest. B. Covert. 25

Words by Mrs. Hamans, and fitted to one of Covert's rich, expressive melodies.

O Lord, remember me. Shout song of the freed-men of Port Royal. 25

Down in the lonesome valley. " " 25

Two contraband hymns, so queer that one can hardly help laughing, so earnest in their spirit that one cannot laugh, and so musical, that one cannot help liking them. They have extra verses, for those who would prefer their melodies without the grotesque words.

### Instrumental Music.

Le Prophete. Rondeau. 4 hands. D. Krug. 60

The splendid march from the Prophet, which is a difficult thing to play smoothly as a solo, is here arranged in a form not difficult, but very effective. It is one of those things that roll off grandly at a semi-annual exhibition, and would sound well with a double set of performers, on two pianos.

Up sailors, the anchor rises. Field flowers. No. 2. Oester. 25

In the wheat fields of Germany, the passer by is often pleased with the modest blue or red flowers which rear their heads amid the ripening grain. Oester's pieces are of that character, short, simple and unpretending, but pleasing and useful to learners and players not advanced.

Lusitanian grand constitutional march. Dos Santos. 25

A grand march with a Spanish flavor.

Monumental city galop. Garrett 25

True love. Polka mazurka. Faust. 25

Hurricane galop. Oester. 50

Snowbells. Spring carol. Oester. 50

One has but to read the name of the composer, to be sure of good pieces.

### Books.

The libretto of Iona, containing English and Italian words, and the music of the principal melodies. 25

Iona is certain to be a favorite opera, and amateurs and musicians should forthwith make themselves acquainted with it. With one of these librettos, those who cannot attend performances soon understand the drift of the opera, and can enjoy the most taking melodies. The book is just finished, and contains a careful English translation.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 595.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 23, 1864.

VOL. XXIII. No. 22.

## "Adsum."

DECEMBER 23-4, 1863.

"And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar, sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little and quickly said, 'Adsum!' and fell back."—*The Newcomes*.

### I.

The Angel came by night—  
Such angels still come down—  
And like a winter cloud  
Passed over London town;  
Along its loomsome streets,  
Where Want had ceased to weep,  
Until it reached a house  
Where a great man lay asleep;  
The man of all his time  
Who knew the most of men;  
The soundest head and heart,  
The sharpest, kindest pen.  
It paused beside his bed,  
And whispered in his ear:  
He never turned his head.  
But answered, "I am here."

### II.

Into the night they went.  
At morning, side by side,  
They gained the sacred Place  
Where the greatest Dead abide;  
Where grand old Homer sits  
In godlike state benign;  
Where broods in endless thought  
The awful Florentine;  
Where sweet Cervantes walks,  
A smile on his grave face;  
Where Goethe's quaint Montaigne,  
The wisest of his race;  
Where Goethe looks through all  
With that calm eye of his;  
Where—little seen but Light—  
The only Shakespeare is!  
When the new Spirit came,  
They asked him, drawing near,  
"Art thou become like us?"  
He answered, "I am here."

—*The Round Table*.

## The End of the Play.

The play is done; the curtain drops,  
Slow falling to the prompter's bell:  
A moment yet the actor stops,  
And looks around, to say Farewell!  
It is an irksome work and task;  
And, when he's laughed and said his say,  
He shows, as he removes the mask,  
A face that's any thing but gay....

Who knows the inscrutable design?  
Blessed be He who took and gave!  
Why should your Mother, Charles, not mine,  
Be weeping at her darling's grave?  
We bow to Heaven, that willed it so,  
That darkly rules the fate of all,  
That sends the respite or the blow,  
That's free to give or to recall....

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,  
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;  
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,  
And longing passion unfulfilled.  
Amen! whatever fate be sent,  
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,  
Although the head with cares be bent,  
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,  
Let young and old accept their part,  
And bow before the Awful Will,  
And bear it with an honest heart.  
Who misses, or who wins the prize?

Go, lose or conquer as you can:  
But if you fall, or if you rise,  
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

THACKERAY.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Opera in the Family Hapsburg.

[Continued from page 162.]

Joseph I. had a short reign of six years, but a busy one, for it was the time of Prince Eugene of Savoy, and John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, and of musical and dramatic doings at court (the reader may be glad to know) I find no record. Joseph's only son died in infancy, and thus his brother Carl became his successor.

The young king, born in 1685 (Oct. 1), a few months only after Handel and Bach, was in Spain carrying on the war with Philip V. for the throne of that country, when the news of his brother's death (April 17, 1711) reached him. He hastened to Vienna, assumed the various crowns which were hereditary in the family of the Hapsburgs, to which he added, by election, that of the German Empire in October, and that of the Kingdom of Hungary in the next May.

1711. Not an uninteresting point of time for us, though not particularly so in our own land. There have been great political changes in the colonies, most of which have now royal Governors, and many have been consolidated—for instance, his Excellency, Joseph Dudley, appointed Governor by King William in 1702, rules from the capital, Boston, Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, and Plymouth colonies, and a part of Vermont, if there is anything up in the Green Mountains to be governed. The Governor of New York, General Hunter, has jurisdiction also over both East and West Jersey, and Charles Gookin, Deputy of the English proprietors, rules both Pennsylvania and Delaware. In New England, two little boys are just learning to read, who are to have no small share in putting an end to this appointing of Governors in these Colonies; one of them, five years old, is the son of Mr. Franklin, soapboiler in Milk street, Boston; the other, Stephen, son of a Mr. Hopkins, in Providence, R. I., if my memory does not deceive me.

But if we look 'home'—as our forefathers in those days called England—we shall see much to interest us, just at this date. The Rev. Jonathan Swift, editor of that political sheet the "Examiner," is just giving to the public his "Proposal for correcting and improving the English Language," stolen bodily almost from De Foe's "Essay on Projects," a man whom the Reverend gentleman hates but plunders; young Mr. Pope is just bringing out his "Essay on Criticism;" and (my favorite Essayist) Steele has closed his Tatler and, with Addison—who has come back from Ireland—is producing the daily numbers of the Spectator. De Foe, a greater man than either, "unabashed De Foe," ready to sacrifice every thing, life itself if need be, for the right, the strongest, noblest specimen of moral power of that day—without the qualities or the desires, which

could enable him to be counted among the "wits" of Queen Anne's reign or to flourish at the coffee houses—is enjoying once more a gleam of sunshine, for the Sacheverell trial last season has made Harley again minister, and Harley has taken the Editor of the Review—the fearless, not earless, as Pope unjustly called him—to kiss her Majesty's hand. And De Foe, with a strength of conviction, and power of common sense amounting to genius, is battling for the principles of the Revolution. Eight years are still to pass before, giving up politics, he is to produce the most original, delightful, popular and immortal work—Robinson Crusoe—which the world has seen since Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

Handel's first opera written for England, "Rinaldo," is having its wonderful success, and Addison, whose "Rosamund" has not proved a successful match against the Italian opera, is, in the Spectator, ridiculing Rossi for calling (in the Preface to Rinaldo) 'Mynheer Hendel the Orpheus of his age,' and is making merry over the flight of sparrows introduced into Armida's garden in the same opera.

Carl VI., born Oct. 1, 1685—had just completed his 26th year when crowned Emperor (Oct 12.) He had all his father's passion for music, though not his fecundity in composition. I find no records of operatic music written by him; but he appears to have produced a pretty large quantity for the harpsichord and of vocal pieces in other forms, especially canons. A *Miserere* for four voices with figured bass, composed near the close of his life, is among his autographs. Like his father, he assembled distinguished musicians at his Court, examined the candidates for the office of Chapelmaster, and the scores of operas presented for performance; and sometimes at private productions in the summer theatre of the Favorita Palace, in the Augarten, he played the harpsichord from the full score. His master in counterpoint was the famed Johann Joseph Fux, whose "*Gradus ad Parnassum*" he caused to be printed in a splendid folio volume, dated 1725.

In free composition he was pupil of Caldara, who from 1716 to 1736, twenty years, produced fifty-two operas for the Court theatre.

Carl's ear for music was celebrated; no fault escaped him; but a composition which satisfied him could arouse him to enthusiasm. B-r's reading of the old anecdote of the Emperor and Fux seems the most probable; namely, at the third performance of the Opera "Elisa," (text Parlati, music Fux)—first given in the Favorita theatre, Aug. 28, 1719, on the birthday festival of Empress Elizabeth, Carl was so delighted with the music as to seat himself at the harpsichord and accompany the entire performance. Fux, deprived of his proper office, stood by and turned over the leaves, and at the close exclaimed "Bravissimo! Your Majesty might very well take my office."—"I thank you, my dear Chapelmaster, for your good opinion," answered the

Emperor," but I am very well satisfied with my own."

It is well known, continues B—r, what a good influence Carl's advice exerted upon Farinelli [the *castrato*, of whom the Englishwoman said, "One God, one Farinelli"]. That famous singer was three times in Vienna;—in 1724 (with Porpora), in 1728 and 1731. On one occasion, when the Emperor was accompanying him, he remarked how much his vocalism would gain if he would less frequently overload his melodies with such long-breathed ornaments. This advice was followed by Farinelli, and from this time dated the marvellous depth of expression of his *adagios*.

There were during Carl's reign four regular family festivals: the Emperor's birthday, October 1; his nameday, Nov. 4; the Empress's birthday August 28, and her nameday Nov. 19.

For Nov. 4, the Empress provided an opera in the great theatre, and for August 28, the Emperor one for the summer theatre in the Favorita. These were but occasional works and, though produced with great splendor, were performed but two or three times each. The mounting of one of these operas cost from \$25,000 to \$30,000. The costumes were of velvet and silk richly embroidered with gold and silver, the very members of the Orchestra appeared in splendid dresses, and neither the opera in Paris nor in London could at that time, in the matter of the vocal and instrumental music, the costumes and decorations stand any comparison with the imperial court theatre of Vienna. [I am not ready to admit this statement in one particular—namely as to the vocal music of the London opera, say from 1720 to 1735, for Handel was the composer of a very large proportion of the operas given, and the greatest vocalists then living were at various times engaged. In other respects, yes.]

The annual expense of Carl's opera was in round numbers \$100,000—of which 43,000 florins was for the "Chapel" or musical establishment, which was thus made up:

- 1 Court chapelmaster, J. J. Fux.
- 1 Vice chapelmaster, Antonio Caldara.
- 3 Composers, Badia, Francesco Conti and Porcile.
- 2 Composers for ballet, Matheis and Holzbauer.
- 3 Italian court poets, Stampiglia, Zeno and Pariati, afterwards Pasquini and Metastasio.
- 1 German court poet, Prokoff.
- 34 men singers.
- 8 women singers.
- 1 Concert master and his assistant.
- 32 players of string instruments, 2 theorbos, 1 viol di gamba, 1 lute, 5 oboes, 5 bassoons, 4 trombones, 1 horn, 13 trumpets, 1 drum.

There were also two ballet masters.

Prince Pio was general operatic director, and the whole was under the charge of the Obersthofmeisteramte—which four words in one I take to be the equivalent of Lordhighchamberlain's office, the longer word by six letters. In the "Court-kitchen-department" was a special "musicians' butler" with two assistants. Of all retainers of the court, the musicians alone, when enfeebled and superannuated, still retained their offices and drew a salary.

Carl VI.'s regard for Fux is well known to all who are familiar with musical history. B—r gives a pleasant proof of it. In 1723, in August, the court was in Prague, and the celebration of

the Empress's birthday (on the 28th), took place in a temporary theatre put up for the occasion, a sort of amphitheatre without roof. The opera was "*Costanza e fierezza*," a festive piece by Pariati, with opera music by Fux, and ballet music by Matheis, written for a chorus of 200 voices and an orchestra of 100. As the day drew near, Fux was taken ill, and had to make the journey to Prague in a litter. At the performance, the Emperor caused Fux to sit next himself in an easy chair as spectator, while Caldara had the direction.

But let Gerber tell these stories of Fux in his way:

Fux (Johann Joseph), imperial chief Chapelmaster in Vienna, born in Styria about 1660, filled this distinguished and honorable post some 40 years, under the Emperors Leopold, Joseph, and Carl VI., all of them as thoroughly taught in music as a prince ever can be. The regard of this last-named Emperor for his old chapelmaster went so far, that, in 1723, being afflicted with gout, Carl had him transported from Vienna to Prague in a litter, where the old man had the pleasure to hear, sitting near the Emperor, his opera performed by 100 singers and 200 instrumentists.

He took another method of showing his appreciation of Fux's talent the next year; for on occasion of the birth of an archduchess [Maria Amelia, Apr. 5, 1724] Fux produced an opera which pleased the Emperor so highly, that upon the third performance, he made a lottery for the benefit of all who sang or played in it, with jewels, gold watches, snuff-boxes, &c., for prizes. All the tickets drew prizes, the least of which was of 500 florins value, the highest going up to 1000. 1500 and even 2000 fl. The eldest archduchess, [the afterwards famous Empress Maria Theresa, then about seven years old, born May 15, 1717] sang in the piece on the stage, and the Emperor himself directed the entire performance at the harpsichord. As he entered the orchestra, the score of the opera, most splendidly bound, was presented to him in the name of the Empress, upon which the Emperor, after bowing to her, placed himself at the instrument and gave the signal to begin. It was on this occasion that Fux, who stood behind the Emperor, after noting many proofs of Carl's skill in the most difficult passages and many a bravo! at last exclaimed, "Oh, it is a pity that your Majesty has not become a virtuoso." Whereupon the Emperor turned to him with the remark, "No matter, I have it better as it is." [*Neues Lexicon*, article "Fux."]

Note how differently, both as to date and in form, this last anecdote is given by my B—r, and Gerber. Würzbach tells it still in another form, and makes Leopold the hero of it instead of his grandson. True, it is not very important just what words were used on so trivial an occasion; but when you have had occasion to make yourself pretty familiar with almost all the works produced in more than a century and a half in a certain department of literary and artistic history, and find that a general and all-pervading characteristic is an utter carelessness in repeating facts and anecdotes, you begin to despair of ever getting at truth. This is true to an astonishing degree of the Germans. They plunder one another for anecdotes and stories, yet rarely repeat one without contriving to make it sound more or less differently. It is only about 25 years since

Wegeler and Ries's "*Notizen*" about Beethoven appeared; and yet their anecdotes have by little and little become so changed as often to be hardly recognizable. So Marx, in telling of Beethoven's trouble in the first performance of his Choral Fantasia, though he had (or might have had) the anecdotes as told by three persons present, follows neither; but of all writers he is one of the very worst in this respect—you cannot trust him a moment. Thank fortune, there are a few conscientious writers even on music, and in Germany—Jahn and Chrysander for instance. Being easier after this expectation, I go back to Carl VI.

As on the nameday of the Emperor and the birthday of the Empress new operas were given, so on the birthday (Oct. 1) of the Emperor, and nameday of the Empress (Nov. 19), there were given in the Palace at Vienna, "*Serenatas*."

(To be continued.)

### Professor Wylde's first Lecture at Gresham College.

(Concluded from page 163.)

Now, of all forms used, the song form is the simplest and most ancient; next comes fugue, the oldest of the elaborated forms. The song form depended entirely on the verse or poetry to which it was allied; and, if we take a specimen of the earliest piece of music written, we find it contains not a note, much less a bar, more than is required to sing the words. The song which I am about to give you was found inserted in a poem written by one Lambert de Cors, nicknamed "the short."\* It was commenced in the year 1140.

The music is written in Gregorian notes of the old lozenge shape; it is quaint, but not void of a certain melancholy sentiment. No bass or harmony is found to this song. If it were sung accompanied by instruments, it is most probable they played the same notes as the voice sang.† (Here follows Illustration the 1st). Now, I want you to remark, in this early example of the song form, how allied it is to the Gregorian chant.‡ There is another song called "*Chanson de Roland*," which some have said was that to which the Normans marched to battle at the great historical combat at Hastings. The words here are doubtless as old as the date claimed for them, but the music is not authenticated. It has a more modern character than the song you have just heard, so that I do not think it can be cited with confidence; but you will perceive also how the form of the music depends on the verse. The words of the song are—

"Let every valiant son of Gaul  
Sing Ronald's deeds, his greatest glory,  
Whose name will stoutest foes appal,  
And feats inspire for future story.

"Ronald in childhood had no fears,  
Was full of tricks, nor knew a letter,  
Which, though it cost his mother tears,  
His father cried, 'So much the better:—

"We'll have him for a soldier free.  
His strength and courage let us nourish;  
If bold the heart, though wild the head,  
In war he'll but the better flourish."

"Roland too much adored the fair,  
From whom e'en heroes are defenceless,  
And by a queen of beauty rare  
He all at once was rendered senseless.

"One hapless morn, she left the knight,  
Who, when he missed her, grew quite frantic.  
Our pattern, let him be in sight,  
His love was somewhat too romantic."

\* History does not say why this Lambert de Cors was nicknamed "the short." Perhaps it was in contrast to his poem, which is long. The poem consists of 20,000 lines.

† The verses of this song are Alexandrine, or of twelve syllables. The words are—

"Thus blindly he proceeds whom love at pleasure leads:  
As all who live must bear the ill which mortals share,  
So all who love with zeal must pain and anguish feel;  
Thus blindly he proceeds whom love at pleasure leads."

‡ To the old monks not only are we indebted for the preservation of art in the dark ages, but to these "church tunes" are we indebted even for our secular music—for, in fact, the "Love Song."

(Here follows Illustration the 2nd.) Now, some who are only acquainted with musical ballads, old and new, may imagine that whatever form may have been to instrumental music, the form of vocal music still depends on the verse to which it is allied, and consequently that no change has taken place in this form of composition. It is not so, however. Musical ballads, it is true, still keep to the form of the verse to which they are welded, but most vocal pieces are lengthened out, and are not generally confined to the sort of verse with which the music is associated, but follow a conventional and usually-adopted form, like the well-known song, "Deh vieni, non tardar," by Mozart, which you shall hear, and so be able to compare with the form of the early specimen of song. (Here follows Illustration 3rd.)

Now, in the song you have just heard, if you take away the words, and sing the melody to any vocal syllables, the effect upon the mind is the same, for it is the melody which captivates quite independently of the words. Such a song requires no charm of "verse." It is pure abstract "music," and so differs entirely from the first song you heard, which, without the verse, has but small attraction.

I said that the oldest elaborate form was that of fugue. This form of composition originated in the desire to add other parts for other voices to a plain song. In a canon or fugue, the song or subject commenced by the first voice is, as soon as it has finished its phrase, taken up by another voice, whilst the first voice continues to sing something which agrees with the song sung by the second voice; as soon as the second voice has ended its phrase the third commences, the other two continuing to sing parts which agree in harmony with the third voice, and so on. This continuation of the voices after they have given out their phrase or song produces a form much more lengthened than that of a simple song, and constitutes a form which has been followed ever since. It was an immense stride in the art, and the specimen I am about to present to you is wondrous for the time in which it was written, viz., in 1250. It is the earliest piece of music we possess in parts. The words are "Summer is icumen."\* (Here follows Illustration 4th.)

I said this composition is a wonderful specimen of art for the time in which it was written, i.e., it must be regarded as such in comparison with the then existing part compositions of the Gregorian school. It contains, however, some of the worst features of that mode of harmonizing a subject or theme, viz., consecutive fifths, and is very monotonous from want of any change of key. In form, however, this old canon, "Summer is icumen," has been the precursor of our modern canon, which is a strict fugue, and, in fact, of all fugues, a style in which Bach, Mozart and Handel, and of late years Mendelssohn, excelled. You shall hear a specimen of this form of composition by Cherubini, called "Perfidia Clori," a canon for three voices; also a fugue by S. Bach, who flourished at the end of the 18th century. (Here follow Cherubini's Canon, Illustration 5th; and Bach's Fugue, Illustration 6th.)

Now, in Bach's time these fugues were considered the most difficult compositions for a keyed instrument like the pianoforte and organ. What would they have said in those days to a modern fantasia by Thalberg or other great digital writers of difficulties, a specimen of which, by way of contrast, you shall now hear. (Here follows Illustration 7th, Thalberg's Fantasia.)

Fantasias of this kind abound in astonishing effects, and they afford immense scope for display of mechanical dexterity and command over the instrument, but they possess neither the form nor the charm of the beautiful, and soon pall upon the ear. On comparing a fantasia of this kind to the fugue you previously heard, I do not ask you all at once to admire the former in preference to the latter, but I feel convinced that when your taste has been cultivated, and the novelty of the effects produced by digital execution is worn away, the one will be cherished as a work

\* Each voice which sings this "canon" sings the same notes. There is an additional part for two male voices, but these have nothing to do with the canon.

of beauty—and "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever"—and the other cast away as a faded flower.

My lecture, so far, has shown you that a knowledge of form in musical composition is the great secret of the art; that musical composition is not a mystery, but an imitative art, which can be taught and learnt and, "*parsi passu*," as the forms of musical art are more or less successfully employed, so does the degree of imitation appear greater or less, the mystery of production more or less wonderful and the result more or less delightful. I would say to those who have an ear and taste for music, study the forms of composition; if you derive pleasure from hearing music without understanding it, your pleasure will be infinitely greater when the mind is satisfied as well as the ear delighted, and there can be no real mental satisfaction in listening to that which is not understood. But, the mind satisfied and the ear delighted, there ensues a pleasure which may well be envied by those from whom nature has withheld one of her best gifts—a love and taste for the beautiful in art.

#### From a Musical Sufferer,

Do enlighten me,—Is it from weakness or choice  
Comes this villainous tremolo habit of singing—  
This new "wiggie"—as somebody terms it—of voice,  
Which these lyrical songsters are constantly bringing?

If I go to the opera, big, burly throats  
Of the amorous tenors and chivalrous basses,  
That appear as if formed for sustinment of notes—  
And the even prolongment of all vocal graces,—

Their heroics declaim in a quivering way.  
That all vocal propriety clearly outrages.  
And in their shaky cadences their passions convey,  
To remind one ofague in all its bad stages.

And obese prima-donnas—whose figures suggest  
An addition to lager, if not a style *largo*,  
With their arias wavy with vocal unrest,  
On legitimate pleasure lay hopeless embargo.

Cavatinas are corkscrewed, and recitativ  
Is a weak undulation of vocal delivery,  
Nor does sonorous unison bring its relief,  
But is dip in tone, and in climaxes quivery.

If at church I attend—where some petted quartet  
Of their florid accomplishment give exhibition,  
In place of devotional method—I get  
The same tremolo, only in cheapened edition.

I had thought that the concert-room nuisance had reached  
Its extent in the ignorant chatter and giggle,—  
But let ballad be sung or bravura be screeched,  
There's a trial yet worse—the inveterate "wiggie."

The great organ is played,—I am there,—for at length  
Is the fortunate time to hear harmonies semblant  
To the instrument's masiveness, finish and strength;  
The performer commences—and out comes the "Tremblant."

It would seem that all vocalization, before  
It were fit to the auditor's ear to be taking,  
Must, like physis, observing medicinal law,  
Undergo the anterior process of shaking.

"Wiggie" on then, ye singers, both lyric and local,—  
Fashion tolerates, so I submit without blinking;  
But, as strange as it seems, such performances vocal  
Are, in popular phrase, "no great shakes," to my thinking.  
—Transcript.

#### Gounod's "Faust."

From the New York Tribune.

\*\*\* It is some two hundred and fifty years since the opera—in the effort to revive ancient Greek dramatic music—was first evolved; and for the last half century or more, other polite nations have had skilful composers setting the languages of their several countries to music. The works of the great masters of the past century, Handel and Haydn, live, but none on the singing stage, although they wrote operas, and the former composer was especially voluminous. Gluck, the reformer, (whose contributions to the illumination of the philosophy of the opera can hardly be overestimated), owing to the defunct nature of the Greek fables which he set, and likewise to

the improvement in the beauty and ecstasy of melody, since his day, has now only a partial life, and the effort to wake him into being in this country ended in a signal failure—all interest in Orpheus and Euridice being dead, as much as in the allegories on an old ceiling. So too Beethoven's only opera, Fidelio, upon which he spent so many years of his passionately artistic life, was played three times at the Academy—twice with Carl Forster, the most famous bass of Germany, and more recently by Mr. Anschütz's present company, and each time to nearly empty benches—rendering it impossible for the most classical manager to continue such a losing game. Of Cimarosa, Winter, Jomelli, Piccini, Trajeta, Paisiello, Cherubini, Spontini, Grétry, Lesueur, Sir Henry Bishop, and many others who made a name, at least nationally if not universally, in their day, not a single work may be said to have possession of the stage as a standard living opera—known throughout the audiences of the different nations. In fact, any connoisseur can readily call to mind the thirty standard operas of some half-score composers: Mozart, Von Weber, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, Herold, Auber, Meyerbeer—which comprise the entire repertory of permanently attractive works to all nations; although the paucity of this supply has caused it to be so much drawn upon, as to hackney about one third of the small list beyond endurance.

The very latest additions to opera have afforded very little or no hope toward extending this standard and threadbare list. Take, for example, the two Italian operas produced at this Academy—*Jane* and *Judith*. *Jane* was, as regards ideas, (though academically well constructed) "full of sound and fury signifying nothing," and it is utterly impossible that such a farrago of notes can live after the first echoes of its exaggerated tones have died away. *Judith*, which we did not hear, we are told was almost still-born. Beside these, there was produced, some two years since, Meyerbeer's opera of Dinorah, written with great elaboration and listened to with the most devoted respect, which was a failure here.

This view of the difficulties attending the composition of any opera, destined to live and have a cosmopolitan acceptance, and the claims put forth for a work said to possess preeminently these attributes, lead us to the critical consideration of the production, last night, at the Academy of music, by Herr Anschütz's German company, of the Opera of *Faust*, composed by M. Gounod of Paris, and not only justify us in a lengthened article, but demand such an analysis at our hands.

This opera is of French origin. We have a copy of the work with the original French text, the Italian and the German versions being translations. The structure of the vocal music therefore is French, if the French poet has not written his verse upon the models of another nation; and he has not done so. Hence the music has much that is melodically disproportionate: some bars crowded with notes, others without enough to fill them, so as to secure continuity of phrasing.

The opera of Faust is in five acts, and embraces nineteen pieces—solos, duets, trios, quartets, and choruses. The scenes are the same as in the well-known acting play given in English at Niblo's, and therefore we do not describe them. Among all these nineteen pieces we look in vain for a first-class memorable melody, the prime requisite for an opera, and without which it cannot live—however much adventitious circumstances may combine to give a local or passing life.

We shall look now very briefly, and under the greatest disadvantages, not having musical notation to quote with, at the pieces.

Overtures, so many of which were essayed and so few good ones achieved by composers, have recently fallen into disuse, and short introductions, or a few preliminary measures in the orchestra now precede the rising of the curtain. The introduction here is a grave, slow movement, evidently written by a harmonist accustomed to organ music, and the most of it would be effective on that instrument. We cannot perceive the transcendentalism of resolving the last chord of bars 7 and 15 by exceptions; as the ear demands the augmented sixth to have its customary resolution by the descent of a half tone in the bass. Where there is an infraction of a rule, and a beautiful or transcendental object is gained, well and good; but here the effect is simply mean and ugly. The curtain rises with No. 1 of the musical pieces. Faust, a very old and decrepit man, is in his laboratory, and the recitative he delivers is unexceptionably good. A chorus in triple time, of peasants, heard outside, is very poor—compare it for a moment with the peasant music in *Don Giovanni* or *La Sonnambula*, and the difference between genius and the

want of it is evident. To these ensue a very short *andante maestoso* by Faust, one of the best vocal passages in the opera, but wanting the suavity of uninterrupted oratorical flow, owing to the French versification. In the course of this, the scena for the tenor, we hear another chorus, outside, which is also uninspiring. Following this chorus is a recitative by Faust, ending with a sudden bolt from the key of F, one flat, to B, five sharps—said bolt caused by the appearance of the devil. We do not think even his presence warranted such a change of key, unless he was so ugly as to scare Faust to death, and finish the opera with this chord. Experience, and Rossini especially, have established the possible surprise transitions of key in the scale, which come under the head of High Art; and this is not one of them, and utterly lacks justification. In the grand Greek group of the Laocoon, there is something left to the imagination, in the sculptured agonies of the man and his sons. The artist is not hideous in his representing contortions. Art, the beautiful still, has some claims. So, too, in music. Symmetries and logical sequences must be observed, even though the devil or a creditor is suddenly introduced.—The conversation of Mephistopheles and Faust in the recitative, which opens No. 2, is well written, and leads us to a melody-allegro—by Faust;—and here again M. Gounod is simply common-place without being beautiful, nor does the devil help him in his difficulty. Now comes some supernatural music; and what relates to fiends is ground so grandly travelled over by the great German Von Weber, that very little space is left to glean anything—as M. Meyerbeer proved in *Robert le Diable*. The supernatural apparition of Marguerite at this point of the drama is an opportunity for a movement in the orchestra, such as is afterwards heard in a lovers' duet. Following this is the repetition of the allegro air by Faust, this time intermixed with counterpoints in the odd bars where the commas come, symmetrically uttered by Mephistopheles:—by courtesy called a Duet, and meanly ending the act.

Composers, if sane, try to end their acts efficiently by the music, if the action permit. Here was a splendid chance for a Duet for Tenor and Bass—the fiend of chance being deep-voiced:—such a duet is so rare in music that but some four or five occur to us: a man of genius like Rossini, in the plautudes of the libretto of *William Tell*, created a masterpiece of a duet: Auber, not addicted to the sublimest musical perceptions, rises above his ordinary style, inspired by the situation between Masaniello and the fellow conspirator, and throws out a hymn of liberty worthy to be sung by the heroes of Marathon or Gettysburg on the field of battle. The poverties of this duet are therefore both positive and relative. But moreover there is a grave blunder such as a man of talent might, but as a man of genius could not, make, in giving music without any ecstasy of style or pitch to Faust now aged 21, over Faust *etait* 81. But yet more: the most vigorous music as to pitch and emphasis is in his mouth supposed to be without teeth, and his lungs without breath, and his heart without love. And all that Faust Jr. gets is the cold-meats of the ex-old man to express the unexampled feeling of a person with 60 years knocked-off his head at a clip. If the poet, and the costumer who "makes up" the actors to any age from 18 to 1800, the years of the wandering Jew, had executed their parts with no greater fidelity to nature than the musician, Faust would have been a young man first and the devil would have changed him into an old one.

Act II. opens with a chorus, No. 3, of mixed characters, affording a chance for some beautiful melody such as Weber or Rossini, or Auber, give their crowds. This, however, is not beautiful, though correctly rhythmical. A novelty is a strophe by old men—much applauded, because they sing with weak voices. So too there is clapping and stamping for the anvil-pounding in the *Trovatore*; and would be for a scene of Broadway where the laying-down of a railroad was set to music. Such applause, however, is neither genuine nor sublime. The peroration of this chorus of Faust is well-worked up and counterpointed, in which kind of elaborate production M. Gounod is a master.

A well-written recitative follows, leading to No. 4, a bacchanalian song by Mephistopheles. This is vigorous and artistically tinted and balanced, but wanting in melodic flash, necessary to a popular bibbing-ditty. No. 5 is the scene where the fiend shows his power to the chorus, and they keep him off with the crosses on their sword-hilts, which were specific to that end in the middle-ages. This is brief concerted music thoroughly well told. No. 6 is a waltz and chorus. This is well-rhythmical and melodic, and the Coda is finely worked up; but the melody is not first-class. In the course of this piece is an episode

in the waltz-measure, but moderated in quickness, where Margaret crosses the stage, and Faust addresses her for the first time. The phrase he uses is musically deficient in grace, though the note of interrogation is rightly indicated by a rise of the voice. Margaret responds, but on the same chord with which Faust opened the conversation with her a moment before. Her reply is not interrogative, but positive, and therefore the chord should not begin on the dominant of sol, as is Faust's question, but on the tonic. The words are *Non, monsieur*: (no, sir:) demanding the color as punctuation. Then those words follow: *Je ne suis demoiselle ni belle, Et je n'ai pas besoin qu'on me donne la main* (I am not a young lady, nor beautiful, and I have no need of your hand—or your courtesy). The proper way of declaiming these words is not that adopted by M. Gounod, because he repeats *demoiselle ni belle*, without meaning or necessity. It is very correctly conceived, so far as it is musically in the opera, the same as in the drama; that is to say no musical attitude is struck, or undue parade of style made.

Act III opens with some good orchestral music, No. 7, followed by a pretty little air of the Boy Lover, *Siebel*. It lies well under the voice. Well-constructed orchestral details and vocal recitative follow, coming to No. 8—a cavatina by Faust. The first four bars of this are beautiful, but would be better if a second line were set under the third and fourth bars, instead of a repetition of the first. Bar 5 is good and logically follows the other—and logical sequence comprehends much of the success in melody. But bars 6, 7, in view of the manner in which the receptive faculties of the hearer are moulded by the previous bars, are hobbling. The succeeding eight bars are good but intricate, because of the condensed transitions of key. Then comes a series of modulations and transitions where the best singer has to look as to what keys he is rushing into, and where only a limited number of hearers can follow him. A bit of recitative between Faust and Mephistopheles ensues, and to this succeeds No. 9, a scene and air of Margaret. This opens with these words: "*Je voudrais bien savoir quel était ce jeune homme; si c'est un grand seigneur, et comment il se nomme?*" (I should like to know who this young man is; if he be a great Lord, and what is his name?) All this is given on the same notes—absolutely monotonous, and indicating in the speaker an indifference to the subject so spoken or sung. Then follows a ballad of the antique mould. Here was a good chance for something nice. Mark how Rossini, in his *Cinderella*, as the girl is over the kitchen-fire embers, takes an advantage of the situation. *Una volta era un Re*—(once a king there chanced to be) sings Cinderella; and what an old, old ballad it is, with beauty and grace, however, in every note. This may be said to be a little matter in the list of musical pieces of an opera, but we take issue there, and think it is a very important and indispensable matter, that airs, simple strains, chosen by the composer for really more emphasis than much more stately stage business, should be up to the mark. Now M. Gounod has either adopted the first eight bars of his ballad from some old relic, or he has invented them. In either case it is lifeless. True, there is the minor seventh, and some of the aroma due an old ballad, but it wants essence and beauty. It is well-harmonized, however, and would go well as chords on the piano. After some recitative we come to the Aria of Margaret, which is in 3-time. It is not a first-class effusion, as it ought to be, though the melody is not *tornanted*, as the French say; and where there is so much that is, we should be thankful for the boon. The writing for Margaret's music is very judicious as to pitch for a mezzo-soprano voice; and it is to M. Gounod's honor that he does not strain his voices with high notes, to get a transient effect.

We come now to a scene and recitative where Mephistopheles is humbugging the old woman, to give Faust an opportunity for the grand and decisive attack on Margaret. This is introductory to a Quartet, No. 10. Now, the difference between a quartet, and solos, consists in the union of the voices; for if they are pretty much one after the other, and only in little bits, bearing to a full state of melody the same relation that the gravy giblets do to the entire body of the turkey, it is only a quartet in name, without even the sustained merit of solos. This is the case with the so-called quartet in question. It may be said that the business of the scene is carried on with it perfectly, and so it is; but the musical requirements of a quartet are not; and if these be not considered of paramount importance in an opera, why not be satisfied with the speaking drama? And moreover the great superiority of the musical over the spoken drama is, that in concerted pieces, by means of harmony which is only known to music, different and extremely varied passions and emotions

are expressed absolutely at the same moment. In speaking simply, this would be mere label or jargon, like the disturbance of a mob. It is a composer's duty to take advantage of this power of music, and the composer of genius always does. But M. Gounod in a quartet gives as little as possible to the voices in simultaneous combination. This may be a difficult thing to effect, but genius knows how to accomplish it: and it is one of the points that the public is quick to appreciate if well managed. In this piece, M. Gounod doles out four bars of absolutely four-voiced music; then we have a number of pages of narrative talk by the characters, too much piecemeal for any interest, and next the voices come together for about twenty short bars or measures. The first four of these concerted bars bear a perfectly phrased melody; the first measure beginning on the tonic or key-chord, and going to the dominant chord or that of the fifth, on the second measure; the third measure commences on the dominant chord and goes in the fourth measure to the tonic chord. The words are: *Je ne vous crois pas, etc.* Now this is a perfectly square-cut four bars of a melody, and it requires a response. A tyro in the art of constructing a melody should not begin bar 5, as bar 3, or on the dominant: (the appoggiatura which M. Gounod introduces both in the treble and the bass in the commencement of bar 5 not altering the chord of the dominant or fifth of the scale). This gawky repetition of the chord of bar 3 is followed in bar 5 by matter which not being sequential consequently the genius of melodic propulsion, or what should be the inevitable logic required of single notes, is lost, and the remainder of the so-called quartet is without further interest; except that which is merely dependent upon chords. After the quartet there is a harsh jump, without warrant in the change of stage business, from La flat to Re natural, where there is some "general utility business," upon orchestral figures.

This is followed by some diabolical utterances of Mephistopheles in measured recitation; and conducts to the lover's Duet. The first ten measures of this on the pedal bass of the dominant are skilful and graceful in the orchestra and in the voice-writings, leading to the positive melody, commencing with the words *Laissez-moi*. These also commence on the dominant, which is a want of contrast with the opening of the introductory matter. There is, it is true, a drone-bass on the key-note, but this simply disparages and renders hardy-gurdyish what ought to be the very soul of love and passion. Let us however, this apart, examine the melody of the duet as it commences with the words *Laissez-moi*—a melody said to be the best in the opera. The notes are *la, sol*, with a rise to *do*—followed by *re, do*, with a rise to *sol*—constituting the first and second bars of the phrase. Now a melody which goes from *sol* up to *do* and then from *do* up to *sol* octave, sounds like tuning a violin, and has no more inspiration or passion. The next bar "*contempler ton vi-*" (*sa-ge*) is melodically good, but had harmonically: because, the drone-bass is kept throughout, and the chord on the last beat, being a return to the chord of the dominant (as the two first beats of this bar 3 are the tonic chord) is a doubling on the track instead of being harmonic progress; and is freezing cold, beside being, if music may be compared to manners, snobbish. The proper and the only love-passionate chord under the notes *do si*, on the third beat of this third bar, is one on the sub-dominant, represented in the figured-bass system by 6-3; and would be correctly from the bass up, *b, d, g*. This chord of 6-3 fetches perfectly the chord on the dominant whether a fifth, or precluded by the 6-4, as is the case with the 6-4 chord *c, f, a* in the next or fourth bar of this phrase, over the second syllable of the word *vi-sage*. The next four bars, being made up of the same poetical line (a very feeble musico-verbal proceeding, however), ought to balance precisely in their syllables and accentuations the first preceding four bars. But they do nothing of the kind, and there is a total want of symmetry, and consequently of melodic beauty. The words *Laissez-moi* here are only given once, and not twice as in the first instance, and hence the second syllable of *vi-sage* is sprawled over a whole bar. The accents of the bars with the words *sous la pâle clarté, Dont l'astre de la nuit*, are symmetrical with the opening bars, and constitute a melodic phrase of four bars more. Then comes a closing which is not four bars, but five hobbling ones. The first bar of these five is a delicious passage, (the seminal idea of which is in Von Weber's *Oberon*, and which composers have repeatedly copied since); but the delirium does not necessitate disorder, or the use of an odd bar. We beg to remark parenthetically here, that in nothing are the great composers more particular than in the symmetry of their rhythms and melodic phrasings, confining them to groups of two and four bars; or their multiples, and avoiding, excepting under very curious circumstances, rhythms of three or five bars



which the ear refuses to accept. For example: Beethoven, in the longest movement of his most extended symphony, the *Eroica*, that is in the first allegro which comprises several hundred measures, always proceeds by twos and fours. Rossini, the most spontaneous melodist who ever existed, is so particular with his rhythms as to put in an extra odd bar of the preparatory ictus chords, when the want of it would make the melody sum up odd. When we say that the ear refuses these oddities of rhythm, in serious and dramatic melody, we mean that it is akin to the disagreeable effect of inharmonious coloring to the artistic eye, or unjoined metre to the poetical ear.

—To return to the Duet: Margaret repeats the same phrases as Faust's just noticed. To this ensue some interlocutory passages on orchestral phrases, followed by an Andante in 4-4 time, where Faust sings eight good melodic bars with an appropriate climax: in which, however, the word-setting is chaotic, for the end of a line commences the second phrase on bar third, and the end of a line begins the third phrase, bar 5, and cannot be too much condemned. The words of the eight bars of Margaret are equally chaotic. This melody of Margaret does not properly balance or respond to the previous eight bars,—for it commences without variety on the same chord. This is followed by an allegro agitato of no distinct melody, but of two bar phrasings, and restlessness of key. A good clean large declamatory statement would have been much preferable to such unsatisfactory niggling. Some general vocal business follows on orchestral details.

Act IV. commences with an orchestral interlude, and recitative. When a composer chooses one sharp for his signature, and writes in five, it makes a very confused page; better put in the five signatures. Why such a paradox of "accidents?" Great men get along without them. It may occupy the attention of a certain class of amateurs in picking out the chords at the piano-forte, and may look very learned to fools; but true music lies deeper than all this. Beethoven, pretty good authority, will give three hundred bars, counting the repetition, in a symphony with one change of key, and no parade of accidental notes. Mozart, in his divine *Non più andrai*, has a single change of key, and one accidental note (the fa sharpened) in the whole piece. . . . We might multiply scores of examples on this head.

No. 12, a minor air of Margaret, tremulously accompanied, is about the completest piece of sustained melody in the opera. Some recitative follows.

The scene outside the Cathedral is introduced with some transcendental harmonies in the orchestra, followed by organ music in the right strain. Margaret on the church steps, having been betrayed, is beset with the voices of demons and the potential curses of Mephistopheles, who appears in a mysterious manner behind her—the agonies of conscience, in other words.

No appeal on the stage is so powerful as the religious one of scenery and situation, especially in this country where we have no cathedrals of architectural sublimity to excite the emotions which lift the soul to the infinite. A stage representation of a cathedral, with the organ heard within, addresses itself directly to the imagination, which supplies the place of size, and creates feelings akin to those experienced in a vast ecclesiastical building of the middle ages. This is a powerful scene ready to the hands of a composer; and the choral which is heard within, intermixed with the demoniac ragings of the fiend without, followed by the ecstatic cries to God by Margaret, control the audience as no common scene can. It is in such ready-made situations where a composer can hardly go wrong that M. Gounod creates a real impression on the audience. The choral is simple and good; the shrieking of the demon properly sustained according to rule by minor chords and much trombone-work, and the organ is judiciously interspersed. The agitated invocation of Margaret, which closes this scene, is liable to criticism for its insufficiency of melodic flow, and the inconsequence of the harmony.

No. 13, is a Soldier's Chorus. The first movement in 6-8 time is fluent and well-rhythmed. This of course must be effective in the same proportion that it is symmetrical. There is a second movement in 12-8 time which is in a higher style, and is very captivating in its *genre*. This is said to be the most popular piece in the opera, and we should judge so, as it seems to be the most persistently melodic. It is, we beg to remark, very easy for a composer, though it may be difficult or impossible for other people, to write an opera without melody, or with poor melodies. For the composer of operas, worthy the name, and there is generally one or two living, can write against time, if he do not have to stop for a first-rate melody to make a scene. But if he come to a place where it is necessary to present as good a melody as

"*The Last Rose of Summer*," and does not use M. Flotow's receipt of bagging such game, as in Martha, the composer may be forced to stop for a day, or a week, or a month, because the melodious spirits of the lyrical deep will not answer to call. But harmony and intricacies and orchestral effects and varieties of coloring are always at his command, if he know his business. The affluence of melody which characterizes the works of the great masters is so signally striking a need of M. Gounod, that this melodic piece, the Soldier's Chorus, claims and receives an extraordinary degree of notice from public and critics.

Following this chorus is a recitative and a serenade, No. 14; which, being by Mephistopheles, has everything but love in it—it is of the grotesque school suited to the character.

No. 15 is the "Trio de Duels," where the brother of Margaret is wounded. It is made up of exclamations, and is deficient in melodic interest.

No. 16 is "The Death of Valentine," the brother; he curses his sister so unhandsonably that his demise ought not to be regretted. This is a good piece of sustained and measured declamation.

No. 18 is "The Walpurgis night," in which there is some wild chorus work, of a characteristic kind, very well written. This is followed by some excellent passages for orchestra, and another chorus intermixed with solo work by Mephistopheles, which is fluent. A bacchanalian song by Faust, is not a great success.

No. 19, a trio finale, is next in order. After some appropriate orchestration and recitative, is a measured duet—*allegro non troppo*—which has some bars of eccentricity in it, and others which run naturally enough. We cannot perceive the beauty or propriety of the harmonic sequence of the 5th bar, with the words *les fers la mort*, or the worth of the oddity of the notes over *ne me font plus peur*. Some adonized reminiscences of Margaret follow, quoting the first admiring words of Faust. Broken dramatic traits ensue, and then comes what ought to be a religious ecstatic movement—which begins well and loses beauty in the third bar. The piece is in Sol, and immediately changes to La, three sharps, and further rises to B, five sharps. It is a trio between Margaret, Faust and Mephistopheles. The vehement changes in the peroration are warranted by the climacteric intensity of the situation and are finely worked up. A short recitative follows where Mephistopheles fails to get his prey. Harp and angelic voices are heard, with a plainness of religious poetic statement that we would not dare to quote into English. The organ then comes in, and we suppose the opening of the choral phrase with it must be copied from some ancient manuscript before the laws of harmony were understood, or we would not be helped on the same dish to consecutive whole-toned fifths and to consecutive octaves between the extreme parts, either of which would make a *funatica per la musica* tear his hair, and wish Margaret on her way to the devil, instead of the direction she is going in, angel-tended, to the skies.

We have treated only incidentally of the orchestration in the above analysis. We may say generally that of this M. Gounod is a master. He understands the technical proprieties of individual or solo painting in the orchestra; the traditional and suggestive uses to which such and such instruments are best adapted; and is economical, and wisely so in the use of his means. In short he displays the knowledge scientific and artistic, which may be gained by a man of high talent, with devout study, bringing all the rays of his mind to a special focus. It is difficult to judge of the splendor of instrumentation or the setting of musical jewels when there are so few to set. Time, the great arbiter, will decide M. Gounod's place in the ranks of dramatic composers. So far as we can judge of his work by reading and hearing, we should say that it lacks the indispensable vitality of divine melody—and adventitious aids before its appearance, and on the stage during its performance, may confer on it a temporary renown—but that will not endue it with immortality.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 23, 1864.

### Italian Opera.

For three weeks have Max Maretzek and his strong company at the Boston Theatre had the encouragement of very large and approving audiences, every night, for every sort of opera. *great*, without mistrusting our memory of Lind, Bosio, Grisi, Sontag, Mario, and others. There

People were soon persuaded of the unusual completeness of the combination, and the more than average excellence (to say the least) of all the singers in their several ways; while half a dozen of them have proved themselves artists of high mark. This, with good orchestra and chorus, with good acting as well as singing, is a great deal, and goes far to compensate for the absence of any single singer whom we can confidently call are no positively bad ones in this company, none positively offensive, no mere sticks. All seem to take an artist pride in their work, striving to act well their parts without shirking, affectation or egotistic nonsense. Verily they have their reward, and they deserve it.

We have now to pass hastily in review the "business of the week" (fortnight), as the theatrical critics say, having spoken only of the two opening nights. "Ione" and "Norma," were followed on Thursday evening, the 7th, by Verdi's *Traviata*; for many sittings through of which a man's life ought to be too valuable. It presented, however, another of the prime donne, Mlle. BRIGNOLI ORTOLANI, who found much favor, we are told, as well as her able supporters, Mazzoleni and Bellini. We had the pleasure of hearing her through one act of *Lucia* in the Saturday "Matinée;" a pure, even, honest style of singing, with a pleasing voice of moderate power; bright black eyes, slight, pretty figure, and quite an earnest, truthful impersonation of her part. Mazzoleni was Edgardo, and Bellini the stern brother; and the famous sextet finale, as indeed the whole scene of the dire and dismal wedding was made remarkably effective.

Fourth night, Friday, the 8th. A very respectable and sensible performance (for these times) of what is and what deserves to be the most popular of operas, *Don Giovanni*. There was an immense audience, in character the best of the season, inasmuch as more of the real listeners, and fewer of the gabbling would-be fashionables, await their turn in such an opera. Here, too, as at Covent Garden, the upper amphitheatre is always packed on *Don Giovanni* nights;—one of the cheering signs among so many that discourage any earnest music-lover. There were no parts greatly rendered to be sure, but there was a high average of excellence throughout. Mme. MEDORI's Donna Anna did not supplant for us such ideals of the character as Grisi, Lagrange, or even Truffi (who suggested the moral height and beauty of the part so finely), have left to us; but there was dignity, nobility and earnestness in her acting, and her singing in the great moments of the part surprised us. It was particularly fine in the impassioned recitative where she relates the outrage to her lover, and the splendid burst of declamatory song which follows: *Or sai chi l'onore*, &c. In the Trio of maskers, her part of the melody was admirably sung, so well conceived and so expressively conveyed, that one could pardon one or two failures of the voice to reach the true pitch of a high note. The "letter" aria, so frequently omitted, was sung very artistically. The *tremolo*, that afflicts all voices trained in the gladiatorial Verdi school, was less obvious than usual. The lover Ottavio (Sig. LOTTI), being a small man, seemed to shrink away under the shadow of so huge a mistress, but he used his clear, penetrating small voice to good purpose, even in *Il mio tesoro*. The Elvira of Miss FANNY STOCKTON was a rather unripe, tame and pupil-like performance; but

her pleasing voice and person, with carefulness, freedom from affectation, and a fair degree of execution, made her contribution not uninteresting. These two slender voices were out of proportion to the larger calibre of Medori's, and this was about all there was to mar the beauty of the Trio. Elvira's finest recitative and air: *Mi tradi*, was, with obvious prudence, left out.

Miss KELLOGG, was, of course, charming as Zerlina. Her voice has gained in power, and has lost none of its flexibility or brightness. A very facile, finished, true, expressive singer is she. In the action of the part her pretty, rustic and coquettish ways were sure to please; but we question her conception of the *Botti, batti* scene; that pettish, half vexed, half roguish way of pinching and punching her Masetto hardly harmonizes with the serious beauty of the music. All very well for a coquettish little witch of a country girl; but such was evidently not Mozart's conception, if we are to read it in his music, and not merely in the libretto. Far truer, to our mind, than all the other Zerlinas, was that of the incomparable Bosio; that for us remains and always must remain the best ideal of the part; she played it as if she sympathetically divined in Mozart's music a certain fine, superior nature disguised in the rustic maiden. We wish we had room to insert here, not for the first time, Oulibicheff's delicate portraiture of the character in this sense. He drew it from the music, paints us Mozart's Zerlina, not Da Ponte's. But our exception to Miss Kellogg's Zerlina applies only to the piece in question, and here only to the action, not the singing. In general we liked it, and would not have withheld one particle of the applause she fairly won. She was well seconded by M. DUBREUIL's Masetto, which was natural, loutish enough, but within artistic bounds. His modest parts are always in good taste.

The fine person and bearing of Sig. BELLINI combined with his superb baritone, so large, rich, round and organ-like in quality, to make one of the best representatives that we have had of the seductive, heaven and hell defying Don. His action was elegant and courtly, full of vivacity, and his singing (with the exception of *La ci darem*) was always fine; his voice (happily free from the chronic tremolo, which has settled like an ague upon nearly all the voices in this company) was grandly telling and sonorous in the dread scene with the statue. Sig. BRACHI developed a fine comic vein—serio-comic much of the time—in Leporello, which he looked and sang and acted remarkably well, with quite as much of the true humor and less farcical extravagance than Formes, and most of our Leporellos in times past. Herr MUELLER delivered his ponderous bass tones with effect as "*L' uom di sanse*." Chorus and orchestra (under MARETZK's own energetic baton) were up to the mark, and, if there were some of the usual threadbare deficiencies in the presentation of some scenes; if the banquet scene lacked the three orchestras upon the stage, &c., why, there was no pretence of such completeness, and the whole thing looked fair and honest. They still persist in turning the Sextet scene inside out, Leporello and Elvira absurdly trying to grope their way into houses, when they are supposed to be inside of some place from which they would escape.

*Second week.* Passing what we are told was a very spirited, sonorous, strong performance of *Ernani* (Monday, 11th), as it of course must have been with Medori, Mazzoleni, Bellini and Biachi in such music—Verdi's best type of himself; leaving *Martha*, too, in spite of Kellogg and Sulzer, to senses upon which its sweets have only begun to pall—for does not that begin with the first hearing—we drop in to see if Verdi's *Macbeth* (given on Wednesday and Saturday) has in its music intrinsically any of that charm, which a handful of listeners, one stormy night at the

Howard Athenæum, many years ago, may remember to have been wrought upon them through Bosio's inspiration, with Badiali as Macbeth. We think that was the only time it ever was performed here, and our own recollection extends only to the banquet scene with its *brindisi* (Lady Macbeth stepping to the footlights to sing a drinking song!) and one or two witch scenes, which, it seems to us, were better managed then than now. Well, Wednesday night satisfied us that it was Bosio and not Verdi that made that half hour memorable to us. This time we had true and powerful acting in the principal parts by MEDORI and BELLINI: but the music of the opera seemed beneath contempt; the merest commonplaces of Verdi, poor shreds and patches of the same musical stuff which he had already worked up into more semblance of life and completeness in *Ernani*; with the exception of one or two ensemble finales (much inferior to the *O sommo Carlo* chorus), scarcely a passage to redeem it. The same unnatural *staccato* choruses, the same loud empty unisons, nothing but trivial hum drum dance tunes for his stage full of witches, nothing but the cheapest melodramatic orchestration going on during the murder scene. It is a mistake to call it one of his earliest works; it sounds more like *Ernani* gone to seed, a hopeless repetition, for perhaps the seventh time, weaker and weaker, of the effete inspiration which had flowered out in that. And we have verified the suspicion: *Ernani* was first produced in 1844, *Macbeth* in 1847.

And so we hasten to what all are waiting for, and all are praising, Gounod's *Faust*. It has achieved great popularity in all the theatres of Europe, even in Germany, which accepts so little from the French. It has run many nights with unabated enthusiasm in New York, both the Italian and the German troupe making it their strong card. And now we have it here; four times in these two weeks it has crowded the great theatre, and would have done so twice as often, perhaps, had it been presented, for there seems to be but one general chorus of delight and admiration. Yet it must be owned that not the most musical or finely appreciative sort of audiences are the first to flock to any such new nine day's wonder, and that amid the noise and gabble of so many thoughtless people many of the finest traits of the music, which lie in the orchestra, pass unnoticed save by a few. We have copied from time to time, since *Faust* was written, various analyses and criticisms from French, English, German papers; one or two also from New York critics; our correspondents have written about it; so that our readers came to it with a certain familiarity, at least with its subject and arrangement, and the opinions pro and con about it. To-day we give also the larger part of an extended analysis by Mr. Fry of the *Tribune*, who goes into some details of technical criticism, which the more curious student may like to verify, while he has much to say which any one will understand. Whether we agree with him in the main points or not, it will be useful to bring the various views of men who examine and think for themselves together. In times past we have oftener differed than agreed with Mr. Fry, perhaps, on questions of Art; all the more pleasant is it therefore now to find that our impressions of a new work coincide essentially.

In a word, then, after some study of the music privately, and after two hearings of the opera as so admirably performed by Maretzke's company, while it has interested us and charmed us on the whole more than any new opera for many years, not excepting the last works of Meyerbeer, we cannot say that it strikes us as a *great* work, or as a new revelation of musical genius of a very high and individual order. It seems to us to have more of ingenuity than genius; more of good judgment, common sense, taste, poetic feeling, than of creative originality; more of acquired musicianship, and careful study of dramatic truth, than inspiration; more of the boldness, enterprise and patience, than of the lyrical genius, of the Art reformer.

And, as for imagining that M. Gounod's music has risen to the height of Goethe's wondrous poem,—that were as wild as to pronounce him the peer of Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, &c. That will do when we find his music equal to the real poetry of that first scene of *Faust*, not shrinking from rendering those finer interruptions of his soliloquy, the Easter bells, the visions of spirits of beauty and delight, &c., instead of simplifying it all into commonplace choruses of peasants and laborers heard through the window, and no whit superior to those in "*Martha*." Think of Weber, of Rossini, not to look even higher, and what is there in this opera from beginning to end which bears the stamp of a positive original genius, a native individual vein of melody, or melody and harmony combined, like the least thing that such men do? The Mozarts, Rossinis, Webers, Mendelssohns are just as individual and personally present to you in their music, as they would be if you saw their faces and conversed with them. Is that the case with Gounod? In *Faust*, at least, we do not find him, do not touch him, seize not the traits by which we should always instantly recognize him again, although he makes a pleasant impression on us and we must credit him with a great success such as it is. His handiwork, his judgment, learning, taste and feeling, these assert themselves; but his genius, is it palpable and do we feel we know it?

*Faust* does not entirely lack melody; but such few distinct melodies as it has are the most commonplace parts of it; if they are delicate, if they are true to situation and to sentiment, as in the love scenes of the third act, still there is nothing very marked or memorable about them; they sound more studied than inspired, do not spring up spontaneously, each with the ever fresh individuality of a wildflower. The only really rounded pieces, with a marked tune in them, are the waltzes, which scarcely can be said to rival Strauss, and the soldiers' march and chorus, which, however spirited, are not better than you may hear almost any day when there is a band parading in the street. No, the charm of *Faust* we find, first of all, in the instrumental accompaniment, which is rich and varied with poetic illustration, refined, chaste, clear, fascinating, as well as learned and complex. It is free from humdrum guitar strumming of mere chords, which only support, but add nothing to, the voice. It is wholly free from the ugly common-places, the everlasting brazen emphasis (the common swearing of music) of the Verdi orchestra; it reaches its ends by more quiet, wholesome, unexceptionable means; beauty is not sacrificed to effect (except for a moment now and then, as at the first appearance of the devil). This is refreshing in these days; and these are not merely negative virtues. There is interesting matter in nearly all of the orchestral work; it will reward you to give your ear principally to that—if the gabbling fools around you, who think there is nothing going on, unless some one is singing, will only have the decency to let you listen! For from this cause perhaps the most interesting musical piece in the work, the grave and sombre introduction, with its deep tones groping about in shadowy modulations, its brooding, introspective Faust-like mood, and its expressive little fugue was scarcely audible. To be sure, it soon passes into a phase of more ordinary sentimental melody and ends with pretty-pastoral phrases which are common enough; but then, as the curtain rises, another sombre introduction, special to the scene, and more impassioned, is played. The orchestra, too, keeps up the musical continuity and interest well throughout all the recitative, which is full of character. It has many genial traits in all the

dialogue which is in any way humorous, especially in setting off the satirical courtesy and *bonhomie* of Mephistopheles. The music of his part, by the way, is the most ingenious and novel of the whole, and quite felicitously characteristic. His song of the "Golden Calf," and much more so his "Serenade," are Satanic enough to relieve a long spell of sentimentality. But the weird, the supernatural, the mystery that makes you shudder, you never get; nothing of such power as Weber's in that element; and we may safely say, not once in the whole opera a thrill of aught approaching the sublime, whether the Evil One be near or out of thought. Not even the church scene, with its sound of choir and organ, and the demon interrupting Margaret's prayer, has in it anything of intrinsic musical greatness, although the opportunity is cleverly employed. This, and the prison scene too, with Margaret's ascension, owe more to scene and situation than to purely imaginative musical reproduction. Would not the author of *Fidelio* and the *Egmont* music have made infinitely more of it?

Next, we find the charm of *Faust* in the wise common sense and tact displayed in the dramatic treatment, in the fitting of the music everywhere to character and subject—the story itself, kept so close to Goethe, coming in for a large share of the interest. Gounod seeks dramatic truth and consistency before rounded musical form. Letting this go, he gives us a musical drama free from the usual operatic absurdities of situation. Everything is nicely calculated to serve the business of the play. He has chosen as it were the good side of Wagner without the bad, and, with as much musicianship, has finer instincts of fitness and a finer sense of beauty. But *Fidelio* has all this merit, with entire preservation of musical form as such; *Fidelio* is in the first place great music, and a true drama none the less. So all Gluck's operas, his great ones, solve the same problem perfectly within the bounds of clearly defined melody and musical form. This surely is a truer and a greater thing to do. Were Gounod a great musical genius, he would have done it here, for not even Mozart in *Don Juan* had so great a subject.

Then we must give this opera credit for many passages of beautiful music; delicate and charming traits scattered liberally throughout. Nearly the whole third act is beautiful, from the pretty little song of Siebel gathering flowers, to the lovers' duet, which is delicacy and purity itself. The quartet, too, if not all that our friend Fry would have it, is genial, and contrasts four individualities quite charmingly. And here we must confess our pleasure in Miss KELLOGG's exquisite impersonation of Margaret, so delicately conceived, so well sung and acted. The "King of Thule" ballad, with its little interruptions, the mind running still upon the handsome stranger, was touchingly natural, simple and poetic. And the confession and embrace of the true lovers, (Sig. MAZZOLENI entering into the whole scene with the same spirit, with all the sentiment and delicacy which such a voice as his permits), was so far from the coarse, conventional stage way of such things, that one could witness it almost as he could read it in the poem.

If the sentimental portions of this opera are the best, the bright and lively spectacle scenes are doubtless next best in the popular estimation. The "Kermesse" is crowded with life scenically more than musically; but if the musical ideas or themes sound rather common, yet they are worked up with no slight art and complication to produce such a swarming, variegated, bright-hued whole. The real skill lies in the weaving in of the dialogue, and the keeping of the characters so musically distinct. The brass band and the soldier chorus are rather a cheap appeal to popular effect; and as they add nothing to the scale of musical importance in the work, they occupy too large a space, especially when the entire procession and performance has to be repeated.

But to point out the beauties and to weigh the merits of such a work we should have room to analyze it in detail and in order. We have hardly room enough in which to speak of the admirable manner in which the *Faust* was put upon the stage and represented. Principal

singers, orchestra and chorus left but little to be desired. We have spoken of the Margaret. Sig. MAZZOLENI, in spite of the strained, hard quality of his voice, sang the part of Faust exceeding well and was carefully true in action. Sig. BIACHI took so kindly to the part of Mephistopheles, that hereafter, whether he play Leporello, Duke Alfonso, or what not, we shall still look for the cloven foot. Sig. BELLINI, the superb baritone, made the small part of Valentine a very notable feature of the piece; and Mlle. SULZER was better suited to the pretty part of the boy lover Siebel, than to any in which we have yet seen and heard her.

### Concerts.

A pile of interesting programmes of the past three weeks are before us. We can barely skim them over.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB opened their second concert (Jan. 7), with a Trio by Schumann (in F, op. 80), new to us, a work full of genius, and ably rendered by Messrs. Daum, pianist, Schultze and Fries, (pray give it to us again); and closed the evening with the Mendelssohn Quartet in E minor, op. 44. Part of Spohr's Quintet, op. 69, a couple of piano pieces ("Liedeslied" by Henselt, and "Song without Words," Mendelssohn), made out the rest of the instrumental selections, and Miss ADDIE RYAN sang with charming voice and style the "Cradle Song" of Gottschalk and a song by Spohr, with 'cello *obligato*.

Messrs. KREISSMANN, LEONHARD and EICHBERG had as eager an audience as ever for their third soirée, with this very choice programme:

1. Sonata (Op. 105), for Violin and Piano.....Schumann.
2. Aria, from *Iphigenie in Tauris*.....Gluck.
3. { a. Scherzo (Op. 38.) }.....Chopin.
- { b. Nocturne (Op. 62.) No. 1, }.....S. Bach.
4. Chaconne, for Violin.....S. Bach.
- (with Piano Accompaniment by Schumann.)
5. { a. Widmung, }.....R. Franz.
- { b. Frühlingssong, }.....R. Franz.
- { c. Willkommen im Wald, }.....R. Franz.
6. Sonata, (Op. 80), No. 1. (violin and piano)...Beethoven.

The Sonata Duos were interesting in themselves and in their contrast, that of Beethoven being naturally the best appreciated. The glorious Chaconne we should have liked better without any accompaniment, or with Mendelssohn's; we have heard Mr. Eichberg play it with a purer tone. The Chopin Scherzo in C sharp minor seemed still more wonderful by repetition, and Mr. Leonhard surpassed himself in the execution of it, and of the exquisitely fine Nocturne. Mr. Kreissmann's songs went to the heart of the audience.

The ORCHESTRAL UNION were on the eve of action, it appears, while we were pleading for orchestral music. True it is a small orchestra for the great Hall; true, an Afternoon programme can be only in part classical; true, we have to take it with interpolations of "Gréat Organ"—incongruous mixture of two good things;—still it was very good to hear the sound thereof in overture and symphony. On the last two Wednesdays they have played for us Beethoven's exquisite 4th Symphony, and Mendelssohn's "Italian," which every one can now trace directly to those happy hours when the wonderful youth was writing his letters from Italy. And they have played Nicolai's "Ein feste Burg" overture, with Organ, and the *Zauberflöte* overture, and lighter waltz pieces, &c., very wisely placed at the end of the programme,—all quite nicely rendered. The organ pieces have been good ones, Mr. THAYER playing a Battiste *Offertoire*, and Mr. LANG Schumann's Fugue on the letters B, A, C, H (i. e. Bb, A, C, B), a Mendelssohn Andante, and Rink's concerto with flute solo. The audiences have been encouragingly large, in spite of doubled price.

The GREAT ORGAN CONCERTS have chiefly taken the form of late of Sacred Concerts on Sunday evenings, and the plan works well. In the first, Mr. PAINÉ played of Bach the *Tocatta and Fugue* in D minor and the *Passacaglia*, sublime works both, the concert piece in C, by Thiele, with something of the Beethoven impetus and fire in it, and his own variations on the Austrian Hymn, and accompanied Mrs. KEMPTON in the beautiful *Ave Maria* by Franz, which she sang finely. Mr. WILLCOX played the *Benedictus* from Mozart's 12th Mass, and accompanied Miss Houstoun in Cherubini's *Ave Maria*, in "With verdure clad", and the two ladies in the duet "Quis est homo." Dr. TUCKERMAN accompanied Mrs. Kempton in "He was despised" and "O rest in the Lord", and Miss Houstoun in "Angels ever bright and fair" and played an *Offertoire* (op. 39) by Wely. Mr. WILLCOX also improvised, modestly and briefly. A rich programme, but by far too miscellaneous and too long. The singing was excellent, except that the soprano lady has a nervous tendency to sharpen sometimes. The largest audience since the Organ opening sat it all through with remark-

able patience, encoring several of the songs. We did not hear the second Sunday concert, when Mr. HENRY CARTER (from Quebec), Dr. TUCKERMAN and Mr. WILLCOX officiated as organists, with also a long programme, and a whole flock of singers (Mrs. Fowle, Mrs. Shattuck, Mrs. Cary, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Anna Carey, Mr. Gilbert and Mr. P. H. Powers). The majority of the pieces were vocal, from the sacred works of Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn and Weber, with a Quartet by Tuckerman. Mr. Carter played the G minor Fugue of Bach, and there were *Offertoires* by Wely and Battiste, as usual, for show pieces.

The purest Organ Concert that has yet been given was that of Mr. J. K. PAINÉ, last Sunday evening. His pieces were all strictly organ music, with the exception of the vocal pieces.

The most earnest music-lover could listen with interest to every piece, although he could dispense with one or two of the songs more willingly than most of the audience. Mr. Paine's rendering of those noble works of Bach was masterly; clear, even, dignified, with well chosen registration, in the pure *legato* organ style. They grow more and more impressive to the audience every time he plays them. The great round-toned 16-foot diapasons gave out the solemn theme of the *Passacaglia* very grandly, and you felt its ground-swell under all the variations, as the great work grew and grew with ever renewed inspiration. The "Choral Variations" [*Vorspiele*], with softer and contrasted stops, were singularly beautiful, especially the last, where the great trumpet sings the theme. The singing won much applause: and Mr. Paine's *Benedictus* was encored, more for the beauty of the composition, than the singing, the voices being too unequal.

Another and a unique Organ Concert, was given Jan. 7th by the three brothers CARTER, Cathedral organists of Canada, a rare brotherhood of talent.

We were only able to hear two of them, who displayed great ease and brilliancy of execution, and an uncommon facility and critical nicety in the combining and contrasting of stops. The *Lobyesang* piece was beautifully rendered; the Chopin *Scherzo*, No. 2, was a strange experiment, and brought out some new effects; the "Dead March" was accompanied with altogether too much thunder.

THIS EVENING Messrs. KREISSMANN & Co., give the fourth and last of their delightful soirées. Trios by Schubert and Beethoven, songs by Schumann and Schubert, &c. HENRY MOLLENHAUER assists.

To-morrow evening Mr. WILLCOX gives the Sacred Organ Concert, with a choir of twenty-five singers.

The Handel and Haydn Society are rehearsing Costa's "Eli."

PHILADELPHIA. We are sorry to have to abridge at all the following already brief letter, dated Jan. 16.

"Since my last, we have had the Marczek Opera troupe, now in your city. We owe them thanks for excellent performances of *Don Giovanni* and *Norma*. We owe them none for keeping us out of classical concerts during December. The only novelty they gave us was Petrella's *Jone*. Some one has said that it takes a clever composer to write even a poor opera. If the test be a true one, Petrella is a clever composer.

"Mr. WOLFSOHN deserves congratulations for the success of his first *soirée*. Of him but little need be said, as we have all come to know him as an artist whose presence with us is a pleasure, and whose success does credit to the judgment of the musical portion of our citizens. Herr HABELMANN, the tenor of the German opera troupe, assisted. He sang the "Adelaide" with exquisite taste. Since Stigelli and Johannsen, we have not had so successful an interpreter of German songs. His advantages are a pleasing voice, a correct style, and a fine, though not passionate conception of the songs he renders.

"A few words of Mr. AHREND. Without invidious comparisons between the gentlemen who took part in the Trio by Beethoven (in B flat, for piano, clarinet and 'cello), I would remark that Mr. A.'s playing, in that beautiful work, was a feature of the concert. His good taste and style there found full scope, while the Concerto by Kummer gave opportunity for the display of his powers as an executant. The latter composition was so full of ideas and so very long, that it failed to excite the interest due to it. In the Trio, all played so well that the performance was almost perfection itself. I know of no variations more interesting than those on the subject of the last movement: an old Italian air. How different from those modern variations that seem written solely to display digital dexterity, and in which the musical idea is so tortured and covered by forms and groupings, that possess no beauty of themselves and

yet hide the charms of the original air.

"Who will not turn sick  
"When" Liszt "calls music what is only trick;  
Trick—that may serve to kill an idle hour,  
And teach the ear, though not the soul, its power?  
Trick—that might to expression lend a grace,  
But when she's banished, ill supplies her place."

"Of this order is the Liszt paraphrase of the *Faust* waltz. It is showy and exceedingly difficult. Mr. Wolfsohn played it in a masterly manner and made the most of it. The brilliant Sextet by Onslow was played with care and precision, and pleased greatly. Especially interesting was the *Andante con variazioni*.

"I have also to note Messrs. CROSS and JARVIS's first soirée. Judging from the large attendance and the ability of the performers assisting them, the present season bids fair to prove as successful as the last. I regret that I was unable to get to the concert in time to hear the Beethoven Quintet, and the whole of the glorious Schubert *Fantaisie* for Piano and Violin. Mr. Jarvis played Liszt's transcription, "*Einzug der Gäste auf dem Wartburg*," with vigor and with judgment. There is in this solo little of the merely ornamental. The few runs and *lours de force* are as added arabesques, and, by their gracefulness, agreeably contrast with the massive harmonies of the subject. The object here seems rather to transfer orchestral effects to the piano. The genial, ever-fresh and for the piano, difficult Septet by Hummel was played with such finish, on the part of Mr. Jarvis, and such precision on the part of the other performers, as to leave but little to be desired.—For next week, we are promised the "Creation," two Gottschalk concerts and a Hartmann matinee."

S.

**MUSICAL CRITICISM.** Some wag in the *Saturday Evening Gazette* humorously hits off some of the styles of operatic criticism nowadays in vogue, as follows:

The amount of intellect and refined perception employed in the criticism of musical performances is quite unappreciated by our reading public. Thinking that it would be interesting to place before our readers some instances of the nice discrimination, elevated tone, scholastic attainments and impartial judgment of the critics of the day, we have selected a few examples from our files.

The "Daily Puffer" has the following singularly well-digested remarks on the performance of "Il auditorio in garbo splendido":

"Words cannot portray the magnificence of the dresses worn by the lovely ladies who graced the parquette and balcony on this occasion of delight. We have it, on undoubted authority, that four hundred and thirty new dresses were ordered for this occasion. A hairdresser of our acquaintance positively informed us that he had dressed sixty-nine ladies' heads in the latest style. We particularly remarked the colors which were apparent from a back view; the dark, wavy tresses, the snowy necks, the splendid silks and high-toned opera cloaks combined to form a picture never before presented in this house devoted to fashion and display. We cannot describe the emotions which the sight of these divine beauties awoke in the breasts of sensitive observers. We wish we might name some of these hours; but the veil of privacy should not rudely be drawn from the splendor of their charms.

"Signora Cantabile is a wonder. She is the greatest wonder in the world. She sings magnificently and acts more so. She is superb. She is incomparable. Her voice is a *soprano sfogato* of immense power and exquisite sweetness. She has sung in every city in the world and is universally acknowledged to be the greatest singer in every one of them. Her undertones are great and her middle notes quite pretty. She has a charming way of singing and captivates her hearers by the childish sweetness of her manner. She was dressed elegantly and looked splendidly.

"Signor Vocedipetto is magnificent. He sings splendidly. He is the most wonderful tenor in the world, and sings like one. His role in this opera is said to be the most stupendous performance on record. Mario is nowhere; and he is universally acknowledged to be the greatest *tenore robusto* ever heard on the Italian stage. He was dressed with great beauty and looked 'every inch a king.'

"The management of this troupe is in excellent hands. We receive our tickets with great despatch, and as many as we want, from the urbane and gentlemanly agent, Herr Watzisnahm. We congratulate Signor Burbo on the choice he has made of an assistant."

This is the gushing vein; the exuberant, the overflowing, the sensuous, the enthusiastic style. The "Morning Stenograph" says of the same thing:

"The house was full last night, and everything

went off to the acceptance of everybody. The opera was 'Il auditorio in garbo splendido.' Some of the choruses were well done and others were not. The tenor, Signor Vocedipetto, has a fine voice and sings with spirit. Signora Cantabile sings well. Her voice is a good one. It has *timbre* in it. She is a large woman. The orchestra was fair. Altogether it was a very pleasant performance, and we think that the season will be a very successful one. We congratulate Signor Burbo on coming here, as he will probably meet with a full return for his exertions."

This is the crisp, even, non-committal style, adaptable to everybody and everything, from Jenny Lind to Mme. Berkel.

The "Daily Eclectic" thus discourses:

"The powers of combination, as instanced in the harmonious adaptation of song and harmony, were well exemplified in the graceful and nicely adjusted balance of dramatic and vocal effects. The concentrated force and the refined expression of Signora Cantabile gave full meaning to the rhythmical flow of the music, and brought out in their full effect the happy thoughts of the composer. Soaring above the mere mechanical expression of the musical notes, her song rose in an exaltation springing from refined mental conception and a thoroughly artistic comprehension of the author's intent. Rarely have such delicious notes arisen in the tumult of mingled orchestral and vocal storm, as those which, emanating not only from the natural physical powers of the performer, but also from the intelligent perception which pervaded the whole course of her dramatic and vocal portrayal, rose above and beyond the cruder mass of sound by which they were borne up.

"Sign. Vocedipetto comes to us as a realization to those ideas of a union of strength and tenderness and manliness combined, which so many of his predecessors have lacked in their portrayals of character and their delivery of song in its best attributes and loftiest aspirations. His gallantry and his abandon and his constantly appreciative regard of the requirements of the scene, in its call for a proper attention to those points which go so much to make up a unity of conception as displayed in the success of the performance, were significant of intelligence both in song and action."

This is the æsthetic, the philosophic, the intellectual.

"The Independent" has the following:

"*Mulum in parvo*. If the small and circumscribed frame of the lady who figured in sweeping robes last night were taken, *ceteris paribus*, as the whole weight of her importance, we should scarcely arrive at a fair estimation of her powers. The voluminous voice which possesses a sesquipedalian rotundity of body is certainly of far greater import to the listener than the frame whence it proceeds. But, *ore rotundo*, those tones come forth "a voice so sweet that even silence was taken, &c.," and wrap the soul in "sweet Elysium." Pope Gregory used to say, when asked how he liked a thing: "*Verbum sat; exeat omnes*," which, in the vernacular, might be rendered "Wouldn't you like to know?" Well those who like to know our opinion of the Signora Cantabile shall be told, *pauca verba*, that she is tall and slim, with a voice extending far into the pure notes in alt, and sometimes sharps shockingly therein. Now we are "just before we are generous," and our duty to the public leads us to gloss over no faults, though they may be emanations from the throat of the divine Cantabile herself. *Fiat justitia, etc.*, the proverb is something musty, as "gentle Will" says. But she is really a choice singer and as Mohammed once said: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever;"—we presume the old fellow was thinking of his own paradise.

"Vocedipetto is a genuine *tenore robusto* and sings with a real robustness of vehemence which is a delight to hear, after the affectations of those pouncet-box dandies who have "strutted their little hour on the stage" odorously of perfume and suggestive of the hair-dresser. *Vade Satanno*, we have now something of a better sort, strong, manly, vigorous. "With his own breath puff back the northern blast" is the motto now. No more whinings and whimperings. We have the real man, "*il uomo intero*."—"*l'homme parfait*," the man with a brain and a throat combined. As the Duke of Magenta once said: "Take him for all in all, we shall ne'er look upon his like again." We rejoice in the possession of a real tenor, a live tenor; and, if we express ourselves with warmth more than perhaps ought to be expected, we can only say *peccavi*, and vow that the enjoyment of such an artist is so rare that unwittingly we may have written exuberantly."

This is the scholastic, the witty, the independent, the free. We commend these extracts to the consideration of our readers, and doubt not that they will be perused with interest and attention.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Sing, O sing me to rest. Ballad. B. Covert. 25

One of the simple songs that goes directly to the heart. A good ballad for the people.

A stranger dark. (Das Erkennen.) Song. Prock. 35

Brings vividly before the mind of those familiar with Germany, a walled village with its paved street, and a tired and dusty "wanderer" entering through the ancient gateway. In the song, one of these exiles has returned to his native town, and, first, greets the old toll-keeper at the gate. He does not recognize the stranger, although they had in former years been fast friends. Neither do the villagers in the street know their returned neighbor. Even his sweetheart, at a window, is unconscious that the sun-browned man before her, is the "schütz," she has so longed to welcome. But his mother, on her way home from church, meets and accosts him at once as her son. Good music.

Language of the eye. Song. C. J. Dorn. 25

The language of the organ of sight, skillfully interpreted for the organ of hearing.

In the language of love. (Le perlate d'amor)

"Faust." 25

The charming song of Siebel, while arranging, in Marguerite's garden, a bouquet, for a present to his loved one. Deservedly one of the chief favorites of the opera.

The pleasures of youth. (Io voglio il piacer.)

"Faust." 25

Dr. Faustus, disgusted with science, knowledge, and everything else, here expresses a desire for the pleasures and follies of youth, and sings a fine song, much to the admiration of Mephistopheles, his only auditor.

### Instrumental Music.

Gems of "Faust."

Gounod.

No. 1. Celebrated Valse.

" 2. Bijou song.

" 3. Kermesse.

" 4. Flower song.

" 5. Faust and Marguerite. Duet.

" 6. Soldier's chorus.

The above are some of the instrumental pieces from the opera, which has become quite "the rage." The instrumental portions seem to please full as much, perhaps even more, than the vocal, there being an almost constant succession of flowing, graceful melodies and harmonies, with many brilliant points, from beginning to end.

The first is that light and airy dance, which at each performance, sets the dancing nerves of an audience in strong vibration. The third includes the varied, crisp melodies of the singers at the fair. The last is brilliant and war-like, and the others equally pretty.

### Books.

LIBRETTO TO FAUST.—With English and Italian words.

Some persons of extra fine musical organization need no words to enhance their enjoyment of an opera. But ordinary mortals do. Here is a translation, just completed, giving the whole story, with English and Italian in parallel columns, and a number of the favorite airs inserted. Opera goers and opera lovers should have sets of Ditson's librettos. The music in the book is worth more than its price.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 596.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 6, 1864.

VOL. XXIII. No. 23,

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Opera in the Family Hapsburg.

[Concluded from page 170.]

And now again to B—r's list of the private "family" performances.

1722, January 17 and 24. "Aloida," comedy and ballet, performed by the nobility at court.

1724, May 16 and 18. "Eurysteo," musical drama in 3 acts. Text by Zeno, music by Caldara, with three ballets, music by Matheis.

Is it asked, how came Vienna,—instead of London, which latter city had the greatest dramatic composer of his age, thirty-five years long giving her new works on an average one a year,—to be during all the second half of the last century at the head of the world's music. Let an answer be found in the list of performers in "Eurysteo," as given in the imperial palace.

### ACTORS AND ACTRESSES IN THE DRAMA.

Ismene.....the Italian Countess Orsini.  
Erginda.....Judith, Countess of Staremburg.  
Aglatida.....Joseph, " " Berg.  
Ormonte.....C. Joseph, " " Gallerati.  
Ciseco.....Carl, prince of Savoy.  
Elearco.....Ferdinand, Count Harrach.  
Glaucia.....Peter, Marquis Stella.

### FIRST BALLET.

Rosalie, Danced by.....Countess Thurn.  
Christine....." " Salm.  
Joseph....." " Henkl.  
Antonia....." " Sinzendorf.  
Carl.....Count Salm.  
Anton....." " Strasoldo.  
Joseph....." " Zobor.  
Christian....." " Westenrod.

### SECOND BALLET.

Ledly, the Archduchess Maria Theresa (b. 1717).  
Eleonora.....Countess Goes.  
Joseph....." " Fünfkirchen.  
Isabella....." " Styrum.  
Francisca....." " Thürlheim.  
Frederick.....Count Schlick.  
Franz....." " Schrottenbach.  
Wenzel....." " Bernier.  
Cassa....." " Capitani.

### THIRD BALLET.

Maria Theresa, Archduchess Maria Anna (b. 1718).  
Amalia.....Countess Althan.  
Anna....." " Serbelloni.  
Wilhelmine....." " Souche.  
Sophie....." " Wrba.  
Carl.....Count Althan.  
Leopold....." " Kinsky.  
Peter....." " Rofrano.  
Carl....." " Cobenzl.  
Sigmund....." " Kherenhüller.

### ORCHESTRA.

Harpsichord.....Ferdinand, Count Pergen.  
Flute.....Ludwig, " " Salaburg.  
Bassoon.....Ferdinand, " " Cavriani.  
".....Constantine, Baron Digher.  
Contrabass.....Adam, Count Lozy.  
Violins.....Christian, Prince Lobkowitz.  
".....Ferdinand, Count Lamberg.  
".....Christian, " " Proskau.  
".....Carl, " " Apremont.  
".....Joseph, " " Stubenberg.  
".....Carl, " " Natal.  
".....Christopher, " " Pertusati.  
".....Casimir, " " Werdenberg.  
".....Octavius, " " Piccolomini.  
".....Franz, " " Pachts.  
".....Michael, " " Casari.  
Theorbo.....Adam, " " Questenberg.  
Oboe.....Count Truchsess von Zeil.  
" Siegfried....." " Count Lengheim.  
Violoncello.....Johann C., " " Hardegg.  
".....Sigmund, " " Herberstein.  
".....Johann B., " " Pergen.

Thus every performer, whether singer, dancer

or player of an instrument, belonged to the highest nobility of the Emperor's dominions. With such a nobility, and with such an imperial family, is it strange that music should flourish? Especially in an age when there was no public for the higher music, as we understand the term, but when that kind of enjoyment was a luxury of the high born and wealthy, and when composers depended upon Meccenas for encouragement?

1729, March 2. "Sesostri," tragi-comedy in 3 acts. Music by Porcile, performed at court by the nobility.

1735, Carneval. "I Cinesi," a prologue to a ballet; text by Metastasio; music by Reutter; performed by the archduchesses Maria Theresa and Maria Anna, and ladies of the court.

During the same Carneval, another "Introduzione d'un ballo," text by Metastasio, music by Caldara, was given, by the two young archduchesses and the Countess Fuchs.

Same year, Aug. 28. "Le Grazie vendicate," Serenata, text and music as above, performed privately in the Favorita palace, by the two archduchesses, prince Charles of Lorraine, and a lady and gentleman of the court.

Oct. 1. "Il Palladio conservato," in 1 act—Metastasio and Reutter—on the Emperor's birthday, also in the Favorita, by his two daughters and Countess Fuchs.

1740, Oct. 1. "Il Natale di Giove," in 1 act, text by Pasquini; music, Bono; performed in the same place, on the Emperor's birthday, by his two daughters, Prince Carl of Lorraine, and a lady and gentleman of the court.

1740. "Attilio Regolo," text by Metastasio, was written for the Emperor's nameday, Nov. 4, but was not performed, owing to his decease on the 20th of the preceding month.

Unlucky as, upon the whole, Carl VI. had been in the wars he had undertaken, he had succeeded in the great enterprise of his reign, namely in having, on the failure of male heirs to the German branch of the Hapsburg family (through the death of his infant son Leopold, Nov. 4, 1716), his eldest daughter recognized by Europe as the inheritress of the family titles, powers, dignities and what not?—i.e., the right of succession confirmed to a female,—and thus Maria Theresa became the head of the Austrian monarchy.

She and her sister Maria Anna had for husbands Francis and Carl, sons of Leopold Joseph, duke of Lorraine—the elder, Francis, taking that title in due course, adding to it that of Grand Duke of Tuscany, and, after the death of Carl VII., becoming by election, Francis I. Emperor of Germany.

The two archduchesses had been thoroughly trained in music—strange if they had not been—by Wagenseil on the harpsichord, and by Nacini in singing. We have already seen their names as vocalists in many of the pieces above named. In 1739, while in Florence as Grand Duchess of Tuscany, Maria Theresa sang a duet with Senesino, who after the break-down of the

two Italian operas in London, had returned to Italy, and according to the reports of that day, her part was executed in such style as to draw tears from the old eunuch's eyes. Tears from the eyes of him—the cunning, revengeful old Italian—who had just come from his pleasant work of aiding in Handel's ruin—do not infallibly prove that the reigning princess was indeed a very great songstress—but there is proof enough from other sources that she did both her masters honor. Maria Theresa's accession to the throne guaranteed to her by the pragmatic sanction, she being then but twenty-three and a half years old, was the signal for the Elector of Bavaria, the King of Poland, the Elector of Saxony, the King of Spain, and above, all, Nutshell Carlyle's, spotless, honorable and high-minded hero, Frederick II. of Prussia, to invade and seize her territories. Little time had she for music during those first years of her reign, engaged publicly in defending her realms, attacked thus from all sides, and privately with her almost annual infant. For she gave to Austria an archduke or archduchess in 1737, 8, 9, '41, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, '50, 1, 2, 4, 5 and 6, in all sixteen, several of whom, however, died in infancy.

Hence the first festive performance noted by B—r, which belongs to this article, was upon Jan. 8, 1744, upon occasion of the marriage of the archduchess Maria Anna to Carl Alexander of Lorraine. "Ipermestra," musical drama in 3 acts, with dances. Text by Metastasio, music by Hasse and Holzbauer (ballet) Metastasio says of it, "Esecuto da grandi e distinti personaggi a loro privatissimo trattenimento; ma poi rappresentato da musici e cantatrici nel gran Teatro di Corte." (Executed by great and distinguished personages for their own most private entertainment; but afterwards by the singers and songstresses upon the great court stage).

1749. "La Danza," a cantata for two voices; text Metastasio, music Bono; sung for the first time in presence of Francis and Maria Theresa by a lady and gentleman of the court.

Same year, Nov. "Augurio di Felicita," festive piece, at Schönbrunn—same authors—for the nameday of Elizabeth, Maria Theresa's mother; sung by her (the latter's) daughters, Maria Anna, Christina and Elizabeth, aged respectively eleven, seven and six years.

1750, Oct. 15. "La rispettosa tenerezza," a dramatic sketch,—text, Metastasio; music, Reutter—sung on Maria Theresa's nameday, by the same three young archduchesses.

This Reutter is the same who brought Joseph Haydn a few years before from the country to sing in the imperial chapel.

1751, April. "Il Re pastore," musical drama, 3 acts; text, Metastasio; music, Bono; performed in Schönbrunn by the nobility.

1752. "L'Eroe Cinese," musical drama, 3 acts, same authors, on the birthday festival of the Empress at Schönbrunn, by young gentlemen and ladies of the court.

1754, Sept. 24. "Le Cinesi," dramatic piece,

Metastasio, music Gluck, performed at Schlosshof, residence of the prince of Sachsen Hilburgshausen, during a visit of the Emperor and Empress there. The ballet in the piece was danced by two of the young archduchesses and a lady of the court.

1754, December. "*La Corona, Tributo di rispetto e d'amore*," Metastasio, music, Reutter. Birthday of Emperor Franz, sung by three of his daughters.

1755, May. "*La Danza*," dramatic sketch by Metastasio and Gluck—introduction to a ballet danced by the ladies of the court, sung by the famous Gabrielli and a Signora Friberth at the summer palace of Laxenburg, near Vienna.

1755. "*La Gara*," dramatic sketch, same authors, on occasion of the birth of Maria Antoinette (Nov. 2), in the Empress' private apartments, sung by archduchess Marianna and two ladies.

1756. "*Il Re pastore*" again.

1757. "*Il Sogno*," dramatic sketch, Metastasio and Reutter, in the private rooms of the Empress, by Marianna and two ladies.

1762. "*Atenaide, ovvero gli affetti generosi*," dramatic sketch, by Metastasio and Bono, written for and rehearsed by five daughters of Maria Theresa, but the performance was prevented by the illness of Elizabeth.

1764. "*Egeria*," dramatic festive piece by Metastasio and Hasse, performed, on occasion of archduke Joseph being crowned King of Rome, by four of his sisters. His brother Leopold, now 17 years old (afterwards his successor as Emperor) danced the part of Cupid.

1765, Jan. 23, "*Il Parnasso Confuso*," dramatic piece by Metastasio and Gluck. This was performed in Schönbrunn, during the festivities on occasion of Joseph's marriage with the Bavarian princess, Theresa Josepha, by his sister Maria Elizabeth, (Apollo), Maria Amalia, afterwards Duchess of Parma, Maria Joseph, afterwards Queen of the Sicilies, and Maria Caroline, afterwards the notorious Queen of Naples, (three muses). [But Gerber differs from B—r in the notice of this piece.]

Same year, "*La Corona*," by Metastasio and Gluck, was rehearsed by four of Maria Theresa's daughters, (all sopranis) but the sudden death of their father, Francis I., Aug. 18, prevented the performance.

Everybody who has read Austrian history of that period, knows how the Empress took the death of her husband to heart, and no one can be surprised that with "*La Corona*" B—r's list closes.

Seventeen hundred and sixty-five! Handel, who for a generation towered as grandly above all contemporary composers of Italian opera, as now for three generations he has above all composers of oratorio, had been dead some six years. Mozart was a child of nine years, astonishing the musical world by his precocity. Joseph Haydn was overwhelmed almost with the multifarious duties of chapelmaster to Prince Esterhazy—which place he had now filled for five years; and Gluck, while composing the regular Italian operas for the imperial stage, had three years before (April 5, 1762) produced one shockingly irregular—Orpheus and Eurydice—but which of all up to that time, by any composer, is the only one now to be heard.

Joseph II., now 24 years old, and associated with herself by his mother in the government, can hardly be expected amid the cares and duties of State to learn music anew, or to give up at once the school in which he has been educated, for one which did not yet exist—and which was not really developed until the child Mozart had become a man, twenty years later.

A. W. T.

### Professor Wyld's second Lecture at Gresham College.

(Continued from page 171.)

Last Monday I commenced my series of lectures with a discourse on "Form in Musical Composition." Although the subject is not nearly exhausted the lecture this evening will necessarily bring the series to a conclusion in this term. I intend, therefore, to resume the subject on a future occasion, and will proceed now only so far as time permits. My object, as expressed at the commencement of my first lecture, is to show that the art of musical composition is an "imitative art," that the highest flights of genius, the most exalted conceptions of the beautiful, are only of use to the patient art laborer, to the imitator of acknowledged models of form and design; who, fluent in the power of expressing his conceptions, experienced and felicitous in the art of construction (by the exercise of his powers of imitation), becomes free to transmute the conceptions of the beautiful when they present themselves to his mind, and to convey to us such glimpses of ideal beauty as incline us to believe that inspiration is everything, and that art has little or nothing to do with the effect which in so remarkable a degree charms us. To show how art is necessary to the composition of music, I likened the power of expressing the beautiful through it to that required by a painter or sculptor, who wished to create a form of supernatural beauty which he had seen in a vision. I showed how the unskilled artist would merely exhibit his incapacity of expression, in any attempt at describing the form he had seen, whilst the skilled artist, competent to delineate whatever he saw, or conceived, would, when more than natural beauty was revealed to him, produce a work as far above all his other works as the beauty revealed to him was above that of an ordinary kind. In like manner I showed that conceptions of the beautiful in music would be of more or less use to a composer, according as he possessed more or less knowledge of art.

Of the various forms which musical composition has assumed, I showed that the "Song Form" was the earliest (not considering Gregorian chants as having any form); after which was invented the "Strict Fugue" or "Canon," out of which arose a form still adopted at the present day; then the "Motet Form," in which a "canto fermo," or plain-song, was selected and counterpoint added, from which originated our present "Part Songs," or harmonized airs for several voices, not Fugato, nor in Canon. We now come to the next form which sprang into use after the above, viz.: Recitative, "*Musica parlante*," or "*speaking music*." The use to which this form of music was applied, or rather the object of its invention, was to ally music to poetry without destroying the symmetry of the verse, as was the case in canons, or strict fugues and early motets. A poet's idea of what was beginning to be left as a want in musical form at the end of the sixteenth century, in order to unite music to poetry, may be gathered from the following extract from Doni's work on the Dramatic Art, printed and published at Florence:—"At the latter end of the sixteenth century, during all the rage for fugue, elaborate contrivance, and the labored complication of different parts without rhythm, grace, melody or unity of design, the lovers of poetry were meditating the means of rescuing her from musical pedants, who, with a true Gothic spirit, had loaded her with cumbrous ornaments, in order, as was pretended, to render her more fine, beautiful, and pleasing, after having fettered, maimed and mangled her." "Now, this is most likely the Philippic of a rhyme-monger, but there is no doubt that poetry was sacrificed in all the "Musical forms" adopted up to the time alluded to, viz.: in the canon, fugue, and motet form, in fact in every form, except in the early "Song Form;" and as that could not accommodate itself readily to variable kinds of verse, it did not prevent the want being felt of a "form" to which we are about to allude, viz.:—the recitative, "*Musica*

*parlante*," or speaking music. The prevalent idea at the end of the sixteenth century, doubtless, was that the supposed lost art of allying music to verse, as practised by the Greeks, could be recovered. This, by the way, has always been a hobby in all musical periods; people will never be convinced that music, as practised by the Greeks, was not worth preserving. The recitative form was thus an invention intended to make up and atone for this supposed lost art. Giovanni Baptista Doni, a learned writer, to whom I have before alluded, and who published his work in 1763, says in his dissertation on the origin of stage singing, that the beginning of the seventeenth century was the era of musical recitation on the public stage at Florence. In this city resided Signor di Verno, an accomplished nobleman, particularly attached to the study of antiquity and to the theory and practice of music, to which he had applied himself for many years so closely that he became, for the time in which he lived, a correct and good composer. His house was the constant rendezvous of all persons of genius, and a kind of flourishing academy, where the young nobility often assembled to pass their leisure hours in laudable exercises and learned discourses, but particularly on musical subjects. Amongst this company sprang up a laudable desire to recover that art, of which the ancients related such wonders; and, it was particularly wished, in order to obviate the objections advanced (viz., that the present forms of music destroyed the poetry to which it was allied) that some species of "*Cantilena* or *Melody*" should be tried, by which the sounds should not be rendered unintelligible, nor the verse destroyed.

And so Vincenzio Galilei (encouraged by the Florentine nobleman to whom I have alluded) was the first who composed "*cantilenas*" for a single voice, having modulated that pathetic scene of Count Ugolino, written by Dante, which he sang himself to the accompaniment of a viol. After this he set in the same style the Lamentations of Jeremiah, which he performed before a devout assembly. Nevertheless, some persons (Doni naively remarks) laughed at the attempt to set the "*Lamentations*" of Jeremiah to music. It was this same Florentine nobleman who, in conjunction with two others, engaged Rinuccini and Peri to write and set to music a drama, which was privately performed in 1597, and entitled "*Dafne*." This is the first work of the kind of which we have any record. It was the commencement of opera, a drama wholly set to music, in which the dialogue was neither sung in measure, nor declaimed with music, but recited in simple musical tones, which did not amount to singing and yet was different from speech.

Now this kind of music (recitative) must not be confounded with that kind of chant, to which metrical verses were sung by the early minstrels. These minstrels were the successors of the ancient bards, and were called by our Teutonic ancestors "*Scalds*," which means "*Smoothers*" and polishers of language. The origin of their art was attributed to Odin or Wodin, so ancient was it. There is no doubt that poetry with them was everything and music merely an inflexion of the voice, which we may designate a chant, and most likely was used over and over again, in fact, as often as there were verses to sing. Indeed how could epic poetry derive advantage from music? A poem like the *Iliad* or *Eneid*, if set to music, could not be sung on lengthened tones. It is only lyric poetry—ancient or modern, consisting of short effusions of passions or sentiment, that is capable of being set in measure, or to any lengthened tones. A narrative so sung, like the epic poems of the ancients by the bards, would have been utterly unintelligible unless sung, as we suppose they were, to a simple chant. When you hear therefore of poems being sung to music, previous to the invention of the recitative form, you will understand that speaking music of those days is not identical with that of the sixteenth century. Pulci, who is said by Crescimbeni to have sung his *Morgante Maggiore* at the table of Lorenzo di Medici in 1460, and is sometimes spoken of as a recitative singer, sang only like

the earlier bards or harpsodists, that is to say, he sang his poetry to a kind of chant.

Immediately after the invention of recitative, musical dramas were publicly performed. One called Euridice is supposed to be the first, or at all events the first of which we have any record. The libretto, or drama was written also by Rinuccini, and the music is composed by Peri and Caccini. It was performed at Florence in 1600, on occasion of the marriage of Marie de Medicis to Henry IV. of France. The poet, in his dedication to this work, which was printed, says:—"It is generally imagined that the tragedies of the ancient Greeks and Romans were entirely sung; but this noble kind of singing was not revived, or even attempted to my knowledge by any one until now; and I used to think that the inferiority of our music to that of the ancients was the cause, till on hearing the compositions of Jacopo Peri to the Fable of Daphne I wholly changed my opinion. This drama pleased so much that I have been encouraged to produce Euridice." The only copy of this opera that was to be met with used to be in the library of the Marchioness Benuccini, a descendant of the author, at Florence. The recitatives in this work formed the models of subsequent composers of early Italian operas, as well as of Lulli. Figures are to be found over the Bass notes, as we use them, to express that to the Bass are to be added sounds at the intervals indicated by the figures. In these early operas there was very little form of composition, besides the recitative form; the recitative was not used as an introduction to a song, quartet or chorus, but was the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and end, the sum and substance, of the opera. I purpose now to give a few specimens of early recitative, which, according to what I have just said, will also serve as an example of what opera was in those days.

(Illustrations of early recitatives.) The only melodic phrase in the "Song form" found in the opera of Euridice is contained in a bit of symphony at the commencement. The orchestra (according to Peri, who took part in the performance) consisted of a harpsichord, a guitar, a viol di Gamba, and a large lute, placed behind the scenes.

In modern operas the recitative is the dialogue set to music, which is usually succeeded by a melody, or ensemble, to which the lyric verses are allied. At the present day an opera audience gets impatient in listening to long recitatives and are anxious to hear the melodies which follow. As lately, however, as Gluck's time, the greatest interest was centred in recitative, and the same cry was heard as when recitative was first invented. "It is the music of the Greeks restored," shouted a Parisian audience after hearing Gluck's *Orfeo* and other operas. (Illustrations of Gluck's recitatives.)

The recitatives of Gluck are doubtless very fine, in fact the recitatives and choruses constitute the greatest attraction in his operas, and are superior to the melodies, arias and other pieces. Gluck's first opera was performed in Paris. Representations take place occasionally up to the present time, particularly in Germany and France; but the difficulty of finding singers with great declamatory powers renders Gluck's operas difficult to produce.

In general, singers of the present day only look for arias, songs, or ballads in an opera; they do not excel in declamatory powers, and consequently prefer that which they can master more easily, and which is more agreeable to their tastes.

When Richard Wagner, the "composer of the future" (as he is styled by his opponents), has succeeded in making the musical world appreciate his theories, then it may happen that "melody" will be less cared for in operas; and recitative music, capable of expressing the various passions and emotions of the dramatic characters, usurp its place. Provided music in "recitative form" could be written to equal that of Gluck there would not be much cause for regret, if English composers of the present day would forego introducing so many ballads and songs in their operas. For, good recitative music is far superior to vulgar tunes, to be met with in modern Eng-

lish operas. The recitative style has also been introduced in instrumental music, but I cannot recall any instance of its being employed by any earlier writer than Beethoven, who has introduced it in several of his works. The greatest of all his great works, the Choral Symphony, contains several recitative passages, not only in the choral parts, which would not excite notice, but in the instrumental. The beginning of the second movement, in which the double basses play so prominent a part, is chiefly in the recitative style. In the same composer's sonata for pianoforte, in D minor, Op. 27, the recitative style is used with singular effect. The D minor sonata is one of Beethoven's favorite works, and in order to give you an idea of instrumental recitative, I intend to offer it to you as an illustration. (Illustration, Sonata in D minor, Beethoven.) Mendelssohn, imitating Beethoven, has also introduced "recitative" into the only sonata he has written for the Pianoforte "Solo," although the so-called Fantasia in F sharp may justly be entitled a Sonata. Spohr likewise has not omitted to show his skill in this form of composition, and in his Concerto Dramatico for the violin has introduced recitative with great propriety and effect.

The first written operas contained, as I have mentioned to you, little else besides the recitative form of music. But, in order that you may not be misled, I must remind you that, although I have given the year 1600 as the date of the first opera, or work in "Stilo rappresentativo," or recitative, long previously, there were performed "Masques" in which songs, canons, and motets, species of composition which I have before explained to you, and well known and studied prior to the invention of recitative, were introduced. Thus Sulpitius, in his dedication of Vitruvius, speaks of a tragedy that was recited and sung at Rome in 1480. In 1560 there is a record of a so-called opera performed for the entertainment of Henry III. of France, on his return from Poland. These and other recorded performances of opera have led many people to conclude that recitative is not so modern a style as I have described; but these opera performances were "Masques" or plays, in which all the then known forms of composition in vogue were introduced, but contained no recitative which, as it enables the drama to be sung throughout, forms what we call the grand opera. Time will not permit me to give you a specimen of all the great improvers of operatic music up to the present time. I will select a few illustrations of the modern style of opera and defer to another opportunity giving you examples of the gradual advancement of this style of music. I have said enough to show you when, and why, the form of recitative was invented, and how it forms often the introduction to modern arias and songs. (Illustrations, opera music.)

Although I am obliged to conclude my present series of lectures, I intend, as I before stated (instead of finishing the subject I have selected this term), to continue it on another occasion, and to introduce to your notice several other forms of composition, such as the "Rondo" and the Sonata forms, etc., etc., used principally in instrumental music. The "form" for vocal music is simpler than that which is generally adopted for instrumental. Vocal music was cultivated, as I have shown you, long before instrumental music. All the compositions of an early date, which have been preserved, are for voices; although the first mention of music in historic writings is that of instrumental music. Even at the present time vocal music is more generally cultivated than instrumental. The system of class singing (introduced by Wilhelm and now taught by nearly every village schoolmaster) has been the means of enabling a multitude of persons with small attainments to take part in vocal music, who would otherwise never have succeeded in mastering the difficulties of any musical instrument. The difficulty of playing upon an instrument is far greater than that of singing on the system I have mentioned, but still greater is the difficulty of understanding instrumental music compared with vocal. Now if you would understand instrumental music, a knowledge of form is absolutely required. Do you take a delight in hearing the sonatas and in-

strumental trios and quartets of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn? With the knowledge of the form in which these works are written your delight would be increased amazingly. Do you admire the symphonies of these composers, and are you struck with the power and variety of effect produced by the performance of their great tone-pictures? Study the "form" and behold opened to you a new field of admiration! What trouble some people take at the present day in acquiring a reputation for being connoisseurs of music and the fine arts, but who are content to remain in ignorance of that in which their beauty consists! Philip, of Macedon, asked his mentor, Aristotle, what he could do in order to be thought a good musician; the curt reply was "Become one." If you ask me, as your mentor, how you are to become one, my reply is, "Study form in musical composition!"

Finally, I wish to remark that it has been said, "Art is a sacred thing." So indeed it is, and yet there are to be found some who call music frivolous and useless. Music, like any other gift to man, may be perverted, degraded, allied to unworthy language, scenes and sentiments, or used as a mere display, but its mission is to raise within us lofty aspirations, to purify and refine, to stimulate the mind to action, or dispose it to devotion. No doubt different tastes and sympathies incline to different kinds of music.

The frivolous are satisfied with what is superficial: the intellectual are moved only by what is profound and comprehensive; but, it does not therefore follow that frivolous tastes should be conciliated; although the majority of mankind may be pleased with what is little. On the contrary he alone may be called a true musician who seeks to elevate the mind through the medium of the senses, who strives to instruct whilst amusing, and endeavors to combine pleasurable excitement with mental exaltation.

From a worldly point of view the Fine Arts may be considered as superfluities, in no way contributing to the necessities of human existence. Food, clothing, fire and shelter, it has been alleged, are all that is absolutely required for life; but, if poetry, music, painting, and sculpture do not bring wealth to a nation, or endow it, with greatness; if they do not give stability to its government or confer security on its commerce, they at least tend to its civilization and add ornaments to the structure of society. To those who feel the charm of music, who have proved its healing powers, and moral influence in social life I would say study it as a "science," become acquainted with the "forms" in which it is presented to us by the great composers, and try and disseminate a taste for it; for it is a taste for the pure and beautiful, and it is a means of directing the mind to the study of that from which is derived truth, delight, and mental satisfaction without alloy.

#### Carl Maria Von Weber.\*

\* From the *Niederrheinische Musik Zeitung*.

Carl Maria von Weber, a Life-Picture. Vol. I., with Portrait. Leipsic, Ernst Keil, 1864. XXXVII, and 569 Pages, in 8vo.

Under the above title has Herr Max Maria von Weber, in Dresden, handed over the first part of his father's biography to the German people, who will receive with joyous expectation a gift which promises to set before their eyes the picture of the life of a composer towards whose magnificent works their hearts and feelings are attracted with undying love from generation to generation. It is our task first of all to inform the readers of these pages, artists and friends of art, what they will find in the book. We will, therefore, begin by explaining what the author intended, and then examine whether, and how he has performed his self-imposed task. The more his book—the fruit of nearly sixteen years of collecting, sifting, comparing, and investigating—differs from other biographical works of our time, in consequence of his notion of what ought to be the fundamental principles adopted in the portrayal of an artist's life, the more incumbent is it upon us to state those principles. We take

the leading ones, in the author's own words, from the preface, which occupies 17 pages. After Herr Von Weber has spoken of the relative position of the son-biographer to the father, he proceeds thus:

"I reflected that the long period which had elapsed since the master's decease, rendered it easier for me than it otherwise would have been, to attain the necessary objectivity, and that it was certainly preferable that true love, with all the dangers in its train, should set about the beloved master's portraiture, than that cool, analytical criticism, or blind enthusiasm should undertake the work, or, still worse, that a professional musician should take up his pen for the purpose. The more eminent such a person was, the more danger would there be for the fidelity of the picture, because: the more marked, profound and original a professional man is in his own peculiar views, the more difficult must it be for him to weigh in a true scale, to measure by an honest standard, his fellow professional. Every acknowledgement which an artist, really enthusiastic in his intentions, extorts from his intelligence in favor of views differing from his own, is, properly speaking, to some degree, a denial of that gospel which has been revealed to him by the god whom we must recognize as the only god.

"Furthermore, I armed myself against the painful feeling of being taxed by the world with too much love in one place, and too little in another, with the consciousness that I had certainly followed the right standard in my heart, though I might, perhaps, have failed to do so here and there in my narrative, and lastly I was also put at my ease, as to my incompetency in musical knowledge, by my views, which continued to grow clearer and clearer, as to the nature of the materials of an artist's and more especially, a musician's biography. Mendelssohn observes, somewhere or other in his Letters, that, if music could be described by words, he would not write another note, and Weber, in a letter to Lichtenstein, says: "I do not write anything to you about my works, hear them!" and subsequently: "In the sounds of my songs you will find me again!" Here we have, really, the law for the composition of an artist's biography. The individual man whom, in his works the reader already loves and honors as an artist, such a biography should exhibit as a man.

"Who could be interested in the biography of an artist of whose works we know nothing? It is, therefore, a peculiar and doubtful thing to undertake the analysis, criticism, and so-called explanation of the works of an artist, particularly of a musician, in a narrative of his life. To the reader who has never seen or heard the works all descriptions and analysis convey either no idea at all or a totally false one; for him who knows them, however, the mere mention of their names suffices to call up as clear a picture as his memory will, under any circumstances, allow him to create . . . . .

"With my adhesion to these views, the work I had to do gained all the clearness of a precisely defined task and consisted in nothing more or less than in my narrating the inward and outward events, which could be positively set forth in the life of Carl Maria von Weber, always in connection with the creation of his works, and then the influence exercised by those works upon the outward world (for it is in the creations of but few artists that the mutual influence of their genius and the listening world is so pregnantly manifested as in Weber's), but without any attempt at their critical illustration or exposition. But a biography may be written in two ways. One way is to compose it so as to facilitate the study of an individual, his deeds, works, and times; in this case, the author will have to add, in the form of notes, appendices, etc., to the continuous and strict exposition of events, as to an extensive topographical sketch of the ground surveyed, notices of all the materials employed, all the sources consulted, all the paths followed for obtaining facts, all the methods adopted to master the subject, so as everywhere to pave the way for the further investigation of every tributary of the principal stream into its most distant ramifications. This form of biography, as agreeing especially with German profundity, is the one which has been cultivated with predilection in Germany, and finds its fullest and highest justification more especially in such narratives as the works of Pertz, Jahn, etc.

"But the other form of biographical productions can boast of equal justification. This form removes

† As the complement of my book in an artistic sense, although constituting a perfectly independent work, there will shortly be published a musical and scientifically arranged catalogue of all the musical productions of C. M. von Weber. It is from the pen of Herr F. W. Jahn, the well-known composer, of Berlin, who possesses probably a more thorough knowledge of Weber's compositions than any one else living. I beg to refer my readers to this book, which will on the whole, be treated after the model of Kiechel's masterly work on Mozart.—The Author.

the scaffoldings employed for the erection of the edifice, and puts its veto upon the extension of the latter, presenting the work in a narrower frame, though sharply defined and rounded off. It does not afford the means of studying further the object delineated, but requires that the reader should receive, upon trust, as truly and honestly painted, the portrait of a life which is set before his eyes. Its narrative should flow evenly along, like a stream whose waves, more or less conspicuous, consist of events, and out of whose waters, illustrated by their very origin, the works of the great man whom the book depicts, blossom forth like inspired emanations of the productive power, possessed by the stream of life, like lotos flowers out of the bosom of the all-creating Ganges.

"This form of biographical exposition appeared to me the most appropriate for a life of Weber, whose productions exercise a greater influence by simply appearing than by being studied, and whose existence comprehends so endless an amount of human and professional incidents, pleasure, love, and suffering, that it is particularly fitted for minutely painting the life picture of a noble, much misunderstood and offended man, who was a great artist.

"I felt impelled, too, from the bottom of my heart, to do this—not with the pretentious and bold pencil of history, but with the affectionate carefulness of Gerhard Dow and Terhourg; not in the style of the man's works, but in that of his life; to let the reader wander, travel, laugh and cry, triumph and curse with Weber; sit at his table and with those whom he loved; look over the shoulder of the master at his sitting-table, in the pangs and the delight of production; hear his heart beat when he raised the conductor's staff; watch him when, playing with his children, he crawled in the grass, when he taught his little monkey to dance, and his sporting-dog to retrieve!

"I felt impelled to paint the composer of *Euryanthe*, *Der Freischütz*, and *Oberon*, not only with the lyre and laurel-wreath, but also in court costume, in shoes and in pumps; in his old grey dressing-gown; as a poor traveller; as head of his family, in good and in bad humor; and, shortly, under all the conditions, great and little, constituting the world in which his works grew like golden fruit; in a word, to make the reader live with him."

Connected with this, also, is what the author says respecting the ample materials at his disposal, and his treatment of them, as well as respecting his narrative. Besides the printed accounts, his chief authorities were some thousand letters from and to Weber, together with the latter's notebooks from February 26, 1810, up to three days before his decease.

"I never exercised greater caution," he continues at page xii., "than when receiving oral or written reminiscences, supposing the former were not based upon previous memoranda, from contemporaries; this applies even to the family traditions, and to the statements of my mother. It is really incredible how the stream of life mixes up events with each other, as regards time and importance, in our memory. I have received from highly honorable contemporaries, theatre officials, and friends of my father, circumstantial communications relating to facts, whole series of events and occurrences, the correctness of which my informants guaranteed, and yet in those communications, as was proved by a comparison of reliable authorities, all the dates were incorrect, and events separated by long periods from each other were mixed up into one. Nay more; I extended my caution in the reception of materials, especially when describing subjective circumstances, even to the correspondence, because I am well aware that a man at his desk is very different from a man engaged in the struggle of life, and I did not even except Weber's own letters, particularly those to his wife. For this beloved woman, to whom his life and reputation were dearer than they were to himself, and who used to await with the most nervous anxiety good news from him, Weber, without departing from the actual truth, often affectionately made matters appear in a more pleasing light than that which, now and then, they really emitted.

"With regard now to the outward form of representing the life-picture to be produced from this mass of materials, it appeared to me that an artist's ought to be narrated in a different tone, and described in a different style from that of a hero or a scholar. I have endeavored to impart to my narrative the local tone of the period of life described, though letting the whole stream on in that tempo in which Weber's short life, eagerly, hurriedly, and restlessly, wore itself out. In consequence of this endeavor on my part, combined with the fact of my having availed myself of the unusual mass of separate particulars at

my disposal, the narrative, as I do not conceal from myself, has here and there, assumed a peculiar character, as though the gaps in the course of the historically authenticated facts had been filled up by fictitious details, and thus that this or that portion had been rounded off into a romance-like story. But such is in no instance the case! Even in details I have never consciously swerved from the facts, and though I have not given any of my authorities, I am most ready, in answer to any reasonable questions which may be addressed me, to mention the authorities from which I took each fact, or, as is allowable, cautiously drew my inferences.

"To carry out consistently the principle of my narrative, it was requisite that—and I shall, perhaps, be blamed by prudish and fanatic admirers of discretion—I should cast a stronger and clearer light than it has hitherto been the fashion to cast upon that sphere of the life of Weber's soul, which as *primum mobile* comprised his world, the working of his heart, and the objects of it. But it struck me, although most biographers, with a misconceived feeling of delicacy, have only dared to give in the way of hints timid and pale reflections of this sunshine in the world of an artist's soul, that such a course was equivalent to painting a panorama without a sky.

"I therefore, hazarded the experiment, as I think I was entitled to do, for as great men always grow after their death, while little ones disappear like will-o'-the-wisps, the feeling which in the case of human non-entities is called sentimental enthusiasm and youthful folly, becomes in that of great men, mighty, creative, and plastic power. Besides, it was no part of my intention to write a panegyric on my father."

Finally, Herr von Weber, with the same impartiality, and irrespective of the persons concerned, promises to give an account, also, of his father's official relations in Dresden. Weber's position there was a painful one; he was not able to gain, either in an artistic or political sense, the confidence of those placed above him, Count Vitzthum excepted. His importance as an artist was so little valued there, "that, on one occasion his last official chief, observing, as he travelled with him, the manifestations of high esteem which were offered him on all sides, exclaimed in deep astonishment: 'Weber, are you really then a celebrated man?'"

(To be continued.)

### The late Stephen C. Foster.

HIS MUSICAL CAREER—THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

From the New York Evening Post.

On the tomb of Donizetti, in the cathedral at Bergamo, is a modest inscription saying that the dead composer was "a finder of many melodies." The simple record—too unpretending for the merits of the Italian composer—will be peculiarly applicable to the late Stephen C. Foster, the song-writer, who died on the 18th instant in this city.

Mr. Foster was born in Pittsburg, July 4, 1826, the same day on which Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died. His father was a well-to-do farmer, and laid out on his property a town which he intended to call Foster ville. "Soon afterwards," says Mr. Charles McKnight, of the Pittsburg *Evening Chronicle*, in his interesting biographical notice of the late song-writer, "the gallant Captain Lawrence was killed, fighting his ship, the Chesapeake, and Mr. Foster patriotically changed the name of his town to Lawrenceville, adopting as the motto on the corporation seal the dying words of Lawrence, 'Don't give up the ship.'"

When seven years old young Stephen Foster showed enough musical precocity to learn, unaided, the flageolet; and later he played other instruments, though, like most composers, he was never eminent as a performer. Like Moore, he was fond of singing his own songs, and when he accompanied himself on the piano or guitar, there was a charming and plaintive sadness in his voice which touched the hearts of his listeners.

His melodies are so sweet, so simple, so unpretending, that few people supposed that he had studied music scientifically, and was familiar with the more classical works of Mozart, Beethoven and Weber. He, also, was a man of considerable versatility in other branches. He understood French and German, painted in Water Colors, was a good accountant, and wrote all the words as well as the music of his songs. These words were in style almost identical with his melodies—sweet, simple, and no worse in rhyme or rhythm than the majority of popular lyrics.

George Willig, the Baltimore music publisher, published his first song in 1842. It was called "Open thy lattice, love," and was followed by "Old



Uncle Ned" and "Oh! Susanna," which were issued by Peters of Cincinnati. Then appeared "Louisiana Belle," "Nelly was a lady," "Camptown Races," "My Old Kentucky home," "Massa's in the cold, cold ground," "Nelly Bly," "Oh, boys, carry me 'long," "Old Folks at Home," and others. With these Foster established his reputation as a writer of negro minstrelsy, and at the same time made considerable money, his New York publishers, Firth, Pond & Co., paying him over \$15,000 on "Old Folks at Home" alone—the most profitable piece of music ever published in this city. E. P. Christy paid Foster five hundred dollars for the privilege of having his name printed on one edition of this song.

During the past ten years Foster's compositions were of a more sentimental and refined character. He dropped the burlesque negro words and wrote and composed such songs as "Willie, we have missed you," "Ellen Bayne," "Maggie by my side," "Come where my love lies dreaming," "Little Ella," "Jennie with the light brown hair," "Willie, my brave," "Farewell, my Lillie dear," "Oh, comrades, fill no glass for me," "Old Dog Tray," "Mollie, do you love me?" "Summer breath," "Ah, may the red rose live away," "Come with thy sweet voice again," "I see her still in my dreams," "Suffer little children to come unto me," "Ella is an Angel," "I will be true to thee," and over a hundred others. His last composition—a song said to include one of his most beautiful melodies—will soon be published by Horace Waters, of this city. His later works exhibit greater grace and tenderness than his earlier ones; and had he lived, and taken proper care of his health, he might have obtained the most enviable eminence as a musician. As it is, he had the blessed, heaven-sent gift of melody, and his compositions, if not his name, are known all over the world. Russians, Italians, Germans, French, and even Egyptians and Chinese, have heard and admired these sweet strains which made Stephen C. Foster pre-eminently the ballad writer of America. We hope his publishers will make a collection—if not of all—of his best songs and choruses, and publish them in some enduring form; for their popularity will not die with the man whose genial imagination gave them birth.

Mr. Foster—who for the past three years had lived in this city—was buried at Pittsburg. The *Evening Chronicle* of that city says of his farewell:

"His death took place on the 13th instant, in New York city. With praiseworthy state-pride, the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company gave orders that his remains and the party in charge of them should be passed over the road free of charge. The Adams Express Company also declined to take any pay for conveying his remains from New York to Harrisburg.

"As stated in the previous notice given of the deceased, he married a daughter of the late Dr. McDowell, who, with an interesting daughter of twelve years, survives him. Some of his friends here, and other lovers of music who acknowledge his numerous and valuable contributions to musical science and literature, have united in having impressive and appropriate ceremonies at his funeral. At Trinity Church the exercises were vocal, led by Mr. Klebar; at the grave they were instrumental, some of Mr. Foster's most popular airs having been introduced. Mr. Foster has won a fame which is unyielding. His influence extends over every land where there are voices to hymn forth sweet notes and hearers to be moved by them."

## Music Abroad.

### Germany.

BERLIN. Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was produced in the latter part of December, and excited a lively interest. Very interesting pieces formed the programme of the first concert of the Domechor: for instance, the *Crucifixus* by Lotti, the *Misericordias* by Mozart, a Motet in five parts by Bach, and an air from the *Passion* music by the same, sung by Frl. Decker.

A new ballet, *Morgano*, by Taglioni, (whose ballets, with Hertel's music, are poems both to eye and ear), has been brought out at the Royal Opera House.

Gluck's "Orpheus and Eurydice," was performed Dec. 8th, to a full house. Frau Gericke took the part of "Amor," instead of Frau Lucca, the latter being hoarse. Gericke looked charmingly, and sang as well as her voice, totally unwitted to any lyric rôle, would permit. Frau de Ahna as "Orpheus" was, notwithstanding her diligent application to her stud-

ies, not very good, but the public was lenient towards her, even calling her out at the end of each act. Frau Santer, as "Eurydice," was really good and showed great dramatic talent. The orchestra was excellent and well conducted by Taubert, but the female chorus often showed want of harmony.

Among the representations to take place next week the following deserve to be named: "Don Giovanni" with the celebrated Frau Köster as "Anna," the ladies Santer and Gericke, and Salomon, Kräuse, Kruger and Fricke; also Gluck's "Armida." The repetition of "Martha" has likewise filled the house. Frau Harriers Wippen is still prevented from acting on account of illness.

COLOGNE. The third Gesellschaft's Concert took place under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, in the Gürzenich. As usual, it was devoted to the performance of an oratorio, occupying the entire evening, viz., Handel's *Messiah*, which the public had not heard for some time. In the course of the winter, another grand oratorio, and after that J. S. Bach's *Matthäus' Passion* will follow.

The fifth Gesellschaft's Concert, under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, took place on Tuesday, the 29th ult., when the following was the programme: Part I.—Symphony, No. 6, Niels W. Gade; Soprano air from *Saul*, Ferdinand Hiller (sung by Mdle. Pauline Wiesemann); Concerto in C minor Mozart, (Mad. Clara Schumann). Part II.—Overture to *Lodoiska*, Cherubini; Pianoforte solo, R. Schumann and Ferdinand Hiller (Mad. Schumann); Eichen-dorff's "Flucht der heiligen Familie," for chorus and orchestra, Max Bruch; Songs, Schumann (Mdle. P. Wiesemann); Fantasia for Pianoforte, chorus and orchestra, Op. 80, Beethoven (pianoforte, Mad. Schumann). The *Zeitung* says:

"A new composition, by Max Bruch, of Eichen-dorff's pleasing poem, is worked out with the same happy talent which the gifted composer of the opera of *Lorelei* has already exhibited most satisfactorily in several smaller vocal pieces for chorus and orchestra. The work consists of only two movements in E flat major, an Andante, 6-8 time, which modulates into an Adagio, 4-4 time, at the words "Und das Kindlein hob die Hand." It is a charming picture of feeling, an Idyll, in which the tones stream fragrantly forth, and a profound sentiment of devotion is gently cradled upon soft pinions. No rhythmic jerk, no harsh modulation, in fact, no trace of affectation of any kind disturbs the pure, quiet flow of the melody, which is supported by agreeable harmony and charming instrumentation."

BRUNSWICK. The new Association for Concert Music lately gave its fifth concert. The primary object of the society was to give twelve concerts—four with a full band (Sinfonie-Soirée), and eight for chamber-music. The following artists have already appeared:—Herr Hans von Bülow, Madame Clara Schumann, Joachim and Madame Joachim, Herr Carl Reinecke, Herr Ferdinand David, and Herr Lübbeck. Herr A. Franz Abt is the conductor. At the fifth concert the proceedings commenced with Schubert's D minor quartet, executed by Herren Blumenstengel, Sommer, Eygeling, and Kindermann. In the course of the evening Madlle. Sara Magnus, from Stockholm, performed Chopin's "fantaisie-improvisé," Jensen's "Stille Nacht" and Liszt's "Rigoletto fantasia."

Herrn Carl Reinecke, Ferdinand David, Louis Lübbeck (from Leipzig), and Madlle. Storck, took part in the third Subscription Concert, when the following compositions were performed:—Trio, in C minor, Mendelssohn; air, "Glücklein im Thale," from *Euryanthe*, and song, "Fahr wohl, der Goldene Sonne," Reinecke; Pieces in the popular style for pianoforte and violoncello, Schumann; "Rondo brillant," for pianoforte and violin, Schubert; "Suleika," and "Es weiss und äth es," Mendelssohn; and trio, in B flat, major, Op. 97 Beethoven.

ROTTERDAM. Hiller's opera, *Die Katakomben*, has been produced with great success. The singers were repeatedly called on. The same compliment was paid the composer at the conclusion of each act.

VIENNA. There were 326 performances at the Imperial Opera House during the past year. The repertoire, which was pretty much the same as usual, consisted of *Die Zauberflöte*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Don Juan* and *Weibertreue* (*Così fan tutte*) (Mozart); *Fidelio* (Beethoven); *Les Huguenots*, *Robert*, and *L'Étoile du nord* (Meyerbeer); *La Juive* and *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine* (Halévy); *Jessonda* (Spohr); *Le Pontillon de Jonjumeau* (Adam); *La Dame Blanche* (Boieldieu); *Norma* (Bellini); *Les deux Journées* (Cherubini); *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Maria di Rohan*, *Lucia*,

\* *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

*Don Sebastian*, and *Belisario* (Donizetti); *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Der Fliegende Holländer* (Wagner); *Faust* (Gounod); *Ernani*, *Trovatore*, and *Rigoletto* (Verdi); *Martha*, *Stradella* (Flotow); *Hans Heiling*, and *Templer und Jüdin* (Marschner); *Wanda* (Doppler); *Lalla Rookh* (David); *Der Freischütz*, *Euryanthe*, and *Oberon* (Weber); *The Bohemian Girl* (Balfe); *Guillaume Tell* (Rossini); *Die lustigen Weiber* (Novotny); and *Das Nachtlager in Granada* (Kreutzer). This list contains the names of twenty-three composers and thirty-eight operas. To render it complete we have still to hear the best works of Auber, Boieldieu, Bellini, Donizetti, Gluck, Lortzing, Rossini, Spontini and Schubert. In the rather long period of an entire twelvemonth *Lalla Rookh* was produced for the first time, while *Weibertreue*, *Templer und Jüdin*, and *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, were revived. There was also a new ballet entitled *Jotta*. Of a truth the good Viennese are perfectly right in asserting that neither the manager nor the artists shall kill themselves by over-work. Indeed the public are not at all satisfied with the mode in which things are conducted. For instance, Herr Ander, who was unable to appear during more than six months last year, is again laid up with an affection of the throat. It is really high time that he should retire, for his continuance on the list of the effective members of the company causes only frequent disappointment and confusion. Much dissatisfaction is manifested, also, by the press with other artists connected with the same establishment. It is said that when three singers, to wit: Mad. Dustmann, Herr Beck, and Herr Walter, receive respectively an annual salary of 14,000, 18,000, and 10,000 florins, they ought to possess some power of attraction. This, it is pretty evident, they do not possess, for, at the last performance of *Hans Heiling*, in which they sustained the leading characters, the house was absolutely deserted.

In the way of concerts, I beg to state that Herr Ernest Pauer, from London, will give a concert on the 10th instant. He will shortly be admitted to an audience of the Emperor, to thank the latter for the Order of Francis-Joseph recently bestowed on him by that august personage—Leonold de Meyer has announced a concert for the 10th inst.—On New Year's Eve, the members of the Mannergesang-Verein executed a comic quartet entitled the "Markthallen-Quartet" (the "Market-Quartet"), the singers, or rather actors, being dressed as four market-women. The performance was greeted with shouts of laughter and elicited continuous applause.—Herr Laub has brought his series of Quartet-Evenings to a termination for the present, by an admirable performance of Haydn's F minor quartet, Bach's difficult Violin solo, and Beethoven's quartet in C sharp minor.

The *Niederrheinische Zeitung* announces that the music of Robert Schumann's *Faust* was about to be executed in this city, Herr Jules Stockhausen-singing the part of Faust.

At the imperial opera house the 72d anniversary of Mozart's death was lately observed with a performance of *Zauberflöte*; the 88th anniversary of Boieldieu's birth by a performance of *La Dame Blanche*; the 93d of Beethoven's by a performance of *Fidelio*; and the 77th of Weber's by a performance of *Oberon*. A German author informs his readers that Mad. Nissen, the widow of Mozart, told him that the cash amount at her disposal at the death of the great master was 12 cents.

LEIPZIG. At the fourth concert of the Euterpe the following compositions were performed under the direction of Herr Hans von Bülow—Symphony in C minor (Haydn); Pianoforte Concerto, in E flat major (Beethoven); "Des Sängers Fluch," Orchestral Ballad (H. von Bülow); second Pianoforte Concerto, in A major (Franz Liszt); and the overture to *Ali Baba* (Cherubini). The Ossian Choral Association, under the direction of Herr A. Härtel, gave a concert lately, to which, however, only those persons who had received invitations were admitted. But the number of invitations issued was above a thousand. The vocal compositions comprised Schiller's "Lied der Glocke," set by Romberg; choruses by F. Becker, R. Franz, M. Hauptmann, A. Härtel; and "Schön Rothtraut," by Schumann, but they were given in a very slovenly manner, not at all creditable to any one concerned. The "Infant Prodigy," Miss Krebs, played some pianoforte pieces. Altogether the concert was not a success.—The programme of the ninth Gewandhaus concert comprised: Symphony in B flat, major (No. 4), Gade; Violin-concerto in A minor (No. 5), Molique (played by Herr Dreychock); the "Hebrides," overture, Mendelssohn; and the Sinfonia Eroica, Beethoven. The programme of the tenth concert of the series was as follows: D major Symphony, Ph. M. Bach;

air from Rossi's *Mitane*, sung by Mdle. Bettelheim, from the Imperial Opera, Vienna; Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, J. S. Bach [played by Herr Carl Reinecke]; Overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*, Gluck; air, from Handel's *Hercules*, sung by Mdle. Bettelheim; Variations for the Pianoforte, on a theme by J. S. Bach [composed and performed by Herr Carl Reinecke]; and songs [with pianoforte accompaniment], sung by Mdle. Bettelheim.—Weber's *Oberon* has been successfully produced with recitative, the words by Herr von Meyern-Hohenberg, and the music by Herr Lampert.

The programme of the eleventh Gewandhaus Concert was composed as follows:—Cantata for solos, chorus, and orchestra, J. Seb. Bach, [first time]: soloists, Mdle. Dora Narz, from Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and Herr Julius Stockhausen; overture [Op. 124] Beethoven; New-Year's Song, for solos, chorus, and orchestra, by R. Schumann, first time: soloists, Mdle. Narz and Herr Stockhausen; and C major symphony, Franz Schubert.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 6, 1864.

### Concerts.

**GREAT ORGAN.** The "Grand Sacred Concerts" at the Music Hall on Sunday evenings have grown into a fashion. They are at least very "popular"; they "succeed" materially if not artistically. We are glad that they not only reduce the organ debt, but put money into the pockets of the organists, who thus far have so generously given their services in introducing the great instrument to the public; we should be still more glad if they did this in the direct instead of the inverse ratio of the said organists' fidelity to pure Art and true organ music. But it is not to be denied, *ad captandum* programmes catch the crowd. Whether musical taste is raised thereby, whether the love of music is deepened and strengthened, whether musical sentiment becomes more earnest, more refined, poetic and religious, by listening to medleys made up on the principle of something to please everybody, is a question always met by opposite answers. The common notion is, that the many, by hearing what they can enjoy without mental effort of any sort, will gradually begin to crave something a little better, this sop to Cerberus meanwhile securing toleration, if not attention, to one or two specimens of the better, perhaps even of the best, slipped in among the rest, pearls among the pebbles, as an artistic make-weight, so as to save at least the name of Art. There may be something in this; but then on the other hand it is hard to see how feeding upon sugar-plums can tend to create a healthy appetite, or how long listenings to incongruous miscellanies of things hacknied, trivial, sentimental, popular, and what not, can do otherwise than muddle one's musical perceptions, and discourage any hope of higher gain in music than amusement. (Actually one of the papers called attention to the first performance of Allegri's *Miserere* as a "public entertainment!") Seriously, is it not a sad day for Art, when we make it the prime requisite, the *sine quâ non* of a musical performance that it shall be "popular"? An artist is not in soul and truth an artist, until he can afford to "seek first the kingdom of righteousness" and wait for "these things" to be "added."

But we will possess our souls in patience, trusting that somehow all things are working together for good, and that whether by or in spite of all these jumbles and compromises between what is true and what is false, there is really some pro-

gress, and that each year adds to the number of those who appreciate and love and crave that which is best and truest in each department of musical art. Perhaps when every sort of experiment shall have been tried with our great Organ, when it shall have exhausted all ingenious ways of stepping down from its own dignity, when it shall have masqueraded through all the characters (all less noble than its own) which idle, wondering people "seeking for a sign" demand of it, when it shall have shown all that it can do not as an organ, and it shall all be found after all to be no miracle,—perhaps then the ignorantly curious public will be content to take it as an Organ, and find an infinitely higher satisfaction in its normal, unpretending, characteristic functions, in the real organ music, which, if it may not blaze and flash like fireworks, may shine all the more sweetly into the inmost soul of the fatigued and disappointed runner after these things.

Now, do not suppose, because we criticize these concerts without regard to the popular test, that, therefore we can see no merit in them. Granting that they have contained much that was very excellent in its way, and that from a certain point of view, by no means the lowest, we could describe them in rose color, still is it not *our* duty, while everybody praises from the popular standpoint, to hint at least how the whole thing must look from the standpoint of serious artistic criticism? All successes have to come at last into the scales of artistic truth to be weighed. It is far better that what is done be true, than that it be popular; for by the latter standard Bacchus any day beats Bach, even in a "sacred" concert.

In point of execution we certainly could find little fault with either of the three concerts thus far given; organists and singers have displayed skill and taste. But in point of programme only the first of them can be called in any sense an Organ concert. Miscellaneous as they are, we record these programmes as matter of history. That of Mr. PAINE, to which we barely had room to allude last time, came very near to being a true organ concert; the organ pieces predominated, and they were all pieces really written for the organ, Bach taking the lion's share by a sort of divine right which no serious musician would dispute; the work of Thiele having enough of what Beethoven, speaking of Schubert, called the true spark in it to warrant all the repetitions it has had; and Mr. Paine's own compositions being earnest and musician-like in form and spirit. But for the vocal pieces, it would have been an altogether pure and unexceptionable organ concert. These did credit to the singers, but we cannot say they added to the artistic value of the concert; they rather disturbed its unity, appealing to a different audience, conjuring up another spirit. (Mind, we are applying the severest test.) That Mr. P.'s "Benedictus," conforming more to the Catholic style than is his wont, has beauty, we have said before. And now here is Programme No. 1, of Sunday evening, Jan. 17, the Music Hall perhaps one-third full, but the attention and applause encouraging.

1. Grand Concert Piece in C minor.....Thiele.
2. Vocal Duet, Sung by Miss Adams, and Miss Ryan.....
3. a. Andante con variazioni, from Fantasia Sonata } J. K. Paine.
- b. Caprice.....
4. Contralto Solo, Prayer by Stradella, Miss Ryan.....
5. Grand Toccata in F.....Bach.
1. Choral Variations: a. "By the waters of Babylon.".....
- b. Christ our Lord to Jordan came.....Bach.
2. Tenor Solo:—"In native worth.".....Haydn.
- Sung by Mr. Wheeler, accompanied by Mr. Daum.....
3. Passacaglia in C minor.....Bach.
4. Vocal Quartet—Benedictus.....J. K. Paine.
- Miss Adams, Miss Ryan, Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Kimball.....
5. Variations on Old Hundred.....J. K. Paine.

The next two concerts were principally vocal, the Organ serving admirably the purpose of accompaniment to the miscellaneous selections, but doing little by itself; only a couple of pieces each time; and these not of the best; *Offertoires* of the showy French school, by Battiste and Wely, much more operative than religious in their spirit; *offerings* indeed, not to the most High, but rather to the curious crowds that frequent the churches just to hear the music and to see the sights. We do not ask that these things should be excluded from all chance of a hearing; let them have their turn (they have had it very often lately); but it does seem singular that just these "sacred" concerts, in which each organist is made free to arrange all after his own ideal, should have no organ music to present, on such an organ, but these gay-colored late French fashions. The one exception has been the "Dead March" from "Saul," which has been fairly run into the ground since the great Organ came. This is strictly an occasional piece; for a funeral occasion, or heard in its order in the Oratorio of "Saul," it is all right, one of the most solemn of all dirges; but brought continually forward thus in concerts, and with all this *ad libitum* superfluous accompaniment of pedal "thunder," it becomes a tedious bore. Is it not high time that the concert organists agreed to lay it on the shelf? Programmes become wearisome when pieces are put into them simply for the reason that they have been applauded in previous experiments. Make up a programme merely of pieces that are always encored, and who will have the patience to sit through it? The continual re-appearance of Handel's "Pastoral Symphony," and of some of the vocal pieces, such as "With verdure clad," is also questionable; they are good, if we do not allow them to become hacks; yet a great singer might renew their life. Such things appear also in Leipzig and Berlin programmes, do you say? Yes, once perhaps in a season, but not in concert after concert. With these qualifications, the vocal matter of the two concerts was certainly rich in intrinsic interest and beauty.

Sunday before last Mr. J. H. WILLCOX gave the concert, aided by the choir of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, twenty-four well-trained voices, and such good solo singers as Mrs. J. M. MOTTE (formerly Miss Washburn), now of New York. Miss A. L. CARY, Mr. P. H. POWERS, &c. It was a concert of Catholic music, and great was the curiosity, as it is with travellers going abroad, to hear something of the sensuous and gorgeous music that we read of in the Roman service. This, with the great popularity of the concert-giver, and of the singers, drew such a crowd as almost overflowed the Music Hall. This was the programme:

1. "Gloria," from Mass No. 16.....Haydn.
  2. Tenor Solo and Chorus—"Ave Verum Corpus." Falkenstein. Solo by Mr. W. F. Barrell.....
  3. Soprano Solo and Chorus—"O Salutaris".....L. Provost. Solo by Mrs. Prescott.....
  4. Organ Solo—"Offertoire" for Soft Organ.....Battiste. Mr. J. H. Willcox.....
  5. Song—"Ave Maria Stella.".....Proch. Mrs. J. M. Motte.....
  6. Chorus—"Benedictus.".....Hummel.
  7. Bass Solo and Chorus—"Pat e Soultum".....Costa. Solo by Mr. P. H. Powers.....
  8. Soprano Solo and Chorus—"Agnus Dei"—First Mass. Mozart. Solo by Mrs. Motte.....
- Part II.
1. Contralto Solo. "He was despised.".....Handel. Miss Cary.....
  2. Soprano Solo and Chorus. "Pater Noster".....Gordigliani. Solo by Mrs. Prescott.....
  3. Organ Solo—"Offertoire" in G.....Lefebvre Wely.....
  4. Tenor Solo and Chorus—"Et incarnatus," 12th Mass. Mozart.....
  6. Solo—"Gratias Agimus".....Guglielmi. Mrs. Motte.....
  6. Benedictus—from Mass in G.....Weber. Mrs. Motte, Miss Cary, Mr. Barrell, Mr. Powers.....
  7. Solo. "Pietà Signore".....Stradella. Mr. Powers.....
  - 8 "Credo"—from the "Imperial Mass".....Haydn.

The Mass music of Haydn, Mozart and Weber, although often verging on the operatic, has a rare charm to one whose whole experience of church music has been the dry husks of Yankee psalmody, or the chanted cadences or even the Te Deums of the English service. There is life and glow and feeling in it, and a free careering of the fancy in ideal realms of sentiment. We should be ungrateful to forget the musical enthusiasm with which it once inspired us; for then indeed it was a glorious revelation; after a while one learns that is not the highest and the greatest kind of sacred music; there is another, not so sure to fascinate at first, but more sure never to relax its hold upon the deepest sympathies to which music can appeal. No wonder, and no harm either, that the great mass of an audience should be delighted by these *Glorias*, &c. They were in the main finely sung, allowing for deviation from perfect tune now and then, in the isolation of the little choir at such a distance from its "base," the organ. Most impressive of all was the *Incarnatus* of Mozart, in which the Tenor solo was the revelation of a new, fresh voice of exceeding smoothness, purity and beauty. The Weber *Benedictus*, too, is lovely; and the *Agnus* of Mozart displayed the large voice and noble style of Mrs. Motte to great advantage. Miss Cary has a superb contralto, of which she seems to be fast gaining the control; pity only that her song had been of late so often sung. The "*Ave Maria stella*" of Proch seemed to us scarcely worth the singer's powers; the "*Date sonitum*" by Costa not much better, except in the winding up by full choir and organ, which does indeed "give sound."

Last Sunday evening the programme took mainly the complexion of the English Episcopal music, Dr. S. P. TUCKERMAN presiding. Music Hall almost full.

1. Organ Solo. "Offertoire" in C. Op. 35, No. 3. Lefebure Wely.
2. Te Deum Laudamus. (In G Major.) For two Chords. S. P. Tuckerman
3. Trio. "Lift thine eyes." Mendelssohn. Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Flek, Miss Annie L. Cary.
4. Soprano Solo. "With verdure clad." Haydn. Mrs. Fowle.
5. Chorale. From Fifth Motet. Bach.
6. Quartet. "Benedictus." (Mass in G.) Weber. Mrs. Fowle, Mrs. Shattuck, Mr. Sanglier, Mr. Powers.
7. Contralto Solo. "O rest in the Lord." Mendelssohn. Miss Annie L. Cary.
8. Quartet. "Their sun shall no more go down." S. P. Tuckerman. Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Flek, Mrs. Shattuck, Miss Cary.
1. Organ Solo. Dead March, from "Saul." Handel.
2. "Miserere." Allegri. First Choir—Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Shattuck, Mr. Sanglier, Mr. Ryder.
- Second Choir—Mrs. Flek, Mrs. Hall, Miss Cary, Mr. Powers. (The verses are sung by two Chords, alternately.)
3. Verse Anthem. S. S. Wesley. Mrs. Fowle, Mrs. Shattuck, Mr. Sanglier, Mr. Trowbridge, Solo, Mr. Ryder.
4. "Eia mater fons amoris." Boesidl. Mr. Ryder, and Chorus.
5. Bass Solo. "The soul's errand." Wm. H. Callcott. Mr. P. H. Powers.
6. Solo, Quartet and Chorus. "Gratias agimus." (16th Mass.) Haydn. Mrs. Shattuck, Mrs. Fowle, Mr. Sanglier, Mr. Powers, and Chorus.
1. Terzetto. "Not unto us." Mendelssohn. Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Flek, Mrs. Shattuck, Miss Wood, Mrs. Henry, Miss Cary.
8. Chorale. Bach.

Most of these pieces had been sung in previous concerts of Dr. T. in St. Paul's church; but many of them were rare enough and good enough to warrant reproducing. The famous *Miserere* by Allegri most people did not find so very wonderful an affair; of course they could not outside of Rome in Holy Week. It is a little thing; only a few musical periods repeated over and over to new words; but there is a quaint charm in the harmony, which is supposed to have grown about it from year to year traditionally in the singing. It was as well done as we could suppose here possible; only we should have liked it quite as well

without the cheap effect of putting one of the choirs beneath the stage. The first Choral of Bach was truly edifying; the second, too, is fine ("*Ein feste Burg*"), but somehow it did not sound so well as we expected. Dr. Tuckerman's Quartet for female voices gave genuine pleasure; a pure and delicate piece of unaccompanied vocal harmony. The bass solo by Callcott was delivered with admirably clear elocution by Mr. Powers, but the music is not half good enough for the words of the old song.

To-morrow evening it is Mr. LANG's turn, when the Organ will present itself under still new phases, for instance in a Trio with violin and piano, and a duet with violin, Mr. EICHBERG and Mr. WILLCOX assisting; also Miss HOUSTON will sing the noble song in praise of the organ, from Handel's "Ode to St. Cecilia." A song from "Elijah," will be played on the Vox Humanastop.

ORCHESTRA. Symphony concerts by really a "Grand Orchestra," are still a desideratum and for the present, we fear, an impossibility with us. But already the call for orchestra music is met in a tentative and a small way, not only by one but by several proposals. Two are already in successful operation; one public, one amateur and private; and two more plans invite subscribers.

1. The ORCHESTRAL UNION, at their third Wednesday afternoon concert, had the Music Hall crowded; and the best attention was paid to the sterling classical pieces, namely, the C minor Symphony of Beethoven and the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture, which have come to be appreciated by frequent hearing, and which are of the stuff that does not stale by repetition. The Organ pieces were two of the brilliant popular favorites, played by Mr. WILLCOX, to wit: Kullak's *Pastorale* and Wely's *Offertoire* in G. Two light orchestral pieces formed the afterpiece, dear to the juveniles as a postscript in a letter: a Strauss waltz, "*Promotionen*," and the *Faust* potpourri again. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves; to the more exacting is it not enjoyment to see the crowd enjoying the Fifth Symphony?

2. The MOZART CLUB treated their friends to a second "social orchestral entertainment" last Monday evening, and played, most creditably for amateurs, the following pieces:

1. Grand Symphony in D Major, No. 19. Haydn. Adagio; Allegro assai—Largo cantabile—Minuetto and Trio—Finale; Presto, ma non troppo.
2. Turkish March, "Ruins of Athens." Beethoven.
1. Overture, "Idomeneo." Mozart.
2. Andante, from Seventh Symphony. Beethoven.
3. Concert Waltz, "Lustschwaermer." Jos. Strauss.
4. Overture, "Anna Bolena." Donizetti.

The Haydn Symphony and the *Idomeneo* overture were happily chosen, being very characteristic of their authors and seldom if ever before heard here. These went smoother than the two Beethoven pieces, in which some of the wind instruments were not quite in tune.

3. "PHILHARMONIC" concerts also loom on the horizon again. Better late than never. Mr. CARL ZERRAHN has issued his subscription papers for a series of three concerts, in the Music Hall, with the completest orchestra that Boston can supply. There will be Symphonies and Overtures, classical and modern, and the best solo talent in the country, vocal and instrumental, is promised for "attraction" as they call it. If subscribers come forward as they will do if they know what is good, Mr. Zerrahn will commence in March on Saturday evenings. We only beg, seeing that the concerts are to be so few, that the time may be wasted on as little as possible besides choice and sterling compositions—i. e. real works of genius about which there can be no doubt.

4. Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG, one of our very ablest and most complete musicians has started quite a new experiment in the way of orchestral concerts. He seeks subscribers in a private way for *Two Orchestral Soirées* at Chickering's Rooms. We quote from his prospectus:

The Orchestra will be composed of twenty-four competent performers under my direction. This number, in a hall of medium size like the above, will produce an effect at least equal to three times that number, in a hall of larger dimensions. The Programme will be selected from the Symphonic works

of Haydn, Mozart, (so seldom performed of late), Beethoven, and the modern Symphonists. Solo, in keeping with the general character of these Soirées, will also be given by the best available talent.

To enable me as much as possible to give to these performances the character of *Private Soirées of high refinement*, I have limited the number of subscribers to 250. This number secured, no more tickets will be sold.

These Soirées will undoubtedly be very choice, made up altogether of such pieces as real music-lovers wish to hear; nor can we doubt that, with this guaranty, 250 such will speedily send in their names. The evenings fixed upon are those of Saturday, Feb. 20, and March 5.

CHAMBER MUSIC. The four delightful Soirées of Messrs. KREISSMAN, LEONHARD and EICHBERG reached their finale (alas! that we must say it) on Saturday evening, Jan. 23, at Chickering's Hall. No concerts this whole winter have been so thoroughly vivified with the artistic spirit and fresh interest throughout, as these. Every item in the programmes has been choice, and has had such interpretation as ever a Dresden or a Leipzig concert room, with its motto: *Res severa est verum gaudium*, would not be ashamed of. The last was on the whole, perhaps, the most enjoyable of all, and had this programme;

1. Trio B flat. (Op. 99.) Schubert. Allegro, moderato, Andante un poco mosso, Scherzo, Rondo.
2. Dichterliebe. Schumann.
3. Siciliano, for Violin, from Sonata No. 7. Tartini.
4. Der Erlkoenig. Schubert.
5. Capriccio, for Piano. (Op. 33, No. 2.) Mendelssohn.
6. Trio (Op. 11.) Beethoven. Allegro con brio, Adagio, Allegretto con Variazioni.

In the two Trios Messrs. Eichberg and Leonhard had the cooperation of Mr. HENRY MOLLENAUER, of New York, truly an admirable violoncellist, and the wonderful Schubert Trio bristled with difficulties which he put out of thought with ease, calling attention only to the meaning and expression of the music. The early Trio by Beethoven is that one of which our Philadelphia correspondent wrote not long ago, written originally for clarinet instead of violin, but set down in the catalogue for either. The variations, on a very familiar old Italian air: *Prima ch'io l'impegno*, are indeed full of interest. Variations with Beethoven are not mere mechanical changes on a theme, but new imaginative creations prompted by the theme, real additions to its thought, beautiful children of the first thought in which the family likeness is strangely modified, it may be, never lost. Mr. Eichberg and Mr. Leonhard never played better. The *Capriccio* by Mendelssohn is one which we seldom hear, full of delicate and brilliant traits requiring fluent fingers and fine touch. The songs of course, were sung by Mr. Kreissman. We wish we had room to copy the little poems which make up the *cyclus* of Schumann's finely impassioned "Poet's Love". Its many moods were exquisitely rendered, and the "Erl King," so dramatically sung and powerfully accompanied by Leonhard, made as great impression almost as if it were new.

We seriously hope those artists will vouchsafe us a few more Soirées. The opera is out of the way, there is rather a dearth of all but organ music, and how can they but feel certain of their audience.

OPERA. Maretzek's four weeks included twenty-three performances, at nearly every one of which the Boston Theatre was well filled, while on the "*Faust*" nights it overflowed. This piece is one which improves on further hearing, and it became immensely popular here, so much that, besides six evening performances, it was given as the farewell of the company on Saturday afternoon. Certainly the music, though not great, has many beauties, much refinement and dramatic fitness and is far better music than the crowds of curious new-comers seemed to be aware of, who would encore the brass band march, and seemed more occupied by Punchinello than by the musical complication in the foreground of the *Kermesse* scene. Miss KELLOGG's Gretchen will be ever memorable among the lyric impersonations of our stage. Other novelties of the last two weeks were Sig. Peri's "*Judith*," which found few admirers, although the proud part must have been acted well by MEDORI, Verdi's "*I due Foscari*," an intensely overstrained piece of lyric tragedy, in which the acting was the main thing. BELLINI making a grand old Doge, and a repetition of *Ione*. It is in this straining, tragic Verdi sphere, which has been steeling, if not stealing, their voices, making them hard and tremulous, that such singers as Medori, Mazzoleni and Biachi show their chief strength; of course they were the people for the *Trovatore* for *Ernani*, and, as far as acting goes, for *Lucrezia Borgia*. One refreshing interval, one green vale not passion-scorched, must have been the *Sonnambula* with Miss Kellogg as Amina.

In the great success of this troupe the public paid its tribute to the honest average excellence, completeness and reliability of the whole company.

WORCESTER, MASS. The Mozart Society are rehearsing Romberg's "Song of the Bell" for the annual concert on Fast Evening. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, on their second visit for the season, played Beethoven's Quartet in B flat, No. 6 of Op. 18, besides plenty of the "popular", including the attraction of Miss Addie Ryan as a singer; yet the people failed them. "Stella" mourns over it in terms which will have the sympathy of many such sufferers elsewhere:

Worcester, we are sorry to say, can no longer lay claim to being, as has been said of it, "the most musical city in New England, out of Boston." The concerts of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, given in an annual series, have been a sort of test by which we have been accustomed to measure the growing taste for music of standard excellence. If the Club drew good audiences, we could depend upon as good success for other musical attractions, whether presented by foreign or home talent. This season the Club has not had its wonted success. Balls, parties, &c., have absorbed the attention of our little "fashionable world," upon which, here, as elsewhere, music depends not a little for patronage; while they who were getting interested, seeking to discover whether Mozart and Beethoven were not for them as well as for others, have been tried and found wanting—led away by countless attractions, which "well enough in their way," are the obstacles which are to be met and stoutly overcome before we can advance to the comprehension and enjoyment of what is highest and best. With very many the season has brought demands unparalleled upon money and time. Charities, all seemingly real, meet one at every turn; and yet the majority of the people have the wherewithal with which to meet any cause in which their hearts are interested. The truth of the matter must be found, we fear, in the deterioration of the character of our popular amusements. The tricks of street-advertising—the gaily painted cart that carries a pitiful drum; the showy bulletin board that carries "humbly" on its face; the brass-band that excites the populace with spirited airs, and draws after it the boys with their huzzas, and their parents with their quarters; these are the festivities upon which the public dance attendance, seeking only amusement, nothing farther than the enjoyment of the passing hour,

"Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

But this is in accordance with the spirit of the times. Politically, we are out of the "slough of despond"; and with a fickleness which the French never exceeded, we rush to the utmost extreme of frivolity, and are doing what we should condemn in any other nation situated as we are. Extravagance in expenditure and dress is on the increase, and with this comes a change over the face of society, which is not what it was when we were all fully alive to our obligations to God and our Country, willing to sacrifice everything to the good cause, to forget self and selfish interests in this common struggle for individual freedom and national life. We love not croaking nor croakers; but "whatever is, is" not, now, just "right!"

NEW HAVEN. Oratorio music appears to be zealously cultivated among the singers of the chief cities of Connecticut. We have already had a report of successful performances of "Elijah," in both cities, by the "Beethoven Society" of Hartford. Now we learn that the "Mendelssohn Society" in New Haven is occupying itself with such works as Haydn's "Seasons" and Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," neither of which for many years has found a hearing here in Boston.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. The two musical clubs of undergraduates in Harvard College, viz., the "Pierian Sodality" and "Harvard Glee Club," gave a concert in Lyceum Hall, on the 13th ult., with the following programme of part-songs and pieces for their little embryonic orchestra:

1. Overture, ("Iphigene in Tauris").....Gluck.
2. Artillerist's Oath.....C. F. Adam.
3. Der schönste Engel.....Hoffman.
4. Allegro, (from the 2nd Symphony).....Haydn.
5. Miller's Daughter.....Härtel.
6. Waltz.....Otto.
7. Priest's March, (from Athalia).....Mendelssohn.

1. Concert Waltz, (Die ersten Curen).....Strauss.
2. The Ruined Chapel.....Böcker.
3. Ungeduld, (Transcription).....Schubert.
4. Hunter's Song Champagne Song.....Abb.
5. Overture, ("Martha").....Flotow.
6. College Songs.

ST. LOUIS, MO. The third concert of the Philharmonic Society [Jan. 7], under the conductorship of Mr. E. Sobolewski, had a remarkably rich programme, including: Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; Mendelssohn's music to Schiller's "Ode to the Artists" [male chorus]; a chorus "Gloria Patri," by Palestrina; Bennett's Overture, "The Naiads," by Kreutzer's overture, "Das Nachtlager in Granada, &c."

CHICAGO, ILL.—This growing metropolis of the North West, has a goodly account to show of its activity in the way of classical music. A correspondent writes us (Jan. 29):

"You know we have our PHILHARMONIC Concerts, which, according to home critics, rival if not outshine those of New York, Brooklyn and Boston; and, although in our opinion they are very far behind, we are very thankful to hear as much good music as they give us, so acceptably rendered. They have played this season Beethoven's "Seventh," a Symphony by Gade, and Schumann's glorious one in B flat. None of these performances were perfect, but all were creditable. Mrs. Kloss, of your city, gave us in these concerts a *Scherzo* by Chopin, and Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, with orchestra, besides some smaller pieces of Schumann, Chopin, &c. The vocal performances were mostly good, but, like all debuts of amateurs, principally of "local" interest. The lighter portion of the programme generally contained some Potpourris by BALATKA, the popular and able conductor, and some overtures."

"Mrs. Kloss also gave a series of classical Chamber Concerts, with the assistance of Mr. Lewis and Dr. Fessel (violin) and Mr. Balatka (cello), which were the best we ever had had. The selections were unexceptionable throughout, and the performances artistic."

"The MUSICAL UNION has this year dissolved into a "chamber concert giving society." Their concerts have been well attended: but think of your Handel and Haydn Society giving a Chamber Concert without even an attempt at chorus singing! and that is what is called the Choral society of the great North West. Before entering upon our opera season, which is to open February 1, with Grau's troupe, we had quite a treat in the shape of a sacred concert, principally gotten up to exhibit the organ of the 2nd Presbyterian church, which had been enlarged by the addition of 12 stops, and a hydraulic engine to work the bellows, by Mr. W. H. Chant, the organist, who is also a practical Organ builder. Messrs. Chant and Knopfel were the instrumental performers. The Mendelssohn Society, which for the last five years has given us many a treat, assisted, and sang Flemming's "Integer vita," for male voices; Mendelssohn's hymn, "Hear my Prayer," for soprano solo and chorus, and Nos. 7 and 9 [Bass solo and chorus] from the "Walpurgis night." The soloists were Miss Garthe, who sang a posthumous "Concert Aria" by Mendelssohn, Mrs. Carpenter, who took the leading part in "Hear my prayer," and Messrs. Sabine [Tenor] and Johnson [Bass]. This society, although they seldom give public performances, have for a number of years kept up their interesting rehearsals with a success and harmonious good feeling, which is seldom to be found in musical societies, and, under the able leadership of their conductor, Mr. Dohn, have not only become familiar with a great deal of good music, but have, whenever they have sung in public, carried away the prize."

"A more than ordinary success was gained by a young German, Mr. SCHUTZ, who sang at the last M. U. Chamber Concert the tenor aria from *Masaniello*, and who, with proper care and cultivation, promises to become one of the very best tenors in the country. At the end of the season I will report what more good things may have come to us, Grau's Italian opera included; may he only bring us something truly good."

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

In the language of love. (Le parlate d'amor)  
Romanza. "Faust." 25

There is an indescribable air of sweetness, simplicity and purity about the character of Siebel, which renders his part a great favorite in all performances. In this "flower scene," the pretty address to the flowers, his dismay at their suddenly withering, the happy thought to sprinkle them with holy water, their reviving and the musical shout of "Victory," constitute one of the most charming songs.

Thou who art sleeping. [Tu che fai l'addormen-  
tata. Serenade. "Faust." 35

In strong contrast to the above is this most extraordinary serenade, in which the wheedling tones of the commencement of each verse are interrupted by boisterous laughter, and contrasted with the warning at the end, for which we may thank the good-natured demon, who has a spice of honesty and good sense in his sarcasm.

O when in the chrysal clear, [E' strano poter il  
viso]. "Faust." 50

Marguerite, discovering a casket of jewels at her door, is childishly delighted with the glittering gems, with which she arrays herself, and appears "like a princess whom they salute in the street." Her expressions of joy constitute a charming scene, unlike a common song, but piquant and attractive.

Toast to the New Year. Ross. 25  
A wide awake welcome to New Year's day, and wishes for the success of Union and Liberty.

The unknown heroes. Song and Chorus. Bricher. 25  
A song, well worth singing, in memory of the brave soldiers who died for us, but whose names we do not yet know. Music smooth and melodious.

### Instrumental Music.

Quadrille, from "Faust." In colors. Chas. Coote. 75

Contains many of the favorite airs of the opera. Faust's "Pleasure" song, the Flower song, the Soldier's chorus, and La voga pupila, the morning song, all easily and brilliantly arranged. The title page contains a fine colored picture.

Estelle waltzes, Ch. D'Albert. 50  
Another of the quite easy and brilliant compositions of this popular author. Excellent for pupils.

Union March Quickstep. Salem. 25  
Spirited. Warlike.

Artot waltz. Alberti. 30  
Commences with the favorite "Kiss" melody of Ar-  
diti, on which the succeeding waltz movements are  
variations.

Troubadour et Chateleine. Blumenthal. 60  
Difficult. Of high character.

### Books.

Buck's Motette Collection; containing a variety  
of pieces suited to the opening and close of Di-  
vine Worship. Composed, arranged, and select-  
ed by Dudley Buck, Jr. Cloth, \$2.50  
B'ds, 2.25

A book evidently conscientiously put together, and  
contains music from Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn,  
Beethoven, Schubert, Meyerbeer, and other masters,  
besides a number of fresh pieces from our native com-  
posers. The book is worthy of careful examination  
by choir leaders. There is a piano or organ accom-  
paniment to each piece.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being  
two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons  
at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and  
expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at  
double these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 597.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 20, 1864.

VOL. XXIII. No. 24.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Half a dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.\*

II. ANTONIO SALIERI.

### INTRODUCTION.

The basis of the following biographical sketch is, of course, the short work (212 pages 8vo) upon Salieri, by Mosel, a great portion of which consists of notices of the composer's works—a kind of writing which is seldom very satisfactory. In certain cases descriptions of forgotten compositions have an interest; for instance, Chrysander's analyses of Handel's operas are a valuable feature of his noble biography of that master, as they give us an idea of the causes, which made him the most renowned musician of his day, long before the production of *Samson*, the *Messiah*, and the other great works of his last period. They are also interesting in themselves as opening to us a way to gain some knowledge of the form, spirit, style, and effect, of what were held to be the grandest operas of that era. Salieri lived, however, too near our own time to have any such interest connected with his works, that is in any high degree, and I shall spare the infliction of long disquisitions à la Mosel upon long forgotten works. The main thing, the principal object in view is, and will be, to enable the reader to live in Vienna, back in the days when Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven were the greatest, but by no means the only great composers—and to become acquainted with a phase of Vienna musical life at that time, which their biographies, except for a few years in Mozart's time, do not exhibit to us, but which nevertheless is necessary to any thing like an adequate conception of that musical world, of which in one direction they formed by far the most important part. For personal interest, the narrative of Salieri's life is not to be compared with that of Gyrowetz; and indeed, the principal inducement to write or read it lies in the fact, that seventy-five years ago in all Europe, no operatic composer stood, on the whole, so prominent before the world as he, except Gluck, whose career was just closed, and Mozart whose great successes were so speedily to be followed by his death. I say upon the whole, for he had great contemporaries—what if their names are now seldom heard? Piccini, Gretry, Paisiello, are certainly familiar enough, and a mass of German names might be added, which are associated intimately with the development of operatic art not in their own land alone, but south of the Alps. It is unfortunate for Salieri's fame out of Austria, or rather, I should say, in England and America, that his name is hardly known except in connection with his opposition to Mozart, which is so fully treated in Holmes's beautiful biography of the latter. For the present let that pass: His sins against Mozart have been punished sufficiently, whatever they were, and perhaps a cool judgment, if Salieri's side of the question could be presented with as much warmth as the other has been, might decide after all, that his fame has been clouded even beyond his deserts. I confess to a sort of liking for the little, dark, miserly, quaint, odd, rather vain (I judge), and envious Italian.

"For Heaven's sake, what can you find to like in such a character as that?" say you.

Perhaps, because nobody, hardly, now-a-days, speaks of him except as the enemy of Mozart, no-

body has ever thought it worth while (in English) to take him up, because he is only a mark to cast stones at—like poor Süßmeyer. You know what Touché says about Audrey: "A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humor of mine, sir, to take that no man else will."

But there is another reason for writing the history of Salieri, and no less a one than that he was the successor, so to speak, (as will be seen), of him who wholly changed the character of the serious opera—not for one land alone but for the world—who, but Gluck?—and for years ruled that stage on which that change had been wrought. Among the strange absurdities which are current in the musical world are these two—the one, that what is now understood under the terms of grand symphony and string quartet,—that is, the quartet and symphony written in C. P. E., Bach's Sonata form, originated in Paris; the other, that it was there that Gluck developed and exemplified his operatic theory, and fought the great battle. Haydn and Mozart, (to be followed by Beethoven) were the reformers and developers of instrumental music, and carried it to the highest point which it has yet reached—both laboring in Vienna; while Gluck and Mozart, at the same time, in the same city, and in the same way, were acting upon the character of opera.

Not until Gluck had founded a school, was he engaged for Paris, and the contest there was in fact not so much between the two composers, Gluck and Piccini, as between the Italian and the Vienna schools—between the ideas, which Gluck had had aroused in his mind by hearing (1745 and those years) works of Rameau in Paris, and of Handel and Dr. Arne in London, and which some dozen or fifteen years of reflection had ripened into materials for a system—and on the other hand, the ideas, which lay at the foundation of the old opera in general.

The biography of Salieri is for many years a history of that stage on which Gluck fought his battle, his success in which, led to his engagement in Paris, where with the Austrian members of the French Court (Maria Antoinette and her party) upholding and aiding him, he carried the day on the boards of "La nouvelle Salle du Palais-Royal." Wonderful as the change wrought by Gluck appears, when his own works are compared with those of his old school contemporaries, it is far from being so striking, as when we study this change by taking Mozart's operas for our comparison. As Haydn was the inventor in instrumental music, and Mozart the perfecter, so was Gluck the inventor and Mozart again the perfecter in the opera. A certain one-sidedness of Haydn is not reflected in Mozart, and the remark is equally true if we read of "Gluck" instead of "Haydn." Salieri possessed great native genius, and was an eclectic; hence in his hands the Vienna school, of Italian opera at least, profited by the labors of all his great contemporaries.

But one must be careful, when writing a preface beforehand, lest he say more than the subsequent work will justify; therefore let us stop here.

A. W. T.

A hundred years ago and more Signor Salieri was a well-to-do shopkeeper or trader in the fortified town of Legnago, in the Venetian territory. He must have had a taste for music, for he gave his son Francis the means of becoming a

good pianist, but, more than that, put him under the great Tartini to study the violin, upon which he became a distinguished player.

Antonio was born August 19, 1750, and as soon as he was old enough was sent to the public school to learn Latin, and put under his brother Franz to study violin, piano-forte and singing. In process of time Joseph Simoni, organist in the Cathedral at Legnago, and pupil of the famous Padre Martini of Bologna, became his musical instructor.

Franz was often employed at the church festivals in and about Legnago, to play the violin concerto—a common feature in the service on such occasions. The best musicians of the neighborhood usually assembled to take part, and thus the saint's celebration became a musical festivity. Little Anton was, from his infancy, passionately fond of music, and, when there was room in the carriage, which took his brother to and from the place of his engagement, he was allowed to accompany him. When he was ten years old, on such an occasion there was no room for him, but as the village was not far from home, he started off on foot, without asking permission of his parents, who subsequently suffered no small anxiety at his long absence.

Upon his return with his brother at night, the angry father threatened him with confinement in his room, and bread and water for a week upon a repetition of the offence. The boy, at first greatly frightened, thought the matter over, and concluded it was not so very bad after all. He was such a full-blooded boy, that he had been taught to drink nothing but water, and remained a water-drinker all his life; perhaps this was the reason for his extraordinary fondness for all sorts of sugar preparations and sweet dishes, for which he was noted in Vienna. According to his own account his father's threat was reasoned upon by him after this manner:

"The punishment is not so very dreadful, when one can hear such beautiful music in return. Wine, I never drink any way; I don't like the taste of it unless it is sweet; and as to bread, if I can only get sugar, why I had as lief eat it with bread as any thing else; and at any rate I will begin at once to lay in a little stock of sugar."

The boy had actually laid in a provision against imprisonment, by the time his brother had another engagement to which he was unable to take Anton. Let the old man himself tell his childish experience.

"This time I saw my brother drive off with great indifference, as I supposed, and remained quietly at home. After half an hour or so—it was still early in the morning, and my parents, brothers and sisters not yet up—I said to a servant girl I would go to mass, and did really leave the house for that purpose. Quite involuntarily, and contrary to my custom, I selected a more distant church, and one which stood near the city gate, through which my brother had been driven to the village church-festival. Af-

\* See Nos. 9 et seq. and Nos. 20 et seq. of this volume.

ter service, I came out of the church really intending to return home, when the thought struck me that that village also was not far from the town. I stood and said to myself: 'My disobedience cannot be so very great a fault, as I am only guilty of it for the sake of hearing sacred music.' Thinking the matter over in this way, my longing for this, as it seemed to me, innocent pleasure, increased, and believing myself unobserved, off I started on the road to the festival. But this time I failed in my reckoning. A person, whom my father had set upon the watch, overtook me when hardly through the city gate, stopped me, and led me back home. 'So do you obey me!' cried my father, angrily, 'and so you have forgotten the punishment I threatened? Away to your chamber and get ready for a good dinner.' I sneaked away to my room, like a bird to its cage after a warm bath, and father locked me in. But, as my head was full of the idea that I had not committed any heinous crime, I was not much cast down; and having a good breakfast with my brother in the morning before he drove off, I was not hungry, so I set myself now to a book, and now to the piano-forte, and waited for the dinner hour, curious to see if my father would really carry out his threat. The hour struck, and sure enough next moment came the servant and brought me a piece (not so very large) of bread, a bottle of water and a glass. After the ugly old woman had placed them all before me, she went out of the room with an ill-boding smile and locked the door again. Well, I saw now that my father was really resolved to keep his word; but the thought of my hidden treasure of sugar lessened the pain. Now I go to the clothes press where I had concealed my store to get a portion of it; I hunt and hunt, not a trace of sugar is to be found! I had entrusted my secret to my sister; she had entrusted it to my mother, and she had entrusted it to my father, who on that very morning before I was brought back, had confiscated my entire stock as contraband of war. And now, indeed, I felt the full weight of my punishment, and, as I had on other occasions learned that my father was a man of his word, the terror came upon me of being obliged to pass eight everlasting days shut up, and upon such small rations. Overcome with shame and pain I broke out into loud crying. At this moment, my father, who had been listening, opened the door, and said: "Ah, ha, my fine gentleman, pretty tricks these of yours! disobeying my orders, hiding away sugar—what will be the end of it all?" Full of repentance I prayed forgiveness, which was granted, with the proviso, that in future, when brother Franz went to a festival, and there was no room for me in the carriage, I must be shut up all day in my room—which sentence was rigidly carried out. For this time, after this pathetic scene, I was allowed to go to the table. But as several friends dined there that day, and the story of the sugar had got out, I had to put up with many a banter; indeed for a long time afterward, when I met any one of them, I always had to hear the question: 'Well, Tony, how are you off for sugar?'

A queer boy, ardently fond of music (and sugar)!

Mosel gives the following anecdote from Salieri's papers as a proof of the feeling for difference in style and for fitness in music with which he was born. He was walking once with his father, when they met a monk who was the organ-

ist of his convent. The boy was in the habit of attending the mass and vespers of that church, when performed *musicaliter*, and had often heard this monk, "in the almost universal style at that time in Italy," preluding on the organ in a *scherzando*, and therefore, for the place, improper style. The father greeted the monk and talked a few moments with him. Tony also greeted him, but with marked coldness, which had also on other occasions attracted his father's notice.

"Why didn't you greet the monk more respectfully?" asked the father after they had separated.

"I would gladly greet him properly," said the boy, "but I don't like him, because he is a bad organist."

"Why, how can you, boy, judge in such matters, you, who have hardly begun to study music?"

"True, I am only a beginner, but if I was in his place, seems to me, I would play the organ with more solemnity."

Before Anton was fifteen years old he had lost, first, his mother, and soon after his father, and misfortunes of divers kinds had fallen upon the family, so that the children,—Franz, the violinist, another son, a monk in Padua, a third son, of whom not even the name is given, Anton and two sisters—six in all—were left almost in bitter poverty. Anton took refuge with the brother in Padua, where he remained until some time in the year 1766, when a Venetian nobleman, Johann Mocenigo, an old friend of his father, who had heard of the sorrows of the Salieri family, became his protector. Mocenigo took the little musician from his brother to Venice, with the intention of sending him to Naples to acquire a thorough musical education.

One evening while in Venice, Anton was present at the first performance of an opera, probably "*Adriano in Syria*." His seat was in the parterre and hard by a box occupied by a lady, who was greeted by a tall, thin man, quite enveloped in a fur cloak, standing near, also in the parterre. The tall man crowded himself before Anton to have a chat with the lady, so that the broad sleeve of his cloak rested against the boy. In course of the conversation it became clear to him that the stranger was no other than the composer of the new opera—Kapellmeister Pietro Guglielmi—who some two years later brought out his "*Ezio*" and other works in London.

Nothing but the absorption of his attention by the lady prevented Guglielmi from noticing with what enthusiasm the boy beside him hugged his coat sleeve to his breast, out of pure reverence and love for the composer. Forty years afterwards the French National Institute had occasion to elect a corresponding member in the musical section—the deceased member was Guglielmi, his successor Anton Salieri.

The stay of Anton with Mocenigo in Venice lasted but some three months, during which, however, he was not idle; he studied thorough bass with Pescetti, vice kapellmeister of St. Marks, and singing with Ferdinand Pacini, a tenor singer in the same Chapel, and lodger in Mocenigo's house.

One of the Carneval operas of that year (1766) at Venice was the "*Achille in Sciro*," by Metastasio, and the ballet and chamber music composer at the court of Vienna, Florian Leopold Gassmann, a native of Brüx in Bohemia, was called thither to compose the music. Ferdinand Pacini was

one of the singers employed in it, and consequently made Gassmann's acquaintance. Quite by chance he spoke to the Kapellmeister of the boy Salieri as a youth of much talent, and passionately devoted to music. Gassmann was interested, desired to see him, and was so pleased with Anton's skill, both on the pianoforte and in singing, as to beg him of Mocenigo, and take him to Vienna as his pupil in composition. And thus it happened that the orphan boy, instead of the proposed journey to Naples and musical studies there, entered Vienna, June 15, 1766, as the pupil of the Bohemian-German Gassmann, two months before completing his 16th year.

"And here," said he, "I cannot pass over one circumstance which always floats in my grateful memory. The day after my arrival in the capital, my master took me into the Italian church, to offer there my devotions. As we were going home he said to me, 'I thought it my duty to begin your musical education with God. Now it will depend upon you, whether its results shall be good or bad; I shall at all events have done my duty.' Men of that sort are rare! I promised him eternal gratitude for all the good he should do me, and, praised be God! I have the right to boast, that I honorably proved myself grateful so long as he lived, and after his death to his family." A truth which all Vienna can confirm, and which, no less than his distinguished talents, made him the object of universal respect—adds Mosel.

Gassmann, at that time just entered his 38th year, and still a bachelor—arranged the boy's studies, and divided his time, in a manner, which fortunately the pupil in later years put upon record,—fortunately, for it shows why "there were giants in those days," to use the Old Testament phrase, or rather how those whom nature intended as such, reached their full development. It must not be forgotten that the pupil had already conquered the ordinary difficulties of the pianoforte, the violin, and singing—reading of music being a matter of course—and had had instruction in thorough bass. At this point Gassmann takes him in charge, the end aimed at being the mastery of vocal—especially operatic—composition.

Anton was at once provided with a master in the German and French languages, and a priest, Don Pietro Tommasi, gave him lessons in Latin, Italian, poetry, and other branches of knowledge, which bore upon the science of his future profession. All these teachers gave him daily instruction. With a young Bohemian, whose name seems to have escaped Salieri's memory, he continued his studies in thorough bass, in the reading of scores and the violin, and at the same time, Gassmann himself began to teach him counterpoint. To make his progress in this branch—better to say, in the very foundation of the art of composition,—more easy and rapid, Tommasi was directed to devote a part of every Latin lesson to the translation of a passage from Fux's "*Gradus ad Parnassum*," which celebrated work was made by Gassmann the basis of his system of instruction.

Mosel, the mutilator of Handel's works, a man whose name one cannot bear with patience, when one thinks of his editions of *Samson* and *Belshazzar* (God save the mark!)—*Samson* with the entire part of Harapha, the Philistine giant, omitted—this J. F. Edler von Mosel, infinite as he was in some points, had also some good ideas. And here is one of them. "One sees," says he, "with what zeal, circumspection, and at the same

time adaptation to the end proposed, Salieri's musical education was arranged and conducted. The disciples of art in those days did not gain the title of composer so cheaply as now, when every one, as soon as he knows that two pure fifths or octaves must not follow each other immediately, believes himself a master of composition, and that all other branches of knowledge, which a real and worthy composer considers indispensably necessary, are superfluous, and the study of them as mere loss of time.\*

One of Gassmann's sternest commands was that his pupil should confine himself entirely to his study of the rules in his music; but the latter's longing to compose was irresistible, and when alone he gave way to it, now writing an instrumental, and then a vocal piece, as it happened, composing his own text for the latter. These pieces he carefully hid in his bed, to enjoy at leisure, but they were discovered, and his master gave him a severe reprimand and forbade him, without special permission, to take note paper from his room—he was not yet ripe for composition. Salieri took care to obey in the matter of the note paper, but the injunction to confine himself, for the present, exclusively to the grammatical rules of music he very soon forgot, and every bit of white paper he could lay his hands on was immediately ruled with staves and filled with his musical ideas, good, bad or indifferent.

(To be continued.)

### Carl Maria Von Weber.

(Continued from page 180.)

Even his biographer has been unable to clear up the obscurity which hangs over C. M. Von Weber's birthday. The supposition that it is the 18th December, 1786, is based upon a written note of the composer's father, in which, however, the name of the month in Roman ciphers is not very plain. Besides, not much reliance is to be placed on Franz Anton, who, as is notorious, in public documents, frequently made his son a year younger. But in the family, the 18th December was always kept as Carl Maria's birthday. The other supposition is founded upon the parish register of Eutin. In this register, his baptism is stated to have taken place on the 20th November, according to which, as the Roman Catholic baptism is usually celebrated on the day of the birth or the next day, Carl Maria must have been born on the 18th (or 19th) November. The author states, moreover, that in after years Weber was fond of assuming this to be the true date, because then his own birthday and that of his wife, Caroline Brandt, fell together.

The principal fact, namely, that Weber was born in the year 1786, is certain. Consequently, in his earliest childhood, as his father left Eutin as far back as 1697, to commence the irregular life of a theatrical manager, he scarcely ever had the benefit of any permanent place of abode where his mind could be properly educated and developed. He was taken with his father in the latter's wanderings, the course of which his biographer has very carefully traced, as far as it was possible to do so. They extended by way of Hamburg, Vienna, Cassel, Meinigen, Nuremberg, Hildburghausen (1796), Salzburg (where Michael Haydn gave lessons to Carl Maria, who was then twelve years of age, and who lost his mother in that city), Munich (where he made the acquaintance of Sennefelder, the inventor of lithography, in which art he made such progress as to lithograph himself and publish "Six variations for the piano," of his own composition), &c., &c., to Freiberg in Saxony.

He here set to music *Das stumme Waldmädchen*, by the Baron von Steinsberg, who was stopping

in the place with his company of actors. "The grand romantic, comic opera, music by a pupil of Haydn, C. M. von Weber, 13 years old," was played in October, 1800, at Chemnitz, and, in November, at Freiberg. In the announcement making the composer a year younger than he was, and omitting the Christian name "Michael" before "Haydn," we recognize Carl Maria's father. The opera had been well received at Chemnitz. After it was performed at Freiberg, there appeared a short but mild and inoffensive criticism, in which it was stated that expectation had previously been excited to too high a pitch, &c. The young composer, of course in obedience to his father's order—answered this, and became involved, in consequence, in an exceedingly vexatious paper war. As a proof to what melancholy, nay, pernicious influence his mind and character might easily have succumbed, had not the inward power of genius at length awoke and triumphantly manifested itself, we will quote some passages from these first literary essays of Weber. Answer to the first criticism:—

"That my composition would not please, since a premeditated and base cabal, actuated by the most bitter envy and malevolence, gave the tone for its performance, and as an instrument out of tune can never sound well, was something I had to expect; why did the work please then at Chemnitz?—because—the instrument was in tune.—My own conscience and the testimony of great men and contrapuntists, who, by the way, must be somewhat rare here, put me at my ease; but my first blossoms were acknowledged as much as two years ago, and in the second volume of the celebrated Leipzig Musical Paper, as being already tolerably fine and ripe fruit! my original work, however, is open at all hours to the inspection of any one, and I shall feel indescribably thankful to the person who will show me my faults and teach me something better. C. M. von W., Composer."

"Even if the style of this exhortation, as unpleasing as unwise, allowed of any doubt as to the boy's having only given his name to the effusion of Franz Anton's pen, it would be cleared up by a glance at the dispositions of the two persons. As was often subsequently the case, Franz Anton's hot temper, offensive vain-gloriousness and externality, already lay his modest, simple son into differences which lay like dark shadows upon his life and disposition. With regard, however, to the praises which the celebrated Leipzig Musical Paper showered upon the boy's productions a year before [to say it was two years is not correct], we have already spoken of them, and shown they were very hypothetical."

Carl Maria's opponents were not silent, and so there appeared with his signature, in the supplement to No. 7 of the *Allgem. Freiburger Nachrichten*, two sharp replies. In the dry aggressive tone of these exercises in style there is a truly humorous audacity:—

*Mein Herr Stadtmusicus*, you are very much mistaken if you believe I expected my work would be so very successful.—But every laborer is worthy of his hire, which by your performance has been infamously sacrificed; why did the grand rehearsal go so admirably? And why was the performance so wretched a one? It was not the worthy persons in the orchestra who were to blame, but your sleepy conductor,\* who neglected his first duty, correct intonation; paid not the slightest attention to *forte* or *piano*, *crescendo* or *decrescendo*, and never marked the *tempo* according to the written directions; he thus deprived the picture of all light and shade, spoiling everything, and rendering it an impossibility for the work to succeed! Your envy and malevolence have consequently gained their end. In addition to this, it is not enough to find fault;—people must understand and be able to do the thing better than I myself. The composition of my opera is not an English dance.—That, according to your own confession, you are no theoretician in musical knowledge and counterpoint, I am very willing to believe, and hence your presumptuous censure contradicts itself; it is best for the shoemaker not to go beyond his last.—That I was born on the 18th December, 1787,† at half-past ten in the evening, my baptismal register testifies; therefore your favorite epithet: 'pretended' loses its force.—Oh, how deserving of pity is a composer who is compelled to see a work thus mangled! And now to answer your dear friend, whose aid you invoke in No. 5, etc."

\* Such I suppose to be the proper rendering of *Anführer*.—TRANSLATOR.

† An evident error, as the date of his birth is thus made to fall an entire year later than it really did. THE AUTHOR.

"—I, too, could not help being surprised at your great audacity, *Herr Cantor*, in endeavoring to put down my opera *Das Waldmädchen*, merely in order to be praised and rewarded by your malevolent but truly devoted friend. Otherwise I know of no cause for your behavior, as, *Herr Cantor*, I never offended you even by a look. How could you allow yourself to be induced to criticize a work, with which you have nothing in common? If I chose to discuss the matter *en detail* with you, the echo would not fail to sound rather rude; but this is contrary to my nature, and opposed to the principles of the education bestowed upon me. The point relating to the 'pretended' year of my birth has already been discussed in the answer above, but I may inform you further that my father married my mother in Vienna, on the 20th August, 1785. That I possess eminent intellectual gifts is a fact for which I thank my Creator; and that during my life, which at present has extended over only a short period, I have seen and heard more than many persons in fifty years, is also a truth capable of being proved. That, moreover, I have been acknowledged by the greatest conductors of the first Courts and Royal Private Bands as one who has properly and fundamentally studied counterpoint, and consequently understands how to treat correctly the instruments, as well as words, harmony and rhythm, together with the vocal parts, serves to tranquillize me; thus it is only palpable envy and malevolence which find faults! Good Heaven! I do not wish to become a *Cantor* or a *Stadtmusicus*, and am fully aware that for both these places I am, on many accounts, wanting in the necessary knowledge and skill, etc. I am very ready to allow myself to be put right, and thank any one who will do so modestly, but not a person who comes domineering over me with arrogant pride. You, however, *mein Herr Cantor*, are not at all competent to judge me, and I will no more learn anything from you than I will entertain the reprehensible notion of teaching you aught. Furthermore, I have not the slightest ill-feeling against the worthy individuals of the orchestra here, and will also believe that the *Stadtmusicus* can conduct for them, if he only chooses. Unfortunately, however, with this opera, he has proved the contrary, and thus robbed me of the applause of a public generally so kind and noble-minded, too noble-minded, indeed, to feel any inclination to smother the germ of a rising plant. A clear proof of this is afforded by our unbounded respect and enthusiastic love for the public of Freiberg, my father having left a celebrated capital and undertaken an expensive journey, in order to enjoy the intercourse of so kindly, upright, and friendly a public, and to spend the few remaining days of his old age in this noble circle. And if I really had committed errors, it would not be at all astonishing, since I was too much pressed by the manager, and wrote the second act in four days (!), &c. I care as much for those who hate me as I care for rain-water. It flows by very soon, and if they shrink from me they must suffer God to be my help, &c. I beg to inform the unknown gentleman from Chemnitz that I pay no attention to the barking of small dogs."

C. M. VON WEBER."

The squabble elicited two more insipid letters, *pro* and *con*, in one of which the writer congratulates Weber "on being really only thirteen, because he still has time to learn modesty," and ends by saying that the Webers had lost their footing in society, and left Freiberg.

In his autobiographical sketch, Weber informs us that *Das Waldmädchen*, which he himself calls "a most immature production, and only here and there not entirely devoid of invention," was more generally performed "than could be pleasing to himself." He says it was given 14 times in Vienna and favorably received at Prague (where it was translated into Bohemian), as well as at St. Petersburg. Despite of diligent researches, says his biographer, it has been impossible to find accounts of these performances, except of those in Vienna, where the opera was given, under the title of *Das Mädchen in Spessartwalde*, eight times, during the month of December, 1804, in the Leopoldstadt Theatre.

(To be continued.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Elise Polko's "Musical Sketches."\*

Those great men of genius who, in the republic of letters, tower above their surroundings, are, all of them, representatives of special directions of mental

\* *Musical Sketches*, by ELISE POLKO. Translated from the Sixth German Edition, by Fanny Fuller.—Philadelphia: Frederick Leypoldt, 1864, pp. 297.

\* Few signs of progress in our American music are so encouraging, as the fact that Harvard can count so many of her sons devoted to music in some form or other.

effort. There may be parallels, but there are no fac-similes among them. There is no German Shakespeare, nor is there an English Goethe. To him who has but one language at command, the literature of foreign lands is as an unexplored country, in which he fain would travel, yet dare not. There are those who can go over into that country and bring back of its fruits and flowers; and they are the translators.

The labor of translation, though usually considered as demanding but mediocre powers, calls for peculiar talents and considerable skill in their use. To preserve the author's meaning, and to do this in graceful periods, without sacrificing the substance to the style, or cramping your English in foreign forms, is all that is required. But to meet these requirements is no easy matter unless you have both languages at your command; unless you weigh words and phrases and nicely distinguish between the various shades of meaning, and unless you have that sympathy with the tastes and the style of your author, that would enable you, were all other qualities equal, to express yourself as he has done—to think his thoughts over again.

Without this last essential, you may produce one of those literary abortions, a literal translation. Or, your version of your author, be it ever so fine otherwise, may vie in grace with the polygonal periods of Carlyle. He who should look there for the aroma of the original, would be as successful if he sought the fragrance of the rose in the wax imitation. There is something better to be desired than to have your "thing of beauty" reduced to its skeleton.

The work before us does not exact of these attributes their highest excellence, but as Miss Fuller has shown her ability to solve the difficulties that attended her labors, her translation must satisfy. There are but few instances of evitable Germanisms, or sentences susceptible of improvement by transposition. Her diction is simple and easy and is, therefore, well adapted to the subjects of the sketches.

To save this notice from standing as a monograph on translators, it were well to add a few words about the book itself. "A Melody," is charming; "Iphigenia in Aulis" is pretty, but vastly inferior to Hoffmann's "Ritter Gluck," in poetic warmth and interest; "Violetta," by its delightful descriptions and conversations, awakens pleasant memories of the journey of "Consuelo" and Haydn; the "Midsummer Night's Dream" cleverly interprets one phase of Mendelssohn's muse, but conveys rather a mawkish conception of the composer himself.

The sketches lack the sensuousness and the exquisite imagery of Heine or Hoffmann, but they are fresh, natural and enjoyable. The style is unpretending, the object of the author to amuse. The publication is an addition to our musical light literature and, as such, is valuable, because there is so little that is good and pretty, concerning music, in English.

#### SECOND NOTICE.

There are some works which can be best judged by intelligent young persons, and this new translation of Miss Fuller is one of these. Yesterday I lent my copy of "Musical Sketches" to a clever young girl—a nice musician by the way—telling her if she returned it to me by the last of the week it would be soon enough. To-day she surprised me by bringing it back.

"What! Have you finished it?" I asked.

"Oh yes! I never stopped last night after I began it. I did not go to bed until I reached the last word."

"How do you like it?"

"So much! So very much! It is lovely! I went to bed, and dreamed all night about it. This morning when the housekeeper awakened me, I was dreaming that my room walls and door were covered with John Sebastian Bach's name in shining letters—each word a brilliant chord, and I was waiting for these strange letter-sounds to call me."

"Which story did you like best?"

"The Bach particularly, then Violetta. Oh yes, and the Beethoven too, 'A Leonora.' Before I got half through 'Violetta,' I knew Amadeus must be Mozart."

She was standing by the piano, and as she said this her fingers wandered lightly over the keys, playing the first measures of the Mozart Sonata in F major, (Opus 6. No. 1). She looked up with a pretty smile as she did so, saying:

"He used to run about in the woods to steal melodies from the dear little forest-birds—at least the story says so."

She slipped quietly into the piano seat and went through the Sonata, giving it a sweet, tender expression which she had never thrown into it before. Then she came to bid me good-bye, and as she stood by the library table she took up the "Musical Sketches" and turned over its leaves with a half sigh.

"What are you thinking?" I asked.

"I am wishing I had just such another nice book," she replied, with a pretty, shy laugh. "I shall miss it so much to night."

Now what nicer compliment could author and translator have than that? Before the girl left me I made her look at the book still more lovingly, by telling her that the translator was young, only a few years her senior, and that she was wondrously gifted in languages.

I am sure "Musical Sketches" needs no higher commendation than the unconscious praise of my young friend. The appearance of the book, too, is attractive; its typography, the pretty vignettes, tinted paper and novel binding are all unexceptionable and in excellent taste. Mr. Leypoldt has made a fine reputation for himself as a publisher of works of Art. He has paid the best compliment, too, to the public, by presenting to it books of a high and refined character. He does not seem to think or say, "This will not sell," or "That is above the popular fancy." He must believe in Goethe's generous maxim, for he treats the public as if it had the fine, correct taste it ought to have, which is certainly the wisest way to create that taste. May he continue to meet with the success he has already obtained, and not only that, but with all that he merits; each one of us who loves and serves Art, surely should wish this heartily, for besides the furtherance of Mr. Leypoldt's own good, which is but fair, the cause of Art will be well advanced thereby.

A. M. B. B.

Bridgeton, New Jersey.

#### Mendelssohn on Liszt and Thalberg.

Liszt was here for a fortnight, and caused quite a paroxysm of excitement among us, both in a good and evil sense. I consider him to be in reality an amiable, warm-hearted man, and an admirable artist. That he plays with more execution than all the others, does not admit of a doubt; yet Thalberg, with his composure, and within his more restricted sphere, is more perfect, taken as a virtuoso; and this is the standard which must also be applied to Liszt, for his compositions are inferior to his playing, and, in fact, are only calculated for virtuosos. A fantasia by Thalberg (especially that on the "Donna del Lago") is an accumulation of the most exquisite and delicate effects, and a continued succession of difficulties and embellishments that excite our astonishment; all is so well devised and so finished, carried out with such security and skill, and pervaded by the most refined taste. On the other hand, Liszt possesses a degree of velocity and complete independence of finger and a thoroughly musical feeling which can scarcely be equalled. In a word, I have heard no performer whose musical perceptions, like those of Liszt, extended to the very tips of his fingers, emanating directly from them. With this power, and his enormous technicality and practice, he must have far surpassed all others, if a man's own ideas were not after all the chief point, and these, hitherto, at least, seem-

ed denied to him; so that in this phase of art, most of the great virtuosos equal, and indeed excel him. But that he, along with Thalberg, alone represents the highest class of pianists of the present day, is, I think, undeniable.—*Letter from Leipzig, 1840.*

#### Mendelssohn and the Queen.

I have really been urged to do too much. Lately, when playing the organ in Christ Church, Newgate street, I almost thought, for a few moments, I must have been suffocated, so great was the crowd and pressure round my seat at the organ; and two days afterwards I played in Exeter Hall before three thousand people, who shouted hurrahs and waved their handkerchiefs, and stamped with their feet till the hall resounded with the uproar; at the moment I felt no bad effects from this, but next morning my head was confused and stupefied. Add to this the pretty and most charming Queen Victoria, who looks so youthful, and is so gently courteous and gracious, and speaks such good German, and who knows all my music so well; the four books of songs without words, and those with words, and the symphony, and the "Hymn of Praise." Yesterday evening I was sent for by the Queen, who was almost alone with Prince Albert, and who seated herself near the piano and made me play to her; first seven of the "songs without words," then the serenade, two impromptus on "Rule Britannia," Lützow's "Wilde Jagd," and "Gaudeamus igitur." The latter was somewhat difficult, but remonstrance was out of the question, and as they gave the themes, of course it was my duty to play them. Then the splendid grand gallery in Buckingham Palace where they drank tea, and where two boars by Paul Potter are hanging, and a good many other pictures which pleased me well. I must tell you that my A minor symphony has had great success with the people here, who one and all receive us with a degree of amiability and kindness which exceeds all I have yet seen in the way of hospitality, though this sometimes makes me feel my head quite bewildered and strange, and I am obliged to collect my thoughts in order not to lose all self-possession.—*Letter from London, 1842.*

#### A Forest Festival.

Within a quarter of an hour's drive from the road, deep in the forest where lofty spreading beech-trees stand in solitary grandeur forming an impenetrable canopy above, and where all around nothing was to be seen but green foliage glistening through innumerable trunks of trees,—this was the locality. We made our way through the thick underwood, by a narrow footpath, to the spot, where, on arriving, a number of white figures were visible in the distance, under a group of trees, encircled with massive garlands of flowers which formed the concert-room. How lovely the voices sounded, and how brilliantly the soprano tones vibrated in the air; what charm and melting sweetness pervaded every strain! All were so still and retired, and yet so bright! I had formed no conception of such an effect. The choir consisted of about twenty good voices: during the previous rehearsal in a room, there had been some deficiencies, and want of steadiness. Towards evening, however, when they stood under the trees, and lifting up their voices gave my first song, "Ihr Vöglein in den Zweigenschwank," it was so enchanting in the silence of the woods, that it almost brought tears to my eyes. It sounded like genuine poetry. The scene too was so beautiful; all the pretty female figures in white, and Herr B— standing in the centre, beating time in his shirt sleeves, and the audience seated on camp stools, or hampers, or lying on the moss. They sang through the whole book, and then three new songs which I had composed for the occasion. The third ("Lerchengesang") was rather exultingly shouted than sung, and repeated three times, while in the interim strawberries, cherries and oranges were served on the most delicate china, and quantities of ice and wine and



raspberry syrup carried round. People were emerging in every direction out of the thicket, attracted from a distance by the sound of the music, and they stretched themselves on the ground and listened.

As it grew dark, great lanterns and torches were set up in the middle of the choir, and they sang songs by Schelble and Hiller, and Schnyder, and Weber. Presently a large table, profusely decorated with flowers and brilliantly lighted, was brought forward, on which was an excellent supper with all sorts of good dishes and wines; and it was most quiet withal, and lonely in the wood, the nearest house being at the distance of at least an hour, and the gigantic trunks of the trees looking every moment more dark and stern, and the people under their branches more noisy and jovial. After supper they began again with the first song, and sang through the whole six, and then the three new ones, and the "Lerchengesang" once more three times over. At length it was time to go; in the thicket we met the wagon in which all the china and plate was to be taken back to the town; it could not stir from the spot, nor could we either, but we contrived to get on at last, and arrived about midnight at our homes in Frankfort. The donors of the *fete* were detained in the forest till two o'clock, picking up every thing, and lost their way along with the large wagon, finding themselves unexpectedly at Isenburg; so they did not get home till long afterwards.—*Mendelssohn's Letters*.

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

A correspondent of the New York *Albion* writes:

The musty, forlorn, and most thoroughly uncomfortable Salle of the Conservatoire opens its doors to the eager public on Sundays, when classical music, given with the greatest degree of orchestral perfection, regales the ears of those whose hereditary right to a box therein entitles them to a place among the elect of this musical Paradise. The acoustic properties of the Salle are so admirable, that the moving of a chair in the charmed precinct is considered an innovation too dangerous to be admitted for an instant; so that generations of Parisians, heroic in behalf of Art, have submitted, and will continue to submit, to the discomforts of what is physically a place of torture.

Under the kindly auspices of a beautiful and gifted country-woman, at one of the recent concerts of the Conservatoire, I was so fortunate as to occupy the box, and enjoy the presence of Mr. Auber. Inexorable biography affirms a fact, which the appearance of the distinguished composer would never indicate—that he is eighty-two years of age. Time has left undimmed the lustre of his dark eye, which is in pleasing contrast with his crown of silvery hair, while his vivacity and charm of manner, and scrupulous grace of toilette, evince none of the selfish preoccupation of old age, but show him ever mindful to please and ever considerate of those around him. The melodious brilliancy of Mr. Auber's music, its well considered appropriateness, delicate finish, and compactness of form, seem to me in many respects a reflection of his personal traits, and embody at once the characteristic genius and national attributes of France.

At this concert of the Conservatoire, after enjoying Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, given with the admirable precision which always distinguishes the performances of this famous orchestra, a young pianist of great talent, Mlle. Rémaury, was introduced to the audience. This young girl, not relying on a success of *beaux yeux* to which she was fairly entitled, conquered legitimately, by force of merit, the plaudits of this most fastidious public—plaudits which, I am told, were but sparingly bestowed last winter on Mme. Clara Schumann.\*

The piano, as an instrument, certainly receives its due share of attention in Paris, and among its exponents, Mr. George Matthias, as composer of ability and pianist of talent, enjoys an enviable reputation.

But if the tutelary Saint of Paris—wishing to make an artist essentially Parisian—had breathed into his compositions, and had imparted to his playing, the elements peculiar to her own irresistible city, in the personality of Mr. Charles Delouix she would have been satisfied with the perfection of her handiwork. The same *esprit* of Paris, so extensively diffused throughout the poems of Alfred de Mus-

set, has found happy musical utterance in the songs of Mr. Delouix. This artist has set to music some of Musset's most touching lines, as well as some replete with delicate raillery; and quick sympathy has always enabled him to preserve, and reproduce with success, the contradictory attributes of the poet's verse. As a pianist, Mr. Delouix unites the mechanical perfection of severe training with the captivating style of a poetical nature. His piano compositions also reveal power of construction, together with the priceless gift of natural melody, and over all the crowning, nameless grace of Paris itself.

One of my most interesting souvenirs of Paris is that of a visit paid to Ambroise Thomas, the composer, who impressed me on this occasion, both by appearance and manner, as partaking less of French than of German characteristics. As an antiquarian of research and fastidiousness, his apartments, though small, are separately a study of different historical epochs; and his personal air of sombre dignity seems to harmonize well with his mediæval surroundings, with the massive oak carvings and ebony cabinets inlaid with ivory, and the various quaint articles which enrich his store of relics.—Hamlet affords him the theme of the opera, on which he is at this moment engaged; and although the idea of a mercurial French tenor in black tights does not precisely embody the English conception of the moody Dane, there can be no doubt of the power of Mr. Thomas's well tested genius, to preserve a firm foothold on the slippery descent that leads from the sublime to the ridiculous. An interesting biography of Ambroise Thomas has appeared in Paris, due to the elegant pen of Mr. Gustave Chouquet, who in his double capacity of musical critic of distinction, and poet allying his verses to the choral music of Mr. Thomas, has had ample opportunities for probing the depths of the composer's capacity. Mr. Chouquet says: "If we are not utterly deceived, posterity will realize that the author of the *Songes d'une Nuit d'Été* and *Psyche* has introduced new features into the repertoire of the Opera Comique; and, in placing Mr. Thomas between Auber and Adam, it will recognize his exquisite distinction, and his admirable mode of treating the voice and the orchestra. In regard to his latter qualification, all artists agree in considering the power of Mr. Thomas unsurpassed.

At the new and beautiful Théâtre Lyrique, erected in the recently improved part of Paris, Hector Berlioz's Opera of "Les Troyens" is in full tide of success. Deeming it necessary, perhaps, when ancient Troy was the theme, to impart to his work a local and appropriate coloring of vagueness, Mr. Berlioz has, in my estimation, succeeded in producing the wildest and most disappointing jumble of sounds, that even faith and courtesy have yet consented to call music. Still, large audiences grace nightly the elegant Salle of the Théâtre Lyrique, and listen to the "Troyens," with the air of complacent superiority assumed by those, who make a conscientious duty of admiring what they do not in the least understand.

LEIPZIG.—The programme of the Gewandhaus-Concert, on the 7th inst., consisted of: Part I.—"Suite" (No. 2), Franz Lachner, conducted by the composer; Recitative and Aria from *Faust*, Spohr, sung by Madlle. Ongeni, from Baden-Baden; "Frühlingsode," concerto for pianoforte with orchestral accompaniment, Joachim Raff, played by Mad. Ingeborg von Bronsart (first time). Part II.—Overture to *Les Abencerrages*, Cherubini; Cavatina, from *Semiramide*, Rossini, sung by Madlle. Ongeni; Solos for Pianoforte, played by Madame von Bronsart: Gavotte, Bach; Notturmo, Chopin; Novelette, R. Schumann; and Overture in A Major, Julius Rietz. The programme of the concert on the 12th inst. included: Part I.—Overture to *Jessonda*, Spohr; Concerto for violoncello, composed and played by Signor Alfred Piatti; soprano Aria, with chorus from Rossini's *Stabat Mater* (Madlle. Julie Rothenberger); Fantasia for violoncello, composed and played by Sig. Alfred Piatti; Trio, from *Medea*, Cherubini. Part II.—Symphony, No. ix., Beethoven (soloists, Madlle. Rothenberger, Madlle. Assmann, Herr —, and Herr Bergstein.)

MENICH.—From Jan. 1 to Dec. 31, there were altogether 310 performances at the Theatre Royal, of which 247 were given in the Court and National Theatres, and 63 in the Residenz-Theatre. In these 310 performances were included 130 operatic representations, and 31 ballet-representations. The operatic novelties consisted of *Die Fiskari*, by Max Zenger; *Lalla Rookh*, by Felicien David; *Der Vetter auf Besuch*, by George Krempelsetzer; and *Das Conterfei*, by Carl von Perfall. The revivals were *Fra Diavolo* (not played since 1860); *Le Domino Noir* (not played since 1840); *La Muette de Portici* (not played since 1860); *Tito* (not played since 1859); *Iphigenia in Aulis* (not played since 1859); *Die Schwestern von*

*Prag* (not played since 1860). The operas performed most frequently were *Le Postillon de Longjumeau* (four times); *Le Domino Noir* (four times); *Rothkäppchen* (five times); *Rübezahl* (three times); *Lalla Rookh* (six times); *Faust* (ten times); *Der Vetter auf Besuch* (four times); *Das Nachtlager in Granada* (three times); *Das Glöckchen des Eremiten* (five times); *Le Prophète* (five times); *Robert Le Diable* (three times); *Guillaume Tell* (four times); *Der hässliche Krieg* (three times); *Der Freischütz* (four times); and *Oberon* (three times).

STUTTGART.—The works performed at the first three subscription concerts of the King's Private Band, under the direction of Herr Erkert, were: Symphonies by Haydn (Nos. 3, 8, and 9); the four *Leonora* overtures; Schumann's overture, Scherzo and Finale; overture to *Das Leben für den Czar*, Glinka; and overture to *Der Vampyr*, Lindpaintner. Herr D. Pruckner performed Franz Liszt's concerto in E flat major; while Herr Sieger executed the first movement of Paganini's concerto in D Major, and, on the Beethoven night, that composer's two Romances.

VIENNA. Robert Schumann's music to Goethe's "Faust" was produced for the first time on the 20th Dec. by the Society of "Musik-Freunde," under the direction of Herbeck, with Mme. Dustmann and Herr Stockhausen (tenor) as principal singers. A German critic (as translated for the New York *Musical Review*) says of this work of Schumann:

Where, judging from his power, we expect great and striking effect, he does not fulfil our expectations, while in those places where the subject presents the utmost difficulty for a composer, he has really surpassed our expectations.

The overture is one of the poorest which we have heard of Schumann. For a Faust Overture, all who have comprehended Goethe's idea of Faust, and who have heard Schumann's Manfred Overture, expect a different treatment than that which Schumann gives us in his attempt. It is a composition which does not excite the hearer, and is wanting in a great many respects.

The scene in the garden, a charming love-duet, with real Schumann colors, again brings us back to the genius of our author, though it does not present extraordinary excellence. The "Ach neige, du Schmerzenseiche," is more wild and despairing than he interprets it, and the church scene, probably the most agreeable and easy for a musical interpretation, the terror of Margaret, the terrible whispers of the evil spirit, the *Dies Irae*—all these are on too moderate a scale for the wild genius of Schumann. Neither the distressful affliction of Margaret, nor the grim words of the evil spirit, and least of all, the *Dies Irae*, have been done full justice to. The hard, imposing beginnings of the chorus must certainly have the sacred coloring, and present a strong contrast to the song of Margaret, and of the evil spirit. Sacred expression is, however, not the forte of Schumann; indeed, it was rather a strange element to him.

Ariel's singing in the second part, with the fairies which encircle Faust, and the sun-rise scene, constitute very acceptable subjects for musical effect. But the light and fairy element which the elf scene admits of, and the grand and powerful effect which could be given in the description of the gradual sunrise, are sadly missing in Schumann's interpretation. The reflecting spirit and appreciation of nature which characterized the spirit of Goethe, whose immenso breadth can well be observed in these passages, may be very difficult to be expressed in music, and would, perhaps, be more appropriate for a melo-dramatic treatment. Schumann is so thoroughly musical that it is much easier for him to give his tone-pictures in grand features than to govern his imagination by a fixed text and a correct declamation. With the appearance of the four weird women, the composition assumes a more decided and important character. Not only the dryness and hopelessness of want, guilt, care and distress are given in a few powerful strokes, but also Faust's resistance, the conquering power of his spiritual activity, his will and noble bearing, enchants the interest of the hearer. Individual words of Goethe, full of meaning, which exist throughout Germany as golden monuments of his genius, have been interpreted by Schumann with a noble pathos.

After the eminently truthful dying scene: "Die Uhr steht still, der Zeiger fällt," we have the most powerful, and, undoubtedly, the richest scene of all—"The Glorification," an elaborate and intricate commingling of choruses and solos, which in their soaring to the highest and purest regions, certainly present a more grateful subject for a musical genius of the first order. We may doubt, indeed, that Schumann has been completely successful, inasmuch as

\* So much the worse for the "fastidious" Parisians!—Ed.

the church element, which Goethe here expressed in certain places does not attain that peculiar fine character without which we could not well imagine the Anchores, the Blessed Boys, the Angels, the Pater Profundus, Pater Searaphicus, Dr. Marianus, the Mater gloriosa, &c., &c. On the other hand, the expressions of the human, and the absolution of the penitent, are beautiful and pathetic compositions.

The audience evinced a greater interest, a deeper appreciation than we had expected, and they gave many marks of approval to distinguish the performance of the orchestra and Herr Stockhausen. The general effect of the Faust music has neither a completely overcoming, nor, indeed, a very powerful character; we would not, however, notwithstanding certain wants and deficiencies, be suspected of being opposed to this work of Schumann's; on the contrary, we think that it contains so much of the really beautiful, the attractive and charming, that a circle of appreciative hearers cannot fail to be highly excited by the exquisite pleasure which they experience.

**TURIN.**—Among the new operas produced in Italy during the past year were: *Rienzi*, by Peri, Milan; *Feruccio*, by Maglioni, Florence; *Cincica Sismondi*, by Bridangali, Assisi; *Zaira*, by Corona, Leghorn; *Piccard Donati*, by Masenza, Leghorn; *Beatrice Cenci*, by Rota, Parma; *Vittoria*, by Bona, Genoa; *Ivanhoe*, by an unknown composer, Bastia; *Orio Soranzo*, Zescevic, Trieste; *Il Di di Micheli*, by Quarenghi, Milan; *Rienzi*, by Raschperoff, Florence; *Giovanna di Castilia*, by Battista; *La Fidanzata di Marco Bozzari*, by Frontini, Catania; *Ezzelino da Romano*, by Naberasco, Genoa; *Profugghi Fiamminghi*, by Faccio, Milan; *Il Riapimento*, by Pincherle, Perugia; and *Ladislao*, by Pisano, Florence. How many works of merit are there among these operas, and how many will ever be heard beyond the limits of Italy?

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 20, 1864.

### Concerts.

**MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.** The club had the valuable assistance of Mr. B. J. LANG as pianist for their third Thursday evening, Feb. 4. The attendance was large and the attention never flagged, for it was a fine programme that was under discussion.

1. Quintet in C, No. 19, op. 44. . . . . Onslow.  
Introduction, Lento and Allegro spiritoso—Andante con moto quasi Allegretto.
2. Quartet in B minor, for Piano, Violin, Viola and 'Cello.  
Allegro molto—Andante—Allegro molto—Finale, Allegro vivace. . . . . Mendelssohn.
3. Adagio for clarinet, op. 214. . . . . Reisinger.
4. (a) Agitato in A minor, op. 15. . . . . Schülhoff.  
(b) Slumber Song in D flat, op. 81. . . . . Heller.
5. Quartet in F, op. 59, No. 1. . . . . Beethoven.  
Allegro—Allegretto vivace e sempre scherzando—Adagio molto e mesto—Allegro, theme Russo.

We were never partial to Onslow's music; despite its clear and sound musicianship it has too often failed to quicken. (His very name, were one inclined to pun, suggests the criticism). Rather heavy, rather *slow*, not in respect of *tempo*, but of spirit, live originality and force. A certain unexceptionable respectability of talent and of culture, the very orthodoxy of genteel musical classicism, with perfect ease of musical deportment; all which commands respect, but may be tedious. More tedious, however, to the listener than to the performer. There is much music which one likes to play, or to take social part in playing, though he would seldom care to hear it; and we do not wonder when we hear amateur violinists, and professionals too, speak of the pleasure they have in playing together the Quintets of Onslow. The writing is all so musician-like and clear, the parts are so well individualized, the unity so well preserved, the chords sit so well upon the strings, while euphony goes so hand in hand with polyphonic development, that it is interesting, exciting and rewarding to them. Then again, these Quintets derive a new interest from

the fact that their author (born in France in 1784, of English parentage, died 1853) had learned music merely as a gentleman's accomplishment, and took to composition rather late in life; and, above all, that these Quintets were written for private practice and evening entertainment in his own family: a guaranty that they were at least sincere works, and not made to order from the vulgar motive of display or gain. The selection given us this time, we must say, agreeably disappointed us; we found it full of charm and beauty, never for a moment tedious or indifferent, but really appetizing, as we have often found a cheerful work of father Haydn at the beginning of such a feast. After what has been said it will readily be understood that it was played *con amore* and right well.

The old "Rasoumofsky" Quartet was more wonderful than ever; and so it will always seem, however often one may hear it; it cannot be played too often; we could wish indeed that the Club might keep on and perfect themselves in the rendering of one such piece of pure gold, for the interest of the audience would keep increasing in the same ratio. Of course we might say the same of either of the three Quartets in this set, as well as of all the so-called "posthumous" ones. It was a good thing to end a concert with; one walked home with the feeling of a well-spent evening.

The Mendelssohn Quartet in B minor must be one of the earliest happy inspirations of the boy Felix, his *opus* 3, according to Julius Rietz, composed in 1824, two years earlier than the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture. Truly a wonderful work for a boy; as full of charming and surprising thoughts, and skilful, genial mastery of means, as it is of difficulties of execution. These were admirably surmounted by Mr. Lang and his associates, and the whole work produced a fine impression. Mr. Lang's brace of piano-forte pieces were nicely rendered and very acceptable, especially the charming Slumber Song by Heller, which had to be repeated. Mr. RYAN gave us a new and not uninteresting piece for his clarinet solo, which he played with his usual skill.

**ORCHESTRAL UNION.** The Music Hall was crowded again at the fourth Wednesday Afternoon Concert, and everybody appeared pleased, as usual. One very encouraging symptom we have remarked this season in the audiences—or is it that we have been so very lucky in location?—there has been much less disturbance from idle chatter, fewer signs of inattention any way. All through the Symphony your neighbors helped you listen, they listening respectfully and pleased. It was not so once! We almost fear to mention it, lest it should break the spell. The programme was conformed to the pattern followed in the three preceding concerts, which we think a very good one:

1. Overture to "Der Freischütz". . . . . C. M. von Weber
2. { a Organ Introduction.  
b Offertoire in F Major. . . . . Wely.
3. Symphony No. 2, in D. . . . . Beethoven
4. Performance on the Organ.  
{ The First Commandment. From "Mt. Sinai". . . . . Neukomm  
Andante Maestoso. . . . . Spohr  
{ Aria Soave. From "Songs without Words". . . . . Mendelssohn
5. Grand Concert Waltz—"Thermon". . . . . Strauss
6. Potpourri from the Opera "Faust". . . . . Gounod

The sterling Overture and Symphony are too familiar to need any words; they enchained the audience even as sketched out by the small orchestra:—how would it be if we had three or four times as many strings! Dr. TUCKERMAN took his turn this time at the Organ, and "developed its resources" under a variety of phases. His "Introduction" was a short and serious strain

of harmony, in which he illustrated the use of the great Crescendo pedal, rolling up the volume of tone from the softest single stop (Dolce), by gradual accession of new groups of stops, to the full power of the whole organ, and diminishing again. The *Offertoire* by Wely was one of the more dignified of that light and showy French kind. The majesty and richness of full organ tone told well in the "Mt. Sinai" piece, showing that those great 32-foot pipes are not for vain show merely. The *Andante* by Spohr was sweetly sung on soft and witching stops; in the *Lied* of Mendelssohn he took occasion to make special exhibition of the *Vox Humana*, Concert Flute and *Gamba*. The former was more suggestive of some queer sort of human voice than at any former time when we have heard it. Such curiosities of course please the fancy of a popular audience the first time; but they are of little worth in any really musical, artistic point of view. The Concert Flute of this Organ we all know to be the most liquid, clear, bright, musical flute tone that can be imagined; and the *Gamba*, as indeed all its many stops of the *Gamba* or violin kind, has more of the searching *stringy* quality, than almost any that we ever heard.—The "Faust" potpourri has become a standing item on the bill of fare during the reign of this last operatic favorite.

**Fifth Concert.** What a day for the butterflies! No wonder if they stayed in their warm homes and did not try to flutter over to the Music Hall through such a cutting, icy, furious wind, with the thermometer suddenly dropped to zero, after a whole winter flattering us with summer smiles, especially on Wednesdays. Of course the Hall this time was not crowded; and yet there was an audience that would have been accounted large a year ago, when Wednesday always brought bad weather. The serious substance of the programme (the three first pieces) was not only fine but new to nearly all of us—by us we do not mean the butterflies, who, as we have said already, could not come, any more than cherubs can sit down; none could come but such as carry weight, and therefore on this windy day there was a good chance for the lovers of what the butterflies and their friends the critics (crickets) call "heavy" music. But the concert was not "heavy", and the audience listened well and actually applauded a Bach fugue.

First came an overture by Mendelssohn, which had not been played here for twelve years, called *Heimkehr aus der Fremde*, or "Return from Abroad." It was written in his very youthful days, for a family festival, the "silver wedding" of his parents (1829), and first publicly performed in 1851 in Leipzig. It is a simple, graceful, fervent, lively composition, in which you can hardly fail to recognize the germ of the first movement of the "Italian" Symphony; the themes, the coloring, the treatment continually recall that; it is in the same vein, only not so fully worked. Of course it was relished.—Then Mr. LANG played a good sterling Prelude and Fugue in C, by Bach, one which we have not had before, and played it well and won applause. Listening to it, the *genius loci* became organ-like, the Organ looked instinct with life, looked permanent and real in its grandeur, and not like a piece of scenic effect theatrically vouchsafed by the withdrawing of a green curtain.—The symphony was one in B flat, by the Danish composer Gade, given for the first time here, and consisting of four movements: 1. Introduction and *Allegro molto*; 2. *Andante*; 3. *Scherzo*; 4. Finale, *Allegro*. It is truly a beautiful symphony, in a vein resembling Mendelssohn, but feebler and more vague. The *Scherzo* is quite happy and original. How came we to forget our purpose of translating (whenever Gade should be performed) Mendelssohn's letters to him on the receipt and trial of his first symphony! No praise could be more cordial and unqualified. But we hope to have this Symphony again. The rest of the programme consisted of the Adagio and Allegretto from Rink's Organ Concerto in F (with flute solo); the Turkish March from a Sonata by Mozart, arranged for orchestra by Thomas Ryan; and the "Faust" potpourri as usual.

GREAT ORGAN. Mr. B. J. LANG's Sacred Concert, on Sunday evening before last, was one of the most successful, both in the large attendance and the amount and quality of musical enjoyment. One of the few organ concerts which was not, and which did not seem, too long. We found much in it to admire, and little to regret, unless it were the solemn repetition of that puerile green curtain business, for which we presume the concert-giver was not answerable. These were his selections:

1. Fantasia in G (with full Organ). Bach
2. "Jerusalem, thou that killest," from St. Paul. Mendelssohn
3. Religious Meditation, for Violin and Organ. Eichberg
4. a. Fugue on Bach. Schumann
5. b. Pastoral Symphony, (Transcribed). Handel
6. Song—"O quam Suavia." Mendelssohn
7. "Gloria in Excelsis," from Second Mass. Mozart
8. Trio, for Violin, Piano and Organ. Bach and Gounod
9. Song. In praise of the Organ, from the "Ode to St. Cecilia." Handel
10. "If with all your hearts," from "Elijah." Mendelssohn
11. Hallelujah Chorus. Handel

The soul and substance of that Fantasia of Bach reside in the Adagio, which Mr. Lang has played once before, and which is very noble, rich and deep. But we were glad to hear it for once with the short skirmishing arpeggios with which Bach has seen fit to prelude and postlude to it. In few things could the musically blended masses of full organ tone tell with more majesty and beauty. Schumann's Fugue, with the notes Bb, A, C, H (B natural) for its subject, still grows upon one. For a *Vox humana* illustration, Mr. Lang changed his plan and wrought into a Fantasia frame the prayer from the *Freyschütz*, and a Quartet from "Eli." It was cleverly done and much applauded; but it was scarcely worth the doing. Contrary to our expectation, the effect of violin with organ was very beautiful. Mr. EICHBERG played it in a chaste and noble manner, and the composition of his own seemed worthy of such interpretation. The little Prelude by Bach (the first in the "Well-tempered Clavichord"), begun by Mr. Lang simply as Bach wrote it on the piano, the violin entering later with Gounod's melody, and then the Organ (delicately managed by Mr. WILLCOX) stealing in with low under-tones and swelling to a climax, seemed really illustrated by this exceptional treatment. It had to be repeated. Miss HOUSTON sang her three choice selections finely, though the St. Cecilia song seemed less effective out of its connection with the whole Ode. That song by Mendelssohn we certainly should never have imagined to be his; it has so little of the family likeness; we should sooner have guessed Cherubini, or some other of the nobler Catholic composers. But it was interesting.

Mr. W. EUGENE THAYER took his turn on a Friday instead of a Sunday evening, making his concert secular,—perhaps to accommodate a "Thunder Storm," for which some have long been calling, who seemed to think they had not really heard the organ so long as it had not achieved that miracle. They talked mysteriously of Freyberg, and the wonderful reports of travellers (musical ones?), and even hinted doubts of the competency of our organists to "bring the Organ out" or "develop its resources;" shall we not have to get a man from Europe, a real storm-king? Well, we shall see. Mr. Thayer's programme was this:

1. Grande Marche, from "Alceste." Gluck
2. Andante and Maestoso. Mendelssohn
3. Aria. O mio Fernando. Donizetti
4. Offertoire, for Vox humana. Battiste
5. Vire Tu, from "Anna Bolena." Bellini
6. Toccata and Fugue in D minor. Bach
7. Orage Fantasia—(Thunder Storm). Battiste
8. Aria. Che farò. Gluck
9. Andante, from Fifth Symphony. Beethoven
10. Duet, from "Faust." Gounod
11. American National Hymn, (Varied for Organ). W. E. Thayer

Well, the "Storm," with all its pedal thunder, and its murmuring, rushing, whistling winds, its clearing

off, bird songs, &c., and even with the gas\* turned down (!), did not produce a very great sensation. No fault of the player; but the thing itself, the composition, was not only weak and cheap, but unexciting. We trust the seekers for a sign, those who go out to see "a read shaken by the wind," are satisfied; or must we still send for a Freyberg magician? Mr. Thayer played the Toccata and Fugue of Bach clearly and evenly, and if it was not more applauded than the "Storm," it did stir the souls of music-loving earnest people. The march by Gluck sounded nobly. In the movements from the Mendelssohn Sonata in G, quite original combinations of stops were used, and to good advantage. "O mio Fernando" was an odd thing to introduce into an organ concert; "Che furo," from Orpheus, was much better. The singing was all creditable. A lesson might be drawn from a comparison of the methods of the two singers. Mr. WHEELER has the art of reserving force of voice against the right time; he is looking forward while he shapes his tones. Miss RYAN rather spends all in the present moment; there is a stress of voice on almost every tone, which becomes painful after a time, destroying the elasticity of the whole piece by too frequent emphasis; there should be more withheld, kept in the shade; in song, as in all human efforts, nothing is done finely unless it convey a sense of reserved power. The lovers' duet in "Faust" was sung with delicate expression, and encored. The accompaniments were played on a piano-forte by Mr. HAMANN.

Last Sunday evening Mr. WILLCOX, urged to repeat his concert of Catholic music, gave a second, with a programme varied, for the better, and was again honored by a very large attendance.

- Part I.
1. Offertoire, in C minor. Battiste
2. Chorus. "Credo," from the "Imperial Mass." Haydn
3. Bass Song. "The Battle Prayer." Himmel
4. Chorus. "Kyrie Eleison," from Mass in G. Weber
5. Song. "But the Lord is mindful of his own." Mendelssohn
6. Chorus. "Ave verum." Mozart
7. Soprano Solo and Chorus. "Benedictus"—16th Mass. Haydn
- Part II.
1. Organ. Improvisation. J. H. Willcox
2. Tenor Solo and Chorus. "Ave verum." Falkenstein
3. Song. "I will extol Thee, O Lord," from "Eli." Costa
4. Organ. "Offertoire" in G. Lefebvre Wely
5. Baritone Song. "God everywhere." Lachner
6. Duet. "Ave Maria." Mozart
7. Choral Motet. "Insanis et vana cura." Haydn

The Organ never seemed in better condition and sounded superbly, especially in accompaniment. Mr. Willcox was particularly happy in his improvisation this time. The choruses were sung by the choir of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and with fine effect. The best of all was the *Ave verum corpus* by Mozart, that pure and noble piece of harmony; but the selections from Haydn were of the best to be found in that composer's warm, luxurious masses. The piece by Falkenstein, an organist in a Catholic Church in this city, showed a clever hand and feeling for this kind of music. The solo singers all made an excellent impression.

A series of Saturday Organ Concerts is the newest institution, inaugurated last Saturday Afternoon at 4 o'clock, and to be continued every week indefinitely. Their peculiarity is, that they are to be limited to one hour in length, the price, the character of programmes, and all else, remaining the same as usual. Let this custom be kept up without faltering, whether the audience be large or small, (and let the price be brought down as soon as it shall be thought fit), and it will henceforth enter into the calculations of strangers visiting our city not to miss the chance of hearing the Great Organ on a Saturday afternoon.

We lament that we have not any room to do justice to the magnificent Organ built by the Messrs. HOOK, for the Church of the Immaculate Conception, nor to record the interesting inauguration by Mr. Willcox and his choir, by which thousands were delighted, on the evening of the third inst. For the sake of giving a more adequate description, we prefer to wait until our next issue.

## New Publications.

"BUCK'S MOTETTE COLLECTION." This is the rather awkward title of a variety of pieces of considerable length, some thirty in number, "suited to the opening and close of divine worship," some composed, some arranged, some selected, by DUDLEY BUCK, JR., organist of the North Congregational Church in Hartford, Conn.

The book smacks of a Leipsic culture; its author, we believe, studied there. This appears in the numerous selections from composers of the Leipsic school: thus four excellent pieces by Hauptmann, others by Richter, Julius Rietz, &c. This is good stuff to draw from. It appears also in Mr. Buck's own contributions, a dozen in number, which are elaborately written, with more or less of counterpoint and fugue, and with regular organ accompaniments with a pedal part, sometimes difficult; judging from a hasty glance there is good matter in them. There are also contributions from half a dozen other American organists and choir-leaders, some of which "look well." Among the other selections and arrangements we notice a beautiful *Benedictus* from one of Mozart's Masses; a part of a *Requiem* by Cherubini; the wonderful chorus of prisoners enjoying the air, from Beethoven's *Fidelio*—certainly religious enough; a *Magnificat* by Haydn; the chaste and lovely wedding chorus from Rossini's "Tell"; one of Beethoven's "Six Sacred Songs" arranged in four parts; the Lord's Prayer by Meyerbeer; one or two pieces by Mendelssohn, &c. These cover a variety of sentiments and subjects; they are Motets, not in the strict old sense of the word, but so-called, we suppose, for want of a better general term for sacred pieces of some length for a choir, not always fitly defined by the term "Anthem." Some of Mr. B.'s own pieces, however, do conform pretty nearly to one of the old Motet forms.

We are sure there is a great deal of beautiful and useful music in this book; and very few of the pieces have been used in similar collections before; so that it opens a fresh stock to our more enterprising choirs, and one which they will not soon exhaust. Perhaps upon closer acquaintance we shall have more to say of it. Ditson & Co. publish it.

"DR. A. B. MARX'S GENERAL MUSICAL INSTRUCTION." In this handsome octavo of 140 pages, Ditson & Co. give us a reprint of a very desirable book, hitherto locked up in a more expensive English edition. Dr. Marx, of Berlin, is the most philosophical and thorough-going of all the theoretic writers upon music. Here we have a popular abstract and summary of his great work the "Compositions-Lehre." Briefly, clearly and wisely, it maps out and explains the whole field of musical education, touching upon everything, from the first rudiments of scales and rhythm to the highest art of fugue and counterpoint; defining all the forms of composition, from a simple melody, a chorale, to a Sonata, a Symphony, an Oratorio; and all the instruments, of each class, even to a full orchestral score. It is good to get this matter all so well laid out, by so eminent an authority, even in the brief hints of such an abstract. It will teach you how to go to work to learn more.

CONCERTS AT HAND. This afternoon at 4 o'clock the SATURDAY ORGAN CONCERT in the Music Hall.

Tomorrow evening the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY will perform Costa's "Eli." (first time since 1857), with good soloists, grand chorus, orchestra, and the Great Organ, ZERRAHL conducting.

In next Wednesday's ORCHESTRAL UNION concert, the organ will be played by Mrs. FRODOCK, who has won an honorable distinction in the West, as Miss Tillinghast, by her performance of the highest classical organ music, including the Fugues, Toccatas, Trio Sonatas, &c. of Bach. The Symphony will be Mendelssohn's "Italian."

Next Saturday evening, at Chickering's, Mr. EICHBERG gives the first of his two Orchestral Soirées. His select orchestra will play a Symphony by Haydn (in E flat); Overture to *Preisosa*; Beethoven's 1st Symphony, and the Allegretto from his 8th.

NEW YORK.—The third Philharmonic Concert wore a very "future" or "new school" complexion. Liszt's "Faust" Symphony occupied the first part, being given here for the first time. It consists of three movements: 1. Allegro, answering to "Faust;" 2. Andante, "Gretchen;" 3. Scherzo and Finale, with solo and chorus for male voices, "Mephistopheles." The "Arion Society" sang the chorus, and Herr Quint (Sig. Quinto) the tenor solo. The work had the advantage of Carl Bergmann's able direction, as did the rest of the concert, and seems to have pleased many; the *Musical Review* is even enthusiastic about it and thinks the *motivo* that portrays Gretchen as beautiful as any of the melodies in Beethoven's Adagios! Part II. comprised the Introduction to Wagner's *Lohengrin*; a chorus for male voice, "Treue Liebe," by Esser; a *Lied*, "To the storm," by Evers, sung by Herr Joseph Hermanns; and Weber's *Euryanthe* overture. "Mr. H. C. Timm presided at the organ," whatever that may mean.

In Messrs. MASON and THOMAS's third soirée of chamber music, three sterling and by no means too familiar compositions formed the whole programme. 1. String Quartet in F, (op 41, No. 2,) by Schumann; 2. Posthumous Sonata, for piano, in C minor, by Schubert (first time); 3. No. 1 of the "Rasoumoffski" Quartets (op. 59, in F,) by Beethoven (the same which our Mendelssohn Quintette Club gave us last time). The performers were William Mason, piano; Theodore Thomas, first violin; J. Mosenthal, second violin; G. Matzka, violin; and F. Bergner, violoncello. In their first soirée, this season these artists played: Quartet No. 2 (D minor), Mozart; Sonata in F sharp minor, op. 11, Schumann; Quintet in C, op. 29, Beethoven. In the second soirée: Quartet in B flat, Haydn; Sonata in A minor, op. 105, Schumann; Quartet in E flat, op. 127, Beethoven. Their audiences may be congratulated on such programmes.

Mr. ALFRED H. PEASE, a young American pianist, who has been studying in Berlin under Hans von Bülow and Kullak, gave his first concert last week, and won much praise for his executive ability. Pieces by modern writers for the piano are expected to enter largely into his programmes. This time he played two of Liszt's transcriptions: the March in *Tannhäuser* and "Rigoletto," and two pieces by Raff. He had the assistance of several singers, Mrs. Van Zandt, and Messrs. J. R. Thomas, Himmer and Abella, who sang songs by Schubert, Mendelssohn, Bellini, and one or two English ones.

The German Opera Company (ANSCHUTZ) have gone to Philadelphia, after giving with variable success *Martha*, *Stradella*, *Fidelio*, *La Dame Blanche*, *Faust*, *Tannhäuser*, and Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor."

MARETZKE has secured BRIGNOLI, who was to appear this week in *I Puritani*. Also a Miss HOSMER, "a young girl about the age and size of Adelina Patti," and a voice said to be equal to Patti's, of English birth, a pupil of Manjocchi, was to make her debut at the Academy in *Lucia*.

HARRISON's English Opera troupe are playing alternately in Brooklyn and New York. *Fra Diavolo* is announced, after which it is said that they will come to Boston. The basso, J. R. Thomas, has been added to the troupe.

Mr. JOHN K. PAINE gave a fine organ-concert last week at St. George's Church, with a good programme.

Mr. Paine, in his two visits to New York, has been warmly welcomed by the more serious musicians and amateurs.

The committee having in charge the Musical Department of the great Metropolitan Sanitary Fair, of which Mr. WM. SCHARFENBERG is chairman, are vigorously at work, and have already instituted, among other plans, a series of private concerts for the benefit of the Fair. The first took place on Saturday, the

6th, when Messrs. Scharfenberg, Joseph Burke and Bergmann played a Trio of Mendelssohn, and Mrs. Kempton, Miss Simons, Mrs. Wilson, Messrs. Centemeri, R. Hoffman, and the German "Männer-Quartet," assisted.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—One of the most enterprising of the young knights of harmony, who rarely lets himself be lost sight of during the musical campaign, is thus gazetted by the *Brooklyn Union* of the 25th ult.

Mr. Jerome Hopkins gave his first Piano Matinée on Saturday, at the Aquarial Hall, to an audience by far the most fashionable and numerous ever seen within the walls of that pretty and tasteful *salle de concert*. Not only was every seat filled, but after all the stools and chairs were called into requisition, several ladies quietly and sensibly sat upon the edge of the stage platform, while numbers stood up throughout a good part of the performance. The concert consisted entirely of the playing, and in a good measure of the compositions of the young virtuoso, whose versatility was exhibited in music of such opposite schools as the Fugues by Bach and Cherubini—probably the most difficult and classical music ever written—and mazurkas of Chopin, certainly as curious, not to say grotesque. The famous fantasia, for one hand alone, was also on the programme, and was loudly applauded, as were likewise Mr. Hopkins's own compositions, the "Don Pasquale" Fantasia "Il Trovatore," and the ever popular "Pearl Drops." The proverbial memory of this pianist was fully exhibited in the performance of this entire programme of fourteen pieces without a note of music before him!

PHILADELPHIA. ERNST HARTMANN, a pianist much admired in refined circles, has changed his purpose of leaving Philadelphia and will make it his home. His second matinée (postponed by severe illness) took place Feb. 6th, in the Foyer of the Academy of Music, when he performed, unassisted, the following programme: Liszt's "Schiller March"; Chopin's Prelude in D flat and Etude in G flat; two Songs without Words by Mendelssohn; Liszt's *Campanella de Paganini*; *Romanza* by Schumann, and *Tarantella* by Heller; Chopin's *Polonaise* in A flat.

The German Opera (Anschutz) reopened at the Academy on the 8th inst., with a "large and elegant audience." The *Bulletin* says:

Nicolai's opera, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, was admirably performed—much better than it was last year. The advantage of having a first class basso and a first class tenor was manifest. Herr Hermanns, who played "Falstaff," is much the finest basso that the German company has ever given us. He sang excellently well, and looked and acted the fat knight to perfection. Habelmann sang deliciously in the rôle of "Fenton," while Steinecke, as "Mr. Flath" (the "Ford" of Shakspeare,) was admirable in all respects. Mmes. Johanneßen and Frederici were both good as the merry wives, and Mlle. Canissa as "Sweet Ann Page" did better than she has done in other operas. The audience seemed to enjoy the performance from beginning to end.

*La Dame Blanche* was performed in admirable style, and its charming melodies gave great delight. Mme. Frederici looked and sang beautifully. Her lovely ballad, sung at the spinning wheel, was heartily applauded. Mlle. Canissa, as "Jenny," did her best, but that is not very good. Mr. Hermanns was excellent as "Gaveston." The great part of the opera is that of "George Brown," and in this Mr. Habelmann appeared to great advantage. His first cavatina, best known by its French words, "*Ah quel plaisir d'être soldat*," was sung brilliantly, and in the last scene, where the quaint air of "Robin Adair" is introduced, he was remarkably effective. The concerted pieces of the opera were well done, and one delicious trio was encored. The orchestra was excellent as usual. *La Dame Blanche* will always draw well when Habelmann is the tenor.

Next came Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, new to the Philadelphians, about which the local critics differ and seem sadly puzzled. One says: "Judging from the number who left after the second act, it was a relief when Wagner's future music became a thing of the past." Spohr's *Jessonda* was to be given on Monday for the first time in America. The prospect also contains another work by Flotow, *Indra*, besides Gounod's *Faust*, of course.

CARL FORMES is again in this country; will Anschutz seize upon him? or will he Italianize himself?

CARL WOLFSOHN's second soirée was well attended. The programme was, as follows:

Sonata, (in D major) Piano and 'cello..... Mendelssohn  
Messrs. Wolfsohn and Ahrend.  
Song—"Widmung"..... R. Schumann  
Herr Habelmann.  
Solo Piano—"Faust"..... Wolfsohn  
C. Wolfsohn.  
Song—"Moorish Serenade"..... Kücken  
Quintet—(E Flat).  
Piano and wind Instruments..... Beethoven

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Glory immortal, and deathless fame. (O gloria cinto d'allor,) "Faust"

Here we have the music of the Soldier's Chorus, arranged as a song. As a large proportion of the original consists of unison passages, this is but little different from the other. Good for treble or tenor voices, and sounds well with a unison chorus.

The waves were dancing lightly. Barcarole.

F. Kücken.

A pretty song, with a simple melody, and an artistic and very sweet accompaniment. The words by Linley.

Slumber song. (Schlummerlied). F. Kücken.

The melody more varied and striking than the above. Very gentle and soothing. Both songs are of a high order. This one has German and English words.

Bury me in the sunshine. (Last words of Archbishop Hughes). J. W. Turner. 25

A pleasing sentiment, acceptable to all who take a cheerful view of death. The music is perfectly appropriate to the words.

If I sleep will mother come. Ballad. H. W. Luther. 25

One of the sweet little ballads elicited by events in the war. A young soldier, very near his last hour, and longing, as most young soldiers do, for "mother," and her soothing ministrations, falls asleep with the opening words of the song on his lips. But he soon passes to the sleep that knows no waking. Buy it for your collection of war songs.

O gloria. Quartet and Chorus from Faust.

E. Bruce.

The famous Soldier's Chorus once more, but arranged for four singers or a chorus. Italian and English words.

### Instrumental Music.

The village maid. (Du Mädchen vom Lande)

Field flowers. Th. Oesten. Op. 128. 25

Another of the simple and unpretending Kornblumen, or "field flowers." Fits easily to the fingers in playing, and a good piece for learners.

Preciosa. (Bouquet de Melodies. No. 57).

F. Beyer.

Some of the choicest airs of the above opera, combined and connected in Beyer's well-known style. Of medium difficulty, and excellent for practice.

Off in the still night. Variations. J. S. Drake. 50

The old melody made new, by placing it in five sharps and accompanying with artistic variations.

Troubadour et Chateleine. Blumenthal. 60

Difficult. Of high character.

### Books.

Lenhart's Elements of Music. A clear and systematic arrangement of rules for the piano-forte. To which are added, Burrowes' Guide to Practice, and Czerny's Celebrated Letters on the Art of Playing the Piano-forte. 40

A very "handy" book for teachers with young pupils, who are very apt to forget, and need a text book. These "rules" are given in very clear language, and the author, having the use of previous "catechisms," has improved, to some extent, on them all.

Czerny's letters are most valuable for a pupils' reading, and the Guide to Practice a good one.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 598.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1864.

VOL. XXIII. No. 25.

Translated for this Journal.

## From Mendelssohn's Letters.

TO FANNY HENSEL IN BERLIN.

Leipzig, Jan. 13, 1843.

.... Yesterday we rehearsed a new Symphony by a Dane, named Gade, which we mean to bring out in the course of the next month, and which has delighted me more than any other piece for a long time. He has a great, a remarkable talent, and I wish that you might hear this altogether peculiar, very earnest, and well-sounding Danish Symphony. I write him a few lines to-day, although I know nothing at all of him, farther than that he lives in Copenhagen, and is 26 years old. But I must thank him for the pleasure; for really there scarcely is a better one, than to hear fine music, and to wonder more and more with every bar, and yet feel more at home. Ah! if it only did not come so seldom! ..

TO N. W. GADE, MUSICAL ARTIST IN COPENHAGEN.

Leipzig, Jan. 13, 1843.

HONORED SIR:—We had yesterday the first rehearsal of your Symphony in C minor, and, although I am personally quite unknown to you, I cannot resist the wish to address you, in order to tell you what extraordinary pleasure you have caused me through your excellent work, and how heartily grateful I am to you for the great enjoyment which it has afforded me. No piece for a long time has made a livelier or more beautiful impression on me, and, as I wondered more and more with every bar, and yet felt more at home, it became a necessity with me to-day to express to you my thanks for so much joy, to tell you how high I place your noble talent, how eager this Symphony, the only thing which I yet know of you, makes me to see your earlier and later things. And since I hear that you are still so young, it is to the *later* that I can look with especial joy,—for them I hail firm hopes in so beautiful a work;—and for them I thank you now already, as well as for the enjoyment I had yesterday.

We shall make still more rehearsals of the Symphony, and bring it out in three or four weeks. The parts were so full of errors, that we have got first to look them through together and have several of them newly copied; and then probably it will not go like a new thing, but like a thing familiar and dear to the whole orchestra. Indeed that was already the case yesterday, and among us *musicians* there was but one voice. Still it must go so, that *every one* may hear it. Herr Raymond Härtel told me, there was some talk of your coming here yourself in the course of the winter. I would that might be the case, and that I might then express or prove to you my gratitude and my high esteem better and more clearly by word of mouth, than mere written words can do it! But whether we become acquainted now or not, I pray you ever to regard me as one, who will follow all your works with love and sympathy, and to whom the meeting

with an artist like yourself, and with a work of Art like your C minor Symphony, will always be the greatest and most heartfelt joy.

Your devoted,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

TO N. W. GADE, IN COPENHAGEN.

Leipzig, March 2, 1843.

HONORED SIR:—Yesterday in our 18th subscription concert your C minor Symphony was performed for the first time, to the lively, undivided delight of the whole public, breaking out into the loudest applause after each of the four movements. After the Scherzo there was a real excitement among the people, and it seemed as if there would be no end to the jubilation and the hand-clapping; so too after the Adagio—so too after the last movement—and after the first—after all in fact! To see the musicians so unanimous, the public so in raptures, the performance so successful—that was as great a joy to me, as if I had made the work myself! Or even greater; for in one's own one always sees the faults, the non-successful parts the clearest, whereas in your work I feel nothing at all but joy over all the glorious beauties.

Last evening has made the whole Leipzig public, that really loves music, your lasting friend; henceforth no one will speak of your name and your work otherwise than with the heartiest respect; and every one of your future works will be received with open arms, immediately studied with the utmost care, and hailed with joy by all the friends of music here.

"The man who wrote the last half of the Scherzo, is an excellent master, and from him we have the right to expect the greatest and most glorious works:"—that was the universal voice last evening in our orchestra, in the whole hall,—and we are not changeable people here. So you have gained for yourself by your work a great crowd of friends for life; go on and fulfill our wishes and our hopes, by writing many, many works in the same kind, of the same beauty, and help to give a new life to our beloved art, for which Heaven has given you all that it can give.

Besides the rehearsal, of which I had written you before, we had had within these last days two others, and, save a few slight and unimportant errors, the Symphony went with a life and an inspiration, from which alone one could already see how delighted we musicians all are with it. I hear that Kistner is to publish it; allow me the question, whether the superscription of the first introduction in 6-4 measure, which afterwards returns, might not lead to misunderstandings? It stands there, if I am not mistaken, *Moderato e sostenuto*. Instead of this *sostenuto* should not something like *con moto* or *con molto di moto* be engraved? The former superscription would (as it seems to me) lead to the right tempo, if it were 6-8 instead of 6-4 measure; but in 6-4 one is so very much accustomed to count off the single quarters heavily or slowly, that I imagine the movement would be taken too slow, as it indeed

happened with me in the first rehearsal, until I kept no longer to the notes and superscription, but only to the sense. And since so many musicians cleave so fast to just these superscriptions, I wanted at least to express to you my doubts in this regard.

Receive my thanks, too, for your dear letter, and for the friendly purpose which you announce to me in it.\* But still more I thank you for the joy that you have caused me through the work itself. Believe me, no one can follow your career with more sympathy, or anticipate your further labors with more hopes and greater love, than your respectfully devoted,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Half a dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

II. ANTONIO SALIERI.

[Continued from page 187.]

Let him go on composing and disobeying his master for a time, while we endeavor to put ourselves into the time and place in which the youth so singularly found himself, instead of being among Italians enjoying the exquisite beauties of Naples, and the musical advantages then so numerous there.

Maria Theresa lost her husband—Emperor Francis I.—Aug. 18, 1765, and never entered the theatre but once afterward, at the performance of Didot's "Father of a Family," in 1771. The Imperial theatres remained closed after Francis's death some eight months, during which divers changes were determined upon and effected by the new Emperor of Germany, Joseph II., who also shared with his mother the administration of the hereditary dominions.

The French troop of actors was dismissed, to the great dissatisfaction of the court-theatre public, the management by the Court given up, and the two theatres—that near the "Kärnthner Thor" (Carinthian gate) and that attached to the Burg (the Palace)—were leased. Of the excessively low condition of the spoken drama at that time in Vienna, and how through the influence of French actors and English dramas it rose to be the first in Germany, it is not in our way to speak. Suffice it, that there were three parties, one for extemporized plays, i. e., the plan of a drama given, the dialogue extemporized by the actors—a second for regular pieces, and the third for a French company. The lessee, Hilverding, opened the houses on Easter Monday, 1776; but gave way very soon to a Mr. Häring and two companions, who in turn transferred them to Affligio, May 10, 1767, who engaged a French troop again.

Joseph II. seems to have labored all his life under the misfortune of a disposition to begin great things and drive them so long as the novelty lasted only; so it was with the founding of

\* Gade dedicated the C minor Symphony to Mendelssohn.

a national drama now, and of a national opera some years later; and so the French drama came again upon the boards.

"And now a word more upon Joseph the Second." So begins an article in the *Speyer Musikalische Correspondenz* (July 28, 1790), which article is precisely to the point, and is confirmed by the hundred other authorities which—need not be cited.

"As in many an instance," says our writer, "in the matter of State-economy, he had the ill luck, to be misled by a sort of deceptive polish in the selection of persons who should help him in carrying his noble ideas into practise, precisely so it happened to him in music. If there was any one person in our imperial capital, who prized and loved music, and at the same time understood it, it was he. Every afternoon he enjoyed the pleasure of performing in a little concert with three of his chamber musicians and his chamberlain, Strack, who possessed his master's implicit confidence, and was also a musician. But rarely was the choice of pieces such as it might and ought to have been. You understand what I mean by this. Salieri, our worthy Salieri, it is true, was his idol; but then the position of a Kapellmeister at the head of his orchestra in the opera, is very different from that in the private apartment of his ruler. There he has full liberty of action; but here, where the constellations are very different, it is possible that even a hint from one of his subalterns must be obeyed as a command. But farther, the first violinist in these private concerts of the Emperor was Herr Kriebig—a man created to direct music, and one who has a fine knowledge of its theory, but, to his misfortune as an artist, also a little of a charlatan, perhaps more affected than real. His moral character good, &c., &c. \* \* \* The chamberlain Strack played the violoncello, and had also care of the musical library. It would carry me too far to draw you a picture of the moral character of this man. You know this sort of people, who, as Schiller says, are the makeshifts, where numbers are few, in a moment make themselves seven times short, and seven times long, like a butterfly on a pin, and have to keep a register of their master's —. Enough, Strack was always about Joseph and knew so well how to take advantage of his opportunities, as to be able to do every thing in musical matters, whatever he had a mind to.

"Waborzil, cabinet musician and director in the theatre, a very good violinist, but a most mediocre director. It lies in his character, except when forced by the duties of his place, to do nothing at all for art, and he composes nothing. Hoffmann and Bonnheimer were formerly cabinet musicians in the service of Archduke Maximilian. [Joseph's brother and (1784) Archbishop and Elector of Cologne.]

"On extra occasions Umlauf, who has now the charge of the musical lessons of the royal children [Leopold's Joseph's successor], and whom the Emperor Joseph raised from being a viola player to the place of Kapellmeister, because his opera the "*Bergknappen*" had the luck to please him wonderfully, notwithstanding it was received by many with but doubtful applause.

"Finally, I mention a certain Krottendorfer, a man who gained Strack's good will by flattery and obeyed his every wish like a puppet.

"All these persons met together only in extraordinary cases. Usually only three of them with

Strack and Joseph. The latter took often the piano-forte, often the violoncello, and not seldom a vocal part. Very rarely were quartets played, and when they were, none but such as Kriebig or Strack had recommended as palatable dishes. Why these gentlemen so carefully excluded a Haydn, Mozart, Kozeluch, Pleyel and other fine musicians, together with their works, I leave here unanswered. Enough, that Joseph was not allowed to hear a note of these certainly excellent composers; on the other hand, all the more from such as are not worthy to unloose the lachet of their shoes. The Emperor was fond of the pathetic, and sometimes had music of Gassmann, Ordonez, &c., placed on the stands. Generally, however, favorite passages from serious operas and oratorios were played from the score. Joseph had the fault of greatly enjoying it, when the music went at odds and ends; and the more Kriebig labored, and heated himself, and stormed, the more heartily Joseph laughed. These imperial concerts therefore had often a double object, that of artistic enjoyment and of sport. Kriebig in them played the part, for which in old times it was the custom to appoint a certain class of persons, that of butt for their wit. Kriebig is also really the man to bear a jest and joke, if one does not forget at every stroke to add a few drops of the universal balsam, called flattery.

"This private concert took place daily in the Emperor's own room. It began for the most part immediately after his dinner and lasted until time for the play. If public business interfered, it began later and lasted so much the longer, especially when nothing of interest was given in the theatre. Strack was always present, but the other chamber musicians took turns, three to-day, other three to-morrow. The Emperor visited the theatre very constantly, especially the Italian opera, in which he took great pleasure. Salieri's "*Azur, Rè d'Ormus*" was his favorite.

"You see that he would have done much for music, if happily he had chosen a different set of musicians. Salieri, no doubt, saw the real state of the case; but as I said before, the relations of a Kapellmeister in the public concert-room are very different from those in the cabinet of a Joseph. Salieri had too much policy to come into collision with the shadows of his Monarch, and the others must hold it a favor to enjoy their positions with the finger on their lips."

It will be noticed that the above was written after Joseph's decease and describes the confirmed habits of his later years. He was born March 13, 1741, and had consequently completed his 25th year, but three months before the boy Salieri was brought to Vienna.

He, like his ancestors, had received a thorough musical education, with a bias to the Italian Operatic School, which as yet had no rival but in the French comic opera, and this rivalry was little felt in Vienna, though a few years later, nay even now, it had the upper hand in North and West Germany, where Paris pieces were translated and given everywhere. Joseph played various instruments well, was a master of singing, and read scores with facility. Another writer says of the private concerts described above, that they followed his dinner, (which he ate alone in his music-room, giving hardly more than fifteen minutes to it) and lasted about an hour, in which he played viola or violoncello, or the piano-forte, in which latter case he sang a part. He took great

interest in the *opera buffa*, selected the pieces to be performed, looked them through in those private concerts with his brother Maximilian, and attended the rehearsals in the theatre.

It was therefore natural that when Affligio took the theatres in hand he should devote himself to the French spoken drama, the ballet and the Italian *opera buffa*, to the utter neglect of the German stage, for which Joseph's zeal had, for the present, cooled, and which existed, one may almost say, only in the form of local burlesque pieces and farces. With the history of the German spoken drama in Vienna, which soon after began to rise, and in a dozen or fifteen years reached remarkable perfection, we have here nothing to do—not even with the energetic and indefatigable labors of Sonnenfels, a name of high honor in theatrical annals.

Divers changes in the management took place, but in August, 1770, the two theatres came into the hands of Count Kohary, with Franz Heufeld, a dramatic writer of some note, as manager. That such a position was no sinecure, see the following: there was a German and a French company for the spoken drama, an Italian opera, *seria* and *buffa*, and a very costly ballet under Noverre. The Italian operas were performed once a week in the Kärnthnerthor house, and twice a week in the Burg. The troop consisted of eight solo-singers men, and seven do. women. The expenses reached 30,275 fl., some \$15,000. The serious operas given were not numerous, and confined almost to those of Gluck and, in time, of Salieri; but the lists of performances in those years show comic operas by Galuppi, Gassmann, Guglielmi, Paisiello, Piccini, Salieri, and, by and by, Righini.

Ballets were given daily in both theatres (?); in both Noverre directed, but those of the Burg—the French—far surpassed those in the Kärnthnerthor—German. In the Burg there were five solo female dancers, ten men, ten women, and sixteen pupils in the corps de ballet. The ballet expenses reached 50,000 fl. The two orchestras cost 15,000 fl. Gassmann was Kapellmeister and composer; Starzer composed for the ballets; Trani was director of the orchestra in the Burg, which numbered thirty-one members,—in the other house but twenty-six.

Gluck, at the time of Salieri's advent with Gassmann, had produced but one of the works, which was to live and keep his name alive, when the others above recorded are forgotten, the "*Orpheus and Eurydice*" (1764); the "*Alceste*" was however soon to follow. (1768). [The visit of Dr. Burney to Vienna fell in these years (1772), and to those who have access to his "*Present State of Music in Germany*," I recommend the reading of the last half of Vol. I.

(To be continued.)

### Carl Maria Von Weber.

A LIFE PICTURE.

(Continued from page 187.)

Concerning Weber's change of residence from one city to another, after he had left Freiberg with his father: concerning the many events, frequently more saddening than cheerful, of his life—events which have hitherto been for the most part totally unknown; concerning his gradual progress as an artist, &c., we must refer our readers to the book itself, which contains the most truthful and unvarnished account of all these particulars, and is, perhaps, for some persons, here

and there, too minute, though it is every where deserving of praise for the strictest conscientiousness, and, even in the slightest details, possesses importance for every thoughtful individual who feels an interest in the education of man by actual life. Weber was now in one place and now in another; in Salzburg, in Eutin, in Augsburg, in Vienna, in Breslau (where he was nearly killed from having swallowed a heavy draught of nitric acid, from a bottle which he mistook in the dark for one containing wine), in Carlsruhe (Silesia), at the Court of Prince Eugen Friedrich von Württemberg; in Stuttgart, as private secretary and managing man to the extravagant and debt-oppressed Duke Ludwig, where he was mixed up in the whirlpool of the Court life at the time, and in the affairs of the country, which were in a wretched state as far as regards right, honesty and morality. He became also involved in foolish acts, the sudden acknowledgment of which, however, produced a beneficial change in his character and mode of life. But happier days dawned for him in Mannheim, Heidelberg, Darmstadt and the neighborhood, except Frankfurt, where his old bad luck still pursued him, his very promising expectations of making a considerable sum by a concert being entirely annihilated, first by the ascent of the celebrated aeronaut, Madame Blanchard, and then by Napoleon's decree ordering a blockade of the continent and the burning of all English merchandise there.

We now accompany the young artist, whose appointment in Mannheim came to nothing, on his two more than usually long professional tours in the year 1811. On his first tour, he visited the South German towns of Aschaffenburg, Würzburg, Bamberg, Nuremberg, Augsburg and Munich, where he stayed a considerable time; at the commencement of the second, he had to suffer from the after-pains of the Stuttgart squabbles and the arbitrariness of the Royal Government, for he was again arrested and conveyed across the frontier. He then visited Switzerland, gave concerts in Schaffhausen, Winterthur, Zurich, Basle, and Berne, and freshened himself up by a trip into the mountains. His public performances were swayed by a strange fate, which only too frequently ruined all his hopes. When we recollect that the sum of 130 florins taken at a concert (as, for instance, at Basle) was considered something very extraordinary, we can scarcely comprehend how Weber could defray the expenses of his journeys. His three months' excursion in Switzerland contributed materially, however, to extend his reputation, and brought him into contact with a large number of distinguished men, original and liberal in their opinions. "The most important result of his journey," says his biographer, "was the enrichment of his inward world by the contemplation of the grandeur of nature, and, which is of equal weight, the shock given to the notion, which he had hitherto entertained and often expressed, that the atmosphere illuminated by princely love for art was alone calculated to develop the latter, especially music. The warm pulsations of true republican hearts at the tones of good music nearly cured him of the prejudice that high refinement of manners was necessary to string human nature with sufficient fineness fully to appreciate music."

On his next journey he was accompanied by Bärmann, the admirable clarinetist, of Munich. They went by way of Prague, Dresden, Leipsic, and Weimar, to Berlin, where Weber remained from the 20th February to the 31st August, 1812. The thirteenth section comprises Weber's professional life as operatic conductor at Prague, from April 1, 1813, to September 30, 1816. To this period belongs his magnificent music to Körner's *Leyer und Schwert*. Some portions of the period were, however, passed by him at Berlin, where he was greatly honored, and at Munich. The last chapter of the book treats of his betrothal to Caroline Brandt, and his appointment as conductor of the king's private band in Dresden, on the 21st December, 1816. He received the official notification of the fact on Christmas day. He had kept the whole matter a secret from his future bride, and announced this piece of good fortune for both of them in a humorous manner, by writ-

ing the young lady a most unimportant letter, and putting at the bottom, "My address is: To Herr Carl Maria von Weber, Royal Saxony Capellmeister, Dresden."

From the above lengthened notice of the Biography, and the extracts we have given, the reader will clearly perceive that we recommend it as a valuable addition to the literature of music. We anxiously await the next volume, and have merely to add that we trust the book, which is otherwise admirably got up, will be more carefully corrected. The fact of the biography containing interesting information connected with many musical celebrities, with whom Weber was closely connected, heightens the charm of its perusal. We will, in conclusion, quote an instance of this kind. We will select what is said, in various passages, concerning the Abbé Vogler, so highly celebrated at the commencement of the present century.

"The mind of Vogler and that of Franz Anton (Carl Maria's father) were twins possessing remarkable similarity, only somewhat weakened by external circumstances affecting their development, and this similarity had even impressed a character of affinity on their features. In the joyous brilliancy of Carl Theodore's Court, and among the cavaliers of the Kurtrier Guard, Vogler would, probably, have been the jovial, reckless Franz Anton, while the latter, at the pedal-harpsichord of Master Wenzel Stantinger, and amongst the monks and prelates of the Würzburg chapter, who listened to the boy as he played the organ, would, probably have been a very celebrated, and vain musician. Both were glowing with the love of art, for which they possessed eminent talent: both were fond of all kinds of splendor; both allowed, when it suited their purpose, pinchbeck to be passed off for gold, and both, therefore, even in art, valued form above matter, and effectiveness above depth; both took an equally lively delight in material ease; and both were led, with equal force, by vanity along roads which turned them from the employment of their talent in the interest of the highest aim of art. But Vogler enjoyed an advantage over Franz Anton; on his entrance into life he had immediately fallen among that middle class society, in whose opinion a person of his disposition was of no account. In constant communication with the strictly disciplined priesthood, immovably conscious of their object, he gained, even from his youth, that feeling for order, discipline, and a decided bias of the will, which had made him a celebrated man, while the want of it condemned Franz Anton to remain a poor musician strolling about with his phenomenon of a boy. Deeply versed in every thing to be gained in the world of tone by a strong memory, and a thoroughly critical judgment; conscious of the objects for which he had to strive; talented enough even to give animation to his views of works of art; skilled, as a pupil of the Jesuits, on every occasion to exhibit to the public that facet of his many-sided mind, from whose brilliancy he anticipated the greatest effect; weighty in his utterances; imposing and, at the same time, affable in his behavior; purposely eccentric in his habits, in order to be able, without exciting astonishment, to adopt any form of life, yet, on the other hand, without any philosophical consistency of thought, and hence in his expressions, full of obscurity which he endeavored to pass off as mystical profundity; conscious of the unsatisfactory scientific foundation of his systems and arrangements, which he attempted to mask by apodictics and assurance of enunciation; rising up and disappearing as a somewhat charlatanlike apostle of his musical gospel in all parts of the civilized world; everywhere patronized and supported by the priesthood; and everywhere opposed by the sturdy practice of art, Vogler was just the man to cause a large number of his brother artists and of the public to take an interest in him, but, at the same time, to divide them into two diametrically opposite parties, one of which swore by him, while the other branded him as a heretic and opposed what he did. But he was, however, also, just the man, in virtue of the above mentioned positive and negative qualities, and of his spiritual discipline, to influence most profoundly young minds, and to appear in the eyes of beginners as a prophet whose steps they had closely to follow, were he even to lead them to martyrdom. The form of his indisputable talent for teaching favored this influence amazingly, because he always understood how to appear before his disciples as a high-priest full of mildness and urbanity, but who, notwithstanding, dared to impart to them only a small portion of the irrefutable truths suggested to him by his God. His tone, his walk, his small tinsure, the holy water he himself brought from Rome for the Elector Carl Theodore, his order of

the Golden Spur, and the sound of his voice, irresistible for Mad. von Coudenhove, together with his great talents, caused Vogler, in the year 1777, to be appointed Court Chaplain and Conductor of the Private Band to Carl Theodore, at Mannheim. His disposition had, however, too much of the artist and not enough of the Jesuit in it, for him to be able to look on coolly at Father Frank's infamous rule in Munich. He had such a violent misunderstanding with the Father, that he quitted Munich suddenly, in 1781, and set off upon a long course of travel, which took him to France, England, Italy, nay, even to Greece and North America, and during which he exerted himself strenuously to propagate his musical system. By this as well as by his masterly performances on the organ, he gained throughout Europe a great reputation as a learned musician, a teacher, and an organist. From these travels he brought back with him the principal elements of the old Greek music, which he asserted he had discovered in the traditions of southern climes.

"It is from this epoch that we must date Vogler's ardent passion for collecting national melodies, a passion to which he went on devoting more and more time and trouble. It was of great importance for everything connected with the romantic tendency in music, that on two of his pupils, Weber and Meyerbeer, who were destined subsequently to be the chief representatives of this tendency, he so succeeded in impressing his own high opinion of the worth and significance of popular and national melodies, that their works everywhere afford evidence thereof."

Vogler's reputation as a teacher of music induced Gustavus III., of Sweden, to invite him, in 1786, to Stockholm, and to confide to him, after giving him a brilliant appointment as *Chef de la Musique du Roi*, the charge of instructing the Crown Prince. In the far north, for thirteen years, did Vogler work, by word and deed, with indisputable advantage for art and artists. He did not go back to Germany till 1799, when, with the request that the modest living of Pleichach might be conferred on him, he turned towards Würzburg, where he desired to live entirely for music. On the same day that the refusal of his demand was sent from that town, he received an invitation to proceed as teacher of music to Prague. Vogler accepted the invitation, and, on the 9th of November, 1801, delivered his inaugural discourse, having a year previously produced with success, at Berlin, his opera, *Hermann von Unna*, and, in the spring, given concerts in Berlin, Brunswick, and Leipsic.

From the Worcester Palladium.

### The Organ in Boston Music Hall.

Since the opening of the Organ in the Boston Music Hall, it has been a very general complaint, among those who have not heard it, that, from those who had they could obtain no satisfactory description of it, if indeed they could obtain any description at all. In reply to inquiries, the answer would simply be, "it is a fine," or "a noble," or "a magnificent instrument." The critic, now and then, chanced to find it "out of tune;" while the unmusical listener could not see wherein it essentially differed from one and another good organ of less pretension. Several musical writers have reported upon its merits in technical or in general terms, but there remains a vacancy which no pen has yet filled. Nor will it be filled at present. The truth is, that so great an instrument—one of such vast resources, the entire capacities of which must remain hidden, not for months alone, but perhaps for years, cannot be easily comprehended. Our American concert-organists have acquired themselves well as *debutants*. Diligent study of the instruments has put them in possession of the keys to many of its treasures. But a mine of wealth must be, as yet, hidden. And it is well that this is so. Did it admit of full development in a single year even, half its charm would be gone. Like the block of marble, the statue lies hidden within. Art alone can reveal it.

Whatever one may have thought of the Music Hall, the comparative height of which has sometimes seemed an obstacle to the perfect performance within its walls of certain kinds of music—the sound of which seems to lose itself in the "upper air" of the edifice, coming to the ear of the listener in the remote parts of the hall, in detached fragments which reflect less upon the performer than upon the acoustic properties of the edifice—whatever one may have thought of it hitherto, its very fault now comes to the rescue of the Organ, and takes it within its walls so completely, without crowding, without encumbering the hall, that both eye and ear become convinced that the

union of the Hall and the great Organ is not incongruous, but one of perfect harmony.

And to this conclusion we are helped not a little by the outward adornment of the instrument—the great casket that holds inexhaustible jewels of beauty, grandeur, and sublimity. This has been so minutely described, and is, besides, so well known by photographs, &c., that further description would be but repetition. Taken as a whole, it is harmonious and artistic; and, like any great work of art, whether of sculpture, painting, architecture, or music, capable of suggesting ideas, not only of poetry, and beauty, but of Life and Truth. The massive foundation of the organ—black walnut, heavily carved, and most imposing with its caryatides, its Herculean giants supporting the huge towers, its Fates and Sybils, its bas-reliefs of musical instruments, &c., is in eloquent contrast with the upper and lighter portions of the facade, which takes almost a winged flight into the air, the great pipes, (of burnished English tin,) attracting the eye, by their soft radiance, to the top, upon which over the front, with attendant griffins, sits St. Cecilia with her lyre, and, at the summit of the towers, cherubim beautifully designed. The style of architecture, of the organ-case, (or house, as the Germans call it,) is technically known as the *Renaissance*. That the Gothic, in which we are most accustomed to think of large organs, would have been unsuited to the Hall, is manifestly obvious. It would have ill comported with its home-like cheerfulness, its modern air of elegance and taste.

And what of the Organ, of its inner self, of what the ear thirsts for when the eye has been satisfied with gazing? To describe it would require one qualified to bring out its resources; and, with the knowledge thus acquired, able to write as fully and as freely as he played. To the ordinary listener its tones do not come with the thunderous weight which its dimensions might presage. Powerful it is, to be sure, but such is its quality of tone that one does not realize the extent of that power. The crash of even a "Storm Fantasia" is modified by the delicate art of the builder, who aimed not at the creation of noise, but at that subtle power of producing a great volume of sound which should be grand and inspiring, but never painful in its immensity. What we have heard of the instrument has best shown its noble tones in the grand harmonies of Bach (whose music is not "all fugues"), which require the full organ-tone, and thus bring out its greatest power—a mighty, heaving sea of sound. Perhaps the final verdict will be that the instrument must first of all be remarked for the exceeding beauty of its tones. Its multiplicity of stops suggests an orchestra of the most complete description, and forms a temptation to the organist to revel in the sweets of music which should have no place in his repertoire, but be left in their proper sphere with the orchestra. "*Gloria in Excelsis*" was well inscribed over its keyboard; and the six thousand voices of the instrument tell most grandly in those strains which were written for them, and in such transcriptions as are made in reverent thought of the grandeur of the organ and the noble uses for which it is designed. The power and the beauty of its tones are at once apparent. Then its variety is almost incalculable. Listening to its strains we are carried far into the depths of some mighty forest. The grand old trees away to and fro in an agony of grief, as the storm-clouds pass over their heads. They bend almost to breaking, and their wild lament chills the heart of the listener. But soon the sweet south wind steals among their branches, and their groans are hushed to sighs, and anon to softest whispers. Now the wood is melodious with hundreds of tuneful-throated warblers, (none of them afflicted with the fashionable "wobble"); the cheerful sunbeams of Hope dispel the remembrance of the tempest, and the thousands of voices chant "*Gloria to God in the Highest*."

But the Organ is not to be heard in a single visit, nor yet in several visits. New developments of its wealth of beauty and grandeur will come with every hour that is spent within its sound. Of its "*Vox-humana*," of which so much is said, we can only say that it bears a marked resemblance to the human voice; but whether it equals that of either of the famous European organs, for instance, the one at Freyburg or at Lucerne, must be left to the traveled critic. Either the popular descriptions of this stop in these organs are over-wrought, or that in the Boston organ does not quite equal them. However, that is a matter of small moment.

Boston may well be proud of her Organ, and of the important step made by its introduction in the progress of music in America. It exhibits to the people what might hitherto be seen only in a European tour; it will familiarize them with musical works which have hitherto been lost, almost, to the public ear; and will give, *has already given*, an impetus to the building of fine organs, which will soon be sensibly felt in our churches and music-halls. We only wish

for the day when, the organ-debt discharged, the people will begin to look upon the instrument as theirs; will feel a personal pride and pleasure in going often to see and hear it; and adopt it with their hearts as they do parks, and public-libraries; and, would we might add, free galleries of art!

STELLA.

### On English Organ Building.

From the "Ecclesiologist."

\*\*\* It is useless to point to the admirable improvements in the mechanism of the organ, and to the facilities which are afforded in modern instruments for the display of dexterity and skill in the performer: these are well enough in their way, and proofs of the mechanical tendencies of the age are unfortunately too numerous without this additional one; what we feel to be wanting is the purity and grandeur of tone, the solemnity of diapason, the depth of love and feeling in voicing displayed by the ancient organ-builders—from old John Loosemore at Exeter to Green and England—and still to be found in the best works of the modern German school. \* \* Let us see how work is done by a modern English manufacturer.

Suppose an order for an organ given, and the builder fixed upon. Black mail to the "professional" man having been duly levied, the manufactory is at once set to work; the mechanism of our organ is beautifully set out, it being considered a religious duty, and a sign of the advance of science, to cram every detail into the least possible space—the newest dodges are introduced, and the comfort of the future performer is carefully attended to. But how about the tone, the all-important voicing of the new instrument?

"Well, why grumble?" says our builder; are not the best voicers employed at high salaries? isn't our diapason-man first-rate, and our reed-voicer the best in or out of London? Our firm employs the first talent, and therefore the result must be super-excellent accordingly."

Very likely it may be, looked at as an example of the mechanical skill and science of the age; but when all is finished there is that something wanting, that something which gives power and life to the architecture, sculpture, and fresco—however rude—of our great mediæval ancestors. It is love of the work shown in the work; which love springs from an earnest desire to make the best use of those talents committed to us, and for His sake who gave them.

And now, by way of contrast, let me describe the building of the great organ in St. George's, Doncaster. And let me first express the opinion that this organ is out of all proportion to the church; nor are churches built mainly to be good places to put organs in, as some seem to hold; and of this I am sure, that had this particular instrument been made half the size and power, and the remainder of the money spent in the proper adornment of the sanctuary, and in poly-chromatic decoration, thereby dispelling in part the Protestant frigidity which pervades the atmosphere of this church, it would have been used to better purpose. What I want to show, however, is the different spirit and sentiment which prevailed in the building of this organ. In the first place, four or five years were spent in the execution of this great work. It was built under the eye of the master-builder, by a few workmen, deliberately and substantially, without impatience or any scamping in the least detail. It was made with the intention that it should honestly do its duty for all the time that a human work like an organ ought to last, and German organs are considered to stand about four hundred years. The mechanism works in a strong straightforward sort of way; and while all reasonable improvements are made use of, the clever mechanical trickiness of modern work is avoided. Then, as to the all-important voicing, no pains, no labor, no time and trouble were spared to make the tone perfect in quality and "balance." Many and many an hour has the master-builder spent in touching and retouching; many the day's work perhaps nearly undone the next day; not because it was not admirable to all who heard, but because the artist thought it might be bettered. And what is the result of all this toil and pains spent? I say, without fear of contradiction, the noblest work of organ-building art that England has ever heard or seen. Here is purity combined with grand solemnity of tone, exquisite delicacy in the smaller flue stops, and a prodigious power of diapason and chorus, *unassisted by reeds*; in short, here we find that religious quality which makes the organ pre-eminently the Church's instrument. I speak of this organ, as of others by the same builder, that in our own parish-church of St. Peter's, for instance, at least those parts which were voiced by him—from no interested or prejudiced motives. I speak thus, because I have experienced emotions in listening to their tones which

no English work had before produced; and because I know that others equally or more sensible of these musical emotions than myself, are also beginning to find that there is a vast deal to be learnt by our builders before they can touch the same chord of tone-feeling.

I account for this inferiority in modern English organ-building art, partly on the ground of the indifference which exists about organs, and the little interest people professedly musical take in encouraging it; but mainly in the fact, that the great run of organ-builders seem to take even less interest in the matter than their patrons. So long as they get good orders, and make their machine work well, they seem, with few exceptions, to care nothing about tone and quality, satisfied if the average excellence—or mediocrity—is sustained. Speaking more technically, the main deficiency of our English organs is to be found in the "flue work." Our builders are so unsuccessful in obtaining the requisite power and effect from the diapasons that they trust almost entirely to their reeds—which, it must be said, are generally of excellent quality—to produce this necessary power to fill a large church or music-hall. And this reedy, brassy quality is quite unfit for the accompaniment of human voices; it does not blend with and sustain them as does the pure diapason tone. It may no doubt be used for contrast and variety; but to depend so constantly upon it, as our organists are obliged to do, is destructive of that devotional feeling the church organ is so eminently calculated to produce.

I was specially struck with this on hearing the great organ in York Minster lately; and in mentioning this instrument I can do no injury to its builders, as their position in public favor is such as to render them quite indifferent to my criticism. The full power of this immense organ seemed so small and poor, and so totally inadequate to fill the vast minster, that it was only when the high-pressure "tuba" was added, a stop only to be compared in effect to the ranting of an angry bull, that any thing like a satisfying amount of sound was brought out, and this quality of tone—observe, not the amount of it—was quite unbearable for more than a short time. And if by sheer reduplication of flue stops our builders do obtain a considerable power of diapason—as in a few English organs which might be mentioned—the quality is felt to be harsh and vulgar, and the mixtures have that peculiar shrieking effect—I can describe it no better—which is so different to the silvery ring and sparkle of the old mutation shops and modern German chorus-work. But so long as our builders retain that calm assurance in their own supreme and unapproachable excellence, which seems to be their present state of mind, it is almost useless to protest or criticize. With the scream of the Great Exhibition organs lingering in my ears, I am, perhaps, somewhat uncharitable.

The dulcet tones of our old church organs are, alas! to be no longer heard, or in very rare instances. They have almost invariably been "rebuilt" or "re-voiced," or spoilt in some way, as the author of "*A Short Account of Organs*," &c., so justly deploras. The fact that they were intended for a specific purpose, i.e., the accompaniment of a small body of voices in the Church Services, seems never to have struck these "restorers;" and modern builders, under the pressure of ambitious organists, have attempted, by the addition of thundering "pedal pipes," and in other ways, to adapt them to the performance of heavy organ-music. Would that it had occurred to these men, that the work of Father Smith, Harris, or Snetzler, is as precious to the musician as an untouched "*Cimabue*," or "*Fra Angelico*," is to the connoisseur in painting! Reverently to be repaired, if necessary, no doubt, not to be repainted or added to. If they had only built their own organs in addition, these might have been removed at any time. But it is useless repining, the deed is done. Not that the feeling and wish for a grand organ-tone is wrong, the contrary; but the want must be satisfied in another way. The chancel-organ is one thing—an accompanimental-organ for the use of the choir alone—and the great western nave organ,\* yet to be built in our cathedrals, is another; a want not yet perhaps adequately felt anywhere, but which will be a necessity when our "special services" have developed themselves into a regular and orderly worship of the Almighty.

Sir, I have a vision of the future, a dream that we, perchance, may yet see realized; when our renovated cathedrals shall glow and burn with more than hy-gone glory of fresco, mosaic, and color; when the bishop shall be restored with ancient dignity and authority to his *cathedra*; when the incense of the Blessed Sacrifice shall daily ascend before the Eternal Father, accompanied with all the pomp an adorning Church can add; when from the chancel-gate

\* Not on the stupid plan recently adopted at York.



shall issue the whispered query, "Who is the King of Glory?" and from the triumphant multitude without, the ready antiphon shall arise, commingled with the ponderous tones of the great western organ, in one vast rolling wave of sound—"The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory;" when from those same willing pipes the organist shall bring forth the music which flows from a full heart and ready fingers, or shall roll along the vaulted roof some mighty fugue of the Giant Musician, whose majestic subject, thundered forth by the great diapasons, then caught up by the silvery chorus, anon re-echoed by the pealing trumpets, is finally gathered up into one stupendous climax of gorgeous harmony; an echo of the celestial anthems lent to man. Such glories, I say, we may yet see; for though the Church on earth be militant, yet is "the King's daughter all glorious within." God hasten the time.—I am, sir, yours truly,

LYNDON SMITH,

(Hon. Organist, S. Saviour's.)

Leeds, December, 1863.

## Music Abroad.

### London.

An English adaptation of Gounod's *Faust*, Mr. C. F. Chorley's version, has been successfully and repeatedly produced at Her Majesty's Theatre. The *Times* (Jan. 30) says of it:

Mr. Chorley's adaptation, though he has in few instances literally translated the words, is a tolerably effective imitation of the original. In occasional passages, as, for example, the opening soliloquy of *Faust*—which the philosopher, persuaded of the utter futility of life-long studies to help him to the goal of his desires, the *ultima Thule* of the heart's travels in its search after happiness, begins and ends with the emphatically suggestive ejaculation "foiled!"—it almost rises to poetry. Perhaps, on the whole, the libretto of *Faust* sounds better in English than in Italian, as it assuredly sounds better in German than in French. At all events, the audience of Saturday night was probably the first in this capital able thoroughly to comprehend every point of interest, and thus to estimate the consummate art—we had almost said genius—of M. Gounod at its proper worth. We own that the opera never appeared to us so beautiful, so symmetrical, so consistent in all its parts, and, as an infallible consequence, so essentially and legitimately dramatic.

The English performance of *Faust* is in few respects inferior and some superior to the Italian, at the Haymarket or at Covent Garden. Although Sig. Gnglini and Tamberlik are Italians, the English representative of the hero is a far more practised musician than either; and as M. Gounod would naturally prefer having his music, solo or concerted, sung as he wrote it, without shirking or subterfuge, it is probable that on hearing the most recent version of his opera, whether he understands our language or not, he would give the palm to the English *Faust*, as the one who most perseveringly adheres to the text. Apart from this, however, Mr. Sims Reeves, who had already played *Faust* in Italian with eminent success, reveals a conception of the part in the highest degree poetical. The first act, which in the Italian adaptation has hitherto passed for nothing, gives him opportunities for vocal declamation of which he takes such excellent advantage, that what was considered the weakest and driest portion of the opera now stands out as conspicuously as all the rest. There is no surer test of real artistic worth than the ability to give to every passage its intrinsic value. Even in the French *Faust*, the scene just before Mephistopheles appears to the bewildered and despairing investigator is one of the highest significance; and that M. Gounod saw this is evident, inasmuch as in no part of his opera does his music exhibit more intellectual power. It is to the credit of Mr. Reeves that to him the physically prostrate and mentally abused philosopher appears in a light no less interesting than the *Faust* newly restored to youth and once more, seemingly, with a whole life in prospect. Nothing can surpass his delivery of the accompanied recitative in which *Faust* gives eloquent language to his weariness and despair. In the garden scene, though not the solitarily prominent figure he appears in the opening of the first act, *Faust* at least divides the sympathies of the audience with Margaret; and as in this occurs the apostrophe to the abode of the innocent and lovely girl ("Salve dimora"), it offers, of course, the chief occasion for exhibiting the singer's art. A more expressive and perfect reading of this truly exquisite soliloquy has not been heard. The duet with Margaret, in which occurs the familiar passage, "He loves me, loves me not," is worthy to match with this, the crowning point

of the third and most poetical act of the opera. The Margaret—or rather "Margarita," as Mr. Chorley invariably styles her—of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington stands midway between the well-known impersonations of Madame Miolan-Carvalho and Mademoiselle Tietjens, being neither so coldly statue-like as the first, nor so warm and impassioned as the last; but in this very beautiful duet she unhappily rather follows the French than the German model, scarcely daring to look at her lover, even when she has unequivocally confessed her love. Elsewhere—premising that she sings many parts of the music too slowly, especially the reply to *Faust*, in the scene of the Kermesse (which, after all, is merely an admonition to the adventurous cavalier to mind his own business), and the ballad of the "King of Thule"—her execution of the music is as correct and artistic as it is charming. In the brilliant air where Margaret, finding the jewels of *Faust*, straitway neglects the modest flowers of her devoted Siebel, the shake which introduces the theme of the quick movement is for the first time as intended. Madame Carvalho could never execute it in tune, while the imposing voice of Mademoiselle Tietjens could never accommodate itself to its light and glib delivery; but Madame Sherrington does it to perfection—as may be said, indeed, of the air itself, from beginning to end. In the grand—really grand—scene at the doors of the church, and the prison scene of the last act, the singing of this accomplished lady offers no point for criticism; but in the first both she and Signor Marchesi—the very zealous if not very legitimate impersonator of Mephistopheles, whom he represents as a sort of pantomimic buffoon—outrage all dramatic verisimilitude. Instead of the contrito and prostrate Margaret we have the heroine in a *ballet* of action, walking to and fro, to avoid the encroachments of a persecuting gnome. Fancy, moreover, the staid, ironical, and sardonic Mephistopheles—the devil himself, incarnate in a wig—executing the melodramatic postures and evolutions of an ordinary Zamiel, or Demon of the Woods! Of Mr. Santley's English Valentine we can only say what we have said more than once about his performance of the character in Italian, viz., that a comparatively small part was never made so much of in our remembrance.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA is in possession of Covent Garden. A new operetta, *Fanchette*, has proved a success. It is the work of Mr. W. C. Levey, and is said to be very French in its style, after the light ordinary manner of Adolphe Adam. "He writes," says a London critic, "with apparent facility, seems to possess a good share of the *vis comica*, and, while as yet thoroughly inexperienced, handles the orchestra like one who some time hence will, in all probability, acquire the skill to handle it as a master." The singers were Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Harrison (who still lives!), Mr. H. Corri, Miss Thirwall, &c.; Conductor, Alfred Mellon. — *Blanche de Nevers*, with the original cast, did not produce much sensation.—The new opera by Mr. Macfarren is thus mentioned on the morning after the first performance:

We must be satisfied at present to record that *She Stoops to Conquer*,—a new opera, in three acts, libretto (founded on Goldsmith's celebrated comedy of the same name by Mr. Fitzball, music by Mr. Macfarren)—was produced last night, with a success which we are inclined to believe as legitimate as it was brilliant. The mere demonstrations usually accompanying the first performance of a new piece can rarely be accepted with safety as tests of its actual merit; the experience of a single hearing, however, must have sufficed to convince any competent judge that *She Stoops to Conquer* is an opera of genuine pretensions, the work, in short, of a master; and, it may be added, the most thoroughly English opera—for English it is in the fullest sense of the expression—since *Robin Hood*. It was received, by a crowded house, with a favor which began with the overture and did not cease till the last note of the *finale*. The composer was three times called forward, and out of ten pieces almost unanimously asked for again, no less than eight were repeated. Even this injudicious obedience to an unreasonable and unhealthy custom did not succeed in tiring out the patience of the audience, whose enthusiasm was unabated until the fall of the curtain.

At the termination of the opera, after the principal singers—Misses Louise Pyne, (Kate Hardcastle) and Anna Hiles (Constance Neville), Messrs. Harrison (Charles Marlow), Perren (Hastings), Weiss (Old Hardcastle), and H. Corri (Tony Lumpkin)—had for the third time, been summoned, a universal cry was raised for Mr. Mellon, who deserved the compliment scarcely less than the composer himself. *She*

*Stoops to Conquer*, is to be played every evening "till further notice."—*Times*, Feb. 12.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. Vieuxtemps, the violinist, and Charles Hallé the pianist, took part in the 140th Concert, Jan. 25. The former led Messrs. Ries, Webb and Puque in one of the earliest Quartets of Mendelssohn, and in one of Haydn's, and the two played a violin Sonata by Mozart. Hallé played Beethoven's *Sonata Appassionata*. Vocal pieces, by Gounod, Benedict and Arditi, were sung by Mlle. Parepa and Mr. Santley, Benedict accompanying.—The succeeding concert was composed entirely of music by Mozart, in honor of that composer's birthday, (Jan. 27, 1756). Vieuxtemps led the Quintet in A, with Clarinet; Mme. Arabella Goddard played one of the solo Sonatas, a Sonata Duo with Vieuxtemps, and the piano Quartet in G minor with violin, &c., and airs from his operas were sung by Mlle. Florence Lancia and Mr. Santley.—The Mozart night was followed by a Mendelssohn night (Feb. 8); the pieces being: Quartet in E flat, op. 12; Caprice (piano) in E, op. 33; Quintet in B flat; Trio in C minor, and several songs.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON, with its grand orchestra of 33 violins, 11 violas, 9 double basses, &c., conducted by Alfred Mellon, had a brilliant opening of its sixth season on the 27th of January. The programme included Spohr's "Consecration of Tones" Symphony; three overtures: Meyerbeer's to *Struensee*, Beethoven's to *Coriolanus*, and Gounod's to *Le Medecin malgré lui*; Mozart's D minor Concerto, the piano part being played by Miss Agnes Zimmerman, who won much praise thereby; and vocal selections from Handel, Rossini and Benedict.

ORATORIO. Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* have been given in Exeter Hall by the Sacred Harmonic Society, with Mme. Sherrington, Sims Reeves, Santley, Mme. Laura Baxter, &c.—Martin's National Choral Society have performed *Elijah*. Sims Reeves, fatigued perhaps by his exertions in the character of *Faust*, is said not to have sung as well as usual. Mme. Rudersdorff was the leading soprano, Miss Emma Heywood the contralto, and Mr. Santley, *Elijah*.—Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir on the 4th ult. performed Mendelssohn's Cantata (for male voices and brass instruments) on Schiller's "Ode to the Artists"; besides a Motet for double choir, "In exitu Israel," by S. Wesley, and a selection of madrigals and part-songs. The band also played Mendelssohn's Overture in C, op. 24, for military band; and Mr. Dannreuther (of Cincinnati) played Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata.

### Paris.

The latest events of interest in the operatic world have been the revival of Rossini's "*Moses*" at the Grand Opera; the production of a new comic opera by Auber, *La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe*, the plot borrowed from Boccaccio; and the reappearance of Adelina Patti. The *Orchestra*, (a new London musical weekly, brim-full of news from all parts of Europe) says:

You have heard, of course, of the "*Fiancée du Roi de Garbe*;" of its success, of its peculiar plot, of the left-handed allusions contained in it, of the delight with which French audiences receive a piece so eminently French. It would be needless to tell you the story of the *Fiancée*, for the English newspapers have in the majority of cases, given it as soon as it appeared; and you know all about the talismanic necklace, a pearl of which disappears whenever the wearer suffers an indiscreet liberty to be taken with her—meaning kisses, of course. Osculation predominates so much throughout the opera that, out of thirty pearls originally comprising the necklace, only one is left on at last, and this is sacrificed by the last kiss which ratifies the engagement of the *Fiancée* with the cousin of the *Roi*, kissing your affianced being indiscreet, of course; at least in France. It is a gorgeous spectacle, however, not the kissing, but the opera; all kings,

queens, pages, pretty girls, velvet, sunsets, crimson, and azure. As for the music, it is *ravissante*; all Paris says so. It is another question whether the music would be considered *ravissante* in London; but the plot would, anywhere. Music is Parisian entirely, and you must judge it in that light; very little Auberish about it, but altogether what the papers call *petillante d'esprit*: There are very little couplets, delicate romanzas, a capital shaving duet, with orchestral accompaniment to represent the scraping of the barber, no, barbers' razor on the king's chin. A concerted piece, quintet, and a *motif* on (as it would seem) Spanish airs, are both excellent; and the finale to Act I is a highly colored number, approaching very near perfection in its kind, and producing immense effect. Acts 2 and 3, however, are better; Act 3 the best. A splendid number is the air of Mdle. Cico. It is a delicious calm, tranquil song, into which flows, for you cannot say it interrupts, a chorus of pretty lines, sung by the very pretty pages. The page symphony is especially fine. Pages, in fact, inundate the opera; pages represented in the overture; pages in all the acts; pages with the fairest of faces and roundest of calves: pages kissing and being kissed; pages whose model and prototype should be Mdle. Belia. As for the singers, Mdle. Cico has good qualities, of which she makes the most. Achard is a fair tenor, who sings with taste, *aplomb* and *verve*. Mdle. Tual has little to sing, but it is enough to look at her pretty face and figure. Sainte Foy is always good, and Battaille is a magnificent basso. People had commenced to utter an universal growl against the management of the Theatre-Imperial-Italian, and to contrast the "direction" of M. Bagier with the late away of M. Calzado; nay, some of the press had published the names of the relative companies side by side, in columns of the newspapers, making odious comparisons; when, happily for M. Bagier, Adelina Patti made her appearance. "*Dieu soit loué!*" exclaims *La France Musicale* piously, "*il en était temps.*" Certainly it would appear time, for joyous Paris rushed to the Italien on Sunday last in unconcealed enthusiasm, and revelled in Adelina as French audiences can only. She was a goddess in *Sonnambula*—a diva; she was better than ever—more graceful, more expressive, sweeter, in voice, richer in manner: so Paris affirms. Their Majesties were there, and gave the signal for the reception she met with. Not that Frenchmen want to be told when to applaud; but it was polite, you know, to wait for the Emperor and Empress. And did they not applaud, too—that crowded audience! Six times during the opera Adelina was called on, and again at the fall of the curtain. They would have hissed all the other *artistes*, who were simply vile; but Parisian politeness feared to wound Mdle. Patti, and the audience ground their teeth and refrained. As for her, well, listen to our friend, *La France*: "Her voice appears to us to have acquired more power, and her song more aptitude. And then, what grace in all her person, what humor in her play, what expression in her physiognomy, what fire in her look! One really knows not which to admire most in this rich nature, so much harmony is there between the different parts of which it is composed. There is but one thing to say, it is the ideal realized."

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 5, 1864.

### Concerts.

**JULIUS EICHBERG'S FIRST ORCHESTRAL SOIREE.** Mr. Zerrahn's larger plan of Philharmonic Concerts having come to naught, the lovers of Symphony naturally turned to Mr. Eichberg's novel little cabinet experiment of orchestral performances in Chickering's Hall. The first of his two soirées took place last Saturday evening, with a select and eager audience, not exceeding 200 people. The concert giver had no thought of making money; he only wished to make his bow for the first time before the "appreciative few" in the character of a conductor of classical orchestral music; and to this end bring them into such close quarters with some symphonies (smaller gems in that kind, such as a small band might render), that no sound, no smallest trait of the musical structure should be lost. Hence the small saloon instead of the great Music Hall, and

accordingly a small orchestra of 24 instruments. His selection of pieces, all of them familiar ones, was choice; it was a programme to keep one awake and lively. One listened with increasing zest; and it was well that there were none of the so-called "attractions" and "varieties," in the shape of songs and solos, to dull the appetite for a pure feast of orchestra. There were just four pieces:

1. Symphony in E flat major Haydn.  
Adagio. Allegro con spirito, Andante, Menuetto, Allegro con spirito.
2. Allegretto Scherzando, from 8th Symphony. Beethoven.
3. Overture, "Praeludium." Weber.
4. First Symphony in C major, Beethoven.  
Adagio molto, Allegro con brio; Andante cantabile con moto; Menuetto: Finale.

The result was not only new enjoyment, but a new sharpening of the critical faculties on the part of the listeners. On the one hand, probably the beauty and the marvellously cunning structure of those familiar compositions had never before been so keenly realized by them; while on the other hand all the defects and crudities in the rendering, unnoticed in the Music Hall, were glaringly apparent. All were convinced of one thing: that Mr. Eichberg has the musicianship, the brain, the feeling, quick perception, energy and self-possession, to conduct an orchestra in the execution of its highest tasks. Nothing on his part seemed wanting; although in candor we must say that much was wanting in the obedience of the musicians to his wishes and clear signs. There was, in the Haydn Symphony at least, a great deal of coarse playing, lack of delicate shading, a monotonous loudness in the first violins, and never anything like a *pianissimo*. This was largely owing, no doubt, to the untried situation; it revealed the habit of indifferent and uncritical rehearsal, that which had passed muster in the Music Hall not being equal to this finer test; and moreover, Mr. E. must have had small chances of rehearsal and of establishing a quick magnetic relationship between himself and his musicians. There was too much also of the same dead, level stress weighing upon the buoyant rhythm of the Beethoven Allegretto, which was taken the first time too slow—a fault corrected when a repetition was demanded. Weber's fresh, delightful and romantic overture went better; and the Beethoven Symphony better still; indeed that might be called an uncommonly nice performance; which seems to prove that the instruments required a little time to feel and measure their own power in the little hall. We doubt not that next time the experience of this first trial will be carefully and critically turned to good account, and that the pieces will be *finely*, as well as correctly, rendered. Conductor and orchestra will know each other better, and will know the medium in which they work.

Two drawbacks, of course, were intrinsic and unavoidable. First, the Hall is as much too small for any orchestra, as the Music Hall is too large for a small orchestra. Every *forte* tone upon a trumpet, for instance, startles you with a terrible blast, and this may not be remedied by blowing it *piano*, since that is not the kind of tone required. Secondly, alike for a small room or a great one, the proportion of the various classes of instruments in a skeleton or outline orchestra cannot be good; the retrenchment is wholly in one family, the strings, while the indispensable pairs of oboes, clarinets, trumpets, &c., remain at the full complement; for these there is no minimum below what the largest orchestra commonly requires.

If we have dwelt more than is our wont upon defects, it is because the unwonted conditions forced one to listen critically, making close scrutiny unavoidable. It was placing the Symphony under a microscope to play it in that small hall. It was not that the orchestra did not play as well as they do elsewhere; or that they did not play *con amore* and with much credit to themselves; nor was it that the conductor was not richly equal to his task. It only proved what unrelaxing patience of rehearsal, what nice continual refinement upon its own work, an orchestra requires in order to a really fine symphonic rendering under the magnifying lens of so uncompromising a test. A natural effect of such an experiment will be to prompt to much more close and critical rehearsals than have been found necessary (even if they have been possible) hitherto.

But with all these drawbacks, and far outweighing them all, there is no denying a positive peculiar pleasure which attended Mr. Eichberg's concert, and which has made it heartily talked over as one of the most delightful musical events of the season. That pleasure consisted partly in the good impression made by the conductor, and in this new confirmation of what we have long heard and known of his sound, intelligent, high-toned musicianship; partly in the tact and true refinement displayed in the programme; but above all in having such familiar, admirable masterpieces placed before us in so clear and strong a light, that there was no feature lost. It was a new revelation of many a trait of beauty and artistic treatment, which may ordinarily escape one. Every little accessory phrase, or bit of imitation in the middle parts; every coloring or tempering of a note by this or that wind instrument; in short, the whole logical internal structure or proper *composition* of the work, the strict evolution of the superb whole from its germ or *motive*, with all the appertaining graces, and the glorious freedom with which genius works out and illustrates law:—all this became unusually apparent, in fact unescapable. It only needs continuance of such trials, study of fine shades and delicacy, to realize for audience and performers ere long all this pleasure without any drawback of heaviness or coarseness. And we sincerely trust that Mr. Eichberg will be encouraged to go on in this good direction, and, having demonstrated in this small way to a few what can be done, and what he is competent to do, that then he will take a somewhat larger hall, and with a somewhat larger orchestra, give us no end of Symphonies according to his ideal. Such a talent and such culture should not be allowed to drudge forever in the nightly routine of a common theatre.

**HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.** We presume no one went to the performance of Costa's oratorio, "Eli," Sunday evening before last, expecting to hear a *great* work, a work of real creative genius, taking rank with Handel; Mendelssohn, &c. It was pretty generally agreed, we think, when it was first performed here in 1857, as it is agreed in London, to accept it as a musician-like, pleasing and effective work of highly respectable excellence, but not of marked originality. The work of an Italian, who is not one-sided in his notions, who has lived long in England, and been for years the chief conductor, not only of Italian and all sorts of opera, but of the Birmingham and other festivals, of all the orato-

rios of the great German masters. Of course all this has given depth and breadth to his musicianship. Wherever his music flows the clearest, there is the reflection of a Mendelssohnian sky upon its surface. And even that is creditable. The best parts are the choruses, some of which are worked up learnedly to a grand result. There are some beautiful and touching airs also; and the orchestration is clever. Such as it is, it had the benefit of a very good performance this time. The great Organ, with its voluminous sub-basses, lifted up the choruses and added vastly to their fullness, certainty and grandeur. (Once or twice, perhaps, the weight of organ tone was even too great.) Mr. ZERRAHN had drilled his singers well; the balance of the parts seemed to us unusually good.

The solo singing was for the most part well up to all reasonable requirements, with the exception of the want of strength in Mr. WHEELER's tenor voice, which strove at disadvantage against the powerful accompaniments of those martial airs, (the voice of Reeves rings like a trumpet in them), and which by that very effort became dry and hard, sometimes a little sharp. We can respect this sacrifice of himself in an ungrateful service, for we have all known how sweet and artistically trained a tenor he is in the right place. Mr. RUDOLPHSEN's rich bass voice told well in the airs and rather sleepy recitatives which fall to the share of Eli. Miss HOUSTON was in excellent voice and, allowing for some nervousness, gave brilliant effect to the air, "I will extol thee," and fine expression so all the soprano solos. The most interesting solo part is that of the young Samuel, whose morning and evening prayer, as well as all his music, found most satisfactory treatment in the pure, chaste, fresh and innocent voice and delivery of Mrs. J. S. CARY.

**ORCHESTRAL UNION.** Two more interesting Wednesday afternoon concerts. That of Feb. 24th had for Overture, that to Weber's *Oberon*, and for Symphony Mendelssohn's "Italian" (No. 4, in A.), both of them genial works, which never lose their freshness. The latter claimed a special interest, heard so soon after the overture to his "*Heimkehr aus der Fremde*," in which its first movement seems to lie in embryo. The organist of the occasion, Mrs. L. S. FROMOCK, whose first appearance it was, amply justified the reputation which she has acquired in Western cities (as Miss Tillinghast), for her skill in rendering the great organ works of Bach. There was much curiosity to hear her, and the Music Hall was full. Bach's Toccata in F was a severe test to put herself to, and some nervousness betrayed itself in a certain unsteadiness of tempo; it would have been better, too, if she had not yielded to advice in trying to commend it to the popular ear by change of stops, where Bach intended none. But it was plain that she has talent, with remarkable execution both with hands and feet, that she understands and loves such music, and is indeed an accomplished organist. Yielding to advice again, instead of giving her own choice, a Sonata of Mendelssohn, for the second piece, she played an *Offertoire* by Battiste, one which we have not heard before, called *Offertoire du Saint Jour de Pâques*, consisting of variations on a Catholic Choral. It was not uninteresting, and was tastefully and clearly rendered.

*Seventh concert.* Last Wednesday Mozart's sterling overture to *La Clemenza di Tito* was revived, after a long interval; the instruments were in uncommonly good tune, and made a fresh, bright, clear tone-picture of it. Gade's 6th Symphony, in B flat, was played for the second time, and we enjoyed it even better than before. The same dreamy melancholy, wild, sea-shore-like, yet tender, which we feel in his earlier works, pervades it. The themes are interesting, the form develops naturally from them, the instrumental coloring is very harmonious, subdued and

rich, and the whole thing is graceful and poetic. Since his first Symphony, in C minor, which drew such warm congratulations from Mendelssohn (see translations on our first page), the Danish composer has hardly kept the promise which that work held out. Succeeding Symphonies were weak and manneristic. We would give a trifle to know what Mendelssohn would say to this sixth one. Can there be any denying that it is a fine Symphony? It was smoothly and clearly rendered too. On the Great Organ Mr. J. K. PAINE played in his truly organ-like and masterly manner. First an *Offertoire*, of his own composition, a serious, calm, religious one, not a captivating effect piece; not catching the general ear like the French brilliants by that name, not particularly striking in its themes, but harmonizing well with serious meditation, organ-like in style and spirit, musician-like in treatment. Then he played again the grand, the inexhaustible *Passacaglia* in C minor by Bach, which came out even grander and clearer than before. How steadily and wonderfully it broadens, deepens, clothing itself with still more majesty as it grows and gathers onward, the great, deep bass tones of the same unwearied solemn theme still sounding on beneath! It swells the breast and lifts the soul, like climbing among mountains, to listen and give oneself fully up to such a work.

### The New Organ at the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

This superb instrument, the last and highest triumph of the skill and taste of our Boston builders, Messrs. E. & G. G. HOOK, (whose works hitherto have never been excelled in this country), is one of the first fruits of the wholesome impulse given to the art here by the presence of that great masterwork of German art in the Boston Music Hall. This is only what the author and abettors of that bold, but admirably successful, project all along anticipated and intended. With that to learn from and to inspire emulation, we shall do better things, and many more of them, than we have done before. The people are learning what to demand in an Organ; much grows indispensable, which we had not before thought of, and builders stand ready with skill and willing, earnest spirit to answer to the call.

The crowd of music-loving people, who filled every seat and aisle of that vast church on the evening of the inauguration of the Organ (Feb. 3), were greatly impressed by the power, the richness, the delicacy and beauty of its tones. Having (at present) only 47 speaking registers, hardly more than half the number of the Music Hall Organ, with no 32-foot stop, and only five stops in the Pedal, it was indeed wonderful what a deep, solid, rich, sonorous flood was poured out from the full organ. The place itself, remarkable for its acoustic qualities, magnifying all tones, contributed something to this; but such contribution would have availed little had not the tones intrinsically been noble, true and fine.

The Organ occupies a space of 40 feet in height, 35 feet in width, and more than 20 feet depth. The case, built by Messrs. Smith and Crane of New York, from designs by P. C. Keeley, the architect of the church, is in perfect keeping with that noble Roman structure. It has three Manuals, from 8 ft. C to A, 58 notes each. The Pedal keyboard has 27 keys, from 16 ft. C to D. There are three "double action" composition pedals for the stops of the Great Manual, by which some stops are drawn in while others are pushed out: one pedal, of novel contrivance, partly answers the same end for the stops of the Pedal Organ, as the placing a portion of them in the Swell box in that of the Music Hall, i.e. makes the distinction of *forte* and *piano* Pedal; another pedal operates upon the "Pedal and Great" Coupler at pleasure. The "pneumatic lever" is applied to the "Great Manual" (with its couplings), and to the "Swell Manual", with the same success as in the Music Hall in lightening and equalizing the touch. The action is brought forward and reversed, so that the organist faces the Altar, besides being at such distance from the pipes that he can hear the sounds

which leap out at his bidding. The contents are as follows:

#### GREAT MANUAL.

1.	16 feet Open Diapason, through in metal,	58 pipes.
2.	8 " Open Diapason, through in metal,	58 "
3.	8 " Clarabella, through in wood,	58 "
4.	8 " Stop'd Diapason, through in wood. (doppel floete)	58 "
5.	8 " Viola da Gamba, through in metal,	58 "
6.	4 " Octave, through in Metal.	58 "
7.	4 " Flute Harmonique, through in metal and wood.	58 "
8.	2-2-3 " Twelfth, through in metal	58 "
9.	2 " Fifteenth, through in metal,	58 "
10.	2 " Mixture, three ranks, large scale.	174 "
11.	1 1-8 Mixture, five ranks, small scale,	290 "
12.	16 " Trumpet, from C. in metal,	46 "
13.	8 " Trumpet, through in metal,	58 "
14.	4 " Clarion, through in metal,	58 "
15.	Blank Slider for additional stop when desired.	

#### SWELL MANUAL.

16.	16 feet Bourdon Bass, through in wood,	58 pipes.
17.	16 " Bourdon Tremble, through in wood,	46 "
18.	8 " Open Diapason, through in metal,	58 "
19.	8 " Violina (new stop) through in metal,	58 "
20.	8 " Stop'd Diapason, through in wood,	58 "
21.	4 " Octave, through in metal,	58 "
22.	4 " Flute Harmonique, through in metal and wood.	58 "
23.	4 " Octave, Viol d'Amour, through in metal	58 "
24.	2-2-3 Twelfth, through in metal.	58 "
25.	2 " Fifteenth, through in metal,	58 "
26.	1 3-4 Mixture, 5 ranks, through in metal,	290 "
27.	16 " Fagotto, from G, through in metal,	44 "
28.	8 " Cornopean, through in metal.	58 "
29.	8 " Oboe, through in metal.	58 "
30.	8 " Vox Humana, through in metal,	58 "
31.	4 " Clarion, through in metal.	58 "
32.	Blank Slider.	

#### CHOIR ORGAN.

33.	16 feet Bourdon Bass, wood,	12 pipes.
34.	16 " Zolina, metal,	46 "
35.	8 " Open Diapason, through in metal,	58 "
36.	8 " Dulciana, through in metal,	58 "
37.	8 " Kevulophon, through in metal,	58 "
38.	8 " Melodin, through in metal.	58 "
39.	8 " Stop'd Diapason, through in metal and wood.	58 "
40.	4 " Octave, through in metal.	58 "
41.	4 " Celestina, through in metal.	58 "
42.	4 " Flauto Traverso, through in wood,	58 "
43.	2 " Picolo, through in wood.	58 "
44.	8 " Clarionet, through in metal.	58 "
45.	Blank Slider	

#### PEDAL ORGAN.

46.	16 feet Open Diapason, wood,	27 pipes.
47.	16 " Dulciana, wood,	27 "
48.	10-2-8 Quint, wood,	27 "
49.	8 feet Violoncello, metal,	27 "
50.	16 " Trombone, wood.	27 "

#### MECHANICAL REGISTERS.

51.	Coupler, Great and Swell, in unison.
52.	" Great and Choir, "
53.	" Choir and Swell, "
54.	" Pedal and Great, "
55.	" Pedal and Swell.
56.	Pedal and Choir.
57.	Pedal at Octaves.
58.	Tremulant for Swell Manual.
59.	Tremulant for Choir "
60.	Ventil for No. 48.
61.	Ventil for No. 48 and 50.

Considering the place and purposes for which the instrument is to be used, that it is for the Catholic service mainly, and not so much for Bach fugues and the like, here is a most ingenious and admirable specification. And it is mainly due to the experience and fine taste of Mr. J. H. WILLCOX, the organist of the Church, under whose hands it was so effectively displayed that evening. It is but justice to him, too, to say, that as yet a part of his design is only indicated; room is purposely left for a 32-ft. stop in the Pedal, and for an extra stop in each of the three Manuals. And even now, although the proportion of Pedal stops to the rest is much smaller than in most German organs, we doubt not that the staunchest Bachist would make the fugues roll out exultingly enough upon it. Besides, we must call attention to the abundance of 16 ft. and 8 feet stops in the Manuals, especially in the Swell. There is no lack of rich and lively diapason tone, the foundation of the whole; plenty of harmonic or "mutation" stops; while the "mixtures" (or "chorus work", as they are called in the article on English Organ-building on another page) give life and sparkle to the flood of tone, without unpleasant screaming. Of single stops, we were struck by the power and lustiness of the Trombone and Trumpet. The Gamba is remarkably successful; so too the Clarionet, Fagotto, Oboe, and all those softer stops for the voicing of which Mr. Hook has long been famous. The *Flute Harmonique* in the Swell, and the new stop "Violina" are exquisite. The *Vox Humana* startled and delighted the crowd by a closer resemblance to the human voice, than that in the Music Hall. It is pleasant enough for certain effects, sparingly used; but in no organ can it be valued as much more than a curious fancy; if the tone does suggest the human, it is more like that humming itself through a comb, than like frank, outright womanly or manly singing.

A new work, by M. Edouard Grégoir, of Antwerp, entitled, "History of the manufacture and the manufacturers of Organs, followed by a general Biography of all the Organists, and a catalogue of published works, didactic and historical, upon the Organ," is soon to appear in the French language. The book will principally comprise the history of the Organ in the Netherlands and Belgium.

A new Mass, with orchestral accompaniment, composed by Mr. C. C. Stearns, one of the resident musicians of Worcester, in this State, is soon to be brought out. A writer in the *Spy*, who has heard the rehearsals, speaks very highly of it.

The cry for "Anvil Chorus," in our own Symphony concerts, and for "Storms," national airs and popular ballads on our Great Organ, is not without countenance abroad. We copy from the *Athenæum*:

**MUSIC IN LIVERPOOL.**—A Report of the late annual meeting of the directors and members of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society (which we derive from the *Orchestra*) is comical enough to claim the laughter of all musicians, though it holds up one of England's great towns in no favorable light to those who would believe the reiterated fact of the great musical progress made and making in this country. It appeared from the Report that the Society's finances are in a flourishing condition. Great discontent, however, was expressed by some present at the manner in which it has been managed. Some time since, if memory serves us, we called attention to a vigorous attempt made by that section of the concert-goers that loves best to hear the sound of its own voice, when the Piccolomini of the minute is silent—to rid the concerts of a Philharmonic Society of those horrible bores called classical German Symphonies. This was overruled, fortunately. But the other day the same body of singular rebels took the field (we perceive) in new strength. One spoke with more directness than civility, clamoring against "the foreign element" in the concerts, and also, in the formation of the committee—and another (much in the spirit of Goldsmith's tavern guest, who cried, "*Rot your Italianos! give me a simple ballad!*") was violent to have less of your German and Italian music, and more such things as "John Anderson my Jo." This orator, it is true, announced himself as a "non-musical proprietor;" an admission which throws an odd light on the interpretation of the word "Philharmonic" by many of those who frequent one of the most beautiful and commodious concert-rooms in Europe.

Have we a "non musical proprietor" among us?

**MARETZEK**, according to an exchange paper, has beyond question [?] the strongest opera company that has ever been in America, and his expenses are enormous in proportion—from \$1200 to \$1600 a night. The salaries of all his leading artists are payable in gold, every fortnight, no matter what its premium in the market. To Mme. Melori he pays \$2500 a month, to Miss Kellogg, \$1600, to Mlle. Sulzer \$1000, to Mlle. Ortolani-Brignoli \$1000, to Signor Mizzoleni \$2000, to Signor Bellini \$1000, and to Biachi \$1000. When Faust was produced the number of "people" on Maretzek's pay-roll was 230. His last and of late greatest acquisition is the silver-voiced tenor, Brignoli, who fell out and into a lawsuit with his old manager, Grau, and now Maretzek promises greater things than ever.

**ADELINA PATTI** is now in Paris, and is as much of a sensation as ever. In Madrid her success was overwhelming. At her benefit in that city a magnificent medallion was presented to the young American prima donna from the queen. The *hijou* was enriched with sapphires and diamonds.—Virginia Whiting, Lorini and Adelaide Phillips have met with great success in opera at Havana.—Sivori is playing his magic violin in London at Jullien's concerts, where they have a full orchestra, three military bands, full chorus, the best singers, and Sivori, all for a shilling.—Madame Grisi will visit England next year and give another "farewell" series of performances.

Mrs. **KATE THOMPSON**, formerly best known as Kate Loder, has been distinguishing herself by composing a trio in D minor for the piano, violin and violoncello, said to be a splendid effort. She has also recently produced two four-part songs, "The Wounded Captid" and "Sir Knight," which are pronounced elegant, graceful and classically pure.

A review of Mendelssohn's letters, in the last London *Athenæum*, closes with these words:

"There is no leaving this book, which is fuller of artistic precept, and record of practice, and personal indications of character, than any collection of musical letters which, till now, has seen daylight. There will be no end of appeal to it, so long as people shall live who believe that *Music is no sensual enchantress, no enervating Delilah, but a muse, a grace, a power, a truth, and a humanizing influence among the arts.*"

A celebrated Oxford scholar, who professed an indifference to music, was once asked what he thought of an orchestra which had been performing a grand overture; he replied that he only was impressed "by the wonderful coincidences of the fiddlers' elbows."

**A CURIOUS CONCERT.** Berlioz relates the following anecdote concerning Liszt and Rubini. They had both announced that they would give a grand concert in one of the northern cities of France. Nothing was wanting in the way of advertising, bill posting, &c. But all in vain, the concert did not draw, and on the evening of the performance, Liszt and Rubini entered the hall, which was almost empty, only fifty persons being present. Rubini was so enraged that he at first determined not to sing.

"On the contrary," said Liszt, "you must this evening do your best, for this small audience is evidently composed of all the music lovers in the province, and we must therefore distinguish ourselves the more."

They began their performance. Rubini sang and Liszt played; the programme having been carried out, Liszt stepped before the curtain and thus addressed the audience:

"Ladies and gentlemen (there was only one female present), will you do me the honor to sup with me?"

At first they declined, but after a little persuasion, they agreed to accept the invitation. The supper cost Liszt 1,200 francs. On the next evening of the concert, the house was crammed, the public having assembled in the hope of receiving a supper, but they were disappointed, and Rubini and Liszt were amply repaid by the profits of the second performance for the expenses of the first.

An international musical contest is to take place in London next summer between the musical artists of France and those of England. The prizes include gold medals, cups, diplomas, musical instruments, money, and a "gorgeous banner."

The above loose statement is going the rounds. Who are the musical artists of France and England? Are Messrs. Auber, Berlioz, Roger, &c., about to compete with Bennett, Balfe, Macfarren, Arabella Goddard, &c.? Probably the popular singing societies are meant, such as the Orpheonists, the Yorkshire chorus singers, and the like.

Sivori, the violinist is giving concerts in the south of France.

Thalberg, during the year 1862 and 1863, made by giving concerts no less than sixty thousand dollars.

American composers have, with those of other nations, a chance to compete for two prizes, of \$400 and \$200, offered by one Signor Baseri of Florence, for the best string quartet, to consist of four separate movements.

Leading journals of Paris administer a sharp rebuke to the "pretense and inflated bombast" of Manager Ullman, for sending extravagant puffs of Carlotta Patti to them, asking their insertion as editorial notices.

**ROYAL RETORT TO A FEMALE VOCALIST.** George the Second, who, it is well known, had very little taste for either poetry, painting, or music, being present at a concert, to no one part of which he paid the least attention, condescended to compliment a woman of quality on the excellence of her vocal powers; upon which the lady, who was one of the finest private female singers then living, curtsied to his Majesty with a sarcastic formality, saying:

"My performance, Sir, would have been better, could I have flattered myself that it was worthy a moment of your Majesty's attention."

"Nay, Madam," retorted the King, "your voice only requires to be equal to your wit, to command the attention of St. Cecilia herself."

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

'Twas thy loved voice. *W. T. Wrighton.* 25  
One of the sweet songs with a melodious title, which does not disappoint you, when you open the leaves and sing it.

Oh say that you ne'er will forget me. Ballad. *B. R. Trench.* 25

Effie May. Ballad. " 25

Soldier's Return. Song. " 25

Mr. Trench has the art of creating a very "melodious" melody, as will be noticed especially in the first song above mentioned, which ought to rank high among songs. The second should please the ballad lovers, and the title of the third commends it to those who are anxiously looking forward to the time when their soldiers shall come "marching home."

Sleep and the Post. *J. P. Knight.* 25

A classical English song.

Why art thou far away. Song. *Dr. Lighthill.* 25  
Given a good subject, and a well sounding title, and a competent composer is sure to turn out a good song. The title and the author fill both these conditions.

I'm not in a hurry to marry. Song. *H. Walker.* 25  
What a great many people say who do not mean it. But if they say it they might as well sing it, and here is the song.

One by one. Song. *A. Proctor.* 25  
You and I. " *Claribel.* 25

Agreeable songs by good composers.

I would not win a heart to share. Song. *L. P. Whitney.* 25  
Mr. W. has composed many fine songs, and this will not diminish his reputation.

### Instrumental Music.

Faust. Fantasia Brillante. *E. Katterer.* 60  
The first of the Faust Fantasias. Of medium difficulty, and skilfully varied. Fine for practice.

Bouquet of Melodies. "Faust." *F. Beyer.* 50  
Another high class collection of the now universally popular melodies. About as difficult as other pieces of the Bouquet and Repertoire. The various numbers of the Bouquet constitute a valuable collection of opera music, and are used extensively by teachers and amateurs.

Arion Waltz. *J. S. Knight.* 25  
A bright arrangement of a melody from "Arion," and has already become a great favorite with those who have heard it played. A delicate tit bit of music with which to regale your friends of an evening.

There is no one like a mother. Variations. *C. Grobe.* 50  
A pleasing melody, with variations, in good style for practice.

Troubadour et Chateleine. *Blumenthal.* 60  
Difficult. Of high character.

### Books.

War Songs for Freemen. Dedicated to the Army of the United States. With appropriate music. 20  
No one can look through this spirited collection without being impressed with the idea, that it is just the book for soldiers in their tents, and for everybody else who wishes to sing on war topics. A vigorous and discriminating taste appears in the selection of first rate, wide awake melodies and words.

**MUSIC BY MAIL.**—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 599.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1864.

VOL. XXIII. No. 2.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Half a dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

II. ANTONIO SALIERI.

[Continued from page 194.]

This much seemed necessary to give the reader even a faint picture of the scene and actors in the quiet drama in which we are to make the young Salieri our principal character—and to whom we now come back.

Gassmann, who had been called to Vienna as ballet composer in 1762, had become quite a favorite of the young Emperor, had been appointed chamber composer, and three times a week was one of those, who aided in the private concerts above described. Joseph learned in some manner, soon after the return of the composer from Venice, that he had brought a very promising youth with him, and expressed a desire to see him. Gassmann, of course, took his pupil to the palace, where he was very kindly received by the Emperor, who addressed him with: "Ah, good morning, how are you pleased with Vienna?"

Salieri, frightened, embarrassed, and accustomed in Venice to the title of Excellency, replied: "Well, your Excellency!" and instantly added by way of correcting his mistake: "Extraordinarily well, your Majesty!"

Some of the musicians of the chapel laughed at the boy's embarrassment and simplicity; but Joseph went on asking him about his home, his family and so on, and Anton, having fully recovered himself, answered all questions with great discretion, and embraced the opportunity to express to the Emperor his gratitude toward Gassmann, who was of course present, and whom he represented as his benefactor and second father. Joseph then required him to sing and play something from memory, which he did quite to the satisfaction of the monarch. Now began the ordinary chamber concert, of which the music that day happened to be vocal pieces from Hasse's opera "*Alcide al bivio*." Salieri sang not only the alto in the choruses, but several solos with ease and correctness at sight from the score. This pleased Joseph much and he ordered Gassmann always in future to bring his pupil with him; this he did, and so began Salieri's service at the Imperial Court, never to be interrupted so long as his powers lasted.

As a practical school, one in which the youth should learn the application of theoretical rules and forms, which at home he had studied in books and scores, Gassmann took his pupil regularly to the theatre. The master directed a new piece but three times, after which Salieri was put at the spinnet or harpsichord—for in the theatre the piano-forte as yet was not, nor had the old mode of directing from a keyed instrument, (kept up in the London Philharmonic concerts long after it had disappeared almost everywhere else) given way to the only true one—since the growth of the modern orchestra—that of a conductor, with his baton, standing or seated, elevated above his forces.

Of the mass of anecdotes and reminiscences which Salieri wrote down in his latter years, Mosel has given a few at length, which are characteristic both of the man—as a youth engaging in adventures and frolics, and as the old man recalling them to mind with evident satisfaction—and of the scenes in which he lived; they are therefore worth repeating.

On one of the first three evenings of some new piece, the music of which pleased him as little as did the public, instead of remaining in his place in the pit, to listen to the musical effects—as Gassmann demanded of him—he gave way to a desire to go upon the stage. He found the machinists at work behind a drop curtain preparing the table for a grand supper to come off in the next scene. Their work was done, but the youth stopped a moment to look at the *papier mache* pastries, capons, &c.,—when—*potz tausend!*—the prompter's whistle for change of scene sent up the curtain, and, not to be seen crossing the stage by all the people, and still worse, by his master, the poor boy had to pop under the table—a movement executed without being seen. Now came the actors and seated themselves singing at the table to feast upon their *papier mache*. There was plenty of room for Anton to remain without touching any one, and, as the scene closed the act, he was comparatively unconcerned, thinking himself safe enough from being discovered by any one, save perhaps a machinist or two. But one of the supperless supper eaters must needs drop his napkin, and stooping to pick it up must needs see something black in the darkness caused by the low hanging tablecloth; and must needs take that something black to be a great dog—and must needs at a pause in the music tell his neighbor of the discovery,—and his neighbor must needs pass the news along, so that in two minutes the four men and four women at table must needs all know about the great black dog, and one of the women must needs be terribly afraid of cats and dogs,—and she must needs spring up with a shriek,—and the small audience must needs have a great laugh—and poor Anton is there half dead with anxiety and fright—all because an actor happened to drop his napkin. However, the music went on, the dog was found to be a young man, the frightened songstress was relieved, and sat down again, laughing, to the *papier mache*, and so the act came to a close. No sooner was the curtain down than Salieri sprang out, and amid a shout of laughter explained the matter, beseeching the actors not to tell his master, who, as he knew, would soon be upon the stage, and hurried off to his place in the pit. Spite of Anton's prayers Gassmann was told the story immediately. At the close of the play he went into the pit as usual to get his pupil, but said not a word about the affair. Nor at supper, nor afterwards, and the poor fellow went to bed with a lightened heart. Nor at breakfast, and Anton's terrible anxiety was relieved. Nor at dinner, to which Gassmann had invited two friends, was a hint at the great black dog. Before leaving the table an Italian

coachman (*vetturino*) entered, and said that he had been told the master wished to speak with him.

"I have sent for you," answered Gassmann, "to learn whether you are going back soon to Italy, as I am going to send that boy, there, home again."

Pale and frightened, Anton sprang up and told the whole story, half crying, half in fun. Neither Gassmann nor his friends could keep sober faces, and the boy was forgiven, with the proviso of stricter obedience in the future. The boy promised and kept his promise. He learned afterwards that the scene with the Vetturino had been planned beforehand by his master; but even that did not efface the memory of his terrible fright.

To the death of Gassmann, January 22, 1774, Salieri never received any regular salary for his services, either in the Emperor's private concerts or in the theatre; but Joseph made him a present every new year's day, on the first one of fifty, on the others of eighty ducats—the ducat being almost exactly \$2.50. Considering what in those days a ducat would buy in Vienna, then an exceedingly cheap place to live in, the present was munificent. Anton always placed the money in his master's hands, who religiously used it for the youth's benefit, in the purchase of clothes and the payment of his other teachers.\*

In the large house joining and belonging to the Michael church opposite the Burg theatre, and up four flights of stairs, lived the family Martinez, with whom Metastasio, the poet, lodged. The father, a Neapolitan by birth, Spanish by descent, was now dead; the son an assistant librarian in the Imperial Library; the daughter, Metastasio's celebrated pupil, was the young lady at whose music lessons under Porpora, some fifteen or twenty years before, young Joseph Haydn came down from his garret overhead to play the spinnet or harpsichord.

Miss Martinez played an important part in the musical social life of Vienna for many a year. Thither Gassmann took Anton and introduced him to Metastasio. Every Sunday morning he was there, both for the benefit to be derived from the conversation of the old poet—the most famous perhaps, except Voltaire, then living—and to make the acquaintance of the distinguished literary, scientific and artistic men, as well as others notable only for rank, who honored his Sunday

\* Joseph Haydn had a story of his master Reutter, music-director of St. Stephen's, of another color. Time, Nov. 14, 1748; place, Kloster Neuburg, a few miles above Vienna on the Danube; occasion, festival of St. Leopold, at which the Empress Maria Theresa and her husband Francis were present. Haydn's voice—he had long been leading soprano in the Stephen choir—was breaking and the Empress had recently said to Reutter: "Joseph Haydn no longer sings, he croaks." The director had consequently to select another boy for the solos, and Michael Haydn, younger brother of Joseph, was selected, who sang a *Salve Regina* so exquisitely, that the Empress and her husband gave him each 12 ducats. "Michael," asked Reutter, "what will you do with so much money?" The boy thought a moment. "Our father has just lost a beast. I will send him 12 ducats, and beg you to take care of the rest for me until my voice also breaks." Reutter took such excellent care of the money, that Michael never saw it again.

receptions from 9 to 12 A.M. Young Salieri soon became welcome at other times and seasons, and especially evenings, when his aid was gladly accepted in the musical performances of the family; often when they were alone, Metastasio had him read entire scenes from his works dramatically, "which," says Salieri, "was for me an excellent school in declamation—a school, which, in the opinion of Metastasio, is an indispensable necessity to any one who will really cultivate a talent for musical vocal composition."

In those days it was thought necessary to have an education as well as genius; to develop talent as well as possess it; to have the taste refined by an acquaintance with literature and the sister arts, as well as by a knowledge of the great productions in its immediate sphere; and to have the rules of harmony and counterpoint so thoroughly mastered, that the composer no more thought about them when at work, than I do of Murray's Grammar and Whately's Rhetoric while scratching off this sentence. To his acquaintance with Metastasio and the instruction in declamation thus gained was due, in great measure, the great perfection of Salieri's works in echoing the sense of his texts in his music; their real dramatic excellence—a quality so distinguishing them that he, the author, was far down into our own century the great teacher of dramatic composition in Vienna, as Albrechtsberger was of the theory of music.

(To be continued.)

### Carl Maria Von Weber.\*

A LIFE PICTURE.

(Continued from page 195.)

"The first things Vogler did in the character of a composer were as little to the taste of the refined public at Prague as his teachings and his disputations to that of the strict High School. His opera *Castro und Pollux*, produced under his own direction, proved an utter failure, while the concerts upon his newly invented instrument, the Orchestron, which had been announced with great pomp and all the means of puffing them known, caused competent judges to shake their heads, and the general public to smile. The learned members of the University called his theory an unfounded assertion, and said that in his propositions he rejected the good with the bad. His form of disputation consisted, according to them, in taking his opponents by surprise, thanks to clever turns and wit, and in gaining over his auditors by outward means without any depth of knowledge, properly so-called; in a word, had people not been compelled to do him justice as a performer on the piano-forte and organ, and had he not been successful in 'simplifying' some instruments of the latter kind, he would have carried with him from Prague, which he left in a very unsatisfactory state of mind, as early as December, 1802, almost the reputation of a declared charlatan. But Vogler was one of those fortunate men whose reputation rises from its ashes with redoubled splendor after each defeat. He proceeded to Vienna. There he had the luck to make his *début* with a brilliant anecdote, which brought together, in a way exceedingly flattering for him, his name and that of Dr. Gall, then the theme of every one's conversation; he immediately received a commission, as did also Beethoven, to compose an opera for the new Theatre an der Wien (to which commission *Samori* and *Fidelio* owe their existence), while the most distinguished musicians of Vienna received him with great respect and looked anxiously forward to what he would do. He knew how to excite this feeling of expectation by mysterious rumors of how he was getting on with *Samori*, his colossal opera, as it was called, though Beethoven never said a word about his *Leonore*. As was everywhere the case, by means of a clever mixture of genuine knowledge and ability; talent for teaching; brilliant diction; priestlike dignity; artistic show; aristocratic manners; and the grave demeanor of a thinker, Vogler spread around himself a nimbus which heightened in an extraordinary degree the impression produced

\* From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

by his real merit, and, above all, did not fail to exercise a powerful and victorious influence on the world of young artists, and on the dispositions, *a priori*, sympathetically organized with his own of elder men like Franz Anton, von Weber, Sonnleithner, Süssmeyer, &c.

"Precisely at this epoch Franz Anton and his son arrived in Vienna, and, after all we have said, it was natural that the hearts and feelings of both should fly towards Vogler as iron flies towards the magnet.

"Carl Maria found a most kind welcome at the house of Count Firmian. There he became acquainted with a young officer, Johann Baptist Gänsbacher, who, having been decorated a short time previously with the gold medal, had quitted the ranks of the volunteer Tyrolean Sharpshooters, and, impelled by an ardent love for music, had sought at the foot of Vogler and Albrechtsberger to become initiated in the highest theory of the art, in which he had received preparatory instruction from his father, a worthy schoolmaster at Sterzing in the Tyrol. Gänsbacher possessed a good, sturdy, vigorous, material nature, fond of wine and women, in addition to art, and passionately attached to rifle-shooting, in which he excelled. Eight years older than Weber, endowed, thanks to his military career, with liberal views of life, broad shouldered and robust of body, besides being a good musician into the bargain, he speedily acquired a great influence over Weber, who began to love him tenderly. This love, cemented by many a youthful prank played in common; many an affliction shared by both; many a service rendered; and by similar yearnings and aims, became a truly fraternal affection, as Weber strongly proved by his actions up to within a few months of his death.

"In Vienna, Gänsbacher commenced by rendering Carl Maria the great service of introducing him, by means of his patron, Count Firmian, to Vogler, and of inducing the latter to hear him play. The rest was effected by Carl Maria's talent itself. Vogler immediately admitted him into the innermost circle of his favorite disciples, fostering and observing the young man's great and quickly recognized talent as it deserved to be recognized. Vogler's glance, sharpened by the most extensive practise in teaching, necessarily very soon caused him to perceive that he had to do with one gifted with natural qualities of the very highest description; one whose most inward being was connected with the production of the Brilliant, the Charming, and the Captivating, but who, in consequence of this, and of his circumstances, seconded by a vain father and early successes, had been led into the most imminent danger of sinking down to amateurish and pleasing trifles. He applied, therefore, with wisdom and love, the influence he had so quickly acquired over his admirable pupil, to inspire the latter with a love for the seriousness of art. All the weight of his opinion and advice was needed to lead back the impetuous youth, so successful in his efforts, from the bright sphere of original creation, and dreams of early mastership, to the narrow limits of modest, dark learning. The whole intelligence of the young musician was needed to understand the necessity of so hard a retrograde step, and to follow it up as consistently as he actually did."

At a subsequent period, after 1807, Vogler obtained a brilliant material position in Darmstadt, whither the Grand-Duke Ludwig I. attracted him. He was created there spiritual privy-councillor, with 2,200 florins salary, and board and lodgings in the palace, together with wood, and four wax candles a day. "His talents, however, lay pretty well fallow, as the Grand-Duke neither listened to his counsels, nor gave him, as a rule, the management of the musical performances, with the exception of those of his own works. Vogler was thus able to devote his whole time to his scientific labors and studies. With all this, as a man honored by the Grand-Duke, he was held in the greatest respect. Nearly every day he was the Grand-Duke's companion at table, where he greatly relished his burgundy, and at Court and in the town there was no better known or more popular figure, but scarcely, in outward appearance, one more striking, than that of Abbé Vogler. He was small and corpulent in stature, and possessed also strongly marked features, the expression of which was seldom a kind one. With his long arms and his large hands, so large that he could span two octaves, he appeared to have been made expressly for playing the organ, but this formation of body, admirable as it was for the above purpose, gave him somewhat the look of an ape. He had grown more vain than ever, and always dressed in a most elegant, broad-skirted black tail coat, black satin breeches, red stockings, and shoes with yellow buckles. He wore the grand cross of the Order of Leopold upon his left breast, while, attached to his right shoulder, the little black silk cloak of an Abbé hung down his back and reached the bend of his knees."

Here the more intimate circle at Vogler's was

formed by Gänsbacher, Weber and Meyerboer, the last-named of whom, then scarcely sixteen years old, had already created a sensation (1810) and resided with the Abbé. "Most days were passed in musical exercises and works, which were frequently executed in Vogler's house, on his good instruments and under his advice. Often, also, the young men accompanied the greatest organ-player of the day to one of the churches, and never, as Weber frequently assured his hearers, did Vogler, in his fantasias and preludes, drink so immediately out of the virgin spring of the Beautiful, as when, in the presence only of his three beloved disciples, as he was fond of calling them, he caused angelic voices or words of thunder to issue from the organ. The evenings generally glided by in serious conversation with Vogler, or at Hoffmann's where Vogler or one of the young musicians extemporized, though now and then they went through some work of merit, or indulged merely in conversation. The old master, whose serious face did not well understand how to smile, grew young again in the society of the promising Epigoni, whose intellectual strength and talent were perfectly manifest to an experienced judge of men and artists like him. He was accustomed to say subsequently of Carl Maria and Meyerbeer: 'Oh, had I been compelled to leave the world before I had formed these two, what grief I should have experienced! There is something within me which I could not evoke; these two will do so for me! what would Pergino be, and what Fra Bartolomeo without Raffael!'

"But, as Weber expresses it, the three shook the dust from their skins, on leaving the society of the old gentlemen and going out of an evening, when they proceeded to 'collect melodies,' that is to drink wine in taverns where there was singing, or twanging on the either or harp. In the presence of soldiers and their girls, Carl Maria could there sling a guitar round his neck, and getting upon a table, sing roguish songs, as he used to do in the wildest time of his life, so that there was no end to the applause, till the tobacco smoke drove him away. In return, he obtained from national songs many hints in life and melody."

(To be Continued.)

### The History of the Violin.

A London critic thus glances at this subject, *à-propos* to a new work (by W. Sandys and S. A. Forster) bearing the above title:

Of all musical instruments the violin is the only one that has not undergone continued and progressive improvement. Even the more ancient instruments, such as the harp, the flute, and the organ, have been subject to constant alterations and modifications down to the present time, the early types of these instruments having about the same relation to their present successors as the aboriginal hut to the modern villa. The violin, however, has remained in almost the same state for nearly three centuries, and appears little likely to be subject to the changes which have affected all other instruments—its symmetrical form and perfect adaptation to its purpose seeming to defy all innovations, whether of capricious taste or inventive skill. Certainly the art of violin making has rather retrograded than advanced since the days of the great Cremona makers, the Amatis, Stradivarius, and the Guarnerius family, who produced those masterpieces which remain still the despair of modern instrument makers. That age has some influence in perfecting the tone of violins and other instruments of that family there can be no doubt, but that much more is due to the superior skill of the great makers of old is also unquestionable, else why the vast superiority of the instruments made by these exceptional artists over the works of contemporary makers? Care in the selection of the finest wood, accurate proportion and well-rounded symmetry in the shape, and a perfect balance in the thickness of the corresponding portions of the instrument; all these, with other points of extreme nicety which escaped less skilful mechanists, have contributed to make up that perfection of tone and beauty of appearance which render the best Italian instruments of the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth centuries unapproachable by modern imitators. The closest copies of these models, and the attempt to anticipate the effects of age by baking the wood and constant action of the bow on the strings by mechanical agency, have not succeeded in equalling the Cremona violin.

In many respects the violin is the most important of all instruments. Although not so independent as the organ or the pianoforte, nor so capable in itself of rendering a transcript of any music of combination; on the other hand it is the only instrument that, like the human voice, possesses the power of perfect intonation. Moreover, the direct agency, of the fingers on the strings, without the intervention of mechanical appliances, added to the sustained sound produced by the action of the bow, give to the violin a susceptibility to the feeling and passion of the player that no other instrument possesses. Then, again, the violin and its relatives, the viola, the violoncello, and the contra-basso, form the groundwork of the orchestra—the centre of the musical picture to which the wind instruments contribute little more than the lights and shades and accessories.

The colloquial terms "fiddle" and "fiddler" seem to have been in very early use, being met with in the old poets even before Chaucer; and as the "fiddle" was formerly the chief instrument of itinerant performers at merry-makings and "fiddlers" were frequently included among the humble retainers of the great and wealthy, the term was very frequently used as a reproach, implying low habits and servitude. Thus, in the "Taming of the Shrew," Hortensio is made to complain of being called "rascal fiddler, and twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms." Even to the present day, "fiddle" and "fiddler" are almost unconsciously associated with something trifling and small, and convey an impression rather of street minstrelsy than of that refinement and importance which properly attach to the violin and its modern cultivation. To apply the term "fiddler" therefore (as is still sometimes done), to a skilful and intelligent performer on the violin is a solecism in taste and manners.

The origin of the violin, like all remote origins, is difficult to trace with any certainty. Its earliest type is doubtless to be found in instruments of the lyre or lute species, the strings of which were pinched by the fingers, or struck by the plectrum. The date of the introduction of the bow, which gives its speciality to the violin, is variously stated. In the tenth and eleventh centuries (and probably even earlier) a rude kind of bow was used with the old rote or crwth (crowth); these instruments being among the precursors of the violin. The book before us gives various theories and authorities on this subject, and the authors are disposed to attribute the introduction of the bow to this country. The nearest ancient approach to the modern violin and bow is to be found in a figure painted on the roof of the Peterborough Cathedral, considered to be of the date of about 1194. Judging by the representation of this which is given in the book, both instrument and bow bear a very close resemblance to the present form. The viol, which is played on by a crowned figure, has curved sides, four strings, and two sound-holes; so that there are all the essentials, in a somewhat more clumsy shape, of the violin of the present day. It appears to have been after the thirteenth century that the violin began to approach its perfection, which, however, it probably did not fully attain much before the sixteenth century, during which period the great Cremona makers arose, and apparently realized all the structural capabilities of the instrument. So precious have the best preserved specimens of this school become, that three hundred guineas and upwards have been known to be given for a fine Cremona, the original intrinsic value of the materials being scarcely as many pence. But, as with many other works of art (for these old makers were artists rather than mechanics), the cheapest materials may be moulded into the costliest productions. A fine Italian violin, with its beautiful outline, graceful proportions, and brilliant varnish, has a fascination for amateurs scarcely surpassed by any other art passion. To this class, and to all who take an interest in the subject, the volume before us offers much valuable information. The historical and antiquarian portion has been carefully and laboriously compiled;

while, with some occasional irrelevancies, the practical portion of the subject is well treated. There are many illustrations representing ancient instruments, and full details of the principal makers of various periods and countries, and the volume is calculated to be a useful addition to the musical library.

### Serenades.

Few associations are more romantic than those connected with the graceful old custom of saluting beauty and virtue with the dulcet strains of music, in the clear obscure of some climate in which large stars and perfumed breezes form a portion of the "properties" of the average summer night. It was by the passionate lovers of Southern Europe that the serenade was first devised, as a vehicle for the conveyance of compliments to their mistresses, after the latter were supposed to have let down their back hair and retired for the night. The usage is one redolent of much that is delightful. It is linked inseparably with lustrous eyes, orange bowers, gondolas, guitars, Tom Mooreish maidens, the crisp-leaved myrtle, and that erotic bird which seems to have been providentially created for the poet, as a rhyme to it. The serenade, as its name denotes, can take rank as an institution under serene skies only. As a general thing, indeed, music does not seem to flourish among the northern races. Æolian harps came by nature, but the Boreal variety of that combination of wind and string has yet to be discovered. Refer to that small but nimble savage the Esquimaux, and you will find that the nearest approach to a musical instrument possessed by him is the high strung snow-shoe, on which he performs marches indeed, but neither serenades nor any other sort of "lascivious pleasing." The Russian has his own idea of music as he has of meat, and there is a flavor of caviar in his cavatinas. His greatest musical triumph, perhaps, was the production of that renowned horn-band of twenty-four slabby serfs, who used to provoke calliopean blares from twenty-four straight brass trumpets varying in length from twenty-four inches to twenty-four feet. These musical moujiks of the Czar, however, were no exponents of the serenade. Their strains were rather of the *reveille* character, and better adapted as an accompaniment to the "shrill clarion" of the village rooster, than as a hushaby to fringed eye-lids closing like leaves of belladonna over orbs that are courting balmy sleep. For this, among other things, the northern races are to be pitied, for there is a wealth of poetry in the serenade.

In this country, whose inhabitants are not necessarily of northern race, and where everything seems to take root, just as everybody seems to take bitters, the serenade has become a plant of the soil. Like the Italian organ-grinder, however, it has come to be so greatly Americanized as to require tobacco-juice to stimulate its action. It is a peculiarity of all our great cities that they are provided with excellent bands—a fact which may or may not be owing to the German element that is sown broadcast among us. The foreign visitor to our shores, particularly if his coming is from sunny Italy or olivaceous Spain, will pause and "take the music," as Mr. Lincoln says, when he hears the pensive cadences of one of these bands vibrating in the soft air of the summer night. They remind him involuntarily of the orange bowers, Tom Mooreish maidens, *et cetera*, enumerated in the foregoing paragraph, and his thoughts revert to the well-fledged cupid of his own country, as he lights a fresh cigar. He marks the mellow horns of the Sax pattern pouring out the music of "Don Pasquale" to a brown-stone front, and a pardonable curiosity prompts him to watch the balcony for the wave of a gossamer handkerchief or the filly-like whisk of a yard or so of liberated back hair.

But no such sentiment actuates the musicians, who are practical men, and paid for what they are doing. Nothing in the shape of an orange bower blooms behind that brown stone front—though the lemon may be there, we admit, in connection with a bowl of punch. The myrtle

plant bloweth not within, though the manufactured tobacco does. No gossamer handkerchief waves thanks from the balcony, but as the shadowed walls reverberate the well-timed *staccato* of *Com' é gentil*, the window opens, and a male person (possibly with but little back hair to speak of, and no front) steps on to the balcony, and returns thanks in a remarkably set speech for the compliment paid him. For all the foreigner from the sunny land knows, this may be Mr. Lincoln himself, "taking the music." Or, more likely, it may be some successful contractor of the shoddy stamp, running for aldermanic honours perhaps, if not for congressional, and who ogles his admirers with spectacles instead of with lustrous orbs, who, if he does possess a gossamer or any other kind of handkerchief, ought to use it in preference to his coat-sleeve for wiping the perspiration from his manly brow.

And the bewildered child of the sunny land turns and leaves the spot, a sadder man than ever, if not actually gone imbecile from what he has heard and seen. It is impossible for one brought up as he has been, to understand why a band of serenaders should apply *Com' é gentil* to a person like him who has just bowed himself out of the balcony, or with what interest they kept inviting that person, in the most beseeching tones, to "Come to them as daylight sets o'er the moonlit sea." But then he is only a foreigner, and can hardly be expected to realize the immense results connected with our style of serenading—such as the whiskey bill, for instance.—*The Round Table*.

### Music Abroad.

BERLIN.—Mdlle. de Ahna appeared as Orpheus in Gluck's *Orpheus und Eurydice*, but was not so successful as Mdlle. Lucca in *Martha*. The position of a contralto is not a very important one upon the German stage, because it commands only a limited range of good characters. To obtain a first-class position, both in an artistic as well as a pecuniary sense, a contralto is obliged to attempt parts unfitted for her, and to force her voice. This is, in most cases, attended with consequences very prejudicial to the artist. This was one of the causes which brought Johanna Wagner's career to so early a termination, and a similar fate would appear to be destined for Mdlle. de Ahna, unless she alters her tactics. Like the lady just mentioned, she has been forcing her voice in such characters as Elizabeth in *Tannhäuser*; Donna Elvira, in *Don Juan*; and recently, Armande, in Herr Gustav Schmidt's opera *La Réole*. The consequence is that she is no longer able to do justice to the music of Orpheus, though the part is naturally adapted to her. Her acting, moreover, was not up to the mark, and altogether the impression she produced on competent judges was not satisfactory, although the general public were liberal in their applause. Mdlle. Santer was the Eurydice, a part filled on the revival of the opera some years ago, by Mad. Köster. Apropos of this lady; she has again retired from public gaze for a year, after having appeared in *Fidelio*, *Don Juan*, *Die Vestalin* and *Armida*. Every thing human, as most of us know to our cost, is perishable, and nothing more so than the human voice. What a pity it is that no kind friend will impress this fact upon Mad. Köster.

A young lady of this name of Kropp has cropped up from Vienna, and sustained, or, more correctly, endeavored to sustain the principal soprano part in *Lucia*, *Robert le diable* and *I Montecchi e Capuletti*. I am sorry to add that her ambition was greater than her vocal powers. She failed to please the public, or to obtain an engagement. She was to have sung the rôle of Venus in Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, but left without doing so, in consequence, so it is said, of her inability to await the arrival of another "Gast"—*Anglière*, guest; star; or artist out of an engagement seeking to procure one—Herr Hagen, from Hamburg, who was to be the *Tannhäuser* on the occasion, but was prevented from coming as soon as he intended. He paid us a visit, however, shortly after Mdlle. Kropp's departure, and sang in Herr Wagner's opera above-mentioned, as well, or, rather, as badly, as in Auber's *Muette*. My space is valuable, and, therefore I will briefly dismiss Herr Hagen by stating that I do not think him equal to the place he wished to obtain: namely, that of heroic tenor. I am afraid it is too much for him. In *Tannhäuser*, Mad. Harriers-Wippen was the Elizabeth. The music was, it is true, only Wagner's, still she might have learnt it, if

it were but for the respect due to the public, who are always exceedingly kind to her. She was, however, not perfect, and, in consequence, spoiled the effect of her most telling "bit," the prayer in the third act. Yet, after all, who that is well acquainted—with the score before him, of course—with what Herr Wagner writes shall dare to blame her.

Before concluding my account of what has taken place at the Royal Opera House, I may mention that Madlle. Lucca played there the other evening for the last time, previously to her departure for Hamburg, where she is to give six performances. The part she selected, in which to bid adieu for awhile to her patrons here, was that of Cherubino in *Le Nozze*. The audience were loud in the manifestations of their delight.

We have had concerts galore; even a bare list of all of them would nearly fill one number of the *Musical World*. First comes the two Soirées of the Royal Domechor, the programmes of which were highly interesting and comprised, among other pieces too numerous to mention, the ten-part "Crucifixus," by Lotti; the motet, "Jesu, mein Freude," by J. S. Bach; a piece by Palestrina, "Velum Templi aciesum est;" a graduale, "Ecce quomodo moritur Justus," by Jacob Handel (1550-91) Mozart's *Miserere*; a motet, "Hilf Herr," by Homilius (1714-85); "O magnum mysterium," for two choruses, by Alessandro Scarlatti; a piece for male voices, by Ludovico Viadana (1625); "Requiem eternam," by Nic. Jomelli (1713-74); a motet (soprano, two contraltos, tenor and bass), by Melchior Franck (1580-1639); motet (two sopranos, contralto, and bass.) Sebastian Bach (1685-1750); and 97th Psalm, by Otto Nicolai. The above works were, with scarcely an exception executed in a most admirable manner. Then we have had the Sinfonie-Soirées of the King's Private Band, which fully maintained its reputation; the Subscription Concerts of the Frauenverein for the Gustavus Adolphus Fund; the Subscription Concerts of Carlberg's Orchestral Union; the Subscription Concerts of Herren Zimmermann and Stahlknecht; the Soirées of Herren Engelhardt, Hellmich, and Zurn; Herr Hans von Bülow's Piano-forte-Soirées, etc., etc. To attempt to send you a detailed criticism of them, or even to set down the various compositions comprised in the programmes, would go far to justify the belief that the person doing so stood in urgent and immediate need of a strait-waist-coat and a keeper.

A bright particular star, in the person of Mdlle. Artôt, appeared in our operatic heavens the other evening. The part selected for her *début* was that of Rosine in *Il Barbiere*. It is now four years since this lady made her first appearance before a Berlin public, in the same character, and as a member of the Italian Opera Company at the Victoria Theatre, her leading colleagues being Signori Carrion, Delle Sedie, Brémoud and Fricci. She was a great success, and for night after night, as I duly chronicled at the time, the theatre was crammed by an enthusiastic and enraptured audience. I am afraid that her present engagement will not turn out quite such a series of triumphs. I have spoken with a great many persons, and, with hardly an exception, they say she is not what she was.

The other operas performed since I wrote have been M. Gounod's *Faust*, Gluck's *Orpheus*, Donizetti's *Figlia del Reggimento*; and on the 10th inst., Mr. or Herr Jules Benedict's long promised, and impatiently expected opera, *Die Rose von Erin*.

So much at the present in the way of opera. Concerning concerts, I may mention that Herren Stahlknecht and Zimmermann have brought their this year's series of Soirées for Chamber-Music to a close. The programme for the last Soirée comprised: Quartet, in G minor, Haydn; Beethoven's Grand Trio in D major, and Quartet in E minor. Herren Zimmermann and Stahlknecht deserve the thanks of all those who love music of the first order. Handel's *Judas Macabæus* was executed the other day by the members of Stern's Gesangverein, but somewhat after the style of *Hamlet* without the part of the vacillating and reflecting young Dane. Herr Krause was so hoarse that the entire bass part had to be omitted. The remaining parts were entrusted to Mesdames Cash-Lowy, Pressler, and Herr Woworsky. The ladies were pretty good, but Herr Woworsky was not equal to the part of Judas. The choruses went well.—*Corr. Lond. Mus. World*.

The Orchestra of Feb. 20 states:

Benedict's new opera, "*The Rose of Erin*," has been produced, under which name Englishmen will have little difficulty in recognizing the "*Lily of Killarney*." As Erin is at the best a word better known than the lesser name, it was considered advisable to alter the title. The *Signale* in writing of Benedict, says: "The composer of this '*Rose*,' born in Stuttgart, and living for the last twenty-five years in Lon-

don, saw his talent betimes strew roses on the way. He had little trouble with the thorns, which tear the young wings of so many soaring artists. The son of a rich banker, Benedict, like Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn, enjoyed a youth free of care; and his means allowed him to study under Hummel at Weimar, as a pianist, and under Weber in Dresden, as a composer. In the English world of music Benedict is much admired, and, from his long sojourn in England, it is natural he should, in his '*Rose of Erin*,' respect rather the forum of the London public than of the German art-critic." As the *Signale* indeed augurs, the music of the "*Rose*"—*quasi* "*Lily*"—falls flat on German ears, which cannot decide whether the composition belongs to the class of simple national melody, or aims at grand opera. The scenery absorbed general attention, to the detriment of the music.

LIEGE.—The Concert of the Conservatory, on the 6th inst., under the direction of that excellent conductor M. Soubre, was highly interesting, both on account of the pieces selected, and of the manner in which they were performed. The programme included specimens of the Symphonies of Haydn, Beethoven and Weber; choruses from Handel's *Samson*, and two pieces by Ferdinand Hiller: "Heloise und die Nonnen an Abelard's Grab," and "Palmsontag-Morgen." The audience received the two latter compositions in the most hearty fashion. Herr Hiller was called for several times, and had to bow his thanks from the orchestra. "Palmsontag-Morgen" was encored. The Legia Vocal Association for Male Voices, which lately carried off the prize of honor at Aix la-Chapelle, showed their respect for Herr Hiller, by giving him a serenade, despite the bitterly cold night, and finishing with some hearty cheers in his honor.

LEIPZIG. As it is interesting to keep the run of the 20 subscription concerts given every winter in the Gewandhaus—those concerts once conducted by Mendelssohn, who raised the Leipzig music to its high standard, afterwards by Rietz, and now by Reinicke, —we copy the following programmes:

*Thirteenth concert.* Overture to the opera *La Chasse du jeune Henri*, Méhul; Recitative and aria from *Don Juan*, Mozart, sung by Madlle. Orgeni; Concerto for the violin (first movement), Joachim, played by Herr August Wilhelm, Jun.; Recitative and aria from *Norma*, Bellini, sung by Madlle. Louise von Pöllnitz, from Berlin; Concerto (D major) for Piano-forte, with orchestral accompaniment, composed and executed by Herr Otto Singer, of Dresden; Songs with the Piano sung by Madlle. von Pöllnitz: "Loreley," Liszt, and "Frühlingssnacht," Schumann; Symphony (C major, No. 2), Schumann. At the *fourteenth* concert the programme consisted of the overture to *Dame Kobold*, Reinecke; concert air, Mendelssohn, (sung by Mdlle. Elizabeth Metzdröff, from St. Petersburg); Concerto for the violin (No. 19, D minor), Krentzer (played by Herr Lauterbach, from Dresden); Cavatina from *Robert le Diable*, Meyerbeer (sung by Mdlle. Metzdröff); *Concertstück* for the violin, composed and played by Herr Lauterbach (now, MS.); and Beethoven's music to Goethe's *Egmont*, with connecting words by Mosengell, the words spoken by Herr Hanisch, and the songs sung by Mdlle. Metzdröff.

*Fifteenth.* B flat major Symphony, by Haydn; Piano-forte Concerto, by Weber, (played by Herr Wilhelm Trieber, from Gratz); Overture to the opera of *Dionys* (unfinished), by Norbert Burgmüller (first time); E flat major Rondo, by Mendelssohn (Herr W. Trieber); and B flat major Symphony (No. 1) by Robert Schumann. The members of the Singacademie propose giving a performance on the 21st inst., of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, for the benefit of the Schleswig-Holsteiner. At the 16th Gewandhaus-Concert, the following pieces were performed: F major Symphony (No. 8), Beethoven; Andante for the flute, Mozart (played by M. de Vroye, from Paris); aria from *Brünnhilde*, Graun (sung by Mad. Viardot Garcia); "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," Mendelssohn's air from *Idomeno*, Mozart (sung by Mad. Viardot Garcia); Fantasia for the flute, on motives from *La Juive*, M. de Vroye (executed by the composer); Songs at the piano (sung by Mad. Viardot Garcia).

COLOGNE.—The following compositions constituted the programme of the seventh Gesellschafts-Concert, under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller: Overture to *Prometheus* (first time) Woldegar Bargiel; Piano-forte Concerto in E flat major, Beethoven (played by Herr Pauer, from London); "Busslied" for baritone solo, chorus with organ accompaniment (first time), Meyerbeer (soloist, Herr Max

Stägemann from Hanover); Variations for the piano on a theme by Mozart, by Herr Pauer; "La Cascade" by the same (played by the composer); Songs by J. Rietz and L. Hartemann (Herr Stägemann); Symphony in G major, by J. Haydn; and Mendelssohn's music to "Die erste Walpurgisnacht," by Goethe.

WEIMAR.—No one has yet been appointed *Capellmeister* in the place of Dr. Franz Liszt. It was thought, at one time, that Herr Richard Wagner would succeed him, and then that Herr Hans von Bülow would be called upon to wield the *bâton* in the grand-ducal orchestra, but neither of these gentlemen have been nominated. The duties of the post are fulfilled by two leaders, Herren Carl Stör and Edward Lassen. The tenth anniversary of the Association for the Promotion of Art and Science, founded by Dr. Franz Liszt, was celebrated by a grand entertainment at which the following was the programme: "Orpheus" (a symphonic poem; arranged for violin, harp, violoncello, harmonium, and piano-forte, by Zellner, Vienna); two songs by Lassen and Stör; "Die Flüchtlinge," by Dr. Dingelstedt; Liszt's "Loreley Nocturne," Duet from Hector Berlioz's opera: *Béatrice et Bénédict*; Fantasia in F on themes from *Euryanthe*, by B. Lössmann; Bürger's "Leonore," with melo-dramatic accompaniment by Liszt; scene from the 2nd act of Herr Richard Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*; and Schiller's "Punschlied" set to music by Lassen. The festival opened with a highly successful prologue by Dr. Dingelstedt. At the opera-house *Die Zauberkolbe*, *Zampa*, *La Juive*, *Le Nozze*, *Stradella*, *Fra Diavolo*, and *Orpheus*, went as well as could be expected, considering the feebleness of the first tenor, the inefficiency of the chorus, and the numerical weakness of the stringed quartet. The following were the programmes of the concerts given by the Grand-Ducal Private Band: at the first concert—Symphony, No. 8, Beethoven; "Requiem für Mignon," R. Schumann; Beethoven's Violin Concerto (played by Herr Kömpel, one of Spohr's pupils); and aria with *obligato* clarinet accompaniment by Mozart (sung by Mad. von Milde); at the second concert—Overture to *Fidello* (E major); Mozart's Jupiter Symphony; airs from *Iphigenia auf Tauris*, and *Linda di Chamouni* (Mad. von Milde); Fantasia for the flute, by Briccialdi (performed by Herr Winkler) together with "Rêverie pastorale" and "Galop fantastique," written and played by M. Louis Brassin. The usual grand concert took place at the Court, on the 7th inst., when the following pieces were selected for performance: "Pasacaglia," by S. Bach, scored by Esser; air and march from the opera of *Die Brüder*, words by Lohmann, music by Götz; scene from Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*; Dr. Franz Liszt's "Loreley" with instrumental accompaniment; "Hexenlianze," by Paganini, and the first movement from Beethoven's Violin Concerto (played by Herr J. Lotto). Herr Schnorr von Carolsfeld, from Dresden, sang the tenor music on the occasion. Herr Ferdinand Hiller's opera, *Die Katakomben*, has been most successfully produced.

VIENNA. Offenbach's new opera, "The Rhine Fairies," has proved successful. The Orchestra (London) says of it:

So little is the Viennese musical world accustomed to novelty in opera, that people go about with the map or Denmark in one hand and the playbill of the Court Theatre in the other; and at night the seat of war is forgotten on the seats of the parquet. "*Die Rheinnixen*" is French in idea, romantic by name, elfin and absurd in construction. A young maiden who sings so long, that she sings herself to death, and, passing to fayland, is re-uscitated to a world of song, being only in a trance, forms the plot of M. Nuister, done into German by Herr von Wolzogen. The idea is so absurdly impossible, and, in fact, incomprehensible, that the wonder is, Offenbach was led to accept such a subject as the groundwork whereon to exercise his thorough dramatic knowledge and high musical ability. His music is of the romantic school, flowing in melody, true to the subject, clever in expression and instrumentation. It is a pretentious opera—far removed from the homastic; yet it goes farther in musical novelty than many another, and is more dramatic in melody. Offenbach's prominent gift lies in rhythmic force. Complaints may be levelled on the score of repetition; for the composer, like others of his day, is disposed to repeat himself here and there; for the rest, he is hardly admitted to the first rank of musical genius. His talent comprises rather simplicity and smoothness than lyric force; yet we should be content to have more melodious composers sharing his ability.

PARIS.—Lent in and the world fasting; Paris in sackcloth and ashes, and the Murchisio sisters at the Italian. Not that Paris troubles itself much about



Lent, merely absolving itself from the nuisance of conventionalities, and devoting itself to legitimate theatre-going, which is compatible with fasting, of course. As for the sackcloth, so long as it is well made and the ashes odorous and suggestive of *mille-fleurs*, it is rather becoming than otherwise, and *sic* *lieu*. And as for the Marchisio sisters, they afford a pretext for going to the theatre and enjoying "*Semiramide*." Their debut was unqualified: enthusiasm there was, sufficient to chase even the shyness of Carlotta, who is painfully bashful, and requires two *rappels* nightly, as a "pick-me-up." She is a little undecided and embarrassed in singing; otherwise her modesty is charming. Her sister Barbara is somewhat similar in incertitude, but her voice is rich and delicate in shadow, and her reception cannot be gainsaid. Then, Paris has the debut of Mme. Spezzia in "*Norma*" last week to talk about. Everybody knew Mme. Vander-Beck's *Adalgisa*; and Pollio through the lips of Nicolini has sung all the season. Everybody knew, too, Antonnacci; and in short, Mme. Spezzia was the—I had almost written Spezziality! Joking apart, however (and Paris has hardly become Byronic), Spezzia has acquired a reputation in Italy—deserved or undeserved? Doubts have been suggested, but are rather ungenerous. She has a rich, full, sonorous voice, which she sometimes finds a difficulty in managing.

Patti and Mario are delightful at the Lyrique, where "*Marta*" will present Patti in conjunction with Delle Sedie; while at the Opéra Comique "*Lura*" is in active rehearsal, the parts having been distributed. An awful melo-drama, founded upon the history of Louis XIII., is the sensation at the Gaité, and is horrible enough to satiate even Parisian taste for novelty. Concert events consist of the third of the Conservatory—specialized, as most of these concerts are, by German music—and of the first concert of classical music given on Sunday in the Cirque Napoléon—also Mendelssohnish and Beethovenish in character. A series of official concerts are to follow the travesty halls given to the Ministers of State and Foreign Affairs by the Dukes and Duchesses De Morny and De Bassano. Rubini, Carvalho, Faure, Gardoni, Braga, and Ed. Battiste are the artists named. Patti and Mme. Trebelli-Bettini appeared at the Hôtel de Ville a few evenings ago.—*Corr. Orchestra.*

## Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 28.—MR. WOLFSOHN'S third soirée was given last evening. The first part consisted of a Trio by Beethoven, for piano, violin and 'cello. It was the familiar and ever welcome one in C minor, the third of the first set—the opus 1 of the André edition.

The second part of the concert commenced with Liszt's *Schiller-march*. There is little to be said about this composition except that it is very, very difficult and quite uninteresting. It was encored, however, which, I take it, was rather in acknowledgement of Mr. Wolfsohn's skill, than because of the composition he had just played. He was kind enough to spare us a repetition of the march, but gave us Liszt's exquisite transcription of Schubert's "*Lob der Thäner*." The other piano selections were Chopin's "*Polonaise Militaire*" and *Etudes* by Chopin and Henselt. Than these nothing could have been more acceptable.

Last on the programme was a Quintet by Schubert, for piano and stringed instruments, played here for the first time. It is one of Schubert's lighter efforts, but is full of the characteristic genial melodic and harmonic forms of the great master, who, even in his lighter moments, cannot fail to interest. Of the five movements, the first (allegro vivace) and the second (andante) seemed the best. The fourth contains a series of beautiful variations on the song "*Die Forelle*." The effect of both of the concerted pieces would have been better, had the first violin been in the hands of a more efficient performer.

Fearful, lest the slight derangement of programmes, caused by the absence of Mr. Theodore Thomas, might be interpreted unfavorably, Mr. Wolfsohn has shifted the onus from his shoulders to those of the audience. Instead of being obliged to ask the indulgence of the subscribers, he has increased their debt to

him. He had promised only one concert with songs, and we have already heard HABELMANN in three of his soirées. On this occasion he sang Beethoven's *Adelaide* and two of Abt's ballads.

Herr Habelmann is a favorite here, and has become the pet of "our best society." Besides the honors of such a position he will soon reap some of its profits, as his admirers, (the female portion of whom have already exhausted all the saccharine adjectives in the vocabulary of praise in his favor) are about to give a complimentary concert for his benefit. Gossip says that the marked preference bestowed upon him has created bitterness and heart-burning in the green room of the Academy, or, as I should say, among the members of the German opera company. As such scandal is not within my province, I have not cared to investigate it. Suffice it to say, Herr Habelmann has been voted a "lovely tenor," which is more than the Philadelphians were willing to say of Mazzoleni or any other singer since Brignoli. Could ambitious mortal desire greater praise than that? Is it not enough for one man to know that when he steps on the boards, every fair damsel grasps her lorgnette, and with its glass eyes hides her beauteous orbs from those who do not happen to be looking at the "lovely tenor," and that she does this merely to satisfy her curiosity regarding him? It is well that in this instance the recipient of such honors is a capable and deserving artist.

The German opera company has just left us after a season of three weeks, during which it met with varied success far below its deserts. The operas given here for the first time, were Spohr's *Jessonda* and Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. In spite of the numerous managerial shortcomings, it has hitherto struggled successfully against the accidents of fortune and the blunders of its friends. Its prospects seem very doubtful, and affairs seem to have reached such a crisis with the Anschutz opera troupe, that new aid will have to be furnished to prevent it from becoming disintegrated. I should regret this deeply, for I know of no event that would be so discouraging to those lovers of music who have the success of German opera at heart.

MARCH 4.—The Habelmann complimentary concert was quite a brilliant gathering. The hero of the evening was greeted with a perfect storm of applause. He bore his honors modestly and sang superbly. His songs were Schnbert's "*Am Meer*," Fesca's "*Das Mädchen am Fenster*," Abt's "*Vogelgesang*," and the inevitable "*Schlafe wohl*," &c. His assistants were a gentleman amateur with a rich baritone voice, and a lady amateur of mezzo soprano capabilities; they reflected great credit upon their preceptor, Signor Perelli, whose accompaniments were, however, discreditable. Another amateur, a pupil of Mr. Wolfsohn's, took part in a duet for two pianos and played with much ease and precision. As the concert was rather a private affair, intended as an act of homage to Herr Habelmann, and not for the purpose of displaying the abilities of the amateurs who assisted him, exacting criticism were out of place. For all that, it is but just to say, that their's was not the least interesting part of the programme. Herr Habelmann must have been delighted with the hearty fervor with which his admirers manifested their regard for him.

Messrs. Cross and Jarvis gave their second soirée last Tuesday evening. The concerted pieces were Spohr's Quintet for piano and wind instruments; Quartet No. 3 by Mozart; and a duet for two pianos by Kalkbrenner. The solos were "*Vie oragrise*" by Henselt, an *Etude* by Chopin, and the difficult *A flat Polonaise* by Chopin; also a violoncello solo by Servais, executed by Mr. Ahrend, and songs by Herr Habelmann.

Mr. Jarvis played all the piano solos and, with Mr. Cross, the piano duet. Mr. Gaertner led the Mozart quartet with his usual vigor and more than

usual gracefulness of execution. The soirée was well attended, the performance excellent. s.

CAIRO, ILL., MARCH 2.—Knowing that everything which has a musical bearing is interesting to you, I send you a programme of an unpretending "grand" concert which has just occurred here, for the benefit of refugees in trouble. It is a musical straw which will serve to show that the westward current is carrying music with it. In fact I know New England boys and girls too, beyond the Mississippi and the Rocky Mts., are singing the old familiar home songs.

The concert was "grand" of course, like every other. It was an experiment, both subjectively and objectively. The ten singers had never practiced together, excepting at the few rehearsals necessary. The "string band" of eight had never performed in public. Such a concert had never been given in Cairo. In two particulars the result of the experiment was success, i.e., pecuniarily and in its reception by the audience.

The programme was necessarily light, on account of the mixed character of the audience, and the proclivities of a few of the performers.

There is some music in Cairo. Inspection of the young ladies' music stands does not show more than the average proportion of trash. Beethoven's *Sonnatas* appear there, and now and then one or two of Mendelssohn's *Songs without Words*. The *Lieder* are presumptive evidence of a love for genuine music. They are not "show" pieces.

In the limited circle of my acquaintance I can count two of Messrs. Chickering's pianos, two Steinway's, a Hallet & Cumston, a Bradbury and a Knabe. I do not include various superannuated machines, by unheard of makers, rebel trophies at the Naval Station. The above are new instruments and good ones.

It is amusing to find the old partisan warfare renewed here between the Chickering and Steinway pianos. W. B. Bradbury has recently established an agency here for his instruments.

Yours truly, &c

AN ISRAELITE IN EGYPT.

BETHLEHEM, PA., MARCH 13,—For a real sincere love for music commend me to the good people of this beautiful town. It has been my happy fortune to have a few days here, and I have found many strange and odd and charming things, but none more so than the wholesome and genuine devotion to musical art in its higher forms, of which I have just witnessed an evidence in a Concert of the Philharmonic Society. I enclose a programme.

Part I.		Kaliwoda, Conductor.
Overture.		
Aria, Judith.	Madame Dressler.	
Quintet for Piano forte, Violin, Flute, Horn and Violoncello.		Mozart.
Part II.		Mozart.
Chorus from "Magic Flute."		Reiniger.
Trio for Piano forte, Violin and Violoncello.		Mozart.
Choruses from 12th Mass.		

Nothing could be more delightful than to see the real art spirit which pervaded it all. No display or apparent thought of self on the part of any one engaged, but complete devotion to the music. The concert room is a fine one—spacious, well-lighted with gas, and commodious. I think it is also used by one of the schools in the charge of the Moravian Society. The audience was made up of the people of the town—fathers with wives and children, young men and maidens, now and then a file of rosy cheeked school-girls from the great Moravian boarding-school. Very much such an audience as would in a New England town go to hear a Lyceum or Temperance lecture. The orchestra consisted of about twenty-five citizens of all ages. The inevitable bald-headed, jolly little man had the violoncello of course, and an ethereal youth the flute. By and bye in another generation the youth will doubtless drop his sentimental

instrument, and, becoming qualified by age and baldness, will in his turn take the violoncello. I was assured by my neighbor that every member of the orchestra was a native of Bethlehem, and that generally their fathers and grandfathers had been members of the Philharmonic before them. The chorus, was made up of about fifty young men and maidens, of a singularly honest, simple and pre-possessing appearance. Entirely at their ease, as among their townfolk and friends, and seeming absorbed in what they had to do, and they did it well. The orchestral performance too was very good. But the earnestness and naturalness of all concerned were especially delightful. I don't if any thing like it can be found elsewhere in America. Of the Moravian peculiarities of this strange old town, of the great church, and the queer European-looking houses thereto attached, known as the "sisters" and "brothers houses," with enormous buttresses and innumerable little windows; of the strange traditions among these people, and many curious things in their history—why should I tell you? Come down here next summer, and you will find great pleasure in tracing them out as I have done.

G. D.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 19, 1864.

### Concerts.

**ORCHESTRAL.** The second and last Soirée of Mr. EICHBERG took place in Chickering's hall last Saturday evening, and was a very considerable improvement on the first. The audience was nearly as large as the room could hold, and of the most music-loving and refined complexion. There was every sign of interest and pleasure. And the list of pieces was signally select and proper in the circumstances:

1. Overture. "Coi san tutte," Mozart.
2. Menuetto and Finale, from Symphony. No 4. (Jupiter) in C, Mozart.
3. Concerto for piano, in D minor, Mendelssohn. Allegro appassionato, Adagio molto sostenuto; Finale. Mr. B. J. Lang.
4. Symphony, No. 8, Beethoven. Allegro vivace e con brio. Allegretto scherzando. Tempo di Menuetto, Allegro vivace.

The charming little overture of Mozart, in the same vein with that to *Figaro*, sparkling with life and gaiety, surcharged with a fine, delicate wit (if we may use the term of music), is so seldom heard here that it formed a pleasant surprise. Enough to say, however, that it was Mozart, the wondrous youth, in his exquisitely playful mood. It was nicely rendered, and the euphony of the instrumentation well realized even by the little orchestra of twenty-four; the chief want being that of the bassoon, (strange that Boston lacks bassoons!), which of course is only constructively made good by the violoncello.

The Finale of the "Jupiter" presented Mozart in his most earnest phase. The working up of those four themes, with such subtle complication, yet such clear, bold, vigorous outline, all so natural, so spontaneous, so enjoyable, concealing so much art and learning under so irresistible an appeal to the sense, is one of the greatest triumphs of musicianship and genius. If it needed more instruments, more strings especially, to give it mass and breadth, yet on the other hand it was interesting to come into such close quarters with it, so that you could not help following the separate, many-colored threads that run in and out from the curious complex web. It was made remarkably clear at any rate; and we doubt if it ever has been more enjoyed in this good city. It

was wise, too, to prelude it with the insinuating, fascinating *Menuetto*.

We do not remember to have heard the D minor Concerto of Mendelssohn, his second, played here, since Mr. LANG made his mark with it years ago in the Music Hall. We do not think it is the greater novelty alone which makes it even more interesting to us than the other in G minor, which has served every pianist for a classical *cheval de bataille*. It unites all the deeper, manlier and finer elements of Mendelssohn's genius in a condensed and perfect shape. It abounds in fine imaginative touches. The sympathetic interplay between orchestra and piano-forte in the foreground is perfect; and the accompaniment is full of beauties, subsidizing and enriching not merely the expression, but the thought, of what the piano has to state as principal. Mr. Lang has vastly gained as an executive and interpretative pianist since the time alluded to, and did his work most admirably, with no lack of fire in the Allegro, of delicate poetic feeling in the Adagio, of crisp, sparkling precision in the Finale. We only questioned whether the very pronounced emphasis really demanded in one phrase, often repeated, was not overdone; whether that rushing upward with the left hand in the finale, with such spasmodic energy, was not forcing the tone beyond what is musical; but it showed that the player kindled with the passion of the music. Mr. Eichberg had drilled his orchestra into quite a delicate and more than mechanical rendering of the accompaniments.

Beethoven's eighth Symphony, the sunshiniest moment of the later period of his life and art, as rare a masterpiece as any of the Symphonies, though less pretending, is one of those happy inspirations which we cannot conceive of ever hearing listlessly,—at least when played as well as it was on Saturday. The ever popular *Allegretto Scherzando* is hardly more exquisite than every one of the four movements. The first movement, a marvel of symphonic development of themes and of instrumental euphony, might be set against the first movement of Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony, for life and joy, and buoyant sense of an exhilarating, perfect atmosphere, while it is the joy of a much richer, deeper, stronger life, ringing with quick, positive, electric utterance. And the Finale might pass for a Beethoven's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, as fairy-like, but how different from Mendelssohn's. It is a critical test to subject an orchestra to, to play this Symphony: considering the short time for rehearsals, we think the result was most encouraging; you really felt progress, as if we were getting out of the ruts of habit, and putting thought and feeling into the work. Still there is much room for improvement. Once or twice we feared the thing was on the eve of falling to pieces,—probably from the want of a fagotto or some other instrument. The inherent drawbacks, as the too small size of the room, the want of more strings, &c., remained of course as before. But Mr. Eichberg has begun a very hopeful experiment, if he will only take it up again, at the earliest opportunity, and go on with it. Where we have the sense of progress, nothing but perseverance is needed.

The ORCHESTRAL UNION has given two more Wednesday Afternoon Concerts, with full houses. That on the 9th inst. opened with a Concert

Overture in A by Julius Rietz, Mendelssohn's successor at Leipzig, and now *kapellmeister* at Dresden, one of the best conductors and musicians of the day. It is a thoroughly musicianlike performance, genial and graceful, but singularly suggestive of Mendelssohn, even to identity of phrases, as well as general style and feeling. It was much the best thing of the concert. Mr. HENRY CARTER followed with another Overture (!) and on the Organ (!!)—pudding upon pie. It was the one in C composed by Mendelssohn for a military band. Whether owing to the choice of stops, or to the dragging tempo, it sounded dull, indefinite and purposeless upon the organ; but this is the era of experiments! Liszt's Symphonic Fantasy, "*Les Preludes*," was revived again. The impression on our mind was the same as heretofore, only less interesting: namely, fine effects of instrumentation, without much of original or striking thought. Mr. CARTER made his bow a second time in another character, that of pianist, and gave a very passable, amateurish, somewhat timid rendering of Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto. The last movement went much better than the first.—Two popular orchestral arrangements: Schubert's *Lob der Thränen* and the "*Faust*" *potpourri* (for the last time) wound up the entertainment.

Last Wednesday, Sterndale Bennett's romantic, Mendelssohnian, and yet original, "*Naiads*" Overture led off. It was uncommonly well played, and is indeed a right artistic, genial, pleasant thing to hear. The Symphony was Beethoven's No. 1, in C, which was enjoyed none the less after the new interest it had so recently awakened at Chickering's rooms. This too was well played. Mrs. L. S. FRODOCK appeared again as organist; and to great advantage in her first piece, a Fantaisie by Freyer, opening with full organ, and in solid organ style, passing by a *diminuendo*, exquisitely well managed, into a slow *cantabile* with soft stops, and ending with a vigorous fugue. In firm legato organ touch, in tasteful choice of stops, and in quiet, sure command of the resources of the instrument, this lady has already placed herself among the foremost of our organists. Her second piece was the "*Offertoire de St. Cecile*," in D, by Battiste. Why must everybody play Battiste? The after-pieces were, a Strauss Waltz called "*Waldstimmen*," which may have a political bearing, since a literal translation of the word would be "electoral votes;" and a Scene and Duet from Marschner's *Hans Heiling*.

Next Wednesday will be repeated Rietz's overture and the "*Preludes*," and the first finale to *Don Juan* will be played. We are glad to learn that Schumann's B flat Symphony is in rehearsal.

The BOSTON MOZART CLUB gave their third "Social Orchestral Entertainment" last Monday evening, at Mercantile Hall, which was filled with invited listeners. All seemed gratified, and had cause to be, with the steady progress which the little amateur orchestra evinces, under the tuition and direction of Mr. CARL ZERRAHN. This time they essayed quite high artistic tasks in rendering a Symphony and an overture by Mozart, each one of the most perfect models in its kind. They have never acquitted themselves better; and this time the wind instruments were generally in tune; which is a great point accomplished in the internal economy of an orchestra.

This was the programme:

- Grand Symphony in G minor. Mozart.  
Allegro molto—Andante—Minuetto and Trio, —  
Finale: Allegro assai.  
1. Overture. "Return from abroad." Mendelssohn.  
2. Marcia Alla Turca. Mozart.  
3. Romance, from "L'Eclair." Halevy.  
For English Horn and Flute obligato.  
4. Overture. "Zauberflöte." (Magic Flute). Mozart.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The fourth and last subscription concert of this fifteenth season, postponed a week on account of the illness of one of the members, took place on Thursday evening, 10th inst. Chickering's hall was full. The programme was a very interesting one, with a great work of Beethoven to carry home with one for a last impression.

1. Quintet in E minor op. 8. Gade.  
Introduction, and Allegro espressivo—Allegretto.  
2. Sonata in B flat, for Piano and Violoncello, op. 45. Mendelssohn.  
Allegro vivace—Andante—Allegro assai.  
Messrs. Carl Meyer, and Wulf Fries.  
3. Andante from the Violin Concerto. Mendelssohn.  
Carl Meisel.  
4. Tema Con Variazioni for Piano. Meyer.  
Mr. Carl Meyer.  
5. Quartet in E flat, No. 12. Beethoven.  
Maestoso and Allegro teneramente—Adagio ma non troppo  
molto Cantabile—Scherzo vivace—Finale.

The Quintet by Gade is one of the most interesting of the Danish composer's works, which, genial and classical as they are, have a certain sameness, the same melancholy sea-shore sentiment most of the time, with a cold and watery reflection of Mendelssohn. Of the wonderful Quartet of Beethoven, we can say nothing save to give thanks for every such opportunity of listening to it or the like of it. Mr. CARL MEYER is a pianist and an artist, whose sterling talent and acquirements, not injured by an unpretending manner, entitle him to appear oftener in the concert room than he has done. He and Mr. WULF FRIES proved adequate to a sound and artist-like interpretation of the beautiful Sonata by Mendelssohn. Mr. Meyer's "Theme with Variations" showed felicitous invention and clear, consistent, musician-like treatment. Mr. CARL MEISEL, with his modest manner, played the Andante from the Violin Concerto, in a pure, even, graceful style, which showed the spirit and the patient study of an artist.

The Concerts of the Quintette Club have been uncommonly interesting this year, especially in their selections; and we only regret that there should be so few of them. It does seem as if there should be an appetite for such a feast of classical chamber music once a fortnight for six winter months.

ORGAN CONCERTS.—The great Organ was played on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 20, by Mr. B. J. LANG, with this programme:

1. Concerto in G. Bach.  
Allegro—Adagio—Allegretto.  
2. Overture to "Der Freischütz." (Transcribed). Weber.  
3. Choral—"Old Hundred." Luther.  
4. Allegretto, from Sonata No. 4. Mendelssohn.  
5. Overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream." Mendelssohn.  
6. Improvisation, displaying the Vox Humana Stop.  
7. Hallelujah Chorus, from "Mt. of Olives." Beethoven.

If the object be to make the people appreciate Bach, it will hardly be furthered, we think, by playing such a work as that Concerto, which, if Bach ever wrote it, must have been one of his earliest works, perhaps a mere exercise before his own style was formed. It is thin and dry for him; the Allegro might have been written by Corelli; the Adagio is more interesting; but the whole thing is rather a matter of historical curiosity for musicians, than a revelation of Bach's genius to an audience. Mr. Lang displayed his usual fine tact in the selection of stops, and finished execution in all his pieces. His orchestral

imitations become still closer likenesses with each successive trial; and yet how much of the harmony is necessarily left out in such "transcriptions," and therefore, after all, how very unlike an orchestra must such things be!

On Saturday, March 5, the hour was filled by Mr. PAINE, who made the pipes discourse as follows:

1. Prelude and Fugue in G major, Bach.  
2. Andante, Mozart.  
3. Air, from "Airs and Galatas." Handel.  
4. Chorus. "But the waters overwhelmed their enemies." Handel.  
From Israel in Egypt.  
5. Fantasia on the Portuguese Hymn. J. K. Paine.  
A.—Pastorale B.—Interlude C.—Alla Marcia.  
6. Variations upon the Choral: "Schmücke dich, o liebe Seele." Mendelssohn.  
7. Sonata in B flat. Mendelssohn.  
Allegro con brio.—Andante Religioso.—Allegretto.  
8. Improvisation. Allegro Maestoso.

The Bach Fugue (played for the first time) was worthy of the name, and worthily expounded. The Mozart Andante was lovely, and the registration happy. The "Portuguese Hymn" made a good theme for Mr. Paine; the three movements of his Fantasia were well contrasted, and had pleasing matter in them. His "Improvisation" was the most musicianlike and dignified of the efforts yet vouchsafed to us by that name. The "Choral Vorspiel" by Bach and the Mendelssohn Sonata were new additions to the repertoire, each of the finest of its kind.

Last Saturday Mr. J. C. D. PARKER took his turn, having prepared the following programme:

1. Sonata No. 2. Mendelssohn.  
(Grave, Full Organ.—Andante. Soft Stops.—Prelude and Fugue, Full Organ.)  
2. Andante. (Transcribed.) Mozart.  
3. Chorus, from "Israel in Egypt." Handel.  
4. Andante and March. Battiste.  
5. Slumber Song. (Transcribed, with Vox humana stop.) Schumann.  
6. Funeral March. Chopin.  
7. Offertoire in F. Battiste.

*Toujours Battiste!* Chopin's "Funeral March," too, hardly belongs in the same basket with fruits indigenous to the Organ or such exotics as have been made to flourish on its soil. Chopin of all composers is the most purely pianistic; his music hardly knows itself away from the piano. But, as we have said before, this is the age of experiments, and the Great Organ is the fertile field thereof. Pardon us that we begin, as is natural, with picking over the basket; plenty of ripe, sound, luscious fruit is left.

And first, the Mendelssohn Sonata is one of the most organ-like and satisfying pieces to be had short of Sebastian Bach, and Mr. Parker played it well; it is one of the most difficult of the six. The transcription from Mozart was delicately conceived and charming. The chorus from "Israel" was that quaint one, with such a marked melodic motive, "He led them forth like sheep," and was tastefully treated. The "Slumber Song" by Schumann was the lovely one from his "Paradise and the Peri," and, though not an organ piece, it was right comforting to hear it. By the way, are we never to have the "Peri" brought out here with orchestral accompaniment? The fine initiative taken by Mr. Parker and his Club of amateurs, a year ago, deserves to be followed up.

Mr. B. J. LANG gave a second Sacred Concert on Sunday evening, March 6, with the following programme:

1. Allegro, from Concerto in G. Bach.  
2. Song. "The Quail." Beethoven.  
Miss J. E. Houston.  
3. Religious Meditation, for Violin and Organ. Elshberg.  
Messrs. J. Elshberg and B. J. Lang.  
4. Grande Offertoire in F. Lefebvre Wely.  
Mr. S. A. Bancroft.  
5. Song. "Tears of sorrow." Beethoven.  
6. Selections from the "Hymn of Praise," displaying the Vox Humana and Biffo stops. Mendelssohn.  
1. Trio, for Violin, Organ and Piano-forte, Bach & Gounod.  
Messrs. Elshberg, Willcox & Lang.

2. Aria. "Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets." Mendelssohn.  
from "St. Paul."  
3. Grand Symphony, from the "Hymn of Praise." Mendelssohn.  
arranged for two performers at the Organ. Mendelssohn.  
Maestoso—Allegretto Agitato—Adagio Religioso.  
Messrs. Parker & Lang.  
4. "Let their celestial concert all unite," from Handel.  
"Samson," Full Organ.

The pieces with violin made the same pleasant impression as before, although it would be hard to give a good artistic reason why such pieces, or arrangements, should be written. The selections from the "Hymn of Praise" were tastefully rendered, so were Mr. Lang's solo performances and his accompaniments. Mr. BANCROFT made his first public trial of the Great Organ, and very creditably. Miss HOUSTON gave us some new songs, that is to say, a new choice of songs; the two by Beethoven are so beautiful, so religious in their spirit, and were so truly felt and rendered, that both singer and concert-giver deserve thanks. Why do not Beethoven's "Six Religious Songs," or some of them, find their way into these Sunday Organ Concerts; they are simple, grand and worthy of a noble singer.

Mrs. FRODOCK had a stormy evening for her concert on Friday of last week; but the two or three hundred listeners bore away fine reports of her mastery of the Great Organ, in both the great and little styles of organ music. She played the great G minor Fugue of Bach, somewhat slowly perhaps, but firmly, clearly, with full organ throughout, and most impressively. Also the Fantasia by Freyer, which we have already mentioned; the Adagio from Mozart's Quartet in B flat; Rink's Flute Concerto in F; and, as if striking for the very apogee from Bach, the march from *Tannhäuser*. All these bore witness to the skill of the fair organist, though not all of them fair witness, we suspect, to her own taste in programme making. We think it must be martyrdom to a true organist to cater to the humors of the day (real or supposed) by the interspersing of such "experiments" as a solo on the "Saxophone" (Serenade from *Don Pasquale*), a military violin solo, and the "O mio Fernando" song, with Quintette Club accompaniment. A great Organ is in the best sense the most universal of instruments; that is, it is the organ of impersonal, sublime, universal thoughts and aspirations; but this is poorly paraphrased by the proverb "all things to all men."

The above are not all the musical entertainments with which our city has been visited of late. Mme. ANNA BISHOP, assisted by her daughter, organists, &c., has given two concerts with the Great Organ, one secular and one sacred. GOTTSCHALK, aided by Mme. D'ANGRI, the contralto, has given two "farewell" concerts, and has come back and clinched them with two more. Last and not least, the MARETZKE Opera Troupe, surrounded with the usual swarm of sharks and speculators, has set up its Ebenezer again for a time in the Boston Theatre, having played this week *Faust*, and *Trovanore* and *Norma* as before, and *Martha* as before, only with sweet-voiced Brignoli for tenor, who, it seems, has not lost his voice, as some of the critics in New York hastily figured from his first trial of it after recovery from illness. This afternoon he sings Don Ottavio in *Don Giovanni*.—The "Orpheus" Club are giving concerts in the neighboring towns in aid of the Educational Commission for Freedmen.

This afternoon there will be the usual Organ Concert, with Dr. S. P. TUCKERMAN as organist.—Tomorrow evening Mr. CARTER gives a Mendelssohn evening with the Great Organ and some of our best singers.—The HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY are rehearsing the "Messiah" for Easter.—Mr. LANG, we are happy to learn, intends to bring out the "Walpurgis Night" again before long.

ST. LOUIS, MO. The fourth Philharmonic Concert, under the direction of E. Sobolewski, contained overtures to *La Dame Blanche* and *Le Pardon de Plœmel*; solo and chorus from the "Messiah"; quartet and chorus (first finale) from Weber's *Euryanthe*; scena and chorus from *Semiramide*; Allegretto and Presto from Beethoven's 7th Symphony; Polonaise by Chopin; a clarinet solo, &c.

**A DESIDERATUM DESIDERANDUM IN MENDELSSOHN'S LETTERS.** Under this title the Leipzig *Sigale* not long since contained a communication from Dr. W. A. Lampadius, the author of an enthusiastic, incomplete, but interesting biography of Mendelssohn—at all events the best which has yet appeared—a not very faithful translation of which was transferred to our columns from a London journal several years ago. Dr. L., of course, joins in the general admiration of the "Letters," but complains that so many interesting ones are missing from the collection. Especially he instances the letters which the youthful composer wrote to Goethe from Rome. Goethe speaks of them as those "graceful, charming (*allerliebsten*), extremely interesting" letters; writing to Zelter (March 31, 1831), he says: "Above all I have to announce, that I have received a perfectly charming long letter from Felix, dated Rome, March 5th, which presents the purest image of the excellent young man. There need be no further anxiety about him; the beautiful swimming girdle (cork jacket) of his talent will carry him safely over through the waves and breakers of the barbarism that we have to dread."

Dr. Lampadius thinks that the young man must have expressed "the noblest and best" of his inmost thought and feeling to the old poet, whom he held in such grateful reverence, and that these letters, could he only get at them, would be of priceless value for the enlarged and improved edition which he hopes some day to make of "the little book: '*Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, a memorial for his friends*,' which, following the impulse of his heart, he published in 1847, but which he never intended to have pass for a complete biography, a thing impossible with the scanty materials then at his command."

A writer in a German musical journal, after hearing Beethoven's Ninth Symphony at Cologne, remarks:

Whenever I hear the *Adagio* of the symphony, or, as a rule, any *Adagio* by Beethoven, I think to myself: Were I the director of a conservatory, or otherwise a celebrated teacher of composition, I would require every scholar, as soon as he had gone through his theoretical course, and arrived at the stage of composition, to bring me an *Adagio* for some instrument, or for a quartet, or an orchestra. "If there was anything in it," as Mozart expressed it, I would say to him: "Go on; you have music in your soul." If, however, there were nothing in it, and he relied upon his original *Scherzo*, or a noisy *Allegro con fuoco*, or, even upon a correct but constrained fugue, I would advise him, if he wished to become a master, to do everything in the way of music, only never to compose.

The 93d anniversary of Beethoven's birthday (born Dec. 17, 1770) was kept at Vienna. The *Öst-Deutsche Post* states that, on this occasion, universal admiration was excited by the exhibition of a gypsum cast, the only one which Beethoven ever allowed to be taken, of his face. It was modelled when he was more than fifty. The features are reproduced with the greatest minuteness, even the pores of the skin being visible. Just as Beethoven never had more than one cast taken, he sat only once for his portrait, namely, in the year 1815, to his friend Mähler. This portrait was lately sold, and about to be despatched to America, when a Viennese lover of Art, Herr von Karajan, came to the rescue and saved it for the Austrian capital.

The cast here referred to must be the one after which our countryman, the distinguished sculptor, W. W. Story, modelled the face of his admirable statuette of Beethoven, which probably is nearer to the life than any of the busts or statues made of him. As for the portrait, has not our friend A. W. T. already poured out his grief over the loss of it in these columns?

**MENDELSSOHN'S LETTERS.** An English Review makes the following strictures upon Lady Wallace's translation of the first volume of the letters—those from Italy and Switzerland:

Before dealing with the matter of the volume, and

treating the original and the translation as identical, it may be as well at once to say that the latter, though on the whole a faithful rendering, as translations go, and therefore very pleasant reading, does not convey in any sufficient degree the impression which we get from the original of the vitality—the fullness of life of the writer. The wine is with us, no doubt, but the bouquet has fled somehow in the process of decanting.

"The style is the man," no less in Mendelssohn's German than in his music; his notes "without words" are not more individual than his words without notes. Some of this short-coming must be laid to the inherent difficulty (or impossibility) of all translation; but some also to the besetting weakness of all translators—a dread of vulgarity (their favorite aversion), or, it may be, an inability to distinguish vulgar thoughts from common words—the familiarity which grows out of confidence and love, from the familiarity that breeds contempt. Two or three out of several special examples will be enough to show what we mean; though no special examples will quite justify an objection which applies rather to the tone of the whole translation than to this or that passage. At p. 3 (of the original) we have "Die Sache machte mir fast Freude (fast im biblischen Sinne)" reduced to "This circumstance gratified me extremely." At p. 164, in a passage explanatory of some of the offices for the Holy Week at Rome, we have "Es würden in jedem Nocturno drei Psalmen gesungen, weil Christus für die Jungfräulichen, die Verheiratheten und die Verwittweten gestorben sei," pared down to "Each Nocturn contains three Psalms, signifying that Christ died for all." At p. 165, in relation to some changes proposed by the late Baron Bunsen in the Lutheran Service, "Einrichtungen" is rendered "innovations"—a word, we think, never used without qualification in any but a depreciatory sense. At p. 168 the characteristic "Mann soll sich erst die Ohren tüchtig durchreiben, ehe man es besser bekommt!" is inane given, "It will be long before you can improve on this." At p. 250, speaking of mountains after rain, Mendelssohn says, "Sie sind nach dem Regen bekanntlich am schönsten; aber heut sahen sie so klar aus, als seien sie aus dem Ei geschält," which Lady Wallace softens into "They are acknowledged to be finest after rain; and to-day they looked as fresh as if newly created." And at p. 320 he tells us, "Die Musiker (of Paris) kreuzigen und segnen sich über all die Ehre, die mir das Conservatoire anthut," which (in deference to Protestant readers) his translator renders, "The musicians are all amazed at the honors conferred on me by the Conservatoire."

There are, as might have been expected, a few mistranslations of technical terms. "Alt" is not the English synonyme of *Altimme* (p. 177); "D dur" (p. 265) is D major not minor; "Windlade" (p. 267) is not "bellows," but "wind-chest." *English Horn* (p. 296, translation) is not an English musical term; the instrument so called, the lower or bass oboe, though well known in English orchestras, is anomalously enough always spoken of as the *Corno Inglese*, or as the *Cor Anglais*.

As a matter of course the musical illustrations present examples of inaccuracy. It would seem as hard for an English compositor to set up correct music as for a French one correct English. In pp. 177, 178, 181, 182, 185 and 186 (of the translation) the C (or Do) clef is uniformly placed on the wrong line—the second instead of the first; to the waste of much painful industry, by unlearned but honest readers. We would ask, too, in reference to another art, why the English woodcutter has been allowed to "touch up" the clever little sketches with which Mendelssohn has so pleasantly further illuminated his sparkling pages—*fac similes* of which are given in the original! We say nothing of the heavy hand which has been laid on the foregrounds; but why should distance, described in the text as absolutely invisible from mist or unintermittent rain-falling, be filled in with those writing-master embellishments which, before the advent of Mr. Ruskin, so often did duty for clouds?

**ROSSINI ROBBED.**—A new Rossini story is in the market which is curious; possibly, not true. "They say," that the industrious yet coy veteran, who is always writing, however chary in giving forth what he writes, not long since (it may have been by desire) forwarded two new compositions to the Queen of Spain;—that the Royal lady, by way of placing manuscripts so precious in honourable keeping, committed the same to the Library of the Conservatory at Madrid; that the manager and travelling agent of a popular *prima donna* gained access to the treasure, and purchased it for the sum of 5,000 francs! If this be true, whether the lady will be permitted to sing these strangely-acquired additions to her repertoire, becomes a question.—*Athenæum*.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

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A simple tribute to a dew-drop. Pretty melody.

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W. T. Wrighton. 25

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One of the best of emancipation songs, spirited, soul-stirring, and with music appropriate to the words, by a composer who does not add his name to the piece, although it would not diminish his well-earned reputation.

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I Puritani. Fantasie Brillante. J. Leybach. 75

A composition of much merit; not half-filled, as too many fantasias are, with unmeaning runs or chords, which one must hammer through, in order to enjoy the proportion of good music, but good and interesting throughout. Of medium difficulty. A fine lesson for advanced pupils.

Offertoire for the Organ. Lefebvre Wely. 10

This is one of those famous pieces which have had the honor of being played upon the great organ. It lost nothing, of course, through the brilliant execution and fine taste of Mr. Wilcox, but is, in itself, a great piece. Yet it is not too difficult for organists generally. The pedal passages are easy, requiring but a little practice to master them.

Faust Polka Mazurka. E. Ketterer. 50

Includes some of the best melodies of the opera, arranged in mazurka style.

Martha Quadrilles. Strauss. 35

The charms of newer operas do not drive our older favorites from our recollection. Strauss's brilliant arrangement of "Martha" melodies will be welcome to players and dancers.

Pot Pourri. From Faust. C. Grobe. 75

Our friend Grobe has not quite arrived at Opus 8000, although he is not at such a vast distance from it. This, his latest piece, is a plain, common sense arrangement of Faust melodies, easy, and capital for pupils.

### Books.

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Every body knows that Hayden, Mozart, and others composed masses, but very few choirs and societies around the country have ever seen or practised any thing but Mozart's 13th Mass. This is not the only good one, by any means, and the above, with others in the course of publication, will furnish a most valuable amount of material for practice, both in common rehearsals and musical society meetings. Mass music, on an average, is not harder than that of difficult anthems, and some of it is perfectly simple.

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**D W I G H T ' S**

**JOURNAL OF MUSIC,**

*A Paper of Art and Literature.*

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**JOHN S. DWIGHT, EDITOR.**

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**VOLUME XXIV**

**B O S T O N :**  
**PUBLISHED BY OLIVER DITSON AND COMPANY, 277 WASHINGTON STREET.**  
**1865.**

Reprint Edition 1967

JOHNSON REPRINT CORP.  
NEW YORK—LONDON

ARNO PRESS, INC.  
NEW YORK, N.Y.

*Library of Congress Catalog Card No. 67-24725*

Manufactured in the U.S.A. by Arno Press Inc.

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 660.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1864.

VOL. XXIV. No. 1.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Half a dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

II. ANTONIO SALIERI.

[Continued from Vol. xxiii, page 202.]

In the year 1768 the pupil began to hear specimens of his compositions performed in public. Gassmann, having charge of the Italian opera, often had slight changes, additions and the like, to make in the music, and these he occasionally entrusted to his pupil, mainly to put a stop to his constant entreaties to be allowed to produce something in public. That the pupil often composed texts, already set by his master, for the purpose of self-improvement—as the boy Benjamin Franklin re-wrote Steele's and Addison's Spectators—Gassmann did not know.

One of his tricks at that time which ended happily, is a good indication of his character, and, when an old fellow, he evidently heartily enjoyed the memory of the success of the young one.

They had an old spinnet in the theatre, which was moved from the orchestra to the rehearsal room and back, as it was needed in rehearsal or at performance, and was so superannuated as not to remain in tune even for a single evening. The singers complained, too, that they could not hear the accompaniment; and Salieri found it alike useless to play in the higher or lower octaves; here a string snapped, there one gave way; here some of the quills, which snapped the strings, were lacking, there they remained sticking above the strings—in short, the old thing already nearly useless, grew worse every day, and the manager was too miserly to buy a new one.

One morning after a rehearsal at which Salieri's martyrdom had been almost intolerable, he was obliged to wait for a copyist to make certain corrections in the parts, and found himself quite alone with his enemy. He threw the old instrument wide open, mounted a chair beside it and jumped in bodily. What havoc with the internal organism this kind of performance would make, may be safely left to the imagination.

When the copyist came the spinnet was as usual closed and locked, and Salieri was calmly busy in his corrections of the score, which the other was to transfer to the parts. All the directions were given as usual and the two left the room together. That evening was an opera, the spinnet was transferred from the hall to the orchestra, and an hour before the performance came the tuner to perform his daily task. He opened it; "Mercy on us!" and sunk back into a chair. He called the men who had brought it down. They were as overcome by the sad sight as the tuner himself. They hurried off to call Gassmann and the manager, and while seeking for a clue to the criminal, another instrument for that evening was brought in. Next day another rehearsal, at which the spinnet was thoroughly examined; nearly all the strings were gone, and the sounding board itself crushed—the career of that spinnet was ended.

"The cover must have tumbled in," said one.

"No, a music-stand," said a second.

"Not so," said the tuner, "all together would not have done so much damage; some devil or other must have jumped into it."

"The good man has almost guessed it," thought Salieri, who stood by, and not too much at his ease, though no one suspected—at least seemed to suspect—him, and who was not free from anxiety, until he heard Gassmann say:

"Be it as it may! Thank Heaven, the manager will at length be compelled to get a new instrument made." And so he was.

Such time as the young man could command from his various studies and duties he zealously employed in composition; and he remembered in later days as products of these essays, several little cantatas for a solo voice and bass; divers pieces of church music; namely, a short mass *alla capella*, a *Salve Regina*, and several *Graduals* and *Offertoires* with full orchestra; a short Italian opera for four voices and chorus; 6 violin quartets; two symphonies for orchestra; some pieces for wind instruments, and the pieces above mentioned which his master allowed him to write for the theatre, which consisted of ariettas, duets, terzets, some ballet movements, and trivial operatic last act finales to which in those days, very much as now, no audience paid any attention. Salieri remembered in his age, how at that time he had no little self-satisfaction and secret pride at his share in any successful piece; would pass sleepless nights and unhappy days when such a piece was damned. What a dust we make, said the fly. Of all this preparatory work nothing was preserved except such pieces as proved available for other compositions of a later date; the rest he destroyed.

Let him tell his own story of the first of his operas which came upon the stage—if it be rather long, it is interesting, characteristic, and gives us another glimpse into the operatic life of Vienna near the close of 1769, when the youthful composer had just entered his 20th year.

"My master, Gassmann, was called to Rome at that time to compose a tragic opera for the Carneval (1770). I remained behind in Vienna to conduct the rehearsals under Vice Kapellmeister Ferandini. Gaston Boccherini, a dancer in the Vienna opera house, a passionate lover of the art of poetry, had with the aid of Calzabigi (author of several excellent opera texts, among which are *Alceste* and *Orpheus*), written a comic Italian opera, entitled "*Le donne litterate*," which was intended for Kapellmeister Gassmann. Calzabigi advised him to give it to me, for I was a beginner in composition, as he was in poetry, and I could therefore the more easily come to an understanding with him. One morning therefore Boccherini came to me and, after the usual greeting, asked without the slightest preface: 'Would you like to set a comic opera text, which I have written, to music?' I answered coolly, 'why not?' And then he told me honestly, what his intention had been and how Calzabigi had advised him. Aha! thought I, so they think you able

to compose operas! Courage then—we'll not let the opportunity pass unused. So I impatiently asked the poet to explain me the plot of his opera, and lay the text before me. Done; and after we had distributed the parts according to the powers of the company as it then was, Boccherini said: 'I will leave you now, in the mean time you can examine the text, and if you wish for changes here and there for the sake of the musical effect, when I come again, we will undertake to make them together.'

"Now I was alone again, and I locked my door, and with glowing cheeks—as was generally the case with me in later years when I had undertaken a work with real joy and delight—I read the poem through again, found it certainly well adapted to music, and, having read the vocal pieces for the third time, my first step was—as I had seen my master do—to determine which key would suit the character of each separate piece. As it drew near noon, and I consequently could not hope to begin my composition before dinner, I employed the remaining hour to go through the poem once more. I had already begun to think out the melodies for certain passages, when Madame Gassmann (for my master had married before this time) had me called to dinner. All dinner time my opera text did not once come out of my head, and I have never been able since to remember what I ate that day.

"After dinner, as I had been accustomed to do from my childhood, I, with a book in my hand,—took a nap; then I took my daily walk on the walls of the city,\* and turned back to my lodgings, full of secret pride at the confidence shown in me; I told the maid—as I had also done in the forenoon—to turn away any possible visitor, under the pretence that I was not at home. The good-natured old woman, to whom no doubt the self-important look of the commonly so jovial young gentleman and this repeated injunction seemed rather queer, looked at me quite astonished, and could not help a half suppressed smile. But I said to myself: 'Let the poor simpleton laugh, and we will think how to do ourself credit.'

"As soon as I was alone, I felt an irrepressible desire to set the music of the introduction to the opera. I therefore sought to place the character and the situation of the persons of the drama vividly before my imagination, and suddenly discovered a movement of the orchestra, which seemed to me fitted to bear up and give unity to the vocal music which the text necessarily made fragmentary. Now I fancied myself in the pit, listening to the production of my ideas; they seemed to me characteristic; I wrote them down, put them again to proof, and as I was satisfied with them, went on. So in half an hour the outline of the Introduction stood there on the music paper. Who was happier than I! It was now six o'clock in the evening and dark. I had lights brought. Before 12 o'clock, I determined, thou goest not to bed; the fancy is inflamed—the fire

\* The last two bastions of the walls are to-day disappearing. Jan. 1864.

must be improved. I read the first finale, which, as to the words, began very much like the Introduction; I read it again, form a plan of the rhythm and keys suited to the work as whole—giving three hours to this work, but without writing a note. I felt myself weary and my cheeks burned; so I paced my room up and down, and soon again was drawn to my writing desk, where I began my outline, and, when midnight came, had made such progress that I laid myself in bed in high enjoyment.

My head had been all day long too full of music and poetry, not to have it also in my dreams. In fact I did hear in dreams a singular harmony, but at such a wide distance and so confused, that it caused me more pain than pleasure, and finally awoke me. It was only four o'clock A.M., but all I could do, I could not again get to sleep. So I lighted my candles, looked through all I had sketched with a lead pencil the day before, went on with my outline, and had got half through the first finale when the clock struck eight, and to my surprise my poet entered the room. He could hardly believe that in so short a time I had sketched the entire introduction, and half of the first finale. I played what I had written to him on the piano-forte; he was uncommonly pleased, embraced me, and really seemed not less delighted than I was myself. In short, keeping at work, with no diminution of my enthusiasm, within four weeks a good two-thirds of the opera was written out in score and instrumented. My intention was to complete it at once, but not have it performed until my master's return home from Rome, and his correction of my work. But circumstances gave another turn to the matter.

"The manager had just then brought out a new opera, which displeased his public, and he was therefore forced to replace it with something else new. Boccherini, without saying a word to me, had told Calzabigi, that I was pretty well on with my opera. He, a friend of the manager, desired to have a sort of rehearsal of what was already finished. He invited me, and I, without guessing at the real object, took my finished pieces and went with my poet. I was rather taken aback at finding there the manager, the Kapellmeister Gluck and Scarlatti;\* but, supposing they were there only out of curiosity, their presence gave me uncommon pleasure. I sang and played what was finished, and in the concerted pieces Gluck and Scarlatti sang with me. Gluck, who had always liked and encouraged me, showed himself at the very beginning satisfied with my work; Scarlatti, who from time to time pointed out little grammatical errors in my composition, praised also each number on the whole, and at the close both masters said to the manager, that if I would immediately finish the lacking numbers, they could without delay rehearse and produce the work, 'in that,' such were Gluck's own words, 'this work contains what is sufficient to give the public pleasure.'

"Who can imagine the joyful surprise which these words gave me, through which I instantly saw the object of the meeting. Full of confidence—'superbo di mi stesso'—I promised my judges the greatest industry until the work was put upon the stage. I wrote day and night, ran to the rehearsals, went through the vocal parts with the

singers, corrected the copyists, joined the poet in devising the costumes and decorations, and lived in such an unbroken strain both of mental and physical powers, that if study, drudgery and sweat did not throw me upon a sick bed, I can only think it was because my happiness acted as a protection.

"The general rehearsal took place the day before the first performance. That evening I went into the theatre with beating heart to hear my opera announced for the performance, which was done in these words: 'To-morrow the Italian operatic company will have the honor to produce a "new opera entitled *Le Donne tulerate*," poem by Herr Gaston Boccherini; music by Herr Anton Salieri; the first work of both.' Several persons in the audience applauded, which gave me sweet confidence and seemed to me a good augury. Next morning, early as I thought it possible that the bills could be posted at the street corners, I went out to see my name for the first time in print, which gave me deep gratification. But not satisfied with seeing it once—much as I had feared it might have been omitted from the other bills—I ran all round town, to read it everywhere.

"It would be vain for me to try to depict the restless delight which filled that day down to the hour of the performance; but when that struck the joy changed to fear; my cheeks glowed until my whole face was scarlet, and so with faltering step, I went to the instrument. As I entered the orchestra there was applause, which in some degree recalled my courage. I bowed to the public, seated myself with some equanimity at the spinnet, and the opera began. It gained much applause, but certainly more for the sake of encouraging the young author, who was well known, than on account of the worth of the opera. When the performance was over and I had embraced my poet, I hurried away to mix with the audience as it left the theatre, and hear the opinions expressed.

"The opera is not bad," said one. 'It pleased me right well,' said a second. (That man I could have kissed). 'For a pair of beginners, it is no small thing,' says the third. 'For my part,' says the fourth, 'I found it very tedious.'

"At these words I struck off into another street for fear of hearing something still worse; but hearing at that moment new praises both of poet and composer, and modestly satisfying myself with them, I returned to my lodging heated and tired, but full of joy and peace.

So ends Salieri's story—who does not like it—who has no taste for the old man's simple reminiscence of his youth—had better pass it over.

(To be continued.)

#### Mendelssohn's Letters.\*

From the *London Saturday Review*.

It is certainly satisfactory to meet with a man of genius who is neither eccentric nor disreputable. It is the common reproach of men to whom that mysterious gift has been granted, that from some cause or other their personal history has been marked by oddities and infirmities, or by something worse. In fact, it has come to be popularly held that a man of genius cannot be a man of common sense or of self-denial. Whether it be that the peculiar organization of the brain which is requisite to the possession of genius is also necessarily deficient in solidity and healthy

activity, or whether the cause is less purely physical, the world believes that genius, as such, is unfavorable to the development of the more practical and self-sacrificing virtues. Whatever be the real facts on which this popular prejudice rests, they are, moreover, considerably exaggerated by the equally popular prejudices in favor of respectable stupidity. It is comforting to one's self-love to reflect that if we cannot produce a great poem, or paint a grand picture, or invent logarithms or the differential calculus, or speak like Demosthenes, or write music like Beethoven, we are yet so admirable as sons or husbands, and have so sound a balance at our banker's, and are altogether such respectable members of society that, after all, we are practically of more value to the world than those who have possessed the most extraordinary gifts. The vulgar theory that there exists some hidden alliance between virtue and mediocrity is, in fact, neither more nor less than one of the forms taken by that peculiarly odious form of selfishness, the passion of envy. Yet it may be admitted that a man of genius who is at the same time a good son, a good brother, a good husband, a good father, temperate, reasonably economical, free from jealousy of all rivals, even pious, and, with all this, remarkably good-looking, and (notwithstanding an ugly trick of chewing his handkerchief) unquestionably gentlemanly, is such a phenomenon as we cannot hope to behold more than once in a lifetime. If anything more can be supposed needful to make up an almost impossible combination, let us suppose that the phenomenon in question was not only an extraordinarily precocious boy, but that in early youth he attained a wide-spread popularity, which continued increasing up to the time of his death, and that his special gift lay in the very art which is supposed to be singularly unconducive to the type of character which the world calls respectable. Yet such a man was Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. And it is as furnishing illustrations of his personal history that the second volume of his correspondence, recently translated by Lady Wallace, is full of interest to the general, as well as the musical, reader. Many of his existing letters have, indeed, been kept back, as of too intimately private a nature to be suitable for present publication, and consequently we have but glimpses of that purely home life in which much of the singular charm of his nature was displayed. Still we have enough of the man, in all his relations, to account for that unusual degree of attachment which the last of the great musicians attracted wherever he was known.

Those who are fond of speculating as to a composer's personal peculiarities from the picture he gives of himself in his works, will not be far wrong if they judge of Mendelssohn by this test. Breadth of idea, seriousness of purpose, an aversion to everything hollow or superficial, untiring energy and activity tending to nervous and almost feverish restlessness, a deep inner love for the pure, the beautiful, the tender, and the calm—these are the characteristics of his music, as they were of himself. A man of strong and steady feeling, but not of intense, overmastering passions—of healthy, honest-hearted cheerfulness, rather than of mercurial vivacity or exuberant animal spirits—he uttered everything that was in him in the endless variety of works which he poured forth in the five-and-twenty years of his musical career. Music was to him eminently a language. He wanted no words when melody and harmony could speak his thoughts. In a passage in one of his letters he expresses his ideas as to the expressive powers of musical sound with a decision which will be incomprehensible to those who do not feel as he felt:—

There is so much talk about music [he writes to a friend at Lubeck], and yet so little really said. For my part, I believe that words do not suffice for such a purpose, and if I found they did suffice, then I certainly would have nothing more to do with music. People often complain that music is ambiguous, that their ideas on the subject always seem so vague, whereas every one understands words; with me it is exactly the reverse—not merely with regard to entire sentences, but also as to individual words; these, too, seem to me so ambiguous, so vague, so un-

\* The three famous Scarlattis were, Alexander, of Naples, born about 1660, his son Domenico, 1683, and Domenico's son Giuseppe or Joseph, about 1718. Joseph is the one here referred to.

\* Letters of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, from 1838 to 1847. Translated by Lady Wallace. London: Longman & Co.

intelligible when compared with genuine music, which fills the soul with a thousand things better than words. What the music I love expresses to me is not thought too *indefinite* to be put into words, but on the contrary, too *definite*.

This, in truth, is the root of the whole matter, and it is in this use of musical sound for the expression of ideas, apart from all verbal language, that the musical poet is distinguished from the mere maker of music. Sound speaks thoughts as truly as a landscape or a flower is full of expression, or as the human countenance speaks, though no articulate sounds are uttered. To those who are destitute of the musical organization such a notion may seem inexplicable and visionary; yet, by a similar deficiency, there are minds so constituted that a rose or a lily, the Cascade of Terni or the Bay of Naples more no more awakes any special thought or feeling in their breasts than does a dusty road or a meadow full of ditches. To the true composer and lover of music, on the contrary, these innumerable combinations of concords and discords, these successions of notes high and low, express with an inimitable accuracy all that multiplicity of conceptions and feelings which the human mind is capable of entertaining. All our ideas of law and order, of unity and movement, of moral beauty and sweetness, of human energy and strength and self-reliance and tenderness and sorrow and agony, with every variation in the fleeting moods of the heart, find as real and satisfying a vehicle of utterance in the combinations of genuine music as in the plays of Shakspeare or the Psalms of David. And it is in the power of creating these combinations, as expressions of the characteristics of an individual mind of an eminently vigorous, sensitive, and human constitution, that the great gift of what is called "style" consists. A composer whose character is strongly marked above that of ordinary men, and who unaffectedly and genially thinks in musical sounds, naturally and without effort writes with a special style which is emphatically new and his own. Inferior composers are but the imitators of other men's language. Either their thoughts are commonplace or they have not the imaginative and inventive faculty, wherewith to express them. A commonplace mind may be highly sensitive to the effects of music, and may possess moreover the inventive faculty, as such, in a considerable degree; but no commonplace mind can write music with a definitely marked and characteristic style of its own. It can but reflect its own mediocrity in the language it has borrowed from others. And thus it is that, when we attempt to analyse or describe Mendelssohn's style as a composer, we can do little more than point out its striking truthfulness as a representative of that which was in him. Hence, further, it is, what to many persons seems so surprising, that the greatest works of the great masters have been written in their full manhood or during the approach of age. The explanation of the fact is to be found in their increased experience of the realities of human life—its passions, its pleasures, its vanity, and above all, its sorrows. The more profoundly they have learnt to think and to feel, the more profound are the emotions they have to express. They have learnt to speak what they know, not merely what they imagine. And we entertain no doubt that, had Mendelssohn lived to be fifty or sixty, there would have been as vast a difference between his earlier and his later works as there is between Mozart's first mass and his Requiem. Mozart's Requiem was the work of a mind forced into contemplation of those realities of the unseen which he knew he was shortly to behold. His earlier masses are the graceful and brilliant poems of an imagination uninstructed by the pains of experience, and regarding the object of its faith from the point of view of a Kapell-Meister bound to supply Kyries and Credos to order in abundant sufficiency. In Mendelssohn's unfinished oratorio, *Christus*, the traces of this progress of his mind are fully manifest. Throughout, it displays that increasing feeling for purity of tune, and for repose rather than ingenuity in harmony, which accompanied the maturing of his mind and judgment on all affairs, whether musical or otherwise. From the

first indeed, that union of cheerfulness with seriousness, of sober judgment with eager enthusiasm, which was so striking in his personal life, is to be discerned in his works. The passages for the wind instruments, equally novel and charming, in his overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, were typical of that inner life of repose which lay hid beneath an exterior of eagerness and impetuosity. His likings and dislikings for the works of other masters were in like manner the result, not so much of taste and criticism, as of the essential qualities of his own mind. He recoiled from Auber as spontaneously as he worshipped Sebastian Bach. It was not that Auber and the modern Italians did not write fugues; his aversion sprang from an utter want of sympathy with their tone of mind as men. The emotions they expressed were not his emotions, and he never lived to the age when we learn to be charitable even when we cannot be sympathetic. He held them all to be sensual, frivolous, and of the earth, earthy. Indeed, in these letters he expresses in no measured terms his repugnance to the whole modern theatrical school, though we do not find in his bitterest censures anything so epigrammatic as the criticism of a kindred composer on Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. "The Catholics and Protestants," wrote Schumann, describing this opera when it first came out, "cut each other's throats on the stage, and a Jew stands by and makes music to it."

Mendelssohn's own religious opinions appear frequently in his letters, and few writers have spoken with such unaffected simplicity on a subject so easily disfigured with cant or conventionalism. His theology was that which is characteristic of the Broad Church school of Christianity. As every one knows, he was the grandson of Moses Mendelssohn, the learned and acute Jewish philosopher; but he himself, and his brothers and sisters, were all brought up Christians, and the change in the family religion appears to have taken place in the previous generation. As a musician, he could not but entertain the strongest aversion for the Evangelical school, wherever he found it. Modern Germany, indeed, is not prolific in disciples of this most unmusical of religious sects; but the Elberfeld preachers—whose leader, Krummacher, was at one time all the fashion with the Low Church party in England—were sufficiently influential to cause him some annoyance. In a letter to Professor Schirmer of Düsseldorf, he refers to a report which misrepresented his opinions as leaning towards those of the Elberfeld school. It is too striking and characteristic of the man to be altogether omitted:—

So I am said to be a saint! If this is intended to convey what I conceive to be the meaning of the word, and what your expressions lead me to think you also understand by it, then I can only say that, alas! I am not so, though every day of my life I strive with greater earnestness, according to my ability, more and more to resemble this character. I know, indeed, that I can never hope to be altogether a saint, but if I ever approach to one it will be well. If people, however, understand by the word "saint" a Pietist, one of those who lay their hands on their laps and expect that Providence will do their work for them, and who, instead of striving in their vocation to press on towards perfection, talk of a heavenly calling being incompatible with an earthly one, and are incapable of loving with their whole hearts any human being, or anything on earth—then, God be praised! such a one I am not, and hope never to become, so long as I live; and though I am sincerely desirous to live piously, and really to be so, I hope this does not necessarily entail the other character.

This same conscientiousness and abhorrence of the artificial and the unreal was carried by Mendelssohn into every detail of his art. Being well provided for by his father, he could easily afford to keep what he calls an "artistic conscience" amidst all such temptations as the music-sellers had to offer; but he was equally proof against royal commands and blandishments. Not the least curious part of this volume are letters relating to the wishes of the King of Prussia that he should set certain choruses of *Æschylus* to music, as he had set certain choruses of *Sophocles*. Nothing would induce him to pledge himself to the

undertaking, from his conviction that the choruses in question were utterly unsuitable to musical expression. To Englishmen it may seem strange to see a Prime Minister and an absolute Sovereign vainly entreating a musician to compose music for a few Greek verses. We can only extract some of the more remarkable sentences, but the whole correspondence is well worth reading as a rare example of that realizing of an artistic ideal which is so much talked about and so seldom witnessed. In justice to the King it should be added that, though the composer's persistence in his refusal caused him much vexation, it produced no diminution in his respect and esteem:—

Because I owe so much gratitude to the King, because I honor him in the depths of my soul as an admirable noble prince and man—on this very account I think that all I do by his command should be done with a good conscience, and in a cheerful spirit. . . . I will always obey the commands of a Sovereign so beloved by me, even at the sacrifice of my personal wishes and advantage. If I find I cannot do so with a good artistic conscience, I must endeavor candidly to state my scruples or my incapacity, and if that does not suffice, then I must go. This may sound absurd in the mouth of a musician, but shall I not feel duty as much in my position as others do in theirs? In an occurrence so personally important to me, shall I not follow the dictates of integrity and truth, as I have striven to do all my life.

We must add a word for the especial benefit of Birmingham and its musical amateurs. If they are disposed to plume themselves—not being generally too much given to modesty—on their admiration for Mendelssohn, let them lay to heart the opinion as to their discrimination and the real value of their praises which he expressed in a letter to Hiller in the year 1837.

### Carl Maria Von Weber.

#### A LIFE PICTURE.

(Continued from Vol. xxiii. page 202.)

The author of C. M. Von Weber's biography does not so completely exclude his own opinions and those of others concerning the composer's works, as we should have expected from the views put forth in the preface; to be convinced of the contrary we have only to read in this first volume, which comprehends Weber's life up to the year 1816, all that is said about the compositions then completed—about, for instance, the first operas, *Das Waldmädchen*, *Peter Schmolz*, *Sylvana* and *Abu Hassan*; sundry cantatas and songs, the Piano-forte Concerto in E flat major, &c. But the reader must not expect an analysis extending into details.

With regard to the account of Weber's life, properly so-called, it contains much highly interesting matter that captivates our attention and offers an attractive picture of what C. M. Von Weber was, under the unfavorable circumstances of his youth, and until he obtained the appointment of Conductor of the Royal Private Band, at Dresden, on Christmas day, 1816.

The whole work is parcelled out into four divisions, of which three, in two volumes, will contain a picture of the master's life, and the fourth (the third volume) a new edition of his posthumous writings. The first volume, now published, comprehends the first two divisions of the biography, which have been designated by the titles that Weber himself was accustomed to give these portions of his life and labors. The first: "Years of Youth, Apprenticeship, and Wanderings" (from 1786 to 1812), takes up twelve sections (page 1 to 394); and the second: "Yoke-Years," or "Years of Servitude," three sections (page 399 to 546).

After devoting a retrospective glance to Weber's ancestors, who came originally from Upper Austria, and most of whom possessed a marked partiality for music and the stage, the author gives us a very interesting and characteristic picture of Franz Anton Von Weber, the composer's father, a picture by which he mercilessly destroys the notions we previously entertained of Franz Anton as a major, a chamberlain, &c., &c., as he is designated in the *Encyclopedia* articles on Carl Maria, and portrays, in strict accordance with

the results of his researches, the strange being, who never settled down as long as he lived, and, unfortunately, distinguished himself as little by dignity of character or principle. Without having studied any profession in particular, but possessing a natural talent for music and everything connected with the stage, besides being a handsome man, remarkable for his aristocratic manners, Franz Anton was an ensign; a lieutenant in the Imperial Army at Rossbach; an adjutant, a steward, a court counselor of domains, well-off; poor; a musician on his own resources; a musical-director in Lübeck; a musical conductor for Eutin; town-musician at the same place, in bad circumstances (during which state of things Carl Maria was born, on the 18th December, 1786); and then a theatrical manager eternally roving from place to place. During the later period, it is true that he signed and called himself a major, but he never was one.

Such were the circumstances under which Weber first saw the light, and under which he spent his youth. Let us hear what the author of his biography says in a fragment from the second section. It will serve at the same time as a specimen of the author's style of narrative.

"The boy was very sickly. He suffered more especially from a local affection, which appears to have been seated in the upper part of his thigh-bone. He was four years old before he learned to walk alone, and every violent movement caused him pain. His complaint was never quite cured, and caused the lameness, subsequently remarked, in his right foot. It at first proved, when he was a child, a great obstacle to his taking part in the games of companions of his own age. He was—especially during the period his father entertained the hope of making him a young phenomenon, and while the never-ending music lessons disgusted and rendered him nervous—timid, and excitable, avoiding the mental and bodily movements and exertions with which boyish life and boyish games are inevitably connected. Subsequently, when, after his mind had freer scope, and his joyous, elastic temperament had got the better of material obstacles, he became aware that, despite his corporal weakness, his companions gathered around him with a kind of deference, and his soul grew able to free its action almost completely from the influence of bodily suffering, there sprang up within his breast a fullness of life which frequently almost became mere wantonness, and actually made him the very heart and soul of all the acts of violence and roguish pranks which occurred in the circle of his playmates. His power—already mentioned, and exercised from his earliest youth—of elevating the action of the mind above the pressure of the sickly frame, alone enabled Weber to embody the revelations of his genius in all their healthy fullness, for the sensation of enjoying vigorous health, and of not being burdened by the body, because the latter requires nothing, was one Weber never knew. It was amid the admonitory cries of weakness, the harsh sounds of pain, and from out the gloom of depression that he had to catch those strains which, by their spring-like freshness and their forest sweetness, delight and will ever delight us and our Epigoni. His father and step-brother Fridolin (called simply Fritz) taught him music between them. The poor child swallowed unwillingly the fare with which he was satiated, and, to his father's despair, appeared almost entirely deficient in talent. On one occasion, as Weber himself relates one of the earliest reminiscences of his childhood, Fridolin, throwing away the fiddle-bow, with which he had often in his rage rapped the child's little unskilful hands, exclaimed: "Carl, you may perhaps become anything else, but you will never be a musician!" For unluckily Franz Anton did not lose patience so quickly; it seems, too, that as the boy's mind was developed, his natural gifts became more apparent, so that his lessons were continued even during the wanderings of the Weberian opera company to Erlangen and Augsburg in 1793-4. But even though, at this early period of his youth, Weber's feeling for music had not extended as far as the awakening the talent of a child phenomenon, the circumstances amid which the boy passed the first years of his youth, and received his first strong and indelible impressions, exercised the most powerful influence on the direction taken by his talent in its subsequent development. It was these circumstances principally which gave that thoroughly dramatic character in which consists a great part of the originality of his productions.

"The playing-place in the house, the street, the garden, the wood, and the meadow, the battle-field upon the forms at school, a field on which, generally, the foundations of a boy's views and character are laid,

were almost unknown to him. There is no doubt that the games in which he took delight with companions of his own age, and in which the germ of all a person's subsequent views is so frequently contained, were partially, as far as his bodily condition allowed, similar to those which fill up the hours of amusement of other boys, but the scene where they took place was different, and there were mixed up in them elements ordinarily foreign to boyish minds. For Weber, as the son of the manager, and playmate of the children of the musicians and of the actors, and as one compelled by his weakness to remain near his parents, the theatre, the orchestra, and the stage were that world usually found by a boy in the street, the garden, and the court-yard. The battles usually waged by the boyish host with sticks and switches upon the common, were fought out by Weber and his companions with swords covered with silver paper, and with pasteboard shields, borne, in the evening, by their fathers as bandits or heroes. The float was the fortress defended against the storming party in the orchestra; stage lumber furnished lurking-places and retreats, while dresses appropriated on the sly decked the kings and the officers. The wings, machinery, and painted woods were their home, just as the rustling forest is that of the hunter's son. Weber's first youthful reminiscences were most closely and firmly interwoven with recollections of stage and orchestral arrangements; with but half understood dramatic plots, which had to supply the place of scholastic absurdities; and with the whole technical mechanism of stage life, with which the boy became as familiar as with the laws regulating tops or hide-and-seek, at which he played with his companions. As, however, no study of the grammar and syntax of a language can replace the animation of words heard from youth upwards, this absolute intimacy with all the material detail of stage-business, an intimacy enabling a person to hit instinctively upon what is right, gave Weber an immense advantage in his efforts as a dramatic composer, because he instinctively knew *a priori* what was required to render effective for stage purposes an idea, an action, or a dramatic form, while it gave him, as a conductor, a vast superiority over all who were acquainted practically or theoretically with only certain departments of stage matters.

"But great as was consequently, on the one hand, the advantage the boy derived, in his subsequent development, from his association with his father's company, the dangers arising from it were, on the other hand, quite as great, on account of the irregularity of a new theatrical life, the lax morality belonging to it; and littleness of conception and outwardness in the treatment of Art. That he escaped these dangers better than many other persons was partially owing to the constitution of his inner nature, which threw off, as clear water does greasy fat, everything that defiled and diverted him from his upward course; but it was owing, also, and in a far greater degree, to the influence of the gentle, pure, and, at the same time, profoundly melancholy individuality of his young mother, a finely educated and sensible woman, who unceasingly instructed the ailing child and took him under the wing of her soul, undermining, as far as lay in her power, the effects of a theatrical life, for which she felt antipathy, and developing, with feminine care and delicacy, the boy's natural tendency to goodness of heart; but, finally, it was owing, likewise, to the fact that his lucky star placed him under the guidance of serious teachers actuated by noble motives, whose agency paralyzed those doubtful influences, the power of which, as we must to our regret avow, was the more to be dreaded, because the father's character did not offer the boy a model to which he might look up with sufficient confidence for it to be an effective safeguard.

(To be Continued.)

### A Female Composer of the Last Century.

MARIA THERESA PARADIES, a remarkable composer and eminent pianist, was born in Vienna, the 15th May, 1759. Stricken with blindness at the early age of five years, she found in the study of music a consolation for her great misfortune. She evinced the most singular aptitude for this art, and was moreover endowed with marvellous facility for the acquirement of languages and sciences. Mlle. Paradies was equally familiar with Italian, German, French and English, well versed in the inductive sciences, a proficient in geography and history, danced with grace, and possessed such extraordinary facility of conception, and so tenacious a memory, that she played at chess, regulating her own moves according to the play of her adversary, as if she could have seen the board herself. Kozeluch and Righini were her masters for the piano-forte and singing; and she learned composition from the chapel-master, Freibert, receiving the advice of Salieri in the dramatic department.

She was only eleven years of age when the Empress Maria Theresa granted her a pension of 250 florins, after having heard her play some of the sonatas and fugues of Bach with rare perfection. In 1784, Paradies set out on her travels, visited Linz, Salzburg, Munich, Spire, Mannheim, Switzerland, and Paris, in which latter city she played with extraordinary success at one of the Concerts Spirituels in 1785. From Paris she proceeded to London, where she achieved a decided triumph. The most celebrated artists of the period—among others, Abel, Fischer, and Salomon—considered it an honor to assist in her concerts. On her return from England, Paradies went to Holland, then to Brussels, Berlin, and Dresden, and was everywhere received with marked approbation at her public performances. In 1786, she returned to Vienna. She there applied herself to composition and teaching, published a variety of instrumental pieces, and wrote several operas which were favorably received at Vienna and Prague. Her house became the rendezvous of the most eminent and distinguished persons of Vienna; foreigners solicited as the highest favor to be introduced to her; and all were equally captivated by the charms of her conversation and the amenity of her manners. This remarkable woman died at Vienna on the 1st of February, 1824, at the age of sixty-five. In 1791, she produced at Vienna *Ariadne et Naxos*, an opera in two acts; and this was followed by *Ariadne et Bacchus*, a duo-drama in one act, a continuation of the foregoing opera. In 1792, Mlle. Paradies gave at the national Theatre of Vienna, *Le Candidat Instituteur*, an operetta in one act; and in 1797, a grand opera, entitled *Rinaldo and Armida*, at Prague. A grand cantata of her composition, on the death of Louis XVI., which was printed with piano-forte accompaniment, was brought out at Vienna in 1794. She had already published her funeral cantata on the death of the Emperor Leopold. Among the other compositions of Paradies, may be mentioned *Six Sonatas* for the harpsichord, Op. 1 (Paris, Imbault); *Six Sonatas*, Op. 2 (ditto); *Two Italian Canzonets*, with accompaniment, for piano-forte (London, Bland); and *Leonore de Burger* (Lieder, Vienna).

FETIS.

### Musical Journalism.

(From the *New Nation*.)

Musical Journalism in this country partakes of the following characteristics:

- 1st. Fulsome flattery of artists.
- 2d. Unblushing falsehoods to advertise certain publications or pianos.
- 3d. Malignant underrating of really earnest and artistically successful efforts.

Regarding the first of these, it is a lamentable fact that newspapers, and especially the dailies, will no more notice a great artist if he does not advertise with them, than they would think of drinking the health of the King of Dahomey at high mass. The performance of musical master-pieces does not come under the head of "news" at all. The public are not supposed to be interested in it half as much as they would be in the fact of somebody's inventing a way to make wheelbarrows or wash-tubs on a new principle. If we turn to the so-called "Musical papers," those published with a professed view to advancing the art in every possible way, we do not find it much better. Prejudice, incredulity, detraction, and contempt, mark most of the so-called criticisms on the one hand, while on the other, commonplace and conventional patronizing of acknowledged talent or classical works, with all the time-honored adjectives, "immortal," "unequaled," "transcendent," etc., greet one at every point. For instance, is not the country correspondence of some city musical papers most laughable? A band of scraping, puffing, blowing, wheezing, twanging amateurs, probably butchers, drovers, hay-makers or wood-cutters, counter-jumpers or high-school students, get together, and by dint of many months' creditable study, manage to murder a Mozart overture or Haydn Symphony. An admiring fellow-scraper or blower, having before-time secured a short list of subscribers for a city musical paper, is forthwith authorized to act as correspondent, and during his epistolary performance enters into an elaborate description not only of the performance, but also of the composition, which happens to be as familiar to the class of readers for whom the paper is intended, as A, B, C is to a college professor of Belles Lettres. Now is this what we look for in a musical journal? Do we find the directions for preparing hydrogen in *Silliman's Journal*, or the definition of the term "cog-wheels" in the *Scientific American*? Yet such specimens of correspondence are ludicrously common in periodicals quite as professedly devoted to music as others are to chemistry and mechanics, while the foreign



budget of truly important events at the centres of artistic activity, Leipzig, Paris, and London, is thin, scanty, and unsatisfactory to the last degree.

If a young ladies' boarding-school in the country gives an examination performance, a two or three-columned article (in which the players and singers are lauded as if they were world-wide celebrities) is the least that can be expected from a paper in which the proprietors of the school advertise. And it is just so with individuals. A pianist or singer stands a poor chance of having his merit recognized in print, unless his concerts are advertised in those papers or his programmes and tickets are printed at their job offices. Yet we constantly see ourselves (as a nation) extravagantly praised for being so "generous to artists," so liberal in our encouragement of musical performances, and so ready to award the "proper (!) meed of honor to artistic aspirants," when the fact is, that we have hardly allowed the arts to receive equal courtesy at our hands with that awarded to boot-makers, tallow-chandlers, patent medicine venders, and sloop-shopmen generally.

If these facts are disputed, we have only to refer the reader to an old adage which is certainly true with regard to mercantile commodities, but is a grievous falsehood where art is concerned; namely: "A thing will bring as much as it is worth." Let any obscure composer offer one of his works for sale at a music publisher's, and see how much it will bring! Yet, we know that hundreds of literary "Bohemians," in this city alone, make a living by their newspaper pen-scratchings, a year's amount of which may not contain a tithe of the science or ability which four pages of this musical work possesses.

It is too true that a musical manuscript is only worth as much as the paper and ink employed in its composition cost, until the author is popular enough to make it sell. The genius or merit evinced therein to a discerning eye is nothing, and this is because the public have no discerning eyes wherewith to appreciate or discover either musical excellence or originality. The reason for this again, is because the public are not properly educated by those who assume to be popular educators, namely, editors, among whom few are to be found more jealous of their rights or vain of their supposed qualifications than musical ones.

Now, a composer, to be popular, must be puffed. Puffing is the only golden road to reputation, in this country at least. From a circus-rider or clog-dancer, to a new preacher or Presidential candidate, the rule holds good, and the worst feature of it is, that merit stands no better chance than mediocrity at first, and if one refuses to be puffed, he may as well resign himself to starve, however degrading he may feel it to see the pure emanations from his inspired brain, "soaped and oiled" by a paid pen, side by side with a rope-dancer or hurdle-rider. The only remedy for this truly disgraceful state of things lies with the editors, and as far as musical matters are concerned, with the editors of our musical journals.

As it at present exists, the very foundations of an eventually possible correct popular taste in the art are sapped. A man is judged only by what he does in public; hence any impudent varlet of a musical pretender, (and how many we could mention!) without education, or anything, in fact, excepting a low variety of Yankee smartness, gets himself into print, sows his productions (or rather *rehashes*) broadcast, and reaps a harvest of what Boccaccio calls "St. John's golden grease," while a neighboring student, and mayhap genius, is in want of the comforts of daily life, although his now worthless manuscripts may enrich a music-seller fifty or a hundred years hence. This state of things must continue until the public form some idea of a true criterion in art, and until the editors of these musical papers become first learned enough to judge of true merit in new men, (which they now seldom are), and secondly, honest enough never to presume to place charlatans and juggler pianists on the same footing with sound musicians, just because a silly gawgaw public of biped cattle choose to cry them up.

We are sensible how thankless a task it is to urge such a vast reform in this day and country of artistic superficiality, and that perhaps we had better "fold the arms of resignation on the bosom of patience," as the Persians say. Nevertheless truth is truth, and must at times be spoken, and no candid observer or experienced dilettante of fifteen years' metropolitan life can deny our premises or fail to sympathize with our yearnings as above expressed.

With regard to the unblushing falsehoods in laudatory notices of favored artists, and the cunning tricks so often resorted to by mechanics through performers in order to advertise their instruments, no one with half an eye or an ounce of brains need be enlightened.

To such a degree is this carried, that repeated in-

stances have come under our observation where all ability in art has been denied to accomplished pianists, by certain persons, merely because they were not friendly to the maker of the pianos used at their concerts!

Concerning the critical portion of a musical editor's duties, that alone is subject enough for a volume. We are not of those who believe an impartial criticism by a fellow-artist an impossible thing. On the contrary we can imagine a person so learned yet so in love with his art as to lose sight of the person of an artist entirely when speaking of his labors in music, although we grant it is a very rare thing. Because our brother is an expert pianist, must we therefore proclaim him an original and great composer, when we know his good passages are stolen and all his unstolen ones are bad? Or, because my neighbor is a drunkard or is afflicted with the disease known as chronic imbecility, must we therefore deny to him any musical talent at all, when we know he has produced beautiful and original additions to the art? Yet these things are what we constantly see and deplore as stumbling-blocks in the way not so much of individual artists as of the public, in preventing their formation of a correct opinion regarding music and musicians.

Swift says of Criticism as idealized to him (See *Battle of Books*): "At her right sat Ignorance, at her left Pride. About her played her children, Noise, Impudence, Dulness, Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry and Ill-Manners. She had claws like a cat, head, ears, and voice like an ass; her diet was the overflowing of her own gall, and her spleen stood out prominent above all else."

We are truly happy to say that seldom do we see a musical criticism which seems to embody all of these fearful characteristics, although so many daily appear with a choice selection therefrom. It is the most unpardonable thing for a critic to be accused of not understanding his subject, and yet when he has to write with a concert for a text, and does not know enough to stick to his subject, there is no cause for astonishment in his wanderings off to one he does understand. Hence we have observed such strictures upon a pianist as that he could not be what he professed, because he did not look like a certain other artist, and wore patent leather boots and white kid gloves! Another, from want of appreciation, always abuses a certain great German composer, (now dead, and whose music has become classic,) designating his works by so disrespectful and vulgar a cognomen as "broken crockery music." A third, in his blind adoration of Beethoven and ignorance of his works combined, writes a long abusive article on a quartet which he supposes to be by Schubert, and after his article is in print, has the mortification to learn that the quartet was the work of his adored Beethoven, and the critic had been a dupe of the designing and witty musicians who performed it!

But it is needless for us to multiply examples. What we have been suffering under, and still do, is a set of writers for the musical press who are not musicians. It now behooves us to obtain those who are, but this will always be difficult. Musicians are seldom writers, although some bright names, such as Schumann, Berlioz, and Howard Glover have proven that the two qualities are not incompatible, as some have asserted, and that because a man is eminent in art he must be necessarily a fool in letters. Did not Northcote write a life of Titian?

We hope to live to see a great and healthy reform in American Musical Journalism, through whose influence an otherwise intelligent and cultivated public will not betray a childish ignorance of art before they make their remarks on the subject, and will not mix up symphonies and negro melodies, piano fantasies, and masses for three voices, in an undistinguishable confusion such as you generally hear in the airy and self-complacent conversation of "our best society."

## Music Abroad.

### London.

The Italian Opera season is about to begin. Mr. Gye, first in the field with his prospectus (by 24 hours), opens his theatre on Tuesday, March 29th, also first (by 12 days)—a fortnight earlier than in 1863. His programme is full of interest. Several new singers are announced. Among the sopranos are found Mdlles. Emilia Lagrue, Destinn, Guiseppini Tati and Garulli. Of the first alone we know anything. Mdlle. Lagrue, who has been for many years renowned, both on the old and new continents, is to be the "Grisi" of the hour, and make her *début* as Norma. The basses are reinforced by three fresh comers—Signor Attri, Signor Scalseo and Herr

Schmid. The first, from the Pergola, at Florence, is engaged for Walter, in *Guillaume Tell*, Elmiro, in *Otello*, Basilio, in the *Barbiere*, &c. Signor Scalseo is at present chief *buffo* of the Italian Opera in Paris, where he is favorably regarded. He will doubtless (if a good comic actor) be found useful in Bartolo, Leporello, and other parts. Herr Schmid is vaunted abroad as successor to Herr Formes. He comes well recommended from the Imperial Opera at Vienna. The tenors and barytones are as before, with the proviso that Herr Wachtel, who appeared (as Edgardo) two seasons ago, is again in the list of tenors. Changes have been made in the allotment of several important characters. Signor Mario is announced to play Faust, for the first time, and once more to assume the part of Nemorino (*L'Elisir*), which he gave up eight years ago, besides that of Fernando (*La Favorita*), which he has not played for six years. Mdlles. Adelina Patti and Pauline Lucca are alternately to appear as Margarita, in Faust—another fine chance for M. Gounod, at all events. Signor Tamberlik resigns Arnold (*Guillaume Tell*), Manrico (*Il Trovatore*), and Jean of Leyden, to Herr Wachtel; while M. Faure cedes Guillaume Tell, Alfonso (*La Favorita*), and Hoel (*Dinorah*) to Signor Graziani. Signor Ronconi is, for the first time, to essay Don Pasquale, Bartolo (Mozart's), and Sulpizio the Sergeant (*La Figlia del Reggimento*). Madame Antonietta Frizzi abandons Norma and Donna Anna, both in favor of Mdlle. Lagrue—taking refuge as the unfortunate Donna Elvira, Don G.'s cast-off mistress. Madame Nantier-Didiée leaves Fies to Mdlle. Guiseppini Tati (from Lisbon). Mdlle. Adelina Patti alone retains the characters she has supported at various periods, adding to her already extremely varied repertory the part of Susanna, in *Le Nozze di Figaro*; Margarita (Faust)—in partnership, as we have already stated, with Mdlle. Lucca; and including Dinorah, which (no one then present can have forgotten) she played once, at the end of the season 1862. Two new operas are promised—*La Forza del Destino* (Verdi) and Otto Nicolai's often promised *Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor* (*Merry Wives of Windsor*). The four chief characters in Verdi's opera will be supported by Mdlle. Lagrue, Madame Didiée, Signors Tamberlik and Graziani, the original representatives at the Imperial Opera of St. Petersburg. To Mdlle. Lucca and Herr Schmid are assigned the principal parts in the opera of Nicolai.

The promised revivals are, *L'Etoile du Nord*—not given since 1855, the old theatre having been burnt down early in 1856; *Le Nozze di Figaro*, first time at the new theatre; *Otello*, first time for six years; and *Dinorah*, first time for two years. Mdlle. Lucca will play Catarina, in the *Etoile du Nord*, to the Pietro of M. Faure, (who succeeded M. Bataille in the same part, at the Opera Comique). *Le Nozze di Figaro* will have an entirely new cast:—Susanna, Mdlle. Patti; the Countess, Mdlle. Marie Battu; Cherubino, Mdlle. Lucca; the Count, Signor Graziani; Bartolo, Signor Ronconi; Basilio, Signor Neri-Baraldi; and Figaro, M. Faure. In *Otello*, Signors Tamberlik and Ronconi retain the parts of the Moor and Iago, Mdlle. Lagrue is to play Desdemona, and Signor Attri, Elmiro.

In the list of operas to be given this year, no allusion is made to *La Guzza Ladra*, despite the popularity, last season, of Mdlle. Patti's Ninetta; nor of *Masaniello*, revived with so much splendor in 1862; nor of *Fra Diavolo*, announced in the last two prospectuses, with Signor Mario as the Brigand; nor, lastly, of *Stradella*, which has figured conspicuously in the programmes for many seasons. That the company has undergone a thorough sifting may be judged from the absence of the following names:—Sopranos—Madame Miolan-Carvalho, Mdlles. Fioretti, Maurer, Elvira Dem, Dottini and Maffei; Tenor—Sig. Caffieri; Basses—Herr Formes, M. Zelger and M. Olvin. Very few of these, however, need be regretted. The other members of the troop, 1863, all remain. Mdlles. Salvioni and Zini Richard are engaged as principal *danseuses* in the Ballet, besides Mdlles. Raffaeli, Assunta, and Carmine—new comers. M. Desplaces retains his post of Maître de Ballet, but M. Nadud's place as leader is not yet filled up. That Mr. Costa, as Director of the Music and Conductor; M. Sinton as *Chef d'Attoque* and Deputy Conductor; Messrs. W. Beverley and T. Grieve (Mr. Telbin has gone over to the Haymarket), as Scenic Artists; Mr. Augustus Harris as Stage Manager, and the other chief "officials," before and behind the curtain, still hold their posts, is as pleasant to know as that the orchestra (*minus* poor Nulad) remain in *statu quo*. The military band is again that of the Coldstream Guards—director Mr. Godfrey, eldest son of the late Charles Godfrey. Whether the chorus is to be reinforced, as was suggested last year, we do not find stated; it was good as it stood, but would be none the worse for a few young and fresh voices. But enough for the present.

The prospectus of Her Majesty's Theatre is just as full of promise. Some amateurs will probably think it more interesting in one respect, inasmuch as it announces Herr Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, and with a cast too, embracing the names of Mdles. Tietjens, Volpini and Harriers Wipern (from Berlin—one of the three Berlin Margarets), with Signor Giuglini, M. Gassier and Mr. Santley. Two other novelties are included, viz., *La Forza del Destino* and *Le Spose Allegre* (Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*), both of which are also promised by Mr. Gye. The revivals comprise *Fidelio*—with Mdle. Tietjens as Leonora; *Der Freischütz*, *Anna Bolena*, and *Robert le Diable*. Signor Verdi, it is stated, has undertaken to remodel the last act and personally superintend the production of *La Forza del Destino*. All the principal members of last season's troupe remain, with one important exception—Mdle. Desirée Artôt; one unimportant exception—Signor Baragli (the tenor); one neither important nor unimportant exception—Signor Vialletti (the bass); two tremendous exceptions—Madame Albani and Mr. Sims Reeves; besides one or two other "exceptions." Mr. Mapleson, moreover, has strengthened it in certain departments. Among the new "first ladies" we find Mdle. Guisepina Vitali, from Bologna; Mdme. Harriers Wipern (alluded to already), from Berlin; Mdle. Eleonora Grossi, from Rome and Barcelona; and Mdle. Bettelheim, from Vienna—the last two being contraltos. Signor Fancelli, from the San Carlo, is the only new tenor; but to the basses are added a certain Signor Benedetto Mazzetti, a certain Signor Gasperoni, and Signor Marcello Junca (formerly plain M. Junca, at the Theatre Lyrique Paris), from the Teatro Regio, Turin, and—it might have been added—the United States of North America. There are two fresh comers, among the principal *dansesuses* of the Ballet (Ballet-master, Signor Simondi), viz., Mdle. Aranyvary, from Milan; and Mdle. Caterina Beretta, from the San Carlo at Naples and the Regio at Turin. There is also a Signor Alessandri, who will make his first appearance. A new ballet, entitled *Gli Amori di Bacco*, in which Mdle. Aranyvary will make her debut, is promised early in the season; and another called *Emma*, in the course of the season, for the first appearance of Mdle. Caterina Beretta. M. Petit guards his post as Regisseur of the Ballet. The chorus, strengthened by important additions, is now almost entirely composed of singers from the Teatro Regio and the Liceo, Turin—Signor Chiaromonte, Chorus-master. The Stage Manager is M. Reinhardt, from Berlin and Vienna. Mr. Telbin is appointed principal scenic artist, assisted by Mr. Henry Telbin (his son). The military band will be that of the Grenadier Guards, (under the direction of M. D. Godfrey (second son of the late Charles Godfrey). The orchestra has been "numerically reinforced," and the direction again confided to Signor Arditi—two "articles" which cannot fail to give satisfaction. To conclude, Subscribers will be glad to learn that the private boxes have been "enlarged and improved"—to say nothing of a new organ being in process of erection by "the eminent firm of Gray and Davison." The theatre opens on Saturday, April 9th, with *Rigoletto*—Mdle. Guisepina Vitali (her first appearance) being Gilda, Mdle. Grossi (her first appearance) Maddelena, and Signor Giuglini (first time) the Duke of Mantua.—*Mus. World*.

#### Germany.

WEIMAR.—The fourth and last Subscription Concert of the Grand-Ducal Private Band presented the following programmes: "Les Préludes," Franz Liszt; "Auf den Lagunen," words by Theophile Gautier, translated by P. Cornelius, music by Hector Berlioz (Herr von Milde); "Méditation über Consolation," Franz Liszt, amplified and scored by Herr Carl Stör; and Beethoven's Symphony in C minor. The concert was under the direction of Herr Carl Stör. (What a treat must have been the Symphony of Beethoven!)

HANOVER.—From Jan. 1 to Dec. 31, 1863 (the theatre being closed from July 1 to Aug. 27) there were 86 operatic performances at the Theatre Royal. The number of operas represented was 40. The novelties were Gluck's *Orpheus und Eurydice*, and Ferdinand Hillers's *Katakomben*; the revivals *Fidelio*, *Norma*, *Jessonda*, *Zampa*, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* and *La Sennambula*.

KONIGSBERG.—The Musikalische Academie lately gave a performance of Schumann's *Das Paradies und die Peri*, under the direction of Herr Landien.

BERLIN.—The programme of the Seventh Sinfonie Soirée of the King's Private Band was composed of the overture to the *Räuberbraut*, by Ferdinand Ries; the Symphony in E flat major, by Mozart;

"Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," by Mendelssohn; and Beethoven's Symphony in C minor. 'Die Räuberbraut' was produced at the Royal Op. House here, in 1831, under the personal superintendence of the composer, and with Mad. Schröder-Devrient as the heroine. The music was much admired, but the opera could not maintain itself in the repertory on account of the badness of the libretto.—At the Fifth concert of Carlberg's Orchestral Union, one of the pieces selected for performance was Rbt. Schumann's Symphony in D minor, which is now seldom heard, and is the composer's fourth and last. It was pretty well received, but created no enthusiasm.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 2, 1864.

### Music in Boston.

The past fortnight has not contributed much to the enriching of one's musical experience, except as there may have been some in every audience who were just beginning to make acquaintance with musical works with which most of us have long been familiar. There have been Organ Concerts, as usual, very mixed in character; there has been an Oratorio, time-honored "Messiah," which everybody knows; a couple of Afternoon Orchestral Concerts, with Great Organ for variety and for gratification of the curiosity of new comers;—and that is about all in the way of concerts. Indeed the Concert season seems to be drawing to an untimely close. The Orchestral Union will persevere in the good work for some time yet—as long, no doubt, as they shall meet encouragement. Nor can there be any lack of opportunities, all Summer long, for hearing the Great Organ, which only needs wind and an organist (has it not already raised up a goodly number of skilful ones?);—the only question is, how much of real organ music may one hope to hear in all the entertaining exhibitions. For the next fortnight, however, the Music Hall and its Organ will be in the service of the Roman Catholics (a Fair in aid of one of their churches), and music for the musical world as such must for that length of time seek other theatres or remain mute. But we have one good thing in prospect, awaiting its re-opening. Mr. B. J. LANG, as we have already announced, is preparing for a performance with orchestra and chorus of two fine works of Mendelssohn; one the "Walpurgis Night," which he brought out here for the first time with such signal success two years ago; the other the entire music, orchestral and vocal, to the "Midsummer Night's Dream." The time, we believe, is not precisely fixed; Walpurgis Night is the night before the first of May, and suggests Saturday evening, April 30th, for the fit time; on the other hand, the great tricentennial anniversary of Shakespeare's birth falls on the preceding Saturday, (the 23d), and a performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music would be one of the pleasantest among the various celebrations of the day. The engagements of the Music Hall will probably decide the question.

We have had the end of another brief season of Italian Opera, Maretzek's company, offering the same things as before, with the single exception of Donizetti's tedious *Poliuto* (or *I Martiri*), and the debut, in *Lucia*, of a very petite and very young soprano, Miss HARRIS, from New York, who has displayed a good deal of flexible, bird-like vocal agility in ornamental bravura passages

for a high voice without much substance in the middle and lower tones where one looks for expression and dramatic quality. It is one of the recently so common cases, apparently, of an ambition for a lyrical career based on no other capital than a facile voice; but time may develop more. "Faust" has still drawn its crowds, and the poetic truth and beauty of Miss KELLOGG's Margaret does not lose its charm. We hear nothing further of the promised visit of the German Opera troupe of Carl Anschütz; it would be a positive artistic gain to us, could we hear *Fidelio*, *Oberon*, *La Dame Blanche*, the *Wasserträger* by Cherubini, &c., even passably well performed; well enough, at least, to give us some acquaintance with such sterling operas, of which we have remained ignorant, while ceasing to learn aught from endless repetition of the old round of Verdi and Donizetti pieces.

But for a brief review of the two weeks:

The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY had a very large audience for their Easter performance of "The Messiah," and they performed it on the whole effectively. Many of the choruses were so reinforced as to double their volume, weight and grandeur, by the Great Organ, which was managed with remarkable ability and tact by Mr. LANG; its contribution was the more marked and glorious because it was sometimes sparingly used. The profound feeling of "*Surely He hath borne our griefs*," and the following: "*And with His stripes*," was particularly well brought out. These are perhaps the least appreciated choruses, but none will more reward attention, none go deeper down into the soul. The orchestra did fairly for the most part, but some of the wind instruments gave distressingly uncertain sounds now and then in "*O thou that tellest*." The average excellence of the solo singing was another distinguishing feature of the performance. Miss HOUSTON for the first time undertook the entire soprano work and achieved this formidable task in a manner that should give her great encouragement in her very earnest efforts, as it gave pleasure to her audience. A certain nervous anxiety—for evidently she strives before all things to be a pure and noble singer, a worthy interpreter of divine music—is still her chief drawback; but she has rarely mastered it so well. Her delivery of the first recitatives: "*There were Shepherds*," &c., was beautiful and inspiring; save that too intense and too prolonged a light was thrown upon the word "*saying*." "Rejoice greatly" was not sung with the force or volume of voice which really the song requires; she chose to execute its florid passages in a subdued, fine *mezza voce* tone, perhaps distrusting herself for such an effort with full voice; but that it was gracefully, evenly, as well as fervently done, no one can deny. "I know that my Redeemer," and the other great strains of the latter part of the Oratorio, were very impressively and indeed artistically rendered. Mrs. CARY's sympathetic, rich and pure contralto was used with good style and expression in the airs that fall to the share of that voice; sometimes, however, its melody was obscured by overpowering accompaniment and only faintly heard. Mr. WHEELER never has exerted his sweet but not very powerful tenor to such good advantage in that Hall. He sang with spirit, and clear ringing tone, as well as with pure method and expression, as he always does. Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, too, made the bass songs very telling, especially: "*Why do the Heathen rage?*"

The ORCHESTRAL UNION have had two very stormy Wednesdays; but, on the last occasion at least, one was reminded of Handel's "Vell, never moind, de moosick vill sound de petter!" Week before last the programme had for overture and symphony a repetition of the fine Mendelssohnian Concert Overture by Rietz and "Les Preludes" by Liszt; for Organ *entremets*, the "Trumpet" chorus from "Samson" and a Battiste *Offertoire*, with *Vox Humana*, played by W. EUGENE THAYER; for popular afterpieces (orchestral), Beethoven's "Turkish March" and the first finale of *Don Giovanni*.—Last Wednesday's was about the best programme and best concert of the season, peculiarly enjoyed by the handfull of not fair-weather visitors.

1. Overture to "Der Heimkehr aus der Fremde" (Return from abroad). Mendelssohn
2. Organ Solo—"Let their celestial concerts all unite," Chorus from "Samson." Handel
3. Pastoral Symphony, No. 6. Beethoven
4. Selections from "The Hymn of Praise." Mendelssohn Transcribed for Organ. B. J. Lang.
5. Invitation à la Valse. Weber
6. Instrumented by Hector Berlioz.
7. Finale from "Tannhäuser." Wagner

All these fine pieces the little orchestra played uncommonly well, and people listened as to newly felt revelations of the genius of the masters and the beauty of instrumental combinations. Mr. LANG, too, was especially happy in the treatment of his organ pieces; the great instrument has never been made more expressive for such subjects. His choice of stops in the Mendelssohn selections came closer to the idea than ever. He prefaced the grand final chorus of "Samson" with the Minuet from the overture, charmingly rendered with soft stops.

The next two Concerts (on account of the Fair at the Music Hall) will be given at the Boston Theatre, at half price for all parts of the house.

It remains only to record the last two Saturday Afternoon Great Organ Concerts. Dr. S. P. TUCKERMAN made a very acceptable Concert, displaying the powers of the instrument with his usual taste and skill in the following pieces:

1. Grand *Offertoire* in C. Wey
2. "Gratias Agimus." Haydn
3. Andantino. Schumann
4. "Et Incarnatus." Schreider
5. Prelude, in C minor. Heese
6. Dead March, from "Saul." Handel
7. Pastorale. (A distinguished Organist of Rome, A. D. 1709). Zepel
8. Kyrie And Sanctus. Palestrina
9. Andante Maestoso. Spohr
10. { A. Aria Cantabile, for the Vox } Mozart
11. { B. Aria Soprano, Humana Stop } Mendelssohn
12. Fugue, in E major. Bach

Last Saturday Mr. HENRY CARTER occupied the hour with this selection:

1. Toccata, in F. Bach
2. Andante from Symphony in D. Beethoven
3. Introduction, 3rd part Creation. Haydn
4. March, from "Zauberflöte." With Contrapuntal Variations. Mozart
5. Air. Paradies
6. Wedding March. Mendelssohn

We thought him more successful in the rendering of the *Toccata* (though his pedaling has by no means the firmness and clearness of Mr. Paine's), than in the Beethoven *Andante*. The latter dragged behind continually in time, while the even flow and symmetry of its ideas was disturbed by the startling irruption of huge heavy stops sometimes in the very middle of a musical sentence; the choice of stops was frequently too ponderous and clumsy for this serene and spiritual *Andante*. Mr. Carter was more happy in the following pieces, though unsteadiness in time too often mars his playing. The air by Paradies was not the least interesting feature of the programme. Was it by the blind female composer (German) of the last century, of whom a sketch is given in an earlier part of this paper, or by the Venetian pupil of Porpora, Dom Pietro Paradies, who wrote operas and harpsichord sonatas only a few years earlier?

### The Improvisatori.

Mr. Story's "Roba di Roma," which has been so long in finding its way to this country, having been published first in England, and which undoubtedly contains the most life-like picture of Roman life and manners to be found in any book, has given us a pleasant surprise by the following description of a charming little adventure, of which we may vouch for the truthfulness, having been one of the party. Only we, being neither artist nor poet, did not "understand their language" so well as our fellows. We wish our readers may enjoy the description half as much as we do the recollection.

"It is not uncommon for those who like to study Roman manners and humors, and eat truly Roman dishes, to make up a little party and dine at the Palombella, or some other *osteria con cucina* in the Trastevere. There, however, if you would get a taste of the real spirit of the Romans, you should go incognito and take your place at the tables in the common room, and pass if you can for one of them, or at least not for a looker-on or a listener. One other thing also is essential, and that is, that you should understand their language well; and then, if you are lucky, you will be rewarded for your pains by hearing capital songs and improvisations.

One lucky night, I shall never forget, when we made a little party of artists and poets and dined together in a little *osteria* not far from the Piazza Barberini. Peppo, the Neapolitan cook, gave us an excellent dinner, wonderful macaroni and capital wine, and while we ate and drank a guitar and mandoline in the adjoining room made a low accompaniment to our talk. We went in our worst coats and most crumpled hats, tried to attract as little attention as possible, and sat at a table in the corner. The rest of the company was composed solely of working-men, several of whom were carters, who came in after their hard day's work to take a temperate supper in their shirt-sleeves. Yet even in "best society" you will not find simpler or better manners, at once removed from servility and defiance. They soon saw that we were not one of their class, but their behavior to us was perfect—all the staring was done by us. They accepted courteously our offers to drink with them, and offered us of their wine in return. Then they talked and jested and played at *Passatello* with inimitable good humor, while old Zia Nica, the padrona of the establishment, sat in the middle of the shabby old pot-house, looking with sharp wild eyes out from under a gray fell of tumbled hair—now shrieking out her orders, now exchanging with the new comers keen jokes that flashed like knives, and were received by tumultuous applause. As our dinner drew to a close we had in the mandoline and guitar, and all the opera tunes were played with great cleverness. Was there ever a better mandoline? how it tingled and quivered as it nervously rang out the air, with its stinging vibrations and tense silvery shakes, while the soft woolly throb of the guitar kept up a constant accompaniment below! The old cobwebs on the dusky, soiled, and smoky beams of the ceiling, where the colors of old frescoes were still to be seen, shook to the music, and the flame of the little onion-shaped light before the coarsely-painted engraving of the Madonna seemed to wink in sympathy. Old Zia Nica herself grew excited when a spirited Tarantella was played. She had danced it when young in Naples.—"Che bella cosa! and I could dance it now," she cried. "Brava, Zia Nica!—give us a Tarantella," was the cry all around. "Eh! Perché no?" and up she stood and shook her long fell of hair, and laughed a wild laugh, and showed her yellow teeth, and up and down the old *osteria* she shuffled and tramped, flinging up her hands and snapping her fingers, and panting and screaming, till at last with a whoop she fell down into her chair, planted her two hands akimbo on her knees, glared at the company and cried out, "Old Zia Nica's not dead yet. No Signori! The old woman is not so old but that she can dance a Tarantella still—grazie a Dio—no, Signori-i-i."

Scarcely was this performance finished when the glass door jingled at the entrance of a little middle-aged fellow who had come across the street for a *fiasco* of wine. He was received with a shout of welcome. "Give us a toast in rhyme," cried one. "Bravo! give us a toast in rhyme," echoed all; and spinning round on his feet with a quick, eager face, and flinging out his hands with nervous gesticulation, he suddenly, in a high voice, poured out a volley of humorous rhymes upon one after another of his friends, then launched a *brindisi* at us, and—hey presto change!—was out of the door in a minute, the sharp bell jingling as he closed it, and a peal of laughter pursuing him. So being in the humor, we called for some improvisation, and the mandoline and guitar began an air and accompaniment in *ottava rima*. After a minute or two, one of the men at the head of the table opposite broke out in a loud voice, and sang, or rather chanted a strophe; and scarcely had the instruments finished the little *ritornello*, when another answered him in a second strophe; to this he responded, and so alternately for some time the improvisation went on without a break. Then suddenly rose from the opposite end a third person, a carter, who poured out two or three strophes without stopping; and after him still another carter broke in. So that we had four persons improvising in alternation. This lasted a full half hour, and during the whole time there was not a pause or hesitation. The language used was uncommonly good, and the ideas were of a character you would little have anticipated from such a company. The theme was art, and love, and poetry, and music, and some of the recitation was original and spirited. Out of Italy could anything like this be seen? But the sound of music and song had reached the eafs of the police, and those of their white-barred figures and chapeaux appeared at the door, and despite all our prayers they stopped the improvisation. This broke up the fun, and it was then proposed that we should go to the Colosseum in two carriages with the music. No sooner said than done. Off ran Antonio for the carriages, and in a few minutes we were on our way, through the Corso and down through the forum, the mandoline and guitar playing all the time."

DR. FRANZ LISZT, by last accounts, was still in Rome, where, after finishing his two oratorios, *St. Elizabeth*, and *Christus*, he was working upon a third, the subject of which is taken from the *Legends* of St. Francis of Assisi. Failing to set the world on fire by his huge Symphonies, will he succeed better with his Oratorios? What sort of a monster might a Lisztian oratorio be?—He has also been writing several compositions for the piano forte and organ, and it is said that he will visit Germany in June.

MR. CHORLEY's English libretto of Gounod's "Faust" was found so unsingable by Sims Reeves, Santley, and other principal singers, that they were obliged to procure and sing an entirely new translation of their parts, Faust, Mephistopheles, &c., whereat the *Athenaeum*, Chorley's nearest friend, is very wroth.

Beethoven's "Mount of Olives" is to be produced at Rome.

During the present opera season at Naples, Rossini's "William Tell," which, under the Bourbon rule, had hitherto been proscribed, will be produced, with Mirate and Steffanone in the cast. Taglioni is the chief ballet dancer at San Carlo.

Parodies and travesties seem now to be the order of the day abroad. The "Postillon de Lonjumeau," a burlesque, is the rage in Paris; and Duprez, the singer, has started a theatre, called De Guignol, in which the actors and actresses, or rather male and female singers, represented bodily by marionettes, are in reality some of the best singers of the day hidden behind the curtain. Duprez and his celebrated wife (Heuvel Duprez), Marimon, Maria Brunetti, &c., are among the number. The principal pieces travestied by them are the "Huguenots," "Giselda," and the "Favorita." and the high circles in and about the Tuileries flock nightly to this novel entertainment.

NEW YORK.—The fourth PHILHARMONIC Concert took place on the 7th of March at the Academy of Music. Orchestral pieces: Symphony No. 3, in E flat, Haydn; "Hymn of Praise," Mendelssohn; Violin Concerto, Beethoven. Vocalists: Mme. Rother, soprano; Mr. Quint, tenor; and the German Liederkrans. Violin soloist, Mr. Mollenhauer. Conductor, Mr. Eisfeld.

The programme of Messrs. MASON and THOMAS's fifth Soirée included the string Quartet in G (op. 18, No. 2) by Beethoven; Sonata in F minor, for violin and piano, by J. S. Bach; piano Sonata in C minor, op. 111, Beethoven; and Quartet in G, op. 161, by Schubert.—Their sixth and last Soirée offered a string Quartet (C major, No. 6) by Mozart; Sonata, for violin and piano (D minor, op. 121), Schumann; Quartet (A minor, op. 132), Beethoven.

Mr. J. N. PATTISON, the pianist, who returned during the year past from Germany, has given another concert, and with more success than before. He played a Prelude and Fugue by Bach; and a Concerto in F minor, with orchestra, by Henselt, of which the *Evening Post* says:

A work which is a great favorite of Liszt's. In his performance of this elaborate work Mr. Pattison has gone a great way towards the very first rank as a pianist, and may be heartily congratulated on his eminent success. In execution and sentiment this pianoforte performance was in every way admirable, and quite eclipsed the lighter composition—the fantasia from "Martha"—also on the programme.

The testimonial concert to Mr. HARRISON, the proprietor of Irving Hall, was successful and contained interesting matter. Mr. Mills played two movements of Chopin's Concerto in E minor, Bergmann conducting the orchestra, as he did also in the "Tell" overture. The orchestra also played the Introduction to *La Bourgeoise Gentilhomme* and Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* overture, Theodore Thomas conducting. Mr. Bruno Wollenhaupt played a violin solo by Ernst; and Medori, Mazzoleni, and members of the Liederkrans, Arion, &c., sang.

An Association called "The Musical Mutual Protective Union" has been formed in New York, for "the cultivation of the art of music in all its branches and the promotion of good feeling and friendly intercourse among the members of the profession, and the relief of such of their members as shall be unfortunate, so far as their means will permit." It is also their intention to erect a Concert Hall worthy of the metropolis, and an act of incorporation giving them the privilege of holding real estate to the value of \$300,000, is now before the New York Legislature. The incorporators are Henry D. Beissenhart, David L. Downing, John G. Schneider, Francis Xavier Diller, Kenry Gortelmeyer, Jacob Rebhun, George Schneider, Claudio S. Grafulla, David Graham, Ernst Crill, John Senia, George Gipner, Henry Wannemacher, David Schaad, Harvey B. Dodworth, Carl Bergmann, Carl Anschütz, George H. Wallace, Theodore Eisfeld, Emil Musio, Thomas Baker, J. P. Cooke, Edward Mollenhauer and Louis Schreiber.

CHICAGO.—A very successful concert was given on the 4th of last month by Miss FREDERICA MAGNUSSON, of which the *Tribune* of that city says:

In this concert, Mr. Lyman W. Wheeler, and Mr. A. C. Ryder, both gentlemen from Boston, made their first appearance before a Chicago audience. Mr. Wheeler is a tenor whom we are ready to pronounce equal to any that has ever appeared in this city. His voice is one of exquisite sweetness and purity, clear, sympathetic, mellow, and managed with excellent judgment and artistic skill. He at once won the warmest admiration of the audience and received a rapturous encore, in each of the parts in which he appeared. Mr. Ryder is a basso of wonderful power. His voice is really ponderous, while at the same time it has a range not less than that of Formes. It is remarkably great in its upper tones, at the same time clear and vibrating in the very lowest. The same evidences of satisfaction which greeted Mr. Wheeler, were bestowed upon Mr. Ryder. Miss Magnusson astonished even her own friends, in the remarkable artis-

tic powers which she displayed. Her execution is almost faultless, while her voice possesses a magnetism that captured the good will and hearty applause of the audience from the start.

Manager Grau produced "Faust" at Cincinnati, a few weeks since, with this cast: *Faust*, Tamaro; *Margherita*, Vera-Lorini; *Siebel*, Mme. Patti-Strakosch; *Mephistopheles*, Morelli; *Valentine*, Barilli; *Wagner*, Coletti; *Martha*, Mme. Fischer.

Mme. Whiting-Lorini has joined Grau's company, having recently returned to New York from Havana, together with Guerrabella, Adelaide Phillipps, Susini and other distinguished artists.

PHILADELPHIA.—The last Germania Rehearsal was of a religious character, in consideration of its being Holy Week. This was the programme:

1. Overture—Joseph Mehul.
2. Female Chorus from Second Act Lohengrin R. Wagner.
3. Air from Stabat Mater. Rossini.
4. Marche Funebre Beethoven.
5. First Part of the Hymn of Praise Mendelssohn.

#### THE WORCESTER ORGAN. The Spy says:

The committee on subscriptions have met more than one instance where subscribers to the organ fund have asked the privilege of paying more than they promised. We do not hear that the favor has been refused. Nor should it be. So great an instrument will involve expenses beyond what the most careful foresight can anticipate, while the known charges are yet all provided for. One instance of public spirit we cannot pass in silence. It is well known here, although never mentioned publicly, that Hon Stephen Salisbury subscribed one thousand dollars originally. The friends of the movement considered its success certain from that moment. He has, however, now doubled it, and has paid the generous sum of two THOUSAND DOLLARS. All thanks to such a public benefactor! His name henceforth must be one of those indissolubly associated with this grand work which he has done so much to secure for this community.

One of the dodges by which London music-publishers manufacture a market for their new songs is this: they pay distinguished singers for singing them wherever they appear in concerts, and fill the advertising columns of the newspapers with such announcements as these:

"Madame Eether Meckenoff will sing Herr Gander's popular song, 'Low, cowie, low,' at Newtown-limavally, on the 26th instant, at Knickbollageen on the 27th, and at Gimmonche Town near Belfast, on the 28th."

"Miss Claretta Boone will sing the new song, written expressly for her by Mr. Alexander Scott Presbyter, called 'Wille o' the weep,' at Aberdeen on Monday, at Wick on Tuesday, at Thurso on Wednesday, at Stromness (the Orkneys) on Thursday, and, weather permitting her journey southwards, at the Glasgow Salt Market Festival on Saturday."

"Madame Smiles Dribble begs to announce that she is engaged to sing Mr. Murray's highly popular and invariably encored ballad, 'She moves among the poultry,' at Basingstoke on the 11th, at Winchester on the 13th at Southampton on the 15th, and at the Music Hall, Store Street, London, on the 29th."

"Signor Beccafico will sing Herr Sloman's Canzonetta, 'Sulla Forca,' at the first concert of the Pembroke Choral Society, on Monday week."

The London *Musical World* declares that English organ builders have such a mania for under-bidding each other that cheapness is now the main quality demanded in an organ; and consequently English organs are now very big and very bad, and constantly deteriorating.

The London *Musical World* says of Mr. Stephen C. Foster: "His loss will be equally lamented in England, where his songs were more successful than those of any composer during the last ten years."

Otto Lindblad, the Swedish composer, whose songs were frequently sung by Jenny Lind, has lately died in his forty-fourth year.

The Faculty of Philosophy of the University of Jena have conferred upon Hans von Bülow, the pianist, (Liszt's son-in-law), the diploma of Doctor *honoris causa*—an honor which had been previously conferred upon Meyerbeer and Schumann.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Oriole. (Petit Oiseau). Jules Deneffe. 25

A superlatively neat little French song, which in the original would fit prettily to the lips of Mademoiselle, and is now furnished with English as well as the other words, and addressed to the flashing Oriole.

Keep one kind thought for me. F. Hoffmann. 25

It may be objected to songs like this, that there is nothing in them out of the common style of well constructed vocal compositions. But those who try it will find that it is no easy thing to make a good song in the common style. This is emphatically a good song.

Vermont Volunteers. Quartet. Rev. Wm. Ford. 25

A vigorous poem, set to appropriate music, in praise of our brave Green Mountain Boys, who are so gallantly winning name and fame on the nation's battle fields.

Dublin Bay. Ballad. Geo. Barker. 25

A pretty song, with an unusually sweet melody, and instinct with Irish poetic feeling.

We shall be known above. J. G. Clark. 25

A kind of chrysalis like song, describing how our spirits "moon and groan," and the "river of life" flows "under the ice," but one will be freed by the warm spring sun, and the others rise where "we shall be known above." Original and pleasing.

I live for those who love me. J. G. Clark. 30

In good style and pleasing.

Maraquita! while those glances. (Maraquita, de tus ojos). Song or Duet. Laborde Bussoni. 35

A very taking little gem of a song, and easy. Both Spanish and English words are given. The duet part is very pretty.

Mount, boys mount. Song and Chorus. C. T. Hammond. 25

A stirring cavalry song, by a member of the corps. It has the merry ring of the bugle in it, and will please the boys who intend to give Uncle Abe a fine residence in Richmond, and "a yacht in Charleston harbor."

#### Instrumental Music.

Offertoire No. 4, op. 35. Lefebvre Wely. 1.00

One of the great organ pieces. It is quite popular, and has a lithographic view of the mammoth instrument on the title page.

Potpourri from Faust. 4 hands. H. Cramer. 1.00

A very brilliant compilation, and complete, containing ten airs from the opera, with connecting music. A grand piece for seminary exhibitions.

Warblings at Noon. Romance. B. Richards. 40

A fine composition, in the same general style as the Warblings at "Eve," "Morn," and "Dawn."

Drummer Boy's March. S. Winner. 25

A pretty, useful piece, which has the recommendation of being very easy, and good for learners.

#### Books.

OSSIAN'S HARP. By O. E. Dodge. 25

This book contains the songs brought out in the concerts of the great funny man, among them the super-lughaible "Thanksgiving" song.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 661.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1864.

VOL. XXIV. No. 2.

## The Blithe La

BY FREDERICK TENNYSON.

How the blithe lark runs up the golden stair  
That leads through cloudy gates from heaven to earth,  
And all alone in the empyreal air,  
Fills it with jubilant sweet sounds of mirth!  
How far he seems, how far,  
With the light upon his wings—  
Is it a bird or star  
That shines and sings?

What matter if the days be dark and frore?  
This sunbeam tells of other days to be,  
And singing in the light that floods him o'er,  
In joy he overtakes futurity;  
Under cloud-arches vast  
He peeps, and sees behind  
Great summer coming fast  
Adown the wind!

And now he dives into a rainbow's rivers,  
In streams of gold and purple he is drowned,  
Shrilly the arrows of his song he shivers,  
As though the stormy drops were turned to sound;  
And now he issues through,  
He scales a cloudy tower,  
Faintly, like fallen dew,  
His fast notes shower.

Let every wind be hushed, that I may hear  
The wondrous things he tells the world below;  
Things that we dream of he is watching near;  
Hopes that we never dreamed he would bestow.  
Alas! the storm hath rolled  
Back the gold gates again,  
Or surely he hath told  
All heaven to men!

So the victorious poet sings alone,  
And fills with light his solitary home,  
And through that glory sees new worlds foreshown.  
And hears high songs and triumphs yet to come;  
He woos the air of time  
With thrills of golden chords,  
And makes the world to climb  
On linked words.

What if his hairs be gray, his eyes be dim,  
If wealth forsakes him, and if friends be cold?  
Wonder unbars the thousand gates to him;  
Truth never fails, nor beauty waxeth old;  
More than he tells, his eyes  
Behold, his spirit hears—  
Of grief and joy, and sighs  
Twixt joy and tears.

Blest is the man who with the sound of song  
Can charm away the heart-ache, and forget  
The frost of penury and the sting of wrong  
And drown the fatal whisper of regret!  
Darker are the abodes  
Of kings, though his be poor,  
While fancies, like the gods,  
Pass through his door.

Singing, thou scalest heaven upon thy wings,  
Then liftest a glad heart into the skies;  
He maketh his own sunrise while he sings,  
And turns the dusky earth to paradise.  
I see thee sail along,  
Far up the sunny streams;  
Unseen, I hear his song,  
I see his dreams.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Half a dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

II. ANTONIO SALIERI.

[Continued from Vol. xxiii, page 210.]

Mosel says this firstling of Salieri has nowhere traces of a beginner's uncertain hand; but on the contrary shows the value of his previous profound and indefatigable study, as well as proves his native capacity. None but such as have, like him, really prepared themselves for their art and possess an inborn talent, can thus begin their career. The work is in the old Italian style, but throughout dramatic in form, except the part of Artemia, which is devoted to *bravura* for the sake of Clementina Baglioni, who sang it and who was a concert singer with a high soprano voice; but even her part is not wanting in beautiful and expressive melody.\* Modulations are more numerous than were then common, but in every case, says Mosel, used because called for by the dramatic situation. The airs are of the form of that day, and only on this account can the work be said to be antiquated. The accompaniment is simple, the instruments employed are few, especially in the excellent comic music of both finales, that the text might be easily followed. "The opinion prevailed in those days," says Mosel, "that in the musical drama the words were of some importance; indeed, some composers of that time, and among them Salieri, pushed this error so far, as to affirm, that the poem of an opera is the main thing, and the music is added only to increase its effect and lend it that fascination, which can alone arise when a melody has a real union with words. Not until our day was the brilliant discovery made, that an operatic text has no other object, than that of yielding a composer syllables for a stream of senseless tones, which is again swallowed up by a still mightier flood from the orchestra."

[A little cynical, Herr Mosel, for you are evidently speaking ironically; it is clear that you are an "old fogey;" for, across the Atlantic, the people will not go to the opera unless it is in an unknown tongue—and the Americans *must* be right, you know.]

The tenor, Caribaldi, was one of those magnificent singers, common in the last century, if not now, from Italy, who, with splendid voice and no other instruction than what they gained simply by listening to good singers, unable to distinguish one written note from another, and consequently obliged to learn every part by having it sung or played to them until it was fixed in their memories, sang with a truth, spirit and beauty that made them more than welcome on the best stages of Europe. Caribaldi was a servant in a shop in Rome in his youth, first appeared on the stage when 24 years old, and came to Vienna when near 30. The year before he had sung an air

\* So Mozart wrote the part of the Queen of Night just to show off his sister-in-law Hofer's *bravura* powers, which were a great card at Schikaneder's theatre, and the manager would of course have it so.

with great applause in several theatres, which happened to be in E flat, and thence he had drawn the conclusion that that key was specially favorable to his voice. It so happened, too, that the first opera in which he sang in Vienna was Gassmann's "*L'Amore Artigiano*," and that an air in E flat therein had gained him immense applause, and thus his notion had become a sort of fixed idea. Unluckily in Salieri's new opera there was no air in that key, and the young composer was in doubt what to do. At first he took to Caribaldi only an air in the second act, which leads into a terzet, and left him to think that the air in the first act was not written. "Which you will surely write in E flat?" said the singer. "Of course," replied the other—though it was long since finished in B flat—and there was now no time to change it. Salieri went to Poggi, another singer of the company—a good musician and friend of Caribaldi—whom he called Signor E-la-fa\* on account of his E flat whim—and asked what he should do.

Poggi looked the air through, saw it was good, and told him to tell the copyist to set three flats at the beginning of Caribaldi's vocal copy, for as he could not read music, if he only saw the three flats that would be sufficient. Poggi also promised to help carry on the deception, and hoped that here was an opportunity to cure his friend of his nonsense. Two days before the performance Salieri took the air to the singer, whose eye, as the composer saw, turned immediately to the signature, which was quite in order. Salieri sang the music, Caribaldi was much pleased with it, and on that day committed it to memory. Luckily for the joke, the air was one of the pieces which received the most applause. On the second evening, when the orchestra and singers assembled on the stage before the commencement of the performance, Trani, leader of the orchestra, addressed Caribaldi with: "Well now, friend, you will no longer fancy that the key of E flat is the only good one for you, now that you have gained such roars of applause with an air in B flat."

"You are joking," replied the singer. "In my part three flats stand at the beginning; hence the air is in E flat."

"Ha, ha! three flats for the key of B flat!" returned Trani.

Caribaldi turned to Poggi and asked, if the air really was in B flat?

Poggi, to carry on the joke, gravely replied by asking: "Are not three flats at the beginning?"

"Most certainly,"

"Well, if that is the case, and the air is in the major, then it must be in E flat."

"It is in B flat," here interposed Caratoli, another great singer belonging to the company.

"No, in E flat," persisted Poggi.

Meantime Trani had brought the score from the orchestra, and showed Caribaldi his air with two flats, who at last began to see through the trick. At this moment Salieri, ignorant of all

\* See Bianca's Gamut in "Taming the Shrew."

this, entered. Caribaldi snatched the wig from his (own) head, and threatening in pretended wrath to hurl it at the young man, cried: "Ha! thou rascally masterkin!" Salieri, guessing instantly the state of the case, fell upon one knee before him, and imitating an air Caribaldi had recently sung in another opera both in song and action, began:

Eccomi a' piedi tuoi.  
Mira, bell' idol mio,  
Un reo d' inanzi a te.

A general laugh—the singer put on his wig again and laughed with the rest, and from that moment, as Poggi had hoped, was cured of his E flat whim.

Salieri in this connection gives another instance of the power which these uncultivated singers gained in committing music to memory. The story is of the celebrated Banti, many years prima donna in the London Italian opera, toward the close of the last century. The last time she was in Vienna—which seems to have been about 1785—she came to Salieri and requested him to compose a Hallelujah for her to sing at some great church festival or other to which she was invited. He complied, and brought the composition to her and asked her to sing it, that he might see whether it suited her voice before he wrote out the parts for the instruments.

"Dear master," said she, "I blush to own that I hardly know the names of the notes; but as I am gifted with a good memory and some natural talents for singing, I retain very well anything which I have heard two or three times, and perform my tasks not without applause."

"You might well say," remarked Salieri, "with the greatest applause."

He then sang the Hallelujah. She found it splendidly adapted to her voice, and besought him to repeat it a second and a third time; the fourth time she sang it herself, not mistaking a single note. The piece was 132 bars long! Salieri could not refrain from saying:

"Madame, if I had not composed this piece yesterday, myself, I should take what I have just heard for a dream." Two days afterwards she sang the piece in the church and ravished all hearers. She was the daughter of a Venetian gondolier, and began life there as the street songstress Georgi. Burney has much to say about her.

When Gassmann, some weeks later in Lent, returned from Rome, the theatre being shut, Joseph took his young favorite's opera for one of his after-dinner concerts, that the master might hear his pupil's work, and was greatly pleased to find that Gassmann not only found no important fault against the elementary rules of composition, but was clearly very much gratified with the general tone of the single numbers, with the musical ideas, with the character of the music in general, and especially with the fitness of the musical thought to the character of the drama.

Not long after, (1770) Boccherini gave Salieri the text to a pastoral opera, "*L'amore innocente*," which he composed and which had great success; and the same year, a very poor text upon Don Quixote (*Don Chisciotte*), an opera in one act, with a great many dances interspersed, which was not at all to the taste of either Salieri or the public, and which failed very decidedly. Still there are some fine melodies. The music of the pastoral was afterwards used in a ballet, and no

doubt the good pieces of the Don Quixote were not lost; for Salieri was as economical in the use of good ideas as Handel himself,—if out of place or lost in one work, they were introduced into others.

One of those operatic subjects, which has been treated by a legion of poets and composers, both under the same and under different titles, is the story of Rinaldo and Armida in Tasso's "*Jerusalem delivered*." Salieri's fourth work for the Imperial stage was a grand opera with choruses and dances, on this subject, text by Luigi Coltellini; composed in 1771. It was a custom of Salieri, when he had a text drawn from any historical or poetical work, as in this case, to make such work, while engaged in composing his text, his exclusive reading. So now the passages of Tasso, which had furnished the text of "*Armida*," were read and studied to the exclusion of all else, and led him, with the daring of youthful genius—he had not yet completed his 21st year—to write a sort of pantomime, or, as we should now-a-days say, programme music, for an overture. As there was of course to be no scenic representation of the idea, a few words at the beginning of the text book gave the clue to the composer's idea, and the overture was a great success. The programme was substantially this—Ubaldo's landing on Armida's Enchanted Isle being the subject:

A thick fog envelopes the island; Ubaldo forces his way through; the monsters set as guards attack him; he puts them to flight, climbs with vast labor the cliffs, and crossing the table land reaches at length the delicious valley, which is seen when the curtain rises, at the close of this overture. Mosel speaks of the principal numbers with great warmth of praise, and in relation to the closing piece, a recitative and air of Armida, he quotes Salieri himself, who says: "It is of hellish effect, of course *ad locum*, and a proper finale to an opera which is almost entirely of the diabolical sort."

Whether the young man had direct aid from the counsels of Gluck is not known; but "So much is certain," says Mosel, "that the treatment of his text, especially in the instrumented recitative, the sort of accompaniment, and the thoroughly scenic construction of the whole, are completely in Gluck's style; and, had he not been compelled to introduce bravura passages here and there, this "*Armida*," for beauty and flow of melody, would actually deserve a higher place than that of Gluck."

Young as he was, he composed in 1772 three operas; "*La fiera di Venezia*," comic opera with choruses, text by Boccherini, which had a splendid success; "*Il Barone di rocca antica*," text by Petrosellini of Rome, performed May 12, and given 18 times that season; and "*La secchia rapita*," text by Boccherini, Oct. 21, and given 10 times. Of these the third had least success and deserved it least—the text was bad and did not fire the composer; the second belonged in the class of the really successful pieces of the day; but the first, for its excellence and for its firm hold upon the favor of the public, was the talk of old people in Vienna more than fifty years later—during which half century Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, Rossini had risen upon the stage.

Salieri was now known, and so widely as to receive an invitation to the court theatre in Stockholm for three years, which he rejected through the influence of Joseph.

In 1773 he composed the comic opera, "*La Locandiera*," text by Dominik Poggi, after one of Goldoni's comedies—another success—the music being purposely kept subordinate to the drama nowhere covering up the text and in the finales being almost entirely set *parlando*. This was the last of his brilliant pupil's works, which Gassmann lived to hear and enjoy. He died January 22, 1774, his wife and children finding in the grateful Salieri, so long as he lived, a fond and active protector and helper.

(To be Continued.)

### Carl Maria Von Weber.

#### A LIFE PICTURE.

(Continued from page 211.)

"As we intimated above, from the fact of his being a theatrical manager, the nature of Franz Anton had probably gained in energy and quickness, but not in solidity of thought or strictness of sentiment. The airiness of his manners, once very becoming in the young ensign, had now contracted a certain amount of unpleasing disregard for morality: his cavalier-like tendency to domineer was changed into a somewhat rough lust to command, expressed in a tolerably bouncible tone; while, above all, on his constantly praiseworthy endeavor to put himself forward and create a brilliant impression, there had fallen a reflection of property-gold and stage magic, so that persons not exactly well-inclined towards him, without more ado, designated his demeanor as boastful and full of braggadocio.

"It was the influences already mentioned which preserved the more modest and greater intelligence of the son from at all reflecting in such a way as to strike people, these qualities, and so far diverted his aesthetic taste from following his father's tendencies, that, subsequently, he often revolted openly against the assertions of the old man, whom, notwithstanding, he loved so dearly, especially when they assumed the form of exaggerated praise of his (Carl Maria's) own talent.

"One of the few obscure traits in C. M. Von Weber's life and acts, otherwise so transparent and pure, is the circumstance of his always subsequently avoiding, with the utmost care, all mention of his father's having been a theatrical manager, and of the members of his father's family having been employed in his theatre. Even in his short autobiography (which, as a specimen of his mode of treating subjects of this kind, we give in the third volume of this work). C. M. Von Weber passes over in silence every detail connected with the first fourteen years of his life, and, with more child-like love than historical truth, envelopes Franz Anton's course of action, in so far as it relates to the first principles of education imparted to the son, in a halo of carefulness, quiet domesticity, and repose which encircled Franz Anton's unquiet head rather in the recollection of the son than in reality.

"One thing is certain; Franz Anton left no path untrod to awake in his younger son eminent talent, endeavoring to take him about the temples of all the fine arts, in the hope that the boy would feel at home and become a high priest in one of them. When music did not strike sparks from the boy's soul with the rapidity and brilliancy Franz Anton desired, masters of drawing, painting, and even copperplate engraving, were engaged for the child, as could easily be done in Nuremberg, because there were always a considerable number of artists of repute residing in this gem among the old art-cities of Germany. It is now no longer possible to discover who these masters were, but it is evident, from small works dating from this period, and in the possession of the family, that Carl Maria was not without aptitude for the technical details of the plastic arts, though he did not attain in any of them an amount of actual skill sufficiently considerable to warrant any one in decisively assigning the existence of real talent in him.

"There is, however, scarcely any doubt that, subjected to the sole influence of the form of in-

struction which Carl Maria enjoyed under the a pices of Franz Anton and of his elder brother, Fridolin, all his natural gifts, even the most important, would have assumed the character of a plant, anxiously made to blossom in a hothouse and that the entire artistic development of the man would always have retained something dilettante-like and hurried about it, since, in Franz Anton, the violent propensity for perceiving manifestations of genius in his pupil, as well as an erroneous and amateurish idea of the special expedients of talent, caused him to think rather lightly with regard to the sterling worth of the implement which he had to give the disciple in order to form the latter's ideas. The mechanical exercise of art; the process of obtaining mere dry manual skill, of mind and body; the task of learning the alphabet of art; the increase of capability, until the latter is exerted unconsciously; the fact of doing something everyday in art-production, which resembles the walking, standing, eating and drinking of life, and without which even the greatest talent is unable to formulate its conceptions, and which can be attained only under the permanent and serious pressure of the roof of the schoolroom, by the sweat of one's brow, under the earnest supervision of inexorable masters, and to the hardly won possession of which the greatest lights of art and science have frequently attached greater weight than to their own talent, and the unconditional necessity of which is so grandly made a matter of doubt by the new tendency in music, appeared to Franz Anton, who was himself a selftaught man, very far from being of sufficient importance for him to regulate his plan of education in conformity with it. The boy, while still spelling out the theory of harmony, was expected to compose; he painted in oil and water color, and sketched on copper, before he was able, without fuss and with certainty, to use his pencil upon paper.

"Though a kind fate introduced in sufficient time into his life men of more earnest mind and of greater consciousness to teach him, Carl Maria had to contend against his father's educational tendencies up to a period of his existence when only so strong a will as his own could have succeeded in once more ploughing up, and sowing with what had been neglected to be sown in his boyish mind, his own youthful soul, which was swelling with fruit, and already promised to bring forth a harvest."

### Rossini's Mass.

(From *L' Illustration*, translated in the *London Musical World*).

A great musical event has occurred. Rossini has composed a solemn mass, for four vocal parts, with solos or soli; and it has just been performed, for the first time, in the grand and magnificent mansion that the Count Pillet-Will has had constructed in the Rue Moncey. I should fill a volume were I to attempt a description of this dwelling, which is fit for a king. But what are marble, gold, velvet, and brocade, compared to the glorious *éclat* which distinguished its inauguration, and to the unexpected manifestation of a genius, transformed, and revealed to us under a fresh aspect, when we thought it was long since silent for ever?

On the 29th of February, just past, Rossini was seventy-two years of age, and yet it was in the course of last summer that he quietly wrote, without the slightest effort, the admirable work I was fortunate enough to hear a few days ago. You feel, at the very first bars, the mighty inspiration which animated this great artist thirty years since, when he took it into his head to stop short suddenly, at the culminating point in his glorious career. The author of *Guillaume Tell* rises before you to his full height, and you perceive, with astonishment, that neither time nor inaction has caused his wonderfully gifted intelligence to lose aught of its power. There is the old facility of invention; the old abundance of melody; the old nobleness and elegance of style; the old novel turns; the old richness of harmony; the old audacity and the old success in modulation; the old vigour of conception and of expression; the old skill in the arrangement and employment of the

voices; and the old masterly and sovereign art in the general plan of the work and in the particular plan of each separate number.

Those miserable musical hacks who think they know everything, because they have written, somehow or other, a certain number of four-part fugues, at the same time that they acknowledged in Rossini that genius which it would have been difficult to contest, indemnified themselves by accusing him of a want of science. They forgot what Grétry remarked, and which, in my opinion, ought to have been sufficient to settle the question: "He who possesses genius without science possesses everything, but does not know what to do with it." In his dramatic music, Rossini did not make use of scholastic formulas, because they would have been out of place. But was it possible that anyone could imagine Rossini had attained such firmness of touch, and such perfection of form, without having gone through all the studies marked out by the great masters of art in their programme; without having travelled over the entire circle of musical rhetoric? The religious style admits, nay, even demands, what the theatrical style rejects, and, therefore, in his *Messa* Rossini has given to the fugue, the fugued style, and the concerted style, that place which is their due. His *Christe Eleison* is written with that learned art of which Palestrina has furnished such fine models. It would be difficult to find a finer and more delicate web of canonic imitations. The *Credo* terminates in a fugued piece, worthy of the greatest masters, and which Cherubini himself would not disown.

Lastly, the *Gloria in Excelsis* has for its conclusion a fugue which is immense in its development, grandiose in its effects, and unequalled in its interest. Every well educated composer can arrange a subject and a counter-subject; he can take them, either entire, or in fragments, through the relative tones; and he can end by condensing them in a *stretto*, brought about more or less skillfully. But to impart to the result of this almost mathematical labor character, expression, and color; to imbue it with variety, nice gradations and contrasts; to satisfy the most experienced ears, and at the same time, to entertain those among the audience who are utterly strangers to such combinations, requires something which Heaven, for centuries, has deigned to accord to only a small number of privileged individuals, such as Handel, Haydn, Cherubini, and Mozart. Equally inspired with any one (!) of these mighty artists, Rossini has produced a fugue which is even more a work of genius than of science; a picture dazzling the imagination; a hymn seizing on, touching, and inflaming the heart. The commencement of the "*Gloria*," which appears after the fugue displays incomparable ardor and majesty.

Following this fine introduction came, successively, a trio for contralto, tenor, and bass; an air for the tenor; an air for the bass; and a duet for soprano and contralto. All these numbers very in rhythm, color, and expression, according to the sense of the words and the sentiments to be expressed. The duet for soprano and contralto: *Qui tollis peccata Mundi, miserere nobis*, is distinguished by indescribable tenderness, melancholy, and grace. In the *Credo*, Rossini has followed the example set by Cherubini, in his *Coronation Mass*. He makes the chorus repeat *Credo!* after the enunciation of each article of belief. But the imitation ends here, and Rossini exhibits treasures of melody to which Cherubini never possessed the key. The *Crucifixus* has served as the text of a soprano air. The words *passus et sepultus est* in it are rendered with an unapproachable depth of expression. The chorus comes in again at the words: *Et resurrexit tertia die*. It is a triumphal song of extraordinary dash and brilliancy.

The "Offertory" is an organ-piece worthy, as far as its composition goes, of S. Bach; but it is pervaded by a melancholy and dreamy charm, of which even Bach himself (!) rarely knew the secret. The brilliant and majestic commencement of the *Sanctus* is followed by a *Benedictus*, for two voices, a marvel of grace and elegance. Lastly, the *Agnus Dei*, a phrase of infinite tenderness, commenced

ed by the contralto, and terminated by the chorus on the words: *miserere nobis—dona nobis Pacem*, fills the soul, at one and the same time, with sadness and with hope.

This masterly work still awaits an orchestral accompaniment not yet written. At the first performance there were only two pianos and a harmonium to support the voices. Still, the feebleness of these executive resources did not destroy the effect, except in a few passages where the vigour, the brilliancy, and the marked accent of the violins were required. But such cases were rare, for M. Georges Mathias presided at the principal piano. The two Sisters Marchisio sang the solos with MM. Gardoni and Agnesi. The highly fashionable audience redemanded the "*Cum Sancto*," the "*Sanctus*," and the "*Agnus Dei*." The most enthusiastic applause broke forth after each of the principal numbers in this masterly production.

G. HEQUET.

### A New Mass by Rossini.

To the Editor of the *London Musical World*.

The great event of the week, as you may fancy, is the mass, entitled "*Petite Messe Solennelle*," by Rossini. The rehearsal took place on Sunday, and the performance on Monday night, in the newly built hotel of the well known banker, Count Pillet Will. At the rehearsal were present about 150 people, mostly great celebrities, and friends of the illustrious master; at the performance the "*Haute Finance*" and friends of Count Pillet Will—about 500 persons.

The mass is written for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass solo, with chorus, and, for the present, a grand pianoforte, supported occasionally by a cotta and an harmonium. The whole bulk of the orchestral accompaniment (to be scored this summer in Passy, where Rossini is soon going) was played by M. Mathias, professor of the Conservatoire, one of the most admirable performers I ever heard. Though the chorus pretended to be under the direction of M. Cohen, the real leader sat at the pianoforte, and all M. Cohen could do was to follow M. Mathias, who, besides this accompaniment—a most fatiguing one—had a long and not very amusing prelude to play, in which Rossini has tried to imitate the old style of piece called *Ricercare*. This piece was composed years before the mass, and—entitled *Prelude Fuguassé*—was only inserted on the occasion. Precisely at the appointed hour the old master arrived, and took his seat next to the grand Erard, by the side of M. Mathias, with whom he conversed during the whole of the performance. The two sisters Marchisio, Gardoni and Agnesi, sitting just behind him, took the solo parts; a comparatively very small chorus of about twenty voices was contributed by the Conservatoire; and the audience—including Meyerbeer, Auber, Carafa, Mario, Duprez, and numbers of the most illustrious composers and artists—were in trembling expectation, everything in this enjoyment-making town creating excitement. The sign was given, and the short introduction being played, the "*Kyrie*" began.

Now let me tell you at once that the mass contains three pieces of a very unsacred character.

Let me admit, at the same time, that more than once words have to submit to the scansion, "*Filius*" or "*Glöräm*," though in the same piece you hear often enough "*Filius*" and "*Glöräm*." But having made these concessions to fair truth, it must be said that on the whole the mass is a grand work, worthy the great old master, full of simple dignified melody, written by a thorough musician. The fugue in the finale of the first part—"*Cum sancto spiritu*"—is a large, masterly work and imposing piece; the "*Kyrie*" is charming and full of genial modulations; the "*Gloria*," strikingly majestic; the "*Crucifixion*," one of the most attractive and edifying of solos. The "*Sanctus*" contains a chorus without accompaniment; and the contralto solo has a wonderfully mysterious and new effect, through the chorus entering and interrupting the solo.

Gardoni and Carlotta Marchisio, who sang marvellously, were covered with applause; so were Barbara Marchisio and Agnesi; but the on piece encored, without any possibility of resistance,

was the fugue, "Cum Sancto spiritu." You know what a Paris public is. I leave it to you to explain the fact.

The composer—who was not present at the performance, but only at the rehearsal—was nearly crushed by congratulations; ladies pressing round him, kissing him, chattering away and crying. Meyerbeer called him "Jupiter," and Auber said—*Il a des dispositions, si cela pouvait le faire travailler.* M. Bagier, director of the Italian Opera, offered Rossini £12,000 for a new opera; but all this seemed to make a very superficial impression on the old spoiled child of Paris society, Rossini. He knew the sensation he would create, and, though no human being could be indifferent to such an ovation, the impression soon passed away, and when I saw him a few hours afterwards, at his house, he showed me a bag just arrived, and said: You see of what use is *La Gloire*. This is real, this is something. Would you know what it was? A bag full of vegetables, sent him from Palermo by an admirer of his operas—as very often the best possible things to eat and drink are sent to him, who appreciates them mightily. Yours,

Paris, March 16.

L. ENGEL.

### Auber.—The Secret of Long Life.

"Spiridon," in a recent letter from Paris, says:

The great secret of the long life people attain in Europe is the constant practice of the maxim, *Festina lente*. They make haste slowly by frequent resting on the wayside for repose or for nourishment. They eat frequently in the course of the day, but never a great deal at a time. They eat to prevent the body from consuming its vital juices—never for surfeit. Look at Mons. Auber, for instance, who, in his eighty-second year has given us a new opera comique. He has attained his long life solely by care. He is one of the most methodical men in Paris. He is an early riser and he goes to bed late, but he sleeps in the middle of the day, and his late hours are passed away with pretty music and beautiful women, that is in society which raises gentle emotions, but kindle none of those fierce passions which consume men. He spends his afternoons in his comfortable carriage, gaily whirling along the Avenue des Champs Elysées, or over the smooth roads of the Bois de Boulogne, constantly in a lively and animated scene, which prevents the animal spirits from stagnating. This is the condition of health and life, a gentle current, neither too swift nor too slow, but rather the former than stagnation. Besides, he makes it a point of duty to go to every military review, to all the races, to the first performance of every new piece, to all the sights to be seen in Paris, from a new dancing girl in one of the public halls and a new songstress in one of the *cafés chantants* to the reception at court of the Annamite ambassadors. Although he has been for sixty-six years an attentive spectator of every sight in Paris, he has not become tired of sight-seeing. I must repeat to you a story about him and his housekeeper.

He lives as coisly as a bachelor can live, in the Rue St. Georges, where he not only has sumptuous apartments, but has stables, (where he passes two hours every morning talking to his horses) scarcely surpassed by those of the Emperor. He never sells an old horse that has served him, but keeps him comfortable in his familiar stall until he dies. All of his domestics are gray, and have been with him for years. His housekeeper is past seventy, and has lived with him these thirty years gone. She is a great grumbler, and was recently complaining before Mons. Auber of her hard fate in being obliged to work at her age. You are to know that her work is merely nominal; an active under-housekeeper really does the work, and the former is simply a superannuated servant, who is still allowed to hold the key-basket to save her from the humiliation of conscious retirement. The other day she was unusually peevish. Mons. Auber, to quiet her, said: "But see here, my child, it certainly is a hard thing to have to work, yet you know I have to work as well as you." She replied: "There is a great deal of difference, nevertheless, between our work, for you do all your sitting." Musical composers enjoy no more immunity than heroes from the contemptuous eyes of their servants.

### A Poet in a Pet.

Since the "Mouse's Petition," dear to good little boys and girls, *Mr. Punch* has seen nothing more piteous than a Poet's Plaint, which has just appeared in the *Athenæum*. It is indeed a sort of Singing-

Mouse's Petition. The sorrows of the unhappy bard must be deep indeed to cause him to emit so lamentable a wail, and we should like to wipe his eyes and comfort him, if we can.

Prosaisically stated, his case is. He, Mr. Henry F. Chorley, being by profession a Poet, was employed to write English words, or words which he might suppose to be English, as a "hook" for the opera called *Faust*. *Mr. Punch* had the joy and delight of reading these words in his stall at Covent Garden, and he recollects thinking that though they were not worse than Mr. Fitzball's lyrics, they were not so melodious as that other Poet's remarkable strains. But as *Faust* was not sung in the Chorleian dialect, but in Italian, this did not matter. But when it was decided that *Faust* should be performed, in English, at Her Majesty's Theatre, and Mr. Sims Reeves was to be the victim of the Personage whom Lord Westbury "has dismissed with costs," the unsingable character of the Poet Chorley's divine verses became a serious fact, and in short the great English tenor was obliged, after vain attempts to sing them, to stipulate that he should be furnished with language adapted to the music, and to the expression of the various passions of *Dr. Faustus*. Such words were obtained (there must be another great poet in existence, in addition to Fitzball and Chorley, and who shall say that this is not England's Augustan age?) and Mr. Sims Reeves made a grand success. The words were printed in the theatre-books as "Alterations," the honor and glory of them remained to Poet the Second. He has borne the laurels vicariously, for some time, but now they seem too heavy for his pensive brow, and he has disclaimed them in that part of our esteemed contemporary, the *Athenæum*, wherein Mr. Chorley usually disports himself with quaint intimations that some Lady whom the town admires is not altogether so bad an artist as she would be if she were worse, or in similar acridities. He complains, with a sweet and touching sadness, that Mr. Reeves, without leave from or "warning to" him, the Poet, discarded his effusions and sang those of the other Poet. And as he appeals to the public, it would be rude, as well as unkind, not to notice his hard case.

We have been thinking how best to comfort him, but there are some woes which refuse assuagement and which time only can cure. Shall we scold Mr. Sims Reeves? It certainly was very hard-hearted in him to refuse to spoil a great part, in the fate of which his own reputation and the interests of the theatre were at stake. He should have felt for the Poet, and struggled through his unsingable lines. If the result had been failure, and the singer had damaged his fame and the opera had not drawn, and the manager had lost his money, and the company had been disbanded; never mind, there would have been balm in Gilead, and also in Columbia, for the Poet Chorley's inspirations would have been sung. But Mr. Sims Reeves would have artistic words, and the Poet wails. Poor dear Poet! Will he dry his eyes and be pleased if *Mr. Punch* looks into the book, and takes out one of the dear little songs which the Poet Chorley has written? Let us try:

"Who needs bidding to dare  
By a trumpet blown?  
Who lacks pity to spare  
When the field is won?  
Who would fly from foe  
Tho' alone and last?  
Or boast he was true,  
As coward might do,  
When peril is past?"

There now. Is not that pretty and musical, and is not "blown" a neat rhyme to "won," and is not the first question lucidly put, and is it not sweetly true that a coward might boast when peril is past, and when a foe is alone and last, would it not be absurd to fly from him? Come, Poet dear, out of an opera full of gems like this you can afford to let a few be sacrificed to the absolute necessity of having the opera properly sung. That's well—we are calmer now!

What? A fresh outbreak! What's the matter now? Rest, rest, perturbed poet. What is it? "Mr. Santley (the admirable *Valentine*) found that he could not make the Poet's words in the dying scene effective, and got others." Nay, this is piling up the poetical agony. Pelion upon Ossa. *Punch* feels unequal to do more in the comforting line. Here are the two leading artists of the English stage uniting to protest that Mr. Chorley is not a lyric poet. We give up. All we can say is, that he had better take the opera-house, and come out, himself, as *Faust*, singing his own divine poetry, and afterwards he can give his candid opinion of himself in the *Athenæum*.—*Punch*, March 12.

### Miss Kellogg as "Margaret."

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

The opera is crowded, every inch, on the "Faust" nights, but our people do not seem to know what a great thing is done there. Clara Louise Kellogg, a daughter of our own land, repeats at every representation of "Margaret" a greater dramatic triumph than any achieved on our boards since Matilda Heron took the city one evening, some ten years ago, and awoke in the morning to find it at her feet. But there is a difference, for while that great actress was scarcely known before, and got her fame in a single night, Miss Kellogg has been growing under our eyes from year to year. We have enjoyed her singing—its clearness, purity, freedom from tremolo and clasp—trap—with that unconscious pleasure which precision without formality, and an art so perfect as to have no trace left of its schooling, is able to give.

With all the merit of Miss Heron there is a degree of stage exaggeration, and a shade, not to say of coarseness, but a something that reminds us of the absence of the highest delicacy. It is not the privilege only, but the vocation of Art, even in depicting the homeliest or coarsest phases of life, to invest its subject with an atmosphere through which, without distortion or exaggeration, a suggestion is made of something higher. In this way Art, by whatever means it works, be it painting, poetry or drama, connects the temporal with the eternal, and suggests the reality of which all earthly and sensible objects are shadows or outgrowths. So the inner truth is reached through the outer fact. In this very thing we see the difference between genius and what is less than genius. The "Margaret" of Goethe is a rustic maiden—"cin armes junges Blut," as she describes herself:

"Bin weder Fräulein, weder schön;"

but the poet, without violating the sphere appropriate to his subject, makes the girl a heroine—bringing out, as genius only can, the poetry and beauty that lie, by divine right, in the humblest being. Miss Kellogg takes the character in sympathy, and gives the lowly "Margaret" transfused by a true lady's intuitions. The hand that "*ist so garstig, ist so rauh*," loses nothing of its homeliness; but is, nevertheless, softened to the spiritual sphere into which the life-tale is translated for us. The odds, in this respect, between Miss Kellogg's "Margaret" and Miss Heron's "Camille" needs no pointing. It detracts not from the appropriate merit of the latter to say that the former is superior in kind.

A minute showing of the excellent points in the "Margaret" now before the public is not here intended. It ought to be described and set down in the records of dramatic art, by a competent pen, for reference and encouragement hereafter—as the triumphs of a Siddons stand for us now. In the estimate, the help and hindrance which the artist meets in the combination of singing with acting should by no means be overlooked. Music gives to the genius that can use it (to no other) a mighty scope and freedom, and this is Miss Kellogg's advantage. She is not confined to the comparatively barren range of colloquialism, but expatiates in the bird-like flight (yet limited to earth's atmosphere, as the bird's flight is) of song. It is difficult, therefore, to separate, in her case, the actress's from the vocalist's part—they are necessarily so interwoven, and harmonize so perfectly. Miss Kellogg's acting is like her singing. It has the same naturalness, simplicity, and charm—the result of a cultivation so high as to have surpassed meretricious tricks—and we are beguiled into the same forgetfulness of the machinery and material appliances of her art. This judgment is confirmed by every repetition of the opera. There is scarcely a pose that is not graceful, scarcely a gesture that is not appropriate. And there is such a breadth of power displayed, too, from the artlessness of the girl, who, after refusing Faust's hand, turns on her step to look after him, and from the glee and prettiness with which she prattles over the splendors of the jewel-case; to the womanliness of her love confession in the garden, the depth of her sorrow on the cathedral steps, and the sublimity of her renunciation, when the "holy hosts" come, at her prayer, to save her. Among so much that is to be praised, and in such variety, one can hardly select a single example, but there is, perhaps, nothing finer than the angular start of sharp anguish when, in the writhing prostration of her sorrow, "Margaret" hears the accusing voice of the evil spirit taunting her.

Gounod's music is favorable to the purity of Miss Kellogg's impersonation, being severe and classic—almost bare, sometimes, in its simplicity. This kind of music, however, is the most difficult to render; as young ladies will find who attempt to sing the ballad of Thule—(wretchedly, unpardonably butchered—out of all likeness to the charming original it is, too, in the opera)—to sing it to appreciative ears that have heard Miss Kellogg's cadences. C. B. C.



## Music Abroad.

BERLIN. From the humorous correspondent of the *Musical World* (London), we take the following paragraphs.

From Jan. 1st, to Dec. 31st, 1863, there were 527 performances at the Theatres Royal of this capital. Of these, 276 were dramatic; 162, operatic; 65, balletic; 23, mixed, or "permiscuous;" and 1 concertatic. 270 performances were given in the Opera House, while 257 took place in the Theatre Royal or "Schauspielhaus." There was, also, in commemoration of the Battle of Leipzig, an entertainment given in the Opera House, and consisted of the second act of Meyerbeer's *Feldlager in Schlesien*, together with a number of *tableaux vivants*. There were 39 different operas and 17 ballets produced. Two operas were novelties: M. Gounod's *Margarethe*, otherwise *Faust*, and Herr G. Schmidt's *La Reine*. The new ballet was entitled *Der Markt*, and proceeded from the head, or—perhaps, more correctly speaking—the heels of M. Petipa. The sole operatic revival was that of *Le Domino Noir*. *Margarethe* was played 48 times; *La Muette*, 9 times; *Der Freyschütz*, 7 times; *Don Juan*, *Fidelio*, *Le Lac des Fées*, and *Il Trovatore*, 6 times each; *La Macon*, 4 times; *Les Deux Journées*, 4 times; *Marie*, 6 times; *Armida*, 4 times; *Bon Soir Sig. Pantalón*, 5 times; *Czar und Zimmermann*, 5 times; *Les Huguenots*, 5 times; *Le Nozze di Figaro*, 4 times; *Die Zauberflöte*, 4 times; *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, 5 times; *La Reine*, 5 times; and *Oberon*, 5 times.

Since my last letter the operas performed have been *Margarethe*, *Robert le Diable*, *Le Domino Noir*, *Il Barbiere*, *Ernani*, *Die Zauberflöte*, and *La Figlia del Reggimento*. To these must be added Michael Boer's drama of *Struensee*, with Meyerbeer's music, which has been performed and repeated, the public filling the house in every portion of the nights of its representation. The public and the critics are, by the way, diametrically opposed in opinion to each other on the subject of this piece.

The eighth Sinfonie Soirée of the King's Private Band possessed a more than ordinary interest, in consequence of its being the two hundredth concert given by the Band, since the members took into their own hands, in the year 1842, the direction of the concerts, and devoted the proceeds of the fund or their Widows and Orphans. The reputation of these concerts is European, and Herr Taubert may fairly boast of having done much towards establishing it. He has been the sole conductor since 1844, succeeding Herr Henning, who retired in 1842, and Mendelssohn, who left Berlin in 1843. The programme on the present occasion was made up exclusively of works by the great masters, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, in the following manner:—Haydn's Symphony in D major; Mozart's Concerto for the Piano-forte; and Beethoven's Symphony in A major. These grand compositions were played in a manner worthy of such works. Especial praise, moreover, is due for the splendid mode in which Herr Taubert, who executed the Piano-forte Concerto, was accompanied.

Dr. Hans von Bülow, as I must henceforth style him—since the Jena University, as I duly informed you, have granted him a doctor's degree, *honoris causa*—Dr. Hans von Bülow has been considerably to the fore lately. He made a great splash, for instance, with his third Soirée, when he played Beethoven's Sonatas, Op. 106, 101, 51a. (Adieux, Absence, et Retour), and the Variations in *f*. He came out, too, in considerable force, as conductor at the fourth and last Subscription Concert of the Gesellschaft der Musik-Freunde, or Society of the Lovers of Music, which took place at the Singacademie. Of course, the works of *beau-papa* Liszt were not forgotten, the concert commencing with that composer's "Prelude and Choruses" to Herder's *Entfesselter Prometheus*. These pieces, though never before heard in Berlin, were written as far back as 1850, for the inauguration of the "Herder" Monument at Weimar. The other night, when Dr. Franz Liszt's music was executed vocally by the members Stern's Gesang Verein, and instrumentally by Liebig's band, expressly strengthened by several extra hands, everybody was of course highly delighted. The music was "reizend" n "wunder schön," "gütlich." All this it may be; but there is one thing it will not be, according to my conviction: popular. The music of a Party does not become the music of a People as easy as the fanatic supporters of the School of the Future imagine. There is one reason why I feel very thankful that I have heard Dr. Liszt's music to the *Entfesselter Prometheus*, and that is: the probabilities are, I shall not hear it again in a hurry, for there are so many of the ex-Weimar *Capellmeister's* vocal and instrumental effusions, such, for instance, as the "Gran Mass,"

the oratorio of *Die heilige Elizabeth*, and a host of others, still unknown here, that Dr. Hans von Bülow will be some time in getting through the list, and coming round again to our friend *Prometheus*, "Solutus or Vinetus;" "Gefesselt or Entfesselt;" "Unbound or Bound." A horse of quite a different color, by which I would imply a work having, thank goodness, nothing in common with the above music of Dr. Liszt—I allude to Beethoven's Eighth Symphony—followed. Even the disciples of the Future, who constituted nine-tenths, I should say, of the audience, were compelled to admit and absolutely forced to enjoy its countless beauties, which, had they been less great, or less perceptible, would have suffered severely by the dragging tempo which the conductor Dr. Hans von Bülow, thought fit, especially in the Menuetto, to adopt. Another "last" concert was that given, on the 4th inst., by Carlberg's Orchester-verein. The entire series consisted of six concerts, which may fairly be pronounced to have proved successful. The place of honor in the first five was assigned to works by the great classical composers from Haydn down to Mendelssohn, though compositions by Schubert, Schumann, Gade, Cherubini, and others were not wanting. Among the most modern pieces executed, I may mention the overture to *Vine-ta*, by Würlst; the overture to *Blauhart* by Taubert; the "Polonaise" from *Struensee*, by Meyerbeer; and Symphonies by Ulrich and Goltzsch. The great attractions in the programme of the sixth concert, were Cherubini's overture to *Anacronis*; Mendelssohn's Overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and a Symphony (No. 2), by Beethoven.

LEIPZIG.—Riedel's Verein lately gave a performance of sacred music, when the subjoined pieces were performed: "Da Profundis," by Clari; "Magnificat," by Seb. Bach; "Christnacht," by Bronsart, and "Heilig," by Em. Bach. The solos were sung by Mesdames Reclam, Julie Flinsch-Orwil, Mad. L. Lessiak, Herren Schild and Weiss (the former gentleman from Solothurn, and the latter from Dresden). The whole performance went off extremely well and reflected great credit upon the members of the association. At the nineteenth Gwandhaus Concert, the programme contained the Overture to *Fidelio*, Beethoven; Violin-Concerto, Beethoven (executed by Herr Joachim); Cherubini's Overture to *Moder*, and Mozart's Sinfonie Concertante (performed by Herren Joachim and David). The second part of the concert consisted of Franz Schubert's Piano-forte Duet, op. 140, transformed by the instrumentation of Herr Joachim into a symphony.

The receipts of the preceding Concert were devoted to the orchestral pension fund. The pieces constituting the programme, were: Spohr's "Nocturne," Op. 34; the "Prelude" to *Lohengrin*; Spohr's D minor Concerto (No. 9); and "Le trille du Diable," by Tartini, the last two pieces being performed by Herr Joachim, in his very best style. Madame Flinsch sang an air from Handel's *Rosolinde*: "Deh vieni non tardar," from *Le Nozze*; Mozart's song, "Das Veilchen," and Beethoven's "Neue Liebe neues Leben."

PARIS. The fifth concert at the Conservatoire (Société des Concerts) began with Beethoven's 8th Symphony, of which the allegretto was *biséc*, as it always is here in Boston. Mlle. Dorus sang the romance of Benjamin, from Mehul's *Joseph*, and in a trio from the same, with MM. Bussine and Warot. The latter gentleman declaimed and sang the sublime air from the *Abencerrages*, by Cherubini, with fine effect, says the *Revue Musicale*. Mme. Massart, the pianist, made a sensation with the *Concert-stück* of Weber; and Mozart's G minor Symphony ended the concert. M. Georges Hainl must have been satisfied with the orchestra, which has placed him at its head," says the authority just quoted. — The following concert offered a Haydn Symphony; a Psalm by Mendelssohn; fragments of Beethoven's music to the ballet of *Prometheus*; chorus of elves from *Oberon*; Beethoven's B flat Symphony; and a chorus from Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*.

Passing from the little theatre of the select, at the Conservatoire, to the vast circles of the Cirque Napoleon, we find M. Pasdeloup still busy with his "Concerts populaires de musique Classique," revealing symphonic splendors to the thousands, at small price. The sixth concert of the season had for programme: Symphony in D, Mozart; adagio from fourth Symphony, Beethoven; Overture to *Ruy*

*Blas*, Mendelssohn; Andante, Haydn; 7th Symphony, Beethoven. — At the preceding concert a work of a living composer, Franz Lachner, of Munich, excited a good deal of interest. It was not exactly a symphony, but in form somewhat analogous, an orchestral "Suite," composed of four pieces: Prelude, Minuet, Variations, and March.

The Academic Society of Sacred Music, at a recent concert, performed selections from the oratorios *Elijah* and *Samson*, Jomelli's *Miserere*, Pergolesi's *Dixit Dominus*, pieces by Carissimi, Palestrina, &c.

Schulhoff, the pianist, gave a concert last month, in which he astonished people by his transcription of the *Oberon* overture, "pushing to its last limits the art of adapting great instrumental compositions to the piano." Considering Schulhoff simply as a composer, the critic of the *Revue* "does not fear to repeat that his works bring him near to Chopin!"

One of the newspaper correspondents says of Gounod's new opera:

"The new opera of 'Mireille,' by the composer of 'Faust,' has been produced in Paris with success. The subject is taken from a Provençal poem, M. Michael Carré preparing the libretto. The music is mostly of the idyllic order, and is noted for the abundance of melody—the first two acts being, in fact, crammed with delicious tunes. The third has much mysterious supernatural music, but the fourth reverts to the flow of melody. In the fifth act there is a church scene, with an organ playing as in 'Faust.' M. Scudo, the celebrated musical critic, does not consider 'Mireille' equal to 'Faust,' but other critics say it is superior."

M. Gounod has also had a Symphony (in E flat) brought out at the Cirque Napoleon, of which a correspondent of the *London Musical World* says:

"M. Gounod's Symphony is the most wearisome affair it is possible to hear. It is divided into four parts: *Allegro*, *Adagio*, *Scherzo*, and *Finale*, not one of which episodes contains a striking motive to guide the ear in the midst of a mass of chords of incidental modulations, and of little effects of coloring, which fleet by so rapidly that you are soon tired of them. It is evident that M. Gounod was not created and sent into the world to compose absolute music, and, at the very most, the author of *Faust* has in him only just sufficient stuff to write an overture which shall pass the limits of a simple introduction. One thing is certain, namely: that the Symphony of M. Gounod is a pale imitation of the manner of Mendelssohn, without the tenderness, the immense talent, and the sweet dreamy spirit which distinguish the works of the German composer. M. Gounod is to Mendelssohn what a clever mechanic is to a great musician, who has touched everything, and left a work which Posterity will not forget."

VIENNA.—There is some talk here of erecting a new and commodious hall for concerts and other performances. Herr Johann Strauss is the principal mover in the enterprise. The official programme of the Italian Opera season is published. Among the novelties promised is Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*. Puccini's *Saffo*, and Donizetti's *Parisina* will be revived. Among the stock-operas will be *Otello*, *Maire*, *Il Barbiere*, *Norma*, *I Puritani*, *La Figlia del Requinto*, *Don Pasquale*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Maria di Rohan*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *La Traviata*, *Il Trovatore*, *Ernani*, *Rigoletto*, and *Fiorina*. The artists will be Mesdames Barlot, Lotti-Della Santa, Volpini, Arlot; Signori Mongini, Graziani, Pardini, Giuditti, Bartolini, Everardi, Pandolfini, Sacconani, Angelini, Cornago, and Zucchini. The subscription is guaranteed for 48 performances.

There is little doing in the way of concerts. Schumann's overture to *Julius Caesar* was performed at the last Philharmonic Concert but one. It did not produce any deep impression. Berlioz's "Carnival of Rome" was more successful. A very interesting Historical concert has been given by Herr L. A. Zellner, who selected the following works for performance on the occasion: 1. Madrigal, by Thomas Tallis, Madrigal, by John Dowland, Dance Song, by Thomas Morley, *alla capella* (16th century); 2. *Partita* (overture)—Largo, Fugato, Allemande, Contralto, Aria, Menuetto, Finale by Théophile Muffat (17th century), for the harmonium; 3. Three "chansons" (Nos. 4, 5, 6.), by Thibaut, King of Navarra (Troubadour, 13th century); 4. *a. Fantasia* by Henri le Jeune, b. "Canzon und Fughette," by Joh. Willh. Furchheim, for 5 stringed instruments (17th century); 5. Two duets for two sopranos, by the Abbe Clari (17th century); 6. Sonata (Allegretto, An-

dante, Cantabile), by C. Philip Emanuel Bach (18th century), for the harmonium; 7. aria from *Fratello*, by Nicolo Jomelli (17th century); 8. Sonata for the Pianoforte (Allegro, Maestoso, Vivace), by Nicodemus (17th century); 9. a. Song: "Du bist die Ruh," by Franz Schubert; b. Andante from the Fifth Organ Sonata, by Felix Mendelssohn, c. "Persian Song," by Anton Rubinstein (19th century); and 10. "Busslied," for bass solo, six-part chorus, and harmonium, by Meyerbeer.

COLOGNE.—The following compositions were performed at the eighth Gesellschafts-Concert, under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller: Part I.—Symphony in C major, with the final fugue, by Mozart; Overture and scenes from *Iphigenie in Aulis*, Gluck (Agamemnon, Herr Julius Stockhausen); Violin Concerto, No. 7. Spohr (Herr Leopold Auer). Part II.—Cantata, "Liebster Gott, wann werd ich sterben?" for bass solo, chorus, orchestra, and organ, J. S. Bach (solo, Herr Stockhausen); Romance for Violin, Beethoven, and "Perpetuum mobile," Paganini (Herr L. Auer); Scotch Song, with pianoforte accompaniment, Beethoven, (Herr Stockhausen); Overture, Op. 124, Beethoven. Mozart's splendid Symphony was exceedingly well played, and each movement greeted with the most hearty applause. Herr Stockhausen was eminently successful in the music of Agamemnon. Herr Auer, also, created a most favorable impression by his execution of the pieces assigned to him, and altogether the concert went off with great *éclat*.—Mülle. Leopoldine Tucek has been engaged at the Stadttheater for a limited number of nights. The first part in which she appeared was that of Susanne in *Le Nozze di Figaro*.

STUTTGART.—At the last concert of the Association for Classical Sacred Music the programme contained: Prelude and Fugue (D major), for the organ, by J. S. Bach; "De Profundis" (Psalm 130) by Giovanni Carlo Maria Clari (horn, in 1669, at Pisa; died, in 1750, at Pistoja); Quintet from the oratorio of *Die Pilgrime*, by Johann Adolph Hasse (horn, in 1690, at Bergeford, near Hamburg; died, in 1783, at Venice); "Heilig," by Carl Philip Emanuel Bach (1779); Psalm 128, for two solo voices, by Maximilian Stadler, (born, in 1748, at Melk, in Lower Austria; died, 1833, at Vienna); "Offertorium" by Mozart; Trio, "Ave, verum, Corpus," by Luigi Cherubini (horn, in 1760, at Florence; died, in 1842, at Paris); Organ Sonata (No. 5, D major), by Mendelssohn; "Benedictus" by Ferdinand Hiller; and Psalm 113, by Ludwig Stark.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 16, 1864.

### The Term "Classical" in Music.

There is great vagueness in the ordinary talk about "Classical music." The term has a variety of meanings and is made to cover things unlike and heterogeneous. On the other hand, in its most limited application, it becomes pedantic. But what is now the pedantic is undoubtedly the literal, formal, soulless copy of what was originally the true and generous use of the term. For it implies a setting up of models, it appeals to examples held in reverence, which to imitate appears a safer and a wiser course than to start off ignorantly upon one's own vagaries and open paths which lead no one knows whither. Pedantry is only the outward, mechanical, Chinese copy of a once genuine and living recognition of the truly excellent.

Of course the term "classical" in Art bears some analogy to the same term in literature, and in the same manner appeals to certain well-established and enduring models as the ground-work of all true study. It is a matter of *classes* and of text-books. There is a *course* to go through.

In literature, it is the great Greek and Latin authors, whose authorship was so genuine in power and spirit, so complete in form, so clear and pure in style, as to become an authority and pattern for others after them. They represent a period when

the literary faculty, the literary side (so to speak) of humanity enjoyed one of its most complete and vigorous developments. Not to know them and their works, not to be imbued with their spirit and moulded to their manner, is to ignore what in a certain representative sense is the most experienced and truly cultivated part of ourselves; it is to fling away the staging of the past and begin like savages anew. Possibly we may be inspired to do something unique and excellent ourselves in our own way; but why not enter the paths which men like ourselves have happily opened and proved practicable? If we have any original force in us, will it not abide with us even to the end of such paths?

In Music the "classics," the cherished models and text-books of the classes, are of comparatively modern date. Yet music, like literature, has its classics, its established models of form and method in the art of composition. It finds them in those brave, inspired old geniuses, in whose hands the rude music of nature gradually grew into the wonderful forms of the music of Art: the men, whose musical creations were a practical unfolding of the germs of music, according to their innate divine laws of proportion, combination, harmony, into full and perfect forms of Art. In them natural music, became scientific, learned; that is, in their works we find the *principles*, the eternal laws of music, best illustrated. It is no longer a vague, wild, æolian harp-like phenomenon, floating about the world in mysterious snatches of melody; but its principle of order has been found and logically developed: and now a piece of music is a connected discourse, in which a melodic theme is unfolded, treated, brought into relation with kindred themes, and woven as a *motive* or primitive fibre into a complex organic texture. Those who first did this (working of course in an ascending series of greater and greater successes, from Orlando Lasso, through Palestrina, through Bach and Handel, up to Mozart and Beethoven) of course wrought earnestly. They had got hold of the genuine thing. Mere fashions, weak aspirations after novelties and specious effects, had no part, or at least a very small part in their labors. Hence they could always be appealed to as genuine. *Das ist das Wahre!* (that is the true thing!) said Beethoven of Handel. And all the more modern music, however various in form and spirit, however antic and fantastic in its attempts at novelty, even to the Liszts and Wagners, rests on this classic ground-work of culture. To make musicians, the works of the great contrapuntists must be studied. Counterpoint—*Punctum contra punctum*, point against point,—is the derivation, of the word. It describes a composition in several parts or voices, note answering to note, each part having its distinct individual movement, yet all together intertwined into a beautiful, complex, harmonious whole. Canon and Fugue followed by the logical necessity of things; for this very logic of nature is itself a fugue; and the fugue principle, variously modified and more or less distinct, runs through all nature and all Art. Fugue is the form of free, harmonious motion, type of the infinite everywhere in the finite. Set water in motion, and you have wave chasing wave, which is a fugue. These old masters got hold of this principle of nature and wrought it out gloriously into their works, their fugues and choruses, their masses and oratorios, their sonatas and symphonies.

Those of them who adhered most strictly to the principle, and were least drawn off by tempting fashions and popularities of the day, naturally became the classic models for musical students. Palestrina, Bach and Handel especially so.

Now some are narrow and pedantic enough to limit the term classical to these, and to think nothing sound which wanders far from them. They forget that genuine Art must have *two* attributes: one is learning, but the other is inspiration, genius; one may be acquired, the other cannot. Bach and Handel, and the later names whom we call classical, were all men of genius; if they have all met in certain common principles of Art, because all so profoundly true to nature, which is one in all its infinite variety, still they have each wrought from a decided individuality of genius. Mere imitation of their form and manner cannot make one classical; for what makes the models themselves classical is, that they imitated no one, but sought the real laws of art, whether in the labors of their predecessors and masters, or in new experiments of their own. They made nature, art, the soul, God, their master.

This element of genius admitted, together with the perpetual change of circumstances, local and historical, and we see that the term "classical," to preserve any good and worthy meaning, must constantly extend its arms and take in wider and wider varieties. It is absurd to limit it to a certain number of old masters, and to later copyists of them. Thus we approximate by a negative process to a clear and sensible use of the term.

### Concerts.

The past fortnight with us has not been musically rich; the Music Hall being occupied by a Catholic Fair, and the Mephistophelian chill of the east wind milder the very heart strings of all musical and genial feeling. There has been less than usual to hear, and less of the right mood for hearing. Yet we have some things to record.

Only one Organ Concert, owing to the Fair aforesaid. This was on Saturday afternoon, April 2, and Mr. W. EUGENE THAYER was the organist, and this was his programme:

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| 1. Grand Marche Heroique,                   | Schubert.     |
| 2. Sonata in D. No. 6,                      | Mendelssohn.  |
| 3. Offertoire for Vox humana.               | W. E. Thayer. |
| 4. Prelude and Fugue, in E Minor,           | Bach.         |
| 5. Marche Offertoire.                       | Battiste.     |
| 6. Romanza, from 8th Symphony.              | Haydn.        |
| 7. Concert Variations Star Spangled Banner, | W. E. Thayer. |

The Bach Prelude and Fugue were of the right kind, what there was of them. But the notable feature of this programme was the sixth Organ Sonata of Mendelssohn, played for the first time on this organ. All the six are interesting and will reward frequent hearing, although they are not great as compared with Bach. Since the Great Organ was opened, our organists between them have made the constant portion of the audiences somewhat familiar with the set. They have now all been played to us, with the exception of the fifth. Mr. Lang has identified himself with No. 3, playing it repeatedly; Mr. Paine with No. 4, in B flat; Mr. Parker with No. 2, in C minor; Mr. Morgan gave us No. 1, in F minor. Not the least interesting, and indeed one of the fullest of matter and most Bach-like in some points of style and treatment, is this elaborate and difficult one in D minor (ending in D major), which Mr. Thayer interpreted to us quite clearly and successfully. It opens with the plain Choral: *Vater unser* ("Our Father who art in Heaven"),

given in full harmony, and this forms the subject of a series of variations. The first (*Andante Sostenuto*, with soft stops) reminds one of the "Trio Sonatas" of Bach, by the interweaving of three distinct melodic parts, one of which, in sixteenths, winds like a murmuring streamlet in and out. In the second variation the Pedal has a figured bass in triplets, while the hands play the Choral in full harmony. In the third the Tenor takes the melody, between a duet-like succession of broken phrases in sixths and thirds in the upper part and a short, fragmentary sort of accompaniment in the Pedal. The next is very rapid, *Allegro molto*, the *canto fermo* being executed for a while on the Pedal, and then divided among the several upper voices, accompanied all the while by a flying arpeggio figure, which becomes a little monotonous by so long continuance, and brought to a stand-still at last by a plain statement in full harmony of the first and last lines of the Choral. The Fugue is made out of the Choral, changing its even 4-4 time to 3-4; its lively rhythm, and its dignified and simple keeping, make it truly edifying. Here the listener fancies the Sonata ended; but not yet; there follows a Mendelssohnian peculiarity, an *Andante* in the major, full of childlike piety, but perhaps too modern in its coloring for the antique Chorale of Luther. In the third Sonata, likewise, he has placed that sweet little *Andante tranquillo* at the end; thus departing from the usual and the natural Sonata form, as if he had felt, while seated at the organ, that prayer and peace ought to exhale with the last breathings of the pipes.

On Sunday evening, April 3d, Mr. WILLCOX, with the singers of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and with the Great Organ, gave a concert in aid of the Fair. He had valuable assistance, also, from other artists, as the following programme shows:

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| 1. Organ. Fugue on B. A. C. H.                          | Rink        |
| 2. Motette "Splendens Tu Deus,"                         | Mozart      |
| 3. Religious Meditation. For Violin and Organ,          | Eichberg    |
| 4. Bass Song. "Pro Peccatis."                           | Rossini     |
| 5. Andante. From Symphony in C Minor.                   | Gade        |
| (Arranged for Two Performers at the Organ.)             |             |
| 6. Song. "The day is done."                             | Balfé       |
| 7. Andante Religioso, and Finale. Faum Trio in D minor. | Mendelssohn |
| 8. Soprano Solo and Chorus. "Alma Virgo."               | Hummell     |
| 9. Organ. Ave Maria, (introducing the Vox Humana)       | Cherubini   |
| 10. Tenor Song: "Cujus animam."                         | Rossini     |
| 11. Song. "God everywhere," with Cello obligato,        | Lachner     |
| 12. Chorus. "Hæc Dies"                                  | Gratiola    |

If all Fugues were, as the non-classicists in music think, products of mere learned ingenuity, or "mathematics" (to use a term which we have heard even skilful and popular organists apply to them), then might this Fugue, in which Rink was not the first to try his hand upon the whimsical subject of Bach's name, be reckoned just as good as if old Bach himself had written it. No doubt Rink's Fugue is learned and ingenious, and somewhat interesting, at least to the one that plays it. But does it not lack precisely what Bach had, and what makes his Fugues, and all his music, cherished as immortal classics, namely: *genius*? Not mathematical but musical genius; the imaginative, inspired, poetic faculty—"the vision and the faculty divine," which in his outworking took the form of fugue as naturally as in Shakespeare it became Hamlet or Midsum-

mer Night's Dream. This fugue of Rink's is uninspiring, because uninspired: it is a laborious school exercise, although in form and style he is always clear and elegant. The slow introduction (*Grave*), with its much unison, sounds as empty as it does grave. The simple statement of the subject three times over seems to call attention like a schoolmaster, or Mr. Speaker's mallet. The first development is sombre and lugubrious, without real edifying tenderness and depth of feeling. And when the time quickens, and an accompanying figurative subject is brought in, for much of the way it seems empty and artificial. Dry, in short. Only an unbeliever in all fugued or contrapuntal music ever says this after hearing the great works of Bach. This fugue by Rink has been in England and elsewhere, we believe, one of the test pieces of organ playing, and Mr. Willcox was equal to the test.

The Motet by Mozart, apparently one of his earlier and less church-like pieces, was well sung and gave scope for that sort of florid organ accompaniment which tickles the ears of so many. The *Andante* by Gade was a pleasing reminiscence of that first Symphony of the young Dane, which Mendelssohn praised so much. The movements from Mendelssohn's Trio were, of course, played with piano-forte; why introduced on such an occasion we know not, unless to avail still further of the presence of Mr. Eichberg's violin in music of "high refinement;" but good as music, and good in the rendering. The solo singing was excellent, except that the sweet but undeveloped, untrained tenor voice of Mr. BARRELL could not cope with "Cujus animam." We wonder if anybody thought Longfellow's beautiful Psalm any the sweeter for being done up in the Balfian music.

The ORCHESTRAL UNION, ousted from the Music Hall, has flown to the Boston Theatre, where on the last two Wednesdays it has been giving, not Afternoon Concerts, but "Gala Matinées;" what the mysterious rites so named consisted of how should we know, since we forgot to be invited! On the first occasion, however, we chance to know that there were lots of children present, who were very happy. One little maiden tells us that she liked the Fifth Symphony the best of all, and that the overture to "Semiramide" was splendid too; that crowds of people clapped their hands when Miss RYAN sang "O my son," and a German ballad; that the waltz by Lumbye and the "Faust" potpourri were pretty, but not so wonderful as the Symphony—we fear the little maiden was in the minority—at least among the minors; and that "Gala Matinée," after all, means nothing but a very nice concert, with hosts of people, in a great theatre; with a gorgeous scene (a ducal audience chamber) behind the orchestra and the star-spangled banner in colossal folds for "a brave o'erhanging firmament."

Of this week's Gala What's-its-name we only know the programme. The orchestra were to play the Pastoral Symphony (in spite of the east wind), Lindpaintner's "Battle Overture," Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz," and accompany Mr. B. J. LANG and his pupil, ALICE DUTTON, a child of 12 years (her first public appearance) in a Grand Duo Concertante for two pianos, on the Gypsy March in "Preciosa," arranged by Mendelssohn and Moscheles. Miss RYAN was to sing "Che farò from "Orpheus" and a ballad by Kücken. By next Wednesday we trust that

galas and gales will be well over, and that with westerly Spring breezes the music will fly back to its old perch in front of the big Organ. We hear nothing, but even while we write the wind has changed (at last) into a hopeful quarter.

ON THE HORIZON.—Two good things at least heave in sight.

1. Next Saturday, the 23d of April, is the great Tricentennial, or Ter-centenary (as they call it in London—either name is awkward enough and well enough) anniversary of the birth of SHAKESPEARE (great type of all that there is *genial* in human life); and Mr. B. J. LANG announces a musical celebration thereof, to consist of the music to the "Mid-summer Night's Dream," to be followed by "The first Walpurgis Night," both by Mendelssohn. It will be given in the Music Hall, with the combined force of the whole Philharmonic Orchestra, a chorus made up of the best quartet choirs hereabouts, and for principal singers: Miss HOUSTON Mrs. J. S. CARY, Miss A. L. CARY, probably Mr. Wm. SCHRAUBSTAEDTER (just returned from California) for tenor, SCHRAUBSTAEDTER *frère*, baritone, and Mr. RYDER, basso. Mr. Lang is bestowing careful pains on the rehearsals, and all musical lovers of Shakspeare and of Mendelssohn will look out in season to secure the privilege of listening.

2. The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY are getting ready a performance of "Elijah" for the last oratorio of the season.

The usual Saturday afternoon Organ Concert will take place at the Music Hall next Saturday.

OUR ORGANISTS.—Several changes and new appointments have recently been made. The West Church (Dr. Bartol's) will sadly feel the loss of Mr. JOHN K. PAINE; but Harvard University, at which he has been for two years musical instructor, has long been eager to secure more of his services, especially as organist and choir director on Sundays, and Alma Mater's arguments have been persuasive. Mr. JAMES C. D. PARKER has succeeded to Mr. HAYTER at Trinity Church, leaving his place at the Church in Arlington Street (Dr. Gannett's) to be filled by Mr. W. EUGENE THAYER, late of Worcester.

SALEM, MASS. Mr. FENOLLOSA has given two concerts in aid of the loyal sufferers in East Tennessee, resulting in the substantial addition of \$650. to the contributions of our State.

WORCESTER, MASS. The Mozart Society, for its annual Fast evening concert, in Mechanics Hall, performed Romberg's "Song of the Bell." "Stella" writes:

The choruses were sung with correctness—no small compliment to the Society that it was so, two or three with unusual expression, and, what is generally lacking in such societies, animation. The solos, quartets, &c. were for the most part, well given. The work is of unequal interest and merit, and does not rank with the highest musical compositions; still, as it is well known—from its popularity in Germany, and contains some fine passages, and on the whole, even in English dress, gives a pretty good illustration of Schiller's noble poem, it is well that the Society has sung it. The accompaniments by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club were fine—of course, and Mrs. Hammond's piano-playing, good, as usual. After the performance of the cantata, a miscellaneous programme was given. The Club played popular selections from *Faust*—pleasing now, while new, but will they last? and Wulf Fries held the great audience almost breathless with one of his dreamy solos. Miss Houston sang, like the true artist that she is, "In Verure Clad," and the little German song "Impatience." Her tones, ringing clearly and with singular purity, were very effective; a proud rebuke to the tremolo, ague-chill style of singing which has crept over the musical world, from the opera-house and oratorio concert to the psalm-singers and school-children. Miss Perkins sang *Che Faro* well. She is the promising pupil of Mrs. Long. There were other selections—too many, in fact—of which we should be glad to make mention. The concert, which kept the undivided attention of the audience for two hours and a half, closed with "The Heavens are Telling." Under the conductorship of Mr. B. D. Allen, the Society is capable of producing the best oratorios and similar works in a manner rarely equalled out of the large cities—not always there.

NEW YORK.—The Italian Opera (Maretzek's) keeps on in its usual course—*Faust* and *Ione*, relieved occasionally by some of the old stock pieces. *Robert le Diable* has been given several times of late, with Medori as Alice, Miss Harris as the Princess, Brignoli as Robert, and Herr Hermanns as Bertram.

The Philharmonic Society gave an extra concert in aid of the Sanitary commission, with a very small audience and the following queer programme:

Part I.—Symphony No. 5, in C minor, Op. 67, Beethoven. Romanza from the Opera "Euryanthe," Weber. Mr. W. Lotti.—Cavatina, Barbière di Siviglia. Rossini. Madame Elena d'Angri.

Part II.—Overture to "Columbus," (1st time), G. F. Bristow.—Aria from the Opera "Prophet," "Ah! mon fils!" Meyerbeer. Mme. d'Angri.—Song without words (1st time), L. Schreiber, Cornet Solo with orchestra accompaniment, Mr. Louis Schreiber.—Aria from "Martha," Flotow. Mr. W. Lotti.—Overture to "Hail Columbia," (1st time), Hohnstock. Dedicated to the Philharmonic Society of New York. Conductor, Mr. Theodore Eisfeld.

Mr. Wm. H. Fry has written a new opera, "Esmeralda," which is to be performed in Philadelphia on the 2nd of May, by Mme. Borchardt, Messrs. Castle and J. R. Thomas; with Mr. Theodore Thomas as conductor.

PHILADELPHIA. Our correspondent "S" writes us under date of April 10th.

"GOTTSCALK has been with us. A pleasing change from his old course was the introduction of a Beethoven Quartet in one of his concerts. Young Rice, Wolfsohn's pupil, gave his third concert a few days ago and showed great improvement in power, execution and musical appreciation.

"I enclose the programme of WOLFSOHN's fourth soirée.

Sonata, Op. 47, Piano and Violin.	Beethoven.
Messrs. Wolfsohn and Thomas.	
Piano Solo.—"Faust," Transcription of Concert,	Wolfsohn
Carl Wolfsohn.	
Violin Solo.—"Tarantella."	Schubert.
Theodore Thomas.	
Quintet, F flat major, Op. 44, Piano and String	Schumann
Instruments.	
Wolfsohn, Thomas, Roggenburger, Kammerer and Abrend.	

"Unfortunately, I was unable to reach the Academy in time to enjoy the whole performance, which was rendered additionally attractive by the presence of Mr. THEODORE THOMAS of New York. The Schumann Quintet was excellently played. Mr. T. seemed to have infused new energy into the other artists, so that all did their best, and the result was that pleasing, exhilarating sense of perfect sympathy between the different performers, without which concerted music interests neither player nor audience. Mr. T.'s playing has so often been referred to in these columns that an extended analysis is unnecessary. His style is bold, yet chaste, and a little cold withal. His intonation is almost faultless; his manner, graceful.

"Might a 'country correspondent' (New York journalists call us *provincials*) inquire whether the chapter on "Musical Journalism," quoted from the "New Nation," was intended as a gentle rap on the fingers of some of your suburban letter writers? The castigation is very severe to those who feel that they deserve it. But a word as to castigators in general. Did it never occur to you that the grumblers go but a short way toward correcting the evils which furnish the staple of their chief amusement, viz., grumbling? It is so much easier to be querulous than to be correct, so convenient to point out the path, and then claim as much credit for having done this as though one had led the way.

"To me it seems that those who are anxious to improve the world, and who really succeed in smoothing over, where they cannot adjust, the incongruities and ruggedness that annoy them, go to work in a different manner. They attack near-lying evils and, by their own example, teach those they would have follow them. My experience with such *new brooms* has always been that their zeal subsided with a rapidity that betokened exhaustion. Has the *Round Table*, whose recent *ex cathedra* lectures on critics in general, and the Bohemians in particular, excited so much

interest, furnished examples in its own columns of dramatic or musical criticism of a very high order? Or has the *New Nation* done any thing remarkable in that line? I do not question the justice of the complaints of the new organs. What I ask, and what others desire, is that, instead of employing their talents in fault-finding, they shall give us examples to follow, which, though they may be so far above the imitative power of "country correspondents" as to discourage emulation, may yet serve to furnish them with an ideal upon which to feast the eyes of their hungry souls.

"And now to another topic—the Sanitary Fair. To chronicle a tithe of the musical entertainments, school exhibitions, &c., given for the benefit of that enterprise, would involve too great an inroad upon my time and your columns. Suffice it to say that all who can sing, play, or recite, buy tickets or sell tickets, seem to have devoted their services to this noble work. More ambitious than the rest, the amateurs who assisted Habelmann, design giving opera. In the way of oratorio music, we are to have the *Judas Maccabeus* and the *Creation*.

"On the evening of the 8th, Messrs. Cross and Jarvis gave their third soirée. The programme was very full and contained enough matter for two concerts. The first part consisted of a Grand Duo, for two pianos, by Kalkbrenner, and a Quartet for piano and wind instruments, by Mozart. The second part was sustained by Messrs. Jarvis and Gaertner. The *Rondo Piacerevole*, by Bennett, as played by the former, was a pleasant revival of a wholesome favorite. Why do the graceful, thoughtful compositions of Sterndale Bennett meet with so little favor at the hands of American pianists? Those musical sketches of his, over which Robert Schumann grew so eloquent, are, as yet, unknown to many of our best performers. They would certainly prove more interesting than much of the pyrotechnic music of the day, and would well repay study.

That there are show pieces, in which the pianist may find full scope for the display of great technical skill, refined taste and thorough musicianship, is a remark that must sound trite to him who knows anything of the works of Hummel. In the Concerto (op. 89), two movements of which were played by Mr. Jarvis, the pleasing flow of melody and the brilliant finger passages were delightfully rendered.

"The Adagio of the De Beriot Concerto (op. 44) in E Minor was finely played by Mr. Gaertner. In the *Finale vivace*, occasional incertitude with the double stops was observable; altogether this was the best public performance I have yet heard at the hands of Mr. Gaertner. The last movement seemed very trivial, the pretty nothings of the Adagio awakened memories of something else. Mr. G.'s large, bold style would do justice to some of the better violin music rarely heard in these days. If violinists eschew the classical and cultivate the popular, we need not wonder that the compositions of De Beriot receive the honors while those of Tartini, Viotti, Rode and Spohr lie buried in dust on the shelves of the curious. Why cannot Mr. Gaertner or Mr. Thomas favor us occasionally with a movement or two from the works of those masters?

"A fitting conclusion to this soirée was the trio of trios—the op. 97 of Beethoven."

ST. LOUIS.—The fifth concert of the Philharmonic Society, (Mr. E. Sobolewski, conductor), took place March 17th, with the following programme:

1. Overture.—"Barber of Seville" Rossini.
2. Quartetto and Chorus.—from "The Requiem," Mozart.
  - a. Chorus.—"Dies Irae."
  - b. Quartetto.—"Tuba Mirum."
  - c. Chorus.—"Rex Tremendae."
3. Violin Solo.—Souvenir de Mozart—"Fantasia op. 21." D. Alard.
4. Symphony—No. 1 in E♭. Haydn.
  1. Part-Songs. Mendelssohn Bartholdy.
    - a. In the Country.
    - b. Early Spring.
5. Overture.—"Le Chant du jeune Henri" Mehul.
6. Song.—"The Dream Messengers," Graben-Hoffman.
7. Introduction and Bridal Chorus.—from "Lohengrin." R. Wagner.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Sword that my brave boy wore. Song.

J. G. Clark. 30

A touching tribute to the memory of a son, whose sword, blood stained at Antietam, was, after his death, sent home, as a memento, by his surviving comrades.

Sorrow. (The Beatitudes, No. 1.) Stephen Glover. 25

The first of a series of sacred songs, which promise to be valuable additions to the too scanty stock of that kind of music. The present one has for its text, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

The Sailor's Wife. (I've a letter from thy sire, baby mine.) Song.

F. Boott. 25

A charming ballad, all full of sunshine, as the heart of the sailor's wife was, when she heard from her husband.

Maggie's secret. Song.

Claribel. 25

Maggie, whose "heart is over the sea," rejects, very civilly the attentions of her admirers in the hay-field. The poem is pretty, and music appropriate.

The dark girl dressed in blue. Song.

Harry Clifton. 30

I'd chose to be a baby. Song.

F. Buckley. 30

Two comic songs, the last one a burlesque of "I'd choose to be a daisy." Melodies very pretty.

Keep one kind thought for me. Frederick Hoffman. 25

A thoroughly satisfying song, both in words and music.

### Instrumental Music.

The Fountain. (Fontaine.) Georg. Regnald. 30

The first of a series of pieces called "Tone Pictures," (Bilder in Tönen), by the above composer. It is very graceful, and fits easily to the fingers. Good for learners.

Caprice Militaire. Op. 118. Eugene Ketterer 50

A brilliant and most fascinating piece, in martial style. Of medium difficulty.

Repertoire, "Faust."

F. Beyer. 35

Contains the airs of the opera, with modulations, &c. Of medium difficulty.

Tone Pictures.

Georg. Regnald.

This set of pretty pieces contains, in addition to No. 1 mentioned above:

- |                         |    |
|-------------------------|----|
| No. 2. Young Zephyrs.   | 30 |
| " 3. Pearls of Dew.     | 30 |
| " 4. May flowers.       | 30 |
| " 5. The Strange Story. | 30 |

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THE SHILLING SONG BOOK. No. 3. 12 cts.

This new number contains the words of a large number of new and popular songs. For a York shilling, you could not well get more for your money. This and the other two volumes contain a large catalogue of popular vocal music, and are very "handy" to have in the pocket when going to sleigh-rides, picnics, parties, boat rides, and everywhere else, where a number of persons wish to sing easy and popular music together.

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 602.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1864.

VOL. XXIV. No. 3.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Half a dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

II. ANTONIO SALIERI.

(Continued from page 218.)

The loss of Gassmann was a severe blow also to the young Emperor; and it was, perhaps, partly from affection to him that his favor to the Kapellmeister's pupil—almost adopted son—rose so high. He immediately offered Salieri the now vacant place of imperial royal chamber composer—which the appointed had been too modest to apply for—accompanied by a decree securing to him a salary of 100 ducats and a free lodging. He was also appointed Kapellmeister to the Italian opera with a salary of 300 ducats—the now aged and feeble Bono taking the place of imperial royal Court kapellmeister.

Salieri works this year (1774) were the comic opera with choruses, "*La calamità de' cori*," text by Goldoni—successful, and two cantatas of not great merit, for soli and chorus, composed for the benefit concerts of the Musicians' Widows and Orphans' Institute.

In 1775 he set a comic opera by von Gamara, but the third act was feeble, and the work had little success.

The composer's love story comes in here, and I agree with old Mosel that it is worth the reading—and tell it.

Not that it is much of a story; but one of those old men's reminiscences, which carry the hearer or reader back with them into long past days—in which we rather like the innocent vanity running like a colored thread through the web, and which give us oftentimes (in the memoirs of old artists) such queer glimpses into their real characters, with their great want of religious principle, but superabundant religious faith in a providence specially provided for them. Now hear Salieri and see how lovingly he dwells upon that youthful love.

"In the course of this year I became acquainted with that angel, whom God had appointed for my wife. In the year 1775, I gave music lessons to a young Countess, who was receiving her education in the nunnery of St. Lawrence, and whom I had instructed, before she went thither, at her father's house. In the same cloister other girls, mostly motherless, were boarded. My hour was from 11 to 12 A. M., and before it was finished, these girls accompanied by their guardians [dragons, duennas, *Aufseherinnen*] usually passed through the music-room to the dining hall. On the very first day of my lessons, one of these girls, of slender figure, somewhat taller than the others, about 18 years old, and dressed in rose-colored taffeta, made a mighty impression upon me. Twice I saw her pass through the room, but the third and fourth time I sought her in vain among her companions, and knew not why she was absent, which greatly discomposed me. The fifth time came the others again without her; my restlessness increased, but she came later and

alone following her companions. The unexpected joy which filled me, so mastered me, that, as I bowed to her, of course with respect, it was in such a manner, as to show her clearly, that I had been pained not to see her the preceding days; and I believed I could see in her face just as plainly, that it was not displeasing to her. From that moment her picture was firmly fixed in my head and heart; but the delicious feeling which accompanied the picture, was modified by many a bitter thought. 'What folly,' said I to myself, 'to give way to such a sudden passion for a girl, whom thou hast seen but three times, who has probably seen thee for the first time here in the cloister, to whom thou hast never spoken, and probably never will speak! Moreover, who told you that she passed through the room the last time alone, on your account? And suppose she has guessed the reason of your delight, are you certain that she shares in your feelings, and has not already bestowed her inclinations upon some worthier object?' But all such wise thoughts did not prevent the longing to see her again from increasing, and on those days (days of torment for me!) when I had no call to the nunnery, I could not refrain from walking up and down under the windows of the room, in which I supposed she was lodged.

"In this condition I lived, when on the second Sunday after my first meeting with the fascinating unknown, chance (or rather God's dispensation) gave me the opportunity to speak with her for the first time. I had been in the habit of attending, whenever I could, the Sunday afternoon service in the Cathedral. This time, it was in February, I came in rather late and found all the pews occupied; I placed myself therefore at the end of one where an old woman was kneeling, who made a little space for me as well as she could. After finishing her devotions, the friendly old woman rose to go away; I stepped aside to let her pass, and a young girl, who had knelt beside her, left the pew with her. Whom did I recognize in her? The young lady of the nunnery! What a heavenly surprise for me! I bowed to her with all respect, but without speaking; she with much grace returned the bow. It was impossible for me to remain one minute—I must follow. I left the church, saw that she took the way to the nunnery with her companion, and hastened through other streets to get before her and to meet her. I wished to approach, but dared not. At length, the fear of letting so good an opportunity slip roused my courage, and taking it for granted that she understood French, I besought her in that language to forgive my boldness, and allow me to accompany her to the cloister. She answered me also in French, but with the voice and manner of an angel, that it would give her pleasure.

"I should essay in vain to express the heartfelt delight, with which these words and the perception, that she was not displeased with the encounter, filled me. With a voice trembling for very joy I continued the conversation; I prayed her

to tell me her dear name. 'Therese von Helfersdorfer,' was the answer. I asked her how it came that I should have the happiness of meeting her at this hour [it was now about 6 P. M. and quite dark] out of the cloister, and why I had twice failed of seeing her pass through the music room? With amiable haste to satisfy my curiosity, she said that on those two occasions she had gone into the dining hall early, before my hour: and that, since she had had the misfortune of losing her mother, she went every Sunday to visit her father and two younger brothers, and always returned to the nunnery at this hour accompanied by the old servant. Meantime we had reached the cloister. I had not the courage to say more than that my habit was to attend service in the Cathedral every Sunday afternoon, and that if she allowed, I could always offer her my protection on the way back; to which with the same grace she answered, that my company would give her pleasure, and added that she had already known my name, even before she saw me in the cloister, and had often heard the young Countess (my pupil) speak of me in terms of praise. So now I understood why she at the first had met me in so friendly a manner. Intoxicated with joy at what I had heard, I wished her good night, and discussing with myself the singular meeting with her, I turned my steps—whither?—Back into the Cathedral, to that spot where the beloved one had knelt, there to thank Heaven for its happy guidance, and to pray for continued blessings upon my honorable intentions; for a secret voice whispered me, Therese was destined to make the happiness of my life.

"I longingly awaited the coming day to hurry to my lesson with the Countess in the cloister; but, just as I was on the point of leaving my room, came a servant to inform me that the Countess was ill, and I should not trouble myself again until further notice. What a thunderclap for me! All the joy of yesterday was suddenly banished; wrath in a thousand forms filled my breast, and, as during the whole week I was not called to my pupil, I may say I spent it in the jaws of purgatory. However, I embraced the opportunity of making inquiries in relation to the father of my beloved. He was an official, honored and respected, dwelling in his own house not far from St. Stephen's. The next Sunday hardly had it struck four o'clock, when I hurried to the church and placed myself near the door through which, coming from her father's house, she must enter. With strained attention, watching all who entered, how often did I say to myself when one at all resembled her: 'That is she—no!—now, at last—no, just as little as the other;' and this lasted three never-ending quarters of an hour. I was beginning to fear that she would not come at all, or that she had entered by another door; yes, still more painful doubts made me anxious; the Countess, it occurred to me, may not have been ill at all; the Abbess perhaps had charged her to keep me away, after learning from Therese's servant . . . ; and so I martyred

myself, until at last about five o'clock I saw the angel and her companion enter. The prisoner condemned to death, who unexpectedly sees his innocence proved, feels not such bliss as in that moment streamed me through. After our devotions were over I followed her, as before, and found for all the pangs I had endured sweet comfort in the assurance she gave me, that it gave her pleasure to see me again.

Non sa che sia diletto  
Chi non provò del petto  
Un' innocente amor.

(Metastasio.)

"I asked my dear if the Countess really had been ill, which she, to the no small allaying of my recent doubts, answered in the affirmative, adding that she would begin her lessons again the next day. A thousand other thoughts criss-crossed through my brain; I did not know where to begin, and the few moments at my disposal were almost-passed, when I roused up courage to tell her I had a secret to impart, which concerned the peace of my whole life, but besought her to promise me a decisive answer to what I should say. She promised it, and encouraged me with such grace and with a sort of tender curiosity to speak, that I finally had the boldness to say that I passionately loved her, and wished to learn if I could venture to hope for some, if but little affection in return? 'For a like inclination,' she replied, half loud. 'For a like inclination!' cried I in transport as I seized her hand and covered it with kisses. 'The same,' she repeated, lightly and modestly pressing my hand. Beside myself for joy, I declared to her that this assurance made me blessed, and asked when I might present myself to her father, in case she allowed me this step. 'A week from to-day,' she said. 'I will prepare him for your visit, and you shall be well received, for my father already knows you, by reputation.' In fact I had already at that time gained a name through my successful operas, as '*Armida*,' '*La fiera di Venezia*,' and '*La Secchia rapita*,' and the gracious inclination of the Emperor toward me was also well known. However, it was not destined that I should seek my beloved at the hands of her father; that very week God suddenly called from this world the worthy old gentleman, and beloved by everybody, who had for some time been ailing. At the same time the young Countess left Vienna for Hungary, and thus I was deprived of every opportunity of seeing Therese, except now and then at the house of the parents of one of her companions.

"Herr von Helfersdorfer had appointed an excellent and rather wealthy man to be guardian of his daughter and two sons, who, a widower of middle age and ignorant of what had passed between his beautiful ward and me, had formed the plan of marrying her and soon after the father's death disclosed it her. Of course there was nothing for Therese to do but declare the state of her feelings and the object of them. As soon as this came to my knowledge, I hastened to the guardian, accompanied by a man of high respectability, and made formal application for the hand of my charmer. He received me politely and declared with seeming equanimity, that since his ward was satisfied, he also consented to my demand; only he must be able to satisfy himself, that I possessed sufficient means to support in respectability a wife, who belonged to a family of rank, and who possessed a not insignificant for-

tune. I replied that I had 300 ducats as Kapellmeister of the Italian opera, a hundred ducats as imperial chamber composer, and the hope of becoming some time Court Kapellmeister; that moreover, my compositions and music lessons brought me in annually another 300 ducats, so that I could well reckon my income at 700 ducats. The guardian answered: 'That would be more than sufficient if it was only certain; but, of all this, you can only reckon on the hundred ducats with certainty, which you receive from Court; and I must therefore pray you to wait until your position improves in some positive manner, before I, as guardian, can give my consent to this marriage.'

"Now in fact the honest man did no more than his duty—that I had to admit. I therefore only besought him to keep the matter for the present secret, which (to my good luck) he did not do.

"Two days afterward I went, as the duty of my office was, at 3 o'clock P. M. to the Emperor's chamber music. When I entered the anteroom, I saw the monarch standing by the fireplace with his back toward me, alone and sunk in thought. He turned a little to see who came, and returned my respectful bow with his usual kindness. On the other side of the room stood the footman of the Emperor and two persons, one of whom, who had an appointment in the court library, and was much liked by the Sovereign, was counted among my most intimate acquaintances. I joined them in silence, and my friend, smiling, made me the sign of the long nose. [The same as the Masonic sign described in one of Marryatt's sea novels; and as my cousin Georgie's Japanese fan.] At that moment the Emperor turned again, noticed the jest, and came towards me asking what that meant? I pretended not to know, although in fact I understood the joke but too well! The librarian, however, in confusion stammered out that I had tried to marry a beautiful orphan, but had found a rival in her guardian. The monarch, at first somewhat surprised, but also smiling, asked me if this was true? I found myself now obliged to tell the whole history of my love, which seemed to amuse the Emperor much, and closed with the prayer that his majesty would forgive me for having kept the matter hitherto a secret; this I had done because the result was so uncertain. When I spoke of the reasons why the guardian refused his consent, I noticed a sudden but passing expression of seriousness; and when I finished, as he left me he said, as if half in thought to himself: 'Well then, you must have patience.' Meantime the other musicians had arrived, and the concert began in its usual manner, without a word more being said about my love affair.

"Next morning the Intendant of the Court music sent for me. I hastened to him, and he greeted me with: 'Receive my congratulations, Herr Kapellmeister; the Emperor has raised your salary from one to three hundred ducats, with the single proviso, that you shall lighten the burden of the excellent, but now very old and often sick, Kapellmeister Bono, and direct the Italian opera also, should his majesty take it into his own hands.\*' Most joyfully surprised I thanked his Excellency for this unexpected communication, and was already on my way to Therese's guardian, when I thought of something better and turn-

\* See *Ante*, that the Italian opera then was a private enterprise.

ed my steps to the imperial palace. The monarch had hardly heard that I was in the anteroom, when he called for me. Sitting at his writing table, he called to me as I entered: 'Well, have you been already to the guardian?' I replied: 'Your Majesty, my duty leads me first of all to your all-highest feet'—'Go,' interrupted me the kindly prince, 'Go to the guardian, and this afternoon let me know his answer.'

"That I now flew to the guardian, that he could no longer refuse his consent, that the gracious Monarch heard this with pleasure, and what thereupon followed, every one can easily imagine; but never will my grateful heart forget a goodness, which gave me a happiness that I have now for many years enjoyed, and now share with eight children, who are the images of their beloved mother, who even now sometimes hears again the history of our loves with hearty enjoyment."

Does not that read like a chapter of *Defoe*?

(To be Continued.)

### Beethoven and the Editions of his Works.\*

A notice by Otto Jahn on the various editions of all Beethoven's works, with special reference to the latest complete edition published by Breitkopf and Härtel, in Leipzig, has been extracted from the *Grenzboten* (F. L. Herbig, Leipzig, 1864), and printed in a separate form. It most justly deserves to be everywhere known, not only for the account it gives, from authentic sources, of the way in which Herr Breitkopf and Härtel's great undertaking will be carried out, as well as of its present stage and progress, but because it also contains a number of admirable remarks upon musical literature generally, and particularly upon the question of critically settling the text of works of deceased masters, especially of those of Beethoven.

The introductory observations upon the music-publishing trade, and its relations to the public, deal in the first place with the peculiar evils resulting from the omission of the date of publication upon the title-page of works, and from the high retail price charged for them. The defence of the latter by existing circumstances strikes us as worth nothing; when it is notorious that the publisher makes a profit, after allowing a discount of fifty per cent., this per centage constitutes a most disproportionate tax upon the buying public, solely for the benefit of the middle-man, the necessity or even use of whom in circulating the publications we do not at all see. O. Jahn looks upon this, it is true, only as an abuse which cannot well be abolished. We, however, believe that the sale of musical publications would be immensely augmented by a frank statement of the original price.

After a retrospective historical glance at former attempts to publish the entire works of various authors, such, for instance, as Mozart and Haydn, by Breitkopf and Härtel, and the present efforts of the Bach and Societies, the author lays great stress in his notice on the wide difference between this new project of publishing all Beethoven's works and the editions of which we have alluded of Bach and Handel, for the project is ushered into the world without any extraordinary support, despite tremendous competition, and the actual circulation, exceeding everything hitherto known, of Beethoven's works.

"Let the reader only recollect that Beethoven's works are in the hands of the public—those still unprinted would not weigh much in the scale—that numerous editions of those compositions which appeal to the masses are everywhere to be had, satisfying both reasonable and unreasonable demands; and that now there appears a complete edition, including everything, large works and small, popular and forgotten, grateful and ungrateful, edited so as to fulfil the strictest requirements of scientific criticism, and splendidly got up, on conditions that presuppose and render possible a most extensive sale. One fact is

\* Translated from the *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung*, for the *London Musical World*, by J. V. BRIDGEMAN.

established by this, namely, that Beethoven at present excites far more than any other composer the interest of the whole musical public, and, therefore, sways the musical market. It may be difficult to obtain accurate and trustworthy statistical information concerning the sale and circulation of musical productions; but it is proved beyond a doubt that no composer, either classical or fashionable, can be compared in the slightest degree with Beethoven, as far as relates to the continuous and largely increasing sale of his works. Nay, we have been assured that if the entire collection of Beethoven's works, which, by means of the music publishers, have been distributed in the course of a year among the public, were placed in one scale, and all other music published during the same year put in the other, the balance might tremble, but Beethoven would nevertheless weigh as much as all the rest. As will easily be understood, the compositions and arrangements for piano are what turn the scale; of these incredibly large numbers are sold. That this sovereign power over the musical public of all grades and of all creeds is not, however, a transient and fashionable caprice of dilettantism, but a gratifying proof how deep and universal a feeling and interest for genuine and high art has spread among us, is demonstrated by this new and complete edition of Beethoven's works. It is certainly a remarkable and unusually satisfactory circumstance that a great artist should enjoy such universal respect; that his works should exercise so immediate and lively an influence; and that a complete collection of them, undertaken with judgment and seriousness, and thoroughly and worthily carried out in all respects, should be gladly welcomed and patronized by the public. The difficulties of all kinds which beset an enterprise of this description are so great and varied that only universal and continuous patronage on the part of the public can give the publisher courage and strength to overcome those difficulties and complete the work."

What O. Jahn says relative to the hopes and fears which would have been excited had Beethoven himself, as he frequently thought of doing, really had a complete edition of his works published, perfectly agrees with the convictions to which we ourselves long since came on this head, though so many persons—including even Schindler—have regretted that by the non-fulfilment of his intention we have lost the answer to so many riddles in the so-called "Purport" of the master's music. We will not forego the pleasure of here quoting in full the author's observations, which, shortly and concisely, though clearly and strikingly, as is always the case with Jahn, express the only correct view on such hints, and we cannot help congratulating ourselves on seeing principles which we have invariably advocated in these pages corroborated by such a pen.

"Beethoven," says the author, at page 14, "had another project in connection with the complete edition, and an inclination has been manifested to regret the failure of that project. He proposed, in fact, as Schindler also informs us, to mark by inscriptions and short notices the 'poetical idea' of several of his compositions, in order to facilitate their correct comprehension and execution. When questioned as to the sense and import of expressive compositions, he spoke in terms of regret of the fact that the time when he wrote most of his sonatas was more poetical than a later period, probably, because people simply gave themselves up to the music, satisfied with the musical impression it produced; allowing the sensations excited by it to die away in their mind; and feeling no necessity to inquire after thoughts and ideas, which should specify the subject of interest in anything but a musical light. 'Every one,' he complained, 'felt, on hearing the *Largo* of the Sonata D major (Op. 10), the state of soul, portrayed in it, of a melancholy man with all the gradations of light and shade in the picture of melancholy.' This every musician of feeling will certainly hear in it in future, as well as at present; but the questioners were not satisfied with this; their indiscreet curiosity made them want to know further what was the specific and personal cause of such a state of mind, even, if possible, in the composer himself, whom people are far too fond of identifying with the work of art. And if the composer actually answers these questions, will that be an advantage? One day, when Beethoven was in good humor, Schindler asked him for the key to the Sonatas in D minor (Op. 31, 2), and F minor (Op. 57), and he replied:—'Just read Shakespeare's *Tempest*.' Schindler was evidently somewhat disappointed, for he goes on to remark:—'It is to be found there, then; but in what passage? Questioner, read, guess, and decide.' The questioner will, probably, gain from his perusal the conviction

that Shakespeare's *Tempest* produces upon him a different impression to what it produced upon Beethoven, and that it will inspire him with no Sonatas in D minor and F minor. That it was this drama especially which could work up Beethoven in such compositions, is, certainly, a fact not uninteresting to learn; but to attempt to find in Shakespeare the explanation of them, would only be showing the insufficiency of one's powers of musical comprehension. Even when Beethoven is more precise in what he says, the fact of understanding what he wrote is not facilitated. His intimate friend Amerla informs us, Beethoven told him that, when writing the *Adagio* in the F major quartet, he had the grave scene in *Romeo and Juliet* before his mind; now, if any one were to read this scene attentively in his Shakespeare, and then seek to picture it to himself, while he listened to the *Adagio*, would he increase or destroy his genuine enjoyment of this piece of music? According to Czerny's account, corroborated by others, Beethoven said he conceived the first idea of the *Adagio* in the E minor quartet (Op. 51, 2), on seeing the starlight sky; people assert that, after he had been sitting a long time in the dark out of doors, the fact of lights sparkling up all around him furnished the motive of the *Scherzo* in the D minor Symphony; that a horseman galloping past suggested the theme for the last movement of the Sonata in D minor (Op. 31, 2); and that the impatient knocking, late at night, of a person craving admittance into a house furnished the motive for the first movement of the violin Concerto. It is possible that a pregnant material impression at a favorable moment called forth, lightning-like, a characteristic motive; it is possible, also, that the impression clung to the memory of the artist; but with the artistic development of this germ, with the creative organization of the work of art, this unusual exciting cause has nothing more to do; the artist's faculties are employed in quite another sphere of action, and whoever believes that the work of art can be constructed out of the accidental and outward motive has no idea of artistic creation; should for instance any one take it into his head to deduce the first movement of the Violin Concerto, in its psychological development and outward conformation, from the fact of the person knocking in the night, and endeavor to explain it by this: in Heaven's name let him knock; the door leading to the right understanding of the composition will never be opened to him.

"Inscriptions and notices, even if authentic, and emanating from Beethoven himself, would not materially have assisted us in penetrating the sense and import of a work of art by him, for we may assert thus much without attacking too strongly the interest such inscriptions and notices would have possessed on account of many of the personal explanations; it is on the contrary to be feared that, like those Beethoven did publish, they would have occasioned misconception and mistakes. As we all know, the beautiful Sonata in E flat major (Op. 81) has inscribed upon it, the words: *Les Adieux: l'Absence: le Retour*; and is therefore interpreted with confidence as an undoubted specimen of programme music. That they are moments in the life of a loving pair, we at once presuppose—says Marx, who leaves it undecided whether the lovers are married or not—but the composition furnishes also the proof. 'The lovers open their arms as birds of passage open their wings,' says Lenz, speaking of the conclusion of the Sonata. Now upon the original of the first part Beethoven wrote:—

"*Farewell, on the departure of His Imperial Highness, the Arch-duke Rudolf, the 5th May, 1809;* and on the title page of the second:—

"*The Arrival of His Imperial Highness, the Arch-duke Rudolf, the 30th January, 1810.*"

"We can understand that, in publishing these outpourings of an essentially personal feeling, he desired to preserve the memory of its cause, without naming his imperial friend. But how would he have protested at being made to play the wing-flapping, 'in the dalliance of blessed rapture,' to the Arch-Duke? As we perceive, the motion and the situation are here given by Beethoven himself, but a mistake in the tone must have been committed by him—or by his interpreters.

"As we are aware, Beethoven complained frequently and bitterly of those who explained what he wrote, and he had good cause for so doing. He would certainly have agreed completely with Mendelssohn, when the latter wrote to Souhlay: 'That which music I like conveys to me does not consist of thoughts too indefinite, but of thoughts too definite to be expressed in words. If you ask me what I pictured to myself on the occasion, I answer: precisely the song, as it now exists. If, in this or that instance, I had a definite word, or indefinite words in my mind, I would not pronounce them to any one, because a word has not the same value for one person which it has for another; because a song alone is capable of

saying the same thing and awakening the same feeling in one individual as in others—a feeling which, however, cannot be expressed by the same words in different cases.' We may therefore, be thankful that Beethoven, also, did not utter his words, for they would have led only too many persons into the error of believing that he who understood the inscription understood the work of art as well. His music says all that Beethoven desired to say; it is and always will be the pure, clear spring, from which every one susceptible of feeling can draw."

The pamphlet then proceeds to discuss at length the necessity for, and the completeness of the new edition (260 numbers in 24 series); the proportion of the still unpublished compositions by Beethoven to those already published; the *Arrangements*, in some of which the composer himself was concerned; and, lastly, in the fullest manner, the criticism which guarantees the genuineness of the musical text. All this is well worthy of a perusal; it gives us a clear insight into the difficulty attendant on, and the value of, the undertaking, and cannot fail not only to gain for the latter the appreciation it deserves, but to benefit it materially by securing numerous additional purchasers.

Especially admirable is what is said upon the duty of criticism generally; and, also, in especial relation to the works of Beethoven. This duty has been undertaken by Julius Rietz, for the grand instrumental and vocal compositions; by David for the chamber music; by Reinecke for the pianoforte works; by Richter, Bagge, and Franz Espagne, for the songs. That (p. 32) in the *Scherzo* of the fifth Symphony the two superfluous bars are omitted in the new edition of the score was something it was high time should at last be done. As far back as the year 1847, at Mendelssohn's request, and in order to give greater publicity to his discovery of the truth, we directed attention to these bars in the *Kölnische Zeitung*; and, furthermore, at page 777 of the second year's series of the *Rheinische Musik-Zeitung*, we investigated the matter at length, examining and refuting the so-called reasons for retaining the said bars; yet, despite of this, they are far from having everywhere disappeared, and are played with the rest of the composition by the orchestra of the *Paris Conservatory* up to the present day! It is incredible what strange communications we received from musicians at the time. Among others, even Schindler wrote: "That you should insist so emphatically upon the unguineness of the two bars, is something of which I cannot approve," and even in the third edition of his *Biography of Beethoven*, though it did not appear until 1860, he could not refrain from again laying lance in rest for the "mull," as Beethoven himself designated his error. At present, the very *orchestral parts*, from which the Symphony was performed under Beethoven's own direction, have corroborated the fact of the "mull," since, as we learn at page 32 of Jahn's pamphlet, the two bars are not contained in them. But all this goes for nothing, because "Beethoven subsequently took a liking to the mull!"

How it stands with the rejection of the *bar-rest* in the first *Allegro* of the same Fifth Symphony (another point on which we insisted in the second annual series, p. 780, of the *Rheinische Musik-Zeitung*) in the new edition, we do not know, not having yet seen the score.

Jahn further informs us (at p. 32) that the music to Goethe's *Egmont* is now at length published free from the disfiguring additions, the concluding appendages. These additions, also, as far back as the year 1834, at a festival performance for the inauguration of a patriotic monument in Wesel, I denounced as unworthy of and not emanating from Beethoven, and, in the first year's series of this paper, as long since as 1853, page 4 *et seq.*, I showed, in a separate notice, how the interlude, according to the original (without the above named additions), could be joined on at the end and the beginning of the respective acts, so as to be listened to, while the curtain is up, with more attention than is usual in the ordinary way of performance. In the concert-room, the connecting poem must, with its continuation, join on immediately to the bars, at which Beethoven breaks off his music, according to the plan

followed at repeated performances here in Cologne, with a text written expressly for the purpose.

Of the fact that Beethoven's revision of the proof-sheets was a revision of his compositions as well, a remarkable proof is given by Jahn, in the following words, when treating of the Violin Concerto, Op. 61:—

"Beethoven wrote this concerto for the clever violinist, Clement, as is proved by the jocular title of the manuscript: '*Concerto per clemenza pour Clement primo violino a Direttore al teatro a Vienna dal L. V. Beethoven, 1806.*' Clement played the concerto for the first time at his benefit concert on the 23d December 1806. Now, the autographic score displays a three-fold version of the solo-part. In the proper place in the score, it is written down as Beethoven conceived it. He was so far acquainted with the mechanical requirements of stringed instruments as to be able to judge of practicability and effect in certain cases; but an accomplished virtuoso has a standard of judgment, obtained by varied practical experience, with regard to the employment of a special means for a special object, and, when his own playing is concerned, he has also scruples and wishes arising from his own particular professional position. It is evident that, previously to its performance, Beethoven subjected the concerto to a strict revision, discussing it with Clement. The latter communicated his views as to what struck him as unthankful generally, or simply in reference to his own playing, together with suggestions for alterations. In conformity with these suggestions, the solo part is written in a separate line, and in a new form, under the score. This new form exhibits throughout consideration for the practical violinist, desirous of producing the greatest effects with all the certainty possible, that is to say: by the most convenient practical means, best adapted to the nature of the instrument and his own style of play. That Beethoven gave way so far to Clement is a fresh proof that he thought highly of him, and, as thus changed, the concerto was, probably performed. When, however, he was about to publish it, Beethoven hesitated accepting as good all Clement's new readings; and, therefore, wrote another line over the score, a third version, reproducing in part the original ideas; making use, in part, of the second version, and introducing quite fresh alterations. We might certainly have our doubts as to which is really the proper version; but since we possess the edition—printed under Beethoven's own supervision, and corrected by himself, and as this edition follows the last version mentioned—it is no longer doubtful that this is the form finally adopted by him—and that the other versions can only lay claim to an historical interest."

The energy with which the new edition is pushed forward is unexampled in the case of so voluminous a work. Of the 264 numbers constituting the whole, 212 have appeared within two years. Among them we have for orchestra the first eight Symphonies, the "Battle of Victoria" and the *Egmont* music, the eleven overtures complete, the Violin-Concerto; the Violin Quintets, Quartets and Trios; the Pianoforte Concertos with Orchestra (with Beethoven's cadences subjoined); the Music for the Piano with accompaniment, and for the Piano alone—all complete. *Christus am Oelberge* and the opera of *Fidelio* have also appeared. We have never before known an instance of such rapidity in publishing. It is, in conjunction with the admirable getting-up, of itself a great recommendation of the new edition, which, if, moreover, we take into consideration its internal superiority, will indisputably rank above all other editions ever issued.

### A Plea for Sensational Writing.

SHAKESPEARE FROM THE ANTI-SENSATIONAL CRITIC'S POINT OF VIEW.

Contemporary criticism has recently been deformed by a species of cant, which, originating as cant generally does, in a sincere feeling on the part of a few, has been echoed by the many simply because it is an effective cry. If any one writes a novel, a play, or a poem, which relates anything out of the ordinary experience of the most ordinary people—some tragedy of love or revenge, some strange (though, not impossible) combination of events, or some romance of guilt and misery—he is straightway met with a loud exclamation of "Sensational!" This foolish word has become the orthodox stone for flinging at any heretic author who is bold enough to think that life

has its tremendous passes of anguish and crime, as well as its little joys and little sorrows—its strange adventures and vicissitudes, as well as its daily progress from Brixton to the Bank, and from the Bank back again to Brixton; and who holds that the more vividly-colored part of the grouping is as legitimate a subject for artistic treatment as the more drab-hued section.

But the anti-sensational critic will tell you that, if you would write a novel or a play that is to be read by any one with taste superior to those of a butcher-boy, you must confine yourself strictly to the common events of common lives, have nothing whatever to say to any of the extremes of passion or of action, leave murder to the penny papers, be ignorant of suicide, have no idea that there are dark shadows in the world, and shun a mystery as you would the measles. In short, let Brixton be your standard, the Alps being among Nature's "spasms," and therefore very improper subjects for respectable authors.

Moreover, in relating the even tenor of Brixtonian existence, be careful that you are never betrayed into any emotion of style—any throb or pulse of passion in your language, any glow of description or rapid development of action—on pain of being taken to task for having shown "hectic" and "feverish" symptoms. When you have fulfilled all the conditions, then will the organs of Brixtonian criticism smile on you, and declare that you have composed "a very sweet, natural, unaffected and thoroughly healthy tale, inexpressibly refreshing in these days of exaggerated sentiment and spasmodic plot."

The writer supposes an opponent to what is called sensational fiction to be criticizing a work by Shakespeare supposed to be just published. And he puts the following in the mouth of the anti-sensational critic:—

*Macbeth.* A Tragedy. By William Shakespeare. Mr. Shakespeare is really becoming an intolerable nuisance, which it behooves all critics who have at heart the dignity, or even the decency, of letters, to abate by the exercise of a wholesome severity. He has no idea of tragedy, apart from the merest horrors of melo-drama.

In his "*Orhella*," a blackamoosmothers his wife on the stage, under a preposterous delusion of jealousy encouraged by a gentlemanly "*Memphistophiles*" of his acquaintance, and then stabs himself with a hectoring speech when he finds out his mistake. In *King Lear*, the accumulation of frightful and revolting atrocities is something almost beyond belief. "*Lear*" is supposed to have occupied the throne of Britain in some remote epoch beyond the dawn of authentic history. On account of a very natural and becoming answer made him by one of his daughters, he disowns her, and afterward, for some insufficient reason, pronounces a curse upon another daughter, expressed in such frightful language that we must forbear from making any further allusion to the subject. Then he goes on to a death in a storm, and curses things in general, his Bedlamite ravings being varied (such are Mr. Shakespeare's notions of good taste) by the ribald jokes of a court fool, whose inanities are evidently addressed to the gallery. Another character assumes to be an idiot, and with hideous jibbering makes up a pretty trio. Finally, the old king finds out that his disowned daughter is a very good girl after all, and when she has met her death by some unlucky circumstance (as improbable and horrible as other incidents of the play), he brings the corpse on to the stage in his arms, 'howls' over it, like a mourner at an Irish wake—literally 'howls,' in good, downright fashion—and presently gives up the ghost, to the great relief of the reader. Besides these agreeable incidents, there is a good deal of slaughtering, and one nobleman tears out another nobleman's eyes (at the instigation of two princesses), and 'sots his foot' on one of them!—*Hamlet*—which a toadying clique whom Mr. Shakespeare had gathered about him effort to regard as a work of profound philosophy and superhuman wisdom—is equally full of absurd and shocking incidents.

We have the ghost of a murdered king; his murderous brother who succeeds him on the throne; a queen who marries her brother-in-law; a crack-brained young prince (whose state of mind would make him a fitting subject for a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*); a manning old gentleman whom "*Hamlet*" stabs as he listens behind the arras (one of the few reasonable things he does in the whole five acts); and a young lady who goes mad, and after doddling about with straw in her hair, singing songs that are not over delicate, drowns herself by accident in a horse pond.

In the last scene of this hideous burlesque of nature and probability, the "Queen" ("*Hamlet's*" mother) dies by a poisoned cup of wine; the king is stabbed, and "*Hamlet*" and an enemy of his kill each other with a poisoned foil while they are fencing. As

only one of the foils is poisoned, and it is necessary to the climax that both should die at once, the two combatants contrive by some sleight-of-hand which is quite beyond our comprehension, to exchange the weapon without meaning it. But a writer who forever aims at startling effects must, of necessity, pile up the agonies in his concluding scene; and this agglomeration of fantastic crimes will the less astonish the reader, when he learns that in one scene "*Hamlet*" reviles his own mother in the most dreadful manner, and in another utters profane jokes in a churchyard while his sweetheart's grave is being dug, and tosses skulls about the stage! So fond is Mr. Shakespeare of death in its most revolting forms, that even his love-story of *Romeo and Juliet* is full of slaughtering and poisoning; while his very comedies have generally some smack of the gallows in them.

We do not wish to be unfair on Mr. Shakespeare. He is not devoid of a certain ability, which might be turned to a very reputable account if he only understood his own powers better. He has a good deal of native humor—exaggerated, indeed, to the pitch of burlesque, but undoubtedly amusing; and he possesses some knowledge of the superficial parts of character, though, being evidently no scholar, he is often ridiculously vulgar in his would-be representations of gentlemen. He would do well as a writer of farces and show-pieces; but his injudicious friends have flattered him into the belief that he is a great tragic poet; and hence the gory nonsense of this new drama, *Macbeth*, of which we now proceed to give some account.

The scene is laid in Scotland, during the reign of one "*Duncan*," of whom English readers know little and care less. The play opens in good melo-dramatic (or rather pantomimic) fashion, with a dark scene, thunder rolling and lightning flashing, and three witches talking gibberish in rhyme. Were this last monstrosity of Mr. Shakespeare's fancy ever to be played at any theatre (which however, is quite impossible), we can easily imagine the low, tremulous murmuring of fiddles to which the curtain would rise. Scene I. however, does not last above a minute, as it only consists of eight short lines. The second scene introduces us to the old king, "*Duncan*," to whom a "bleeding soldier" relates the progress of an insurrection which has just been quelled by the valor of "*Macbeth*."

In scene III. we return to thunder, witches, and gibberish. One of the old women compares herself to "a rat without a tail" and threatens to drain a certain mariner as "dry as hay," which induces us to suppose that she must be a skittle-sharper in disguise, since the draining of sailors is generally effected by those ingenious practitioners. Presently "*Macbeth*" comes in from the wars, and the witches hail him as Thane of Glamis, Thane of Cawdor, and future King of Scotland. Thane of Glamis he is already, but to be Thane of Cawdor and King of Scotland seems to this worthy gentleman beyond the reach of thought.

However, somebody comes in shortly afterward, and tells "*Macbeth*" that, the Thane of Cawdor being a traitor, the title has been transferred to the putter-down of traitors. This sets "*Macbeth*" plotting how he may become a traitor on his own account, and secure the crown for himself. He has a bold, bad woman for his wife—a strong-minded woman, who gives us to understand that she will stick at nothing to satisfy her ambition. In very plain language, she invokes all the devils of the neiter regions to take possession of her soul, which we dare say they were not slow in doing.

We have too much respect for our readers to reproduce the dreadful things uttered by this she dragon, perhaps, the most unnatural character that even Mr. Shakespeare's lurid and unhealthy imagination has ever conceived. Suffice it to say that she eggs on her husband to murder "*Duncan*," which, after a good deal of hesitation (proceeding rather from cowardice than conscience), and some idiotic ravings about an "air drawn dagger," which he then describes as being "spotted with gout of blood," he accomplishes in the dead of night, and lays the blame on the king's sleeping attendants. Afterward he kills these attendants to conceal his own guilt, and in the next act we find him king.

But "*Macbeth*," fearing that the crown will in time come to one "*Banquo*" and his son "*Fleance*," commissions "two murderers" to make away with those individuals. There is something so homicidal and Newgate-Calendarish about Mr. Shakespeare's mind, that he seems actually to have persuaded himself that there was at one time in Scotland a set of men who followed murder as a trade or profession, and to whom people applied in the ordinary course of business whenever they wished to get rid of an inconvenient rival, while feeling too squeamish or too dignified to do the work for themselves. The men in



question have no names, but are simply described as "First Murderer" and "Second Murderer." Our Scottish brethren are never slow to resist an insult to their country, and we therefore confidently leave in their hands the chastisement of Mr. Shakespeare's ignorant impertinence. Well, the murderers despatch "Banquo," but manage to let "Fleance" escape; and in a subsequent scene we have "Macbeth," his queen, and their courtiers, seated at a banquet, at which the ghost of "Banquo" makes his appearance with "gory locks," and sits down to table, as if he had designs upon the meat and drink. This unlooked-for visitor greatly alarms the tyrant, who "makes faces" at the spectre, fumes at him, and remarks that, inasmuch as he can "nod" (which seems a strange occupation for a phantom), he may as well "speak too." The "Ghost" prudently declines to give tongue (in this respect more merciful than the "Ghost" of "Hamlet's" father, who is cruelly verbose); and "Macbeth" laments his liability to such visitations in this graceful and feeling manner:—

The times have been  
That when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end; but now they rise again,  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools.

We have no wish to invade the sanctities of private life; but we have heard that Mr. Shakespeare's father was a butcher, and we can certainly very readily believe that the son was brought up in a slaughter-house, and thus acquired a practical knowledge of what commonly results after "the brains are out," as well as a tendency to delight in sanguinary subjects.

In Act IV. we discover the three witches in a gloomy cavern, preparing a "hell broth" in a large cauldron. The filthy and disgusting ingredients of this broth are inflicted on the reader with abominable minuteness; for nothing is too nasty for Mr. Shakespeare's Muse.

However, it does not appear that the broth, or "gruel"—for it is described by both words—is intended for consumption, but only for conjuration. Macbeth having entered to consult the witches, "an armed head," "a bloody child," and "a child, crowned with a tree in his hand" (query, a Christmas tree?) rise out of the cauldron, as birds, bouquets, and bonbons emerge from the magic hat of M. Robin or Herr Frikell. These apparitions address "Macbeth" in some highly ambiguous language, and then follows a vision of eight kings, "the last with a glass in his hand," which is unpleasantly suggestive of the Cider Cellars at four o'clock in the morning. After this cavernous scene we are transported to the castle of "Lady Macduff," where the murderers come in again, stab a son of her ladyship, and pursue the mother, who makes her exit, crying "Murder!", and we are afterward given to understand that she and all her young ones and servants are slaughtered.

Then comes a little breathing space between Acts IV. and V.; but no sooner is the drop scene up for the last division, than we are introduced to "Lady Macbeth" walking in her sleep, muttering about the murder of "Duncan," (which by this time has been almost borne out of her remembrance by the flood of later catastrophes,) feigning to wash her hands, informing us that "hell is murky," and remarking that no one would have "thought the old man to have had so much blood in him!"

The catastrophe now fast approaches, and we may hurry on to it with little ceremony. The queen dies (off the stage, we are happy to say), and, an insurrection being got up against the usurper, "Macbeth" is slain, after a terrific combat with "Macduff," who cuts off his head (behind the scenes), and brings it in "on a pole!" Mutual congratulation, flourish, and curtain falls.

And this stuff is called a tragedy! Why, it is a rank melo-drama, of the old Cobourg fashion. Mr. Shakespeare is behind his time. Twenty years ago, in the days of Hicks and "Winsunt," he would have been a powerful rival to the authors who supplied the late Mr. Osbaldistone with the dramas of the New Cut. But even the most uneducated audiences have not outgrown such vulgar horrors. Does Mr. Shakespeare imagine for one moment that any theatre in London or the provinces would produce such a play as this *Macbeth*?

It would be hissed off the boards before the end of the first act. And even should it obtain a temporary success, would not posterity explode with laughter at such a specimen of the literature of the epoch?—if, indeed, posterity cared to trouble itself at all about Mr. Shakespeare and his writings. The best advice we can give this gentleman is to turn a deaf ear to his flatterers, and endeavor, if possible, to compose something quieter, simple and natural. Though it is forbidden the genius of our nation and our language to produce an *Æschylus*, we may at least emulate his good taste in removing murder from the stage; and

though we may never be able to scale the heights of moral grandeur familiar to the intellect of Sophocles, we can at any rate refrain from outraging decency and sense. We say to Mr. Shakespeare in plain language:—"This will not do. You may think it very fine, and fools may be found to tell you so; but however rough our speech, we are your true friends, and we repeat that it won't do!"

### The Modern Orchestra.

In the earlier part of the eighteenth century, FRANCIS BLUDA, of Berlin, and other composers, added to the stringed quartet then in use parts for oboes and horns; thereby forming the rudiments of the Modern Orchestra. They probably but little anticipated that the wind instruments so modestly introduced by them here and there as a support to the "strings" in unison, would in course of time, augmented in numbers, and fortified by improvements in their mechanism, usurp the "place of power," and become masters of the situation. By increasing the number of parts, and by the employment of additional instruments, HAYDN and MOZART developed the rudimentary band into that elaborate whole, still recognized as the natural means of exposition for the highest plans of ideas. To the present day it is to be found but little change in its composition, and only such variations of proportion as may be induced by the amount of resources at command, or some speciality in the music to be performed. Among the obvious results of the improvements effected by these distinguished musicians, may be mentioned:—variety of tone: effects of contrast; a great augmentation of the power of producing light and shade; increased sonority; and a means for the simultaneous reduplication of concords at various degrees of the scale.

In this gradual introduction of available new instruments it does not seem to have been intended so much to improve the orchestral *ensemble* as to benefit by the scope and diversity they offered for passage writing. The number of each class of instruments adopted was decided by the most effective manner of employing them, and they were grouped in pairs, in threes, and in fours, as the case might be, apparently without any special reference to the strict proportion they bore to the rest of the band. Widely differing in sonority, power of penetration, and volume of tone, it follows that in their combination in "tutti" passages, certain of them must be much more prominent than others, unless good taste and judicious reticence are exhibited by the performers on the louder instruments. No one supposes the trumpet to be as important an instrument in the orchestra as the hautboy, and yet, whilst the tone of the trumpet is tenfold more potent than that of the hautboy, they are used in equal proportions. Again, the power of the three trombones is infinitely greater than that of the four horns, notwithstanding that the latter are almost indispensable to a grand composition, whilst the former may very well be omitted.

It would seem to follow then, that in this very expansion of orchestral organization, which rendered possible the existence of symphony, the grand opera and the *sinfonia-cantata*—in a word, the works of the great masters—was to be found a source of danger to legitimate musical effect. On the part of the performers was rendered possible a distortion of true proportion, by giving undue prominence to parts which should be heard but as components of a blended whole. To the composer was opened the temptation to hide incompetence by noise; to substitute meretricious clamor for novelty of invention, and grandeur of effect. To greatly augment the number of "strings" was the first step found necessary towards the preservation of the balance of power; and it may be said that the most efficient orchestra, *ceteris paribus*, is that which contains the largest number of violins. Among the wood wind instruments are to be found certain peculiarities of sound, which save them, to some extent, from being readily overpowered by the more potential "brass": such as power of penetration, richness of tone, acuteness of pitch, and a disposition to stand out in a sort of isolation from the general mass of sound. Notwithstanding this augmentation of the strings and other modifying influences alluded to, the auditor of the Modern Orchestra is compelled to admit that the "tutti" are but too generally converted into a series of solos for certain powerful instruments accompanied subalternately by a full band. The intelligible and coherent whole is broken up into a chaos by the terrible blasts of trumpets and trombones, aided by unparrying flagellation of the instruments of percussion, to the destruction of all legitimate effect. Unimportant details are forced upon the auditory as substitutes for the primary musical ideas, lost and

swamped in the *melée*.

It is not pretended that this is a new source of complaint, but it is one every day calling more loudly for reformation, and one for which there is daily less excuse. The letter is not yet forgotten which MENDELSSOHN addressed to a musical journal, on the subject of trombone playing, in which he deprecated loudness, and advocated the development of the beautiful, smooth tone of the instrument. This composer, following the example of BEETHOVEN, in justice to his music wrote very sparingly for these instruments, except on especial occasions, and often omitted them altogether. In the scores of BEETHOVEN are to be found passages, given to the third and fourth horns, which he feared to entrust to the tender mercies of the trombones.

It is in our opera houses that the want of delicacy in the use of wind instruments, and the overpowering weight of the brass, are most felt, and are most objectionable. Whole vocal passages are at times altogether inaudible, while delicacy of vocalization and purity of intonation are lost or perilled in the almost hopeless endeavors of the singers to make themselves heard. Time was when England could produce but one first-class orchestra, and it was urged in defence of this reprehensible state of things, that, so independent were the performers composing it—conscious that their services could hardly be dispensed with—that no conductor could venture to animadvert freely upon want of delicacy and errors of excess on the part of his band. It is not so now. There is in this kingdom an abundant supply of first-class instrumentalists, and it is time that conductors who aim at any thing like excellence should impress upon their orchestral players the fact that they are but component parts of the whole, to which they should consider their individual performance strictly subordinate; further, that any attempt at prominence as flautists, oboists, cornetists, or what-not, to the detriment of the general effect, is a reflection upon themselves as artists; a slight not only to the understanding of the audience, but to the beautiful art which they follow.

For the rectification of the faults complained of several partial remedies suggest themselves—the first and most obvious, greater moderation on the part of performers; on the part of composers—greater discretion in scoring for powerful brass instruments—the substitution for trombones of other suitable brass instruments; last, and most desirable, although least practicable, further augmentation of the "strings." This proposition is a project difficult of realization, as involving considerations of the means and amount of space at disposal, and, with matters of a similar character, must be left for future exposition on a future occasion. Some years ago, a small orchestra, organized by a Hungarian violinist, visited England, and although this small band had neither flutes, oboes, bassoons, French horns, nor trumpets in its composition, yet was its performance of overtures, etc., listened to with delight by connoisseurs. Six flügel horns here represented the family of brass instruments so worthily as to leave but little cause for regret at the absence of those more familiar. At the worst, then, if no other means offer, trombones and trumpets, excellent as they are when judiciously used, may be superseded.

—Orchestra.

### Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 30, 1864

#### "Sensation" Works.—Truth—Genius.—Shakspeare.

We have transferred to our columns an article from some English paper, which we have found copied elsewhere, entitled "A Plea for Sensational Writing," which undertakes to expose the fallacy and cant of "anti-sensational criticism" by imagining it applied to *Macbeth* and the other terrible tragedies of Shakspeare. Such a plea may "create a sensation," momentarily, in foolish minds, but it will plant no conviction in the deeper soil of sound thought and artistic feeling. The question is one of the vital ones in every sphere of Art, and is as unavoidable in Music and in Painting as it is in the Drama and other literary works of fiction. "Sensation" in the bloody melo-drama and the yellow covered novel answers to

what in musical criticism is called "effect." It is the resort to *ad captandum* artifices, where "the vision and the faculty divine," where *Art*, is wanting. A man like Mendelssohn or Schumann must, by the very law of his own moral and artistic being, bring this charge against the popular "sensation" art of Meyerbeer or Verdi, withholding recognition as jealously as a sovereign free people must withhold it from a robber Emperor in Mexico. It is the serious conscience of the artist or the divinely smitten votary of Art protesting in the name of truth. So when the Great Fair in New York brings together the most imposing famous pictures of a number of our American painters, and there comes at last a critic to whom truth, told in however "sad sincerity," is even sweeter than the personal delight of praising, and who, while gladly recognizing all their skill, their wonderful effects, their clever imitations, their peculiar charm, yet feels the want of truth and loyalty to Nature, and declares that this is not highest Art, that it is only "sensational," it is no wonder that personal feelings and partialities are wounded, that the motives of the critic are suspected and called "venomous;" yet it is possible that the critic may be in the right, and if he stands in a minority of one, it is no more than a Michel Angelo or a Mendelssohn have done, than the true *seer* often must do, in the face of many an outward success and fashion of his art and time.

Now we quote this "Plea" and this mock criticism of Shakespeare partly as a convenient text for pointing out certain important distinctions too often confounded in discussions about literature and art, and partly to show how signally it tells against itself. What have you done, O smart sensationist? You have taken one of Shakespeare's genial creations and paraphrased it into a sensation story after your own vulgar, unimaginative method. You *could* do that, undoubtedly; you are at home in blood and thunder; but do not say *he* did it, never shake your gory locks at *him*! You and the like of you can find the materials for a dozen of your sensation plays in Macbeth; but the question is: Did Shakespeare make a sensation play of it, or was he capable of a mere "sensation" work in the offensive sense in which the word has hitherto with too much reason been applied? The collective judgment of the thinking world has long since answered No. Your mistake is in supposing that the sensational materials of "Macbeth" contain the secret of its power, when you should seek it in the genius and the great humanity of Shakespeare. And now for our distinctions.

1. We do not condemn a novel, a play, or a poem as "sensational" *because* it may relate to something "out of the ordinary experience," because it deals with thrilling incidents of crime or murder—"most foul and unnatural," or with passions swift and terrible as lightning, or with supernatural imaginings. With all these it may deal, and so deal as to escape the charge entirely; witness Shakespeare. The term never was suggested by the simple use of such materials, but by the use of them in the wrong time and manner and by the wrong person, that is without the warrant of genius, of the imaginative power which can divine and set forth (or embody) their essential humanity, and set the seal and charm of nature upon the seemingly unnatural. That is a "sensation" work, which would mask the want of genius

under a startling subject; make harrowing plot and incidents, cheap effects of scenery and costume, &c., supply the place of poetry and subtle development of character. The man who can treat these harrowing subjects well, is he whose genius does not need them, who can find poetry in common life and nature anywhere. So in the art of tones, that is true music which springs from any fine essential musical feeling and idea, whose charm is in its inspiration, which finds its motive rather in itself than in its audience, and was honestly and sincerely born with no anxiety about the largest and the most immediate audience; which does not resort to clap-trap emphasis, or clothe itself in borrowed pomp of instrumentation and all sorts of ambitious accessories, which add nothing to its essential meaning, not being originally prompted and developed from within. "Sensation" music scores itself out with ringing complement of brass, or hides its poverty in dazzling pyrotechnic variations, or affects intensity of passion by all the approved operatic bursts and intensities of accent, "roaring like any nightingale," simply because, stripped of such lion's skin, reduced to its musical substance, it would sing so lamentably small. These means, which genius uses by divine right so well, the uninspired and would-be popular composer borrows and uses them without the genius.

2. It is not the want of subject, but the want of *genial* treatment, that exposes a "thrilling story" or play to the charge of being "sensational." And we like to use the word *genial* in the German sense, as derived from *genius*. A *genial* poet is simply one whose poetry is poetry, and not mean prose, such as no plot however "out of the common," no startling images, no tricks of rhyme or swelling diction can redeem. If a writer or an artist always resorts to startling subjects, as Signor Verdi does, confessing his muse powerless to charm or produce "effect" within the bounds of Nature, or to find any poetry or music in what is near and common, he is of the sensation school in the worst sense. But a Shakespeare or a Mozart, able to interest with gentler themes and fond of them, can also handle tales of blood and passion, with such art as to make them not only sublime and terribly fascinating, but sweet and genial, and full of the sunshine and fruitfulness and charm of nature at the same time. True art, true genius never leaves out nature; deeds "foul and most unnatural" it still treats naturally; your "sensationist" can treat nothing naturally, and therefore takes to unnatural subjects; he is nothing if he is not monstrous.

3. The objection to "sensation" literature or art, therefore, is not that it makes a sensation in the world, or in its own little theatre, but that it contents itself with this, does not approve itself to the solitary thought of the best minds, does not sink into the deeper consciousness and culture of the age, cannot afford to wait to be understood and appreciated. It astonishes but does not edify. It adds nothing to our knowledge of the human soul; its lurid fireworks hide the heavens and the stars. It lacks the sincerity, the humanity, the simplicity as well as the subtlety of genius. Its tragedy is arbitrary, far-fetched, superfluous, its arts meretricious, its effect for the moment only and upon the surface, and its appeal is to a green or vulgar audience.

4. The motive of "sensation" art is mean and mercenary. It is principally self-advertisement.

It is the art of Autolycus, the peddler. Not only does it advertise its own wares, it is itself nothing but advertisement. It serves the vulgar god of trade, even though it trade upon its own account. The art of advertising, in newspapers, pamphlets, show bills, and so forth, is one of the great features of this trade phase of civilization. What clever pens are occupied in it! But it does not end with puffs and advertisements which appear as such; how much of the literature of the day, of the novel and play writing, nay even the lecturing and sermonizing, is, stripped of its disguises, merely advertisement! The same must be confessed of much of the painting and sculpture, of the popular music, of a hundred and one fashionable operas, of the sensation style of singing, &c., &c. Shakespeare wrote for poetry and truth, wrote as the inspiration came, and not to advertise William Shakespeare into notice. So Bach, Mozart, Beethoven wrought; so Titian and Leonardo. Think you, if Verdi were the Shakespeare of musicians and were destined to world-wide recognition as the greatest three hundred years hence, he would now be fashionable? There is plenty of art which has a main eye to business, and which therefore *as Art* is damnable and vulgar. It makes a *sensation* for the time being, but all this weighs nothing against one wise man's verdict, nothing while "some dozen men of sense" (as Robert Browning's Bishop Blougram has it):

Withhold their voices though (you) look their way:  
Like Verdi when, at his worst opera's end  
(The thing they gave at Florence,—what's its name?)  
While the mad houseful's plaudits near out-bang  
His orchestra of salt-box, tongue and bones,  
He looks through all the roaring and the wreaths  
Where sits Rossini patient in his stall.

We lack room to connect all this, as we intended, with the remarks we made last week on the meaning of the word "classical" in music. But especially do we mourn our inability to close these hints with fit "improvement" of the anniversary of the past week, the Tercentenary commemoration of SHAKESPEARE, the one example in whom the whole world owns the power of genius, the supremacy of Imagination over all the mental faculties: the infinite worth of that which is poetry and art for all time, compared with every cheap "sensation" of the day;—Shakespeare, in whom all thinking minds may read the shortest and the fullest definition of what constitutes true Art, to-wit: *Genius true to itself.*

#### Shakespeare's Day.—Festival Concert.

It was fit that music should bear a part in the honors paid to Shakespeare in the world-wide observance of the three hundredth anniversary of his birthday. The best way would have been the union of genial music with an unusually perfect performance of one of his great plays on the stage. But the times were unfavorable with us his countrymen across the ocean; and it was only by a variety of hasty, fragmentary tributes in our various cities—some of the best in private circles—that this distracted country claimed credit for the will that was better than the deed. An oration here, a dinner there; a Shakespeare play upon the bills of many of the theatres; the laying of the first stone of a monument in the New York Central Park; a German celebration, with Liederkrantz, and Bandmann's "Hamlet," and Nicolai's "Merry Wives" and tableaux by the painters, in Philadelphia;—this was about all, besides the noble concert given in our Boston Music Hall by Mr. B. J. LANG.

Music, it must be owned, has not contributed very richly to the illustration of Shakespeare; nor (one

may add) did Shakespeare need it. In England Matthew Locke's "Macbeth" and "Tempest" music—dry and common-place enough—with such little things as a host of glee and song writers have set, at the best only cleverly, without genius, is all. Beethoven composed one masterly overture (to *Coriolanus*), but has not done for Shakespeare what he did for Goethe's *Egmont*. He left that to Mendelssohn, whose musical interludes and accompanying phrases to the "Mid-summer Night's Dream" are as entirely unique as they are true in art, forming (as Schumann said) "a bridge between Bottom and Oberon, without which the passage into Fairy Land is almost impossible." Schubert, who turned poets of all times and countries into song, composed "Hark, the Lark," with exquisite genius. For the rest we have only a beggarly account of third and tenth rate operas, which borrow plots and characters (names) from Shakespeare, but have nothing in their music in the least akin to him. Verdi's *Macbeth*, heaven save the mark!; a better opera called *Macbeth*, but of the effective, showy order, by Taubert of Berlin; Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," sparkling, pretty music, but the absurdity of Falstaff singing!—Rossini's *Otello*, which of course does not lack Rossini's genius; and finally "Much Ado about Nothing" operated by Berlioz. We have also heard a "Hamlet" overture by Gade, which by any other name would sound as sweet, and a noisy one called "Lear" by Berlioz. What could we expect? Music is its own world; the Bachs and Beethovens and Mozarts had their own work to do, their own inspirations to follow, as well as Shakespeare, and some day one or more of these will be confessed as widely.

Mr. LANG made the best choice possible in his selection of music. First, the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music entire—all but the little snatches that go with the action—including the Overture; the Scherzo, introducing Act II. and the fairies; the "Lullaby" Duet: "Ye Spotted Snakes" and fairy chorus; the *Intermezzo*, in which Hermia seems to pursue her lover through the tangled wood; the lovely *Nocturne*; the "Wedding March," and the Finale, song and chorus of fairies blessing the house. The solos were beautifully given by Miss HOUSTON and Mrs. CARY; the choruses were sung by a large choir of the freshest and best voices in the city, and the Orchestra, under CARL ZERRAHN, played with more than usual delicacy and spirit, to the credit of themselves and of Mr. LANG's conductorship.

Beethoven's *Coriolanus* Overture, in which a proud and fiery spirit storms itself away so grandly, is one of his best, and quite in the vein of the play. But the feast was more of Mendelssohn than of Shakespeare, and was, indeed, originally intended for the first of May, the revival of the Cantata composed to Goethe's "First Walpurgis Night," so admirably brought out by Mr. LANG two years ago, being a main feature. This formed the second part, and was given (we are told) not quite so successfully as before, at least in one or two of the solo parts, although in general it is much praised. The audience was immense, and the enthusiasm great, and Mr. LANG's good services will be remembered.

### Concerts.

We have room only to recall some features of the music of the past two or three weeks. Perhaps the pleasantest thing that rises in the memory is the little Concert, twice given to an invited audience, by the Amateur Singing Club, under the direction of Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, at Chickering's rooms. Rare is the charm of choice choruses and part-songs sung by twenty or thirty fresh, refined young voices. The ensemble of tone, as well as the execution, was admirable. We had the entire 95th Psalm ("O come let us worship"), by Mendelssohn, a noble work, interspersed with interesting solos, in one of which a new tenor, Mr. MERRILL, made his mark, as he has since done still more effectually in the "Walpurgis

Night." There were also half a dozen four-part songs, by Schumann, Mendelssohn, Hauptmann, Gade, and one fresh and charming one by Mr. Parker, which were keenly relished. Nor can we forget the truly womanlike and exquisite singing by Mrs. HARWOOD of a couple of songs: "Supplication" by Frauz, and "Faded Flowers" by Schubert.—Some of the noblest and least familiar choruses from *Elijah* followed, with tenor air: "Then shall the righteous shine," given with fine taste and fervor by Mr. LANGMAID. Finally, a notable rarity, Beethoven's splendid choruses to Goethe's little poem:—"Becalmed at sea and happy voyage" ("Meeresstille," etc.), which was printed in this journal some years since, and ought ere this to have found its way into singing club and concert rooms.

The same place was the scene of the first performance of Bennett's "May Queen" Cantata, by a choir of singers, with piano accompaniment, under the direction of Mr. HENRY CARTER, preceded by a miscellaneous first part. The whole seemed a basket of green fruit. At least the chorus singing was unripe, voices harsh and out of tune, especially in the opening part-song. A chant-like simple song of Mr. CARTER's, "Rose's Bride," in which two lugubrious lines of solo: "O dig a grave and dig it deep," are echoed in each stanza by a quartet in harmony, was quite impressive, if not cheerful. The "May Queen" has some fine music in it, and is always refined, though sometimes tedious and faint in its impression. The solos were generally well sung by Mrs. R. M. SMITH as the May Queen, Miss A. L. CARY as the Queen, Mr. L. H. WHITNEY, tenor, as the lover, and Mr. J. KIMBALL, basso, as Robin Hood. For a fair chance of effect we think this music needs an orchestra, and we understand there is a prospect that it will so be given in one of the Wednesday Afternoon Concerts. Mrs. Smith, a new singer to us, commended herself by the purity and beauty of her soprano voice, and her chaste style of singing. Still more so in the last "Gala Matinee" of the Orchestral Union, in the Boston Theatre, where she sang, "Hear ye Israel," with orchestra, with such truth of intonation and of feeling as we do not very often hear. That Concert was also notable by the revival of Beethoven's wonderful Overture (No. 3) to "Leonora." Liszt's "Preludes," and the *Semiramide* overture also came up again.

Last Wednesday the concert was again in the Music Hall, and of uncommon interest from the higher point of view, since, besides the *Leonora* overture, it offered us for the first time in many years Schumann's remarkable first Symphony, in B flat. It did not go so smoothly as it will the next time, and we will say no more of it to day except to advise every lover of great orchestral music to hear it. There are very few things indeed which come so near to Beethoven. There were Strauss waltz and Gounod *Potpourri*, by force of habit; and Mr. THAYER played on the Great Organ, with much pedal execution, some concert Variations by Hesse, and his own *Offertoire*, for Vox Humana, which is cleverly enough contrived, the end being to gratify curiosity about that "fancy" stop.

The aforesaid Vox Humana *Offertoire* also figured in two Organ Concerts given by Mr. Thayer last Saturday afternoon and Sunday evening. The very miscellaneous programme of the former was saved by the great Toccata in D minor by Bach and the third Sonata of Mendelssohn. And the latter, one of the concerts called "Sacred," had other things well enough in their way, but nothing interesting in comparison with the Toccata in F by Bach. We are glad that Mr. Thayer exercises his power on such noble organ works as these, and so successfully; since Mr. Paine, we have not heard them so well rendered. The March of Priests from *Athalie*, and the great March Finale of the Fifth Symphony, which the organist brought out very powerfully, be-

gan and closed the concert. The "*Cantabile, L'arco et Prière*" by Wely, is one of the most expressive pieces we have heard of the French organ music. What else? Concert Variations on "the American (!) National Hymn" (God save the King) were particularly "sacred." (*De la musique sacrée? or De la sacrée musique?* as Rossini wittily expressed his modest doubt about his own new Mass). There was some good solo singing. Schubert's "Serenade" was not sung; it is a love song to be sure, and not strictly "sacred," but much more so than the flat and sentimental ditty, to pious words, which Mr. WHEELER substituted for it, and which the pious audience found so edifying that they insisted on its repetition. But then, too, Beethoven's Contralto Aria *Per pietà*, so finely sung by Mrs. Cary, is also a love song, conceived in the Italian operatic style, and that was sung! Far worthier of the time, the place and Mr. Wheeler was the tenor song from *Elijah*: "Then shall the righteous." There was also a duet by Spohr, and an *Ave Maria* (contralto) by Bassini. All the songs were with piano-forte accompaniment by Mr. Hamann.

The BOSTON MOZART CLUB (amateur orchestra) had their fourth and last social entertainment of the season last Monday evening, and treated their friends to a remarkably good programme, including: The first Symphony of Beethoven; Mendelssohn's overture "Return from Atrid"; a piano-forte Concerto, with orchestra, in D minor, by Mozart, played by "an honorary lady member of the Club" (Miss Mary Fay); transcription of Schubert's "Serenade," and the overture to *Don Giovanni*. These amateurs set their standard high and make earnest efforts to reach it. They play together more and more like artists.

WHAT NEXT? This Afternoon, the usual Organ Concert in the Music Hall.

This evening, same place, a concert by that true singer, one of the world's best contraltos, and great favorite here, Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS. The first in four years; will it not be pleasant to hear her! She will have distinguished assistance too. Mme. GUERRABELLA, who has been singing in Havana with her; her own sister, Miss M. PHILLIPS, a pupil of Sig. Bendelari; Mr. LANG, who will play the D minor Concerto of Mendelssohn; and Mr. ZERRAHN with his Orchestra.

Tomorrow evening, a "Sacred," that is to say a Sunday Concert in the Music Hall by that excellent musician, JULIUS EICHBERG, who has composed for the occasion several pieces for Violin, Violoncello, Piano and Organ. Two Organ pieces will be played by Mr. LANG; two soprano songs will be sung by Miss HOUSTON, and two baritone songs by Mr. SCHRAUBSTAEDTER.

Next Wednesday Afternoon, the ORCHESTRAL UNION will repeat the Schumann Symphony, and Mr. JOHN K. PAINE will play two pieces on the Organ.

Next Sunday Evening, the last Oratorio of the season, and one of the best, "Elijah," which the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY always set about with zeal and which always is inspiring to the audience. Chorus, Orchestra and Great Organ will combine in the grand ensembles, and the array of solo singers is uncommonly rich. ADELAIDE PHILLIPS will sing the contralto airs; Miss HOUSTON and Mrs. SMITH the soprano parts; Mr. WHEELER the tenor, Mr. RUDOLPHSEN the bass. CARL ZERRAHN will conduct.

ST. LOUIS, MO. The Philharmonic Society gave its sixth concert on the 21st. The overture to *Semiramide*, the entire "Spring" from Haydn's "Seasons," and a flute solo formed the first part; the second included Beethoven's first Symphony; an aria for contralto, "The Whippoorwill," by E. Karst; a Polonaise from Meyerbeer's *Struensee*, and the everlasting March and Soldiers' Chorus from Gounod's "Faust," which one hopes the hand-organs will grind up this summer until there is nothing left of it.

HARTFORD, CONN. On the sixth inst. the Mendelssohn Quintette Club (of Boston) gave a concert at the Female Seminary, under the auspices of Messrs. Buck and Wilson, the well known organists of the place. They played a Quintet by Beethoven, with selections from Haydn and Mendelssohn, popular arrangements from Rossini, Meyerbeer, &c. ending with the Soldiers' Chorus from "Faust."

NEW YORK.—Among the manifold contributions of the musical art to the great Fair, which has given a million dollars to the Sanitary Commission, was a performance of Handel's oratorio "Judas Maccabæus." No musical work could be more timely during this war; it has the true ring of heroic patriotism. It was given at the Metropolitan Fair building, in Union Square, under the direction of Mr. Franz Ritter, with Miss Brainard as principal soprano, Mrs. Motte contralto, Mr. Geary tenor, and Mr. J. R. Thomas bass. Mr. Bristow "presided at the piano;" hence we infer that there was no orchestra, Otto Dresel's "Army Hymn" (words by Dr. Holmes, music not, as some of the N.Y. papers had it, "by O. Dresel"), was performed at the inauguration of the Fair in grand style, by a picked chorus of 200 voices and the famous 7th Regiment Band, for which it had been instrumented by Carl Bergmann. The opening ceremonies of the Union Square department, later, also included a concert by the "German Liederkranz." The programme was as follows:

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|--|------------------|
| 1. Overture—"Der Freyschütz."              | C. M. Von Weber. |
| 2. "Der Frohe Wandersmann."                | Mendelssohn.     |
| 3. Grand Duet on one Violin.               | Paganini.        |
| 4. "Hymne an die Musik."                   | Mendelssohn.     |
| 5. Overture—"The Merry Wives of Windsor."  | Niccolai.        |
| 6. "Fratres Ego," a Capella, for 8 voices. | Palestrina.      |
| 7. Potpourri by the Orchestra.             | R. Wagner.       |
| 8. March, from "Tannhäuser."               |                  |

The season of Italian opera at the Academy of Music closed last week with three more performances of "Faust," and *La Traviata* for the benefit of Mme. Ortolani Brignoli. On Saturday, Shakespeare's birthday was made the occasion for "a grand gala matinée," when selections from Rossini's *Otello* were given, besides the entire opera *La Sonnambula*; the latter suddenly substituted for Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor" on account of the illness of Herr Hermanns. Where was Signor Verdi's *Macbeth*? Marefzek commences a supplementary season next Monday with the "Huguenots."

PHILADELPHIA. Mr. Carl Gaertner, the violinist, gave a classical soirée on the 16th, assisted by Messrs. Jarvis, Cross, Ruggerburger and Schmitz, and a double quartet of singers. The pieces performed were: Quintet (strings), op. 18, by Mendelssohn; Vocal Quartets by Abt and Möhring, Grand Duo for two pianos by Kalkbrenner; Quintet (strings), op. 29, Beethoven.

"Judas Maccabæus" was performed at the third and last concert of the season, on Wednesday evening, by the Handel and Haydn Society, assisted by the Germania Orchestra.

The Anschütz troupe have given another short season of German Opera, beginning April 18th, at Glover's Chestnut St. Theatre. The pieces have been "Martha," the "Barber of Seville," Gounod's "Faust," "Der Freyschütz," "Merry Wives," &c.,—the last in honor of Shakespeare. The *Bulletin* says:

The Music Committee of the Great Central Fair are making preparations for a series of operatic and other performances on a grander and more extensive scale than anything ever before attempted in this country. Among the novelties will be a grand new opera by William H. Fry, called *Notre Dame*, founded on Victor Hugo's novel of that name. The rehearsals and other preparations are going on briskly and with every promise of splendid success. The first performance will take place early in May.

Miss Teresa Carreno, the wonderful little pianist, has given a concert at the Musical Fund Hall, assisted by Mrs. Kempton, the contralto singer.—The *petite* prima donna, Miss Laura Harris, has had a concert, assisted by Brignoli, Sig. Dragoni (baritone, from Covent Garden Opera), Mr. Pattison, the pianist, and Mollenhauer, violoncellist.

The Shakespeare celebration here was taken in hand by the Germans, this being the programme:

On Friday, April 22d, Schlegel and Tieck's translation of *Hamlet* will be produced at the Academy of Music by the Anglo-German tragedian, Daniel Bandmann, Esq., assisted by Mme. Methua Scheller and other distinguished German actors of this city and different portions of the country, the Germania Orchestra, under Carl Schütz's leadership, furnishing the music. On Saturday evening, April 23d, the proper anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, the exercises will be especially interesting to Americans, as James E. Murdoch, Esq., will deliver an ode and recite the speeches of Brutus and Marc Antony over the dead body of Caesar. Daniel Bandmann will deliver an original oration in German on Shakespeare, the Germania Orchestra playing selections from Mendelssohn, and the Junge Männerchor singing choruses from *Fidelio* and *Rienzi*, the whole exercises interspersed with representations from the life and works of Shakespeare by the German Artists' Club.

All this was realized, except the part to have been taken by Mr. Murdoch, who was ill. The net proceeds go to the Sanitary Commission.

WORCESTER, MASS. The *Spy* speaks of a choice and classical entertainment given last week at Mr. Sumner's music rooms, under the auspices of Mr. B. D. Allen.

A symphony in B flat by Haydn, and sonata in C by Clementi, piano duos in which Mr. Allen was assisted by two of his talented pupils; and one of Beethoven's sonatas, with solos from the works of Chopin and Heller, performed by Mr. Allen, and that, too, with ability such as few artists can surpass, comprised the instrumental portion. Add to this several charming songs by such composers as Mendelssohn, Glinka, Franz, and Schubert, rendered with superior taste and expression by a lady of high musical culture, and the result was a perfect success.

The new Mass by Mr. C. C. Stearns was to be brought on out Thursday evening. If it deserves half the good things said of it in the *Spy* and the *Palladium*, and by writers who commonly have reasons for what they say, its production is as great an event for "the heart of the Commonwealth," as Rossini's new Mass was for Paris.

A little paper, called *The Grumbler*, in Toronto, Canada, grumbles in this wise about a new "Oratorio" of "Convention"—a psalm-singer Yankee manufacture:

"Eather, the beautiful Queen," an Oratorio—a Yankee Oratorio! Is it possible? Is there no limit to the impertinence of those people? Is there nothing that is high, nothing that is sublime, safe from their degrading influence, from their desecrating finger? Oh! honored shades of Handel, Beethoven, Haydn, and Mendelssohn, is it to be permitted that this insult be offered to an artistic form which has been sanctified by your pens, over which your sublime genius has shed its lustre? Is it to go by unnoticed and unpunished, when such a fabrication is called an Oratorio? Oh! that we could dip our pens into the scornful ink of Swift, that ours were the cutting satire of Thackeray, to lash, with deserved severity, productions of this kind! If Mr. Bradbury, the noble compiler of "Shawms," of "Jubilees," and who knows what else, if he had called this, his miserable attempt, a "Medley," we could have passed it over silently with becoming contempt. A medley it is; and, Oh, ye Muses! what a medley! Let us see. "Come, come away;" "Oft in the still night;" "Fest March;" "Camptown Races;" "Fisherman's glee;" "The Bay of Biscay, O!"; recitatives reminding the listener of the horrible story of "Blue Beard," as told by Sam Cowell; and all these mixed with stirring waltz and quadrille melodies and contorted pifferings from Operas, and explained by readings which remind of the poor limner, who, after finishing his tavern sign and doubtful of its likeness to nature, thought best to write over it, "This is a horse."

Nay, in the name of charity, do not, Oh, ye good people! punish us with such performances! Do not, in pity, lend your voices to such desecrations! If you have a worthy object in view, like the one for which this "pseudo-Oratorio" was performed, give us something, if not good, at least hearable. Your efforts are unworthily bestowed. Turn away from such puerilities.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

For thee, and only thee. (Marietta mine.)

Fred Buckley. 25

A sweet song, in praise of "Marietta."

Little blue-eyed boy. Song. F. Buckley. 30

A nice little home ballad.

The Reaper and the Flowers. Balfe. 50

The words are the well known ones of Longfellow, but acquire a new beauty, when united to the well elaborated music of the talented composer.

Joe Fillet: or Beef, Pork and Mutton.

J. Williams. 35

The market men, and the sturdy butchers, a hitherto musically neglected class, have, at length, something to sing. Joe Fillet, who "led in all" the cries of "Leadenhall" market, has adventures, in his love to charming "Sue, it" seems, which re-veal less than a hundred puns in their narration. Good melody.

How do you like it, Jefferson D? Amos Patten. 30

A capital patriotic comic song, containing a number of queries addressed to the notorious Jeff, the finishing one in each verse being, "How do you like it, as far as you've got?"

Tony Pastor's medley, or the "Cottage by the sea."

30

Tony, who is one of the queerest of geniuses, here makes some curious combinations of song titles, during which "Isabella with the gingham umbrella" and a number of others, find themselves in the "cottage."

Do they pray for me at home? Song and Chorus.

W. O. Fish. 25

Another fine "home" song.

### Instrumental Music.

Faust. Fantasie elegante. J. Leybach. 60

Nearly all of the approved composers are having a dash at the great opera. Leybach does as well as the rest, and his fantasie has considerable originality in its arrangement.

Chanson à boire. (Drinking Song). J. Leybach. 50

Somewhat difficult to play gracefully, but when thoroughly learned is quite brilliant.

Faust. Potpourri. G. W. Marks. 1.00

Mark's potpourris from the various operas are famous, and extensively used. This one has some thing quite different from other arrangements, and is very brilliant.

La Perle du Soir. (Pearl of evening). Fantasie mazurka. E. Ketterer. 60

An admirable piece, worthy of being companion to the *Pluie de Perles*, and others of the same high order. Very graceful and musical. Of medium difficulty.

### Books.

CZERNY'S GRAND FINISHING STUDIES. Books 4, 5, and 6. C. Czerny, each \$1.00

These studies are not "finishing," in the sense that they are extremely difficult. They are, perhaps, no harder than the *Studies of Velocity*, by the same author. They contain exercises, very ingeniously combined into pleasing airs, on trills, turns, runs, arpeggios, melodies with accompaniments;—in short, include all kinds of things which are needed to give a person a "finished" touch and execution, in all sorts of passages which are likely to occur in piano pieces.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 603.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1864.

VOL. XXIV. No. 4.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Half a dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

II. ANTONIO SALIERI.

[Continued from page 226.]

Though Joseph's taste was so decidedly for the Italian *Opera Buffa*, yet occasionally a serious opera was put upon the stage, and sung by the *buffa* artists. [I do not see why Holmes (Mozart, p. 50, Amer. Ed.) should use this language, in speaking of events in the winter of 1767-8: "There were no other singers at that time in Vienna; and will it be believed that with such a set they even attempted Gluck's *Alceste*?" Shall a person of wit and humor never be serious? Should Gluck's *Alceste* go unsung, because the singers so rarely performed in *Opera Seria*?] Herr von Gamera had prepared a serious text, "*Delmita e Daliso*," with choruses and dances, which, only after repeated entreaties, Salieri at last consented to compose. He had little hope that it would succeed; and, though it was his only opera in the year 1776, and therefore not hastily written, his presentiment as to its fate was correct. And yet there were so many good things in it, that Mosel is of opinion its fate was determined by the ridiculous accidents, which occurred during the first performance.

The first scene is a rural amphitheatre, in which a crowd of peasants has assembled to see a wrestling match of shepherds. After the final rehearsal was over, the scene painter had the happy idea of painting into the turf terraces and among the trees a great number of figures, which added greatly to the scenic effect. After the games were over and the victors crowned, the crowd was to disperse leaving the head of the commune—whatever his title, Alcalde, Burgo-master, Mayor, first Selectman or 'Squire—with his two daughters alone. The great man has a secret to impart to them, and begins:

"Or che slam soli, o figlie." (Now we are alone, daughters.)

As he recited these words, and the audience saw the crowd of faces looking out from tree and bush, a laugh began, which increased finally to a roar, as the singers looked in all directions in vain to make out the joke, they being too near the scenery to make out the figures. In the second act Daliso, Delmita's lover, comes upon the stage armed, with the visor of his helmet down, to fight the monster to whom she is to be sacrificed, by the laws of the land. As she affrighted flees, he exclaims: "*Non fuggir, non temer, son' io Daliso*" (Fly not, fear not, I am Daliso), and has at the same moment to raise the visor, and show her his face. But "the fates, the sisters three, and such odd branches of learning," were in a merry mood that evening, and determined that the helmet should not open. So the more Daliso tried to raise the visor, the faster it seemed to hang, and the louder the audience laughed. This was the joke of Act II.

Daliso kills the monster, and the final scene shows Athens in the distance illuminated.

The audience heard one of the singers recite:

"*Vedete como allo splendor di mille faci e mille festeggia Atene.*" (See how with the splendor of thousands and thousands of torches Athens rejoices)—but all was dark. The signal had been given too late to the workmen, and not until the scene was ended and the curtain was descending did Athens blaze out amid the light of the "*mille faci*" and the uproarious laughter of the audience. In short there seems to have been no such lamentable comedy and tragical mirth at Athens, since the days of Quince, Snug and Bottom. Gamera and Salieri's *opera seria* had proved an *opera buffa*, and at the close the composer laughed as heartily as the audience.

The first attempt by Joseph to build up the German stage, and its failure, has been before mentioned; a new attempt under the influence of Sonnenfels, in 1770, had succeeded, and at the period to which we have now arrived, 1776, the Court theatre in Vienna surpassed all others in Germany, in the excellence of its performances of German spoken dramas, as it had at one time surpassed the world in its Italian operas.

Fond as the Emperor was of his *opera buffa*, he now formed the magnanimous project of building up a real German opera. One management after another had broken down; the French company was dismissed; in 1774, Noverre, the ballet master, had to give place to the cheaper Angiolini; the receipts sank, and at the end of 1775, or early in 1776, the two court theatres came upon the hands of the Emperor. Hence, none of those "vested rights," which hinder progress in England in all directions, stood now in Joseph's way. The lower Austrian provincial government gave all the world notice that the Kärnthnerthor Theatre was made free to any foreign troop which would undertake it at its own risk; and by an imperial order of February 17, 1776, the Burg theatre was given up to the Germans, and received the title "Hof und National Theater"—Court and National theatre.

Let a correspondent of the *Leipziger Allg. Mus.-Zeitung* (Vol. xxiv. 253) add what is necessary to an understanding of the theatrical revolution headed by the Emperor of Germany, at the time the lawyer Adams, the printer Franklin, the merchant Hancock, the physician Warren, the farmer Putnam, the planter Washington, the shoemaker Sherman, and their compatriots and fellow lawyers, merchants, &c., were heading, across the water, a revolution of quite another sort.

"Joseph now had the German drama performed four times a week; the prices were fixed at 3 gulden for the first and second boxes; first parterre 1 gulden; 2d parterre 20 Kreuzers; third row 30 Kr. and for the fourth row, 7 Kr. [It is near enough the exact rate if we reckon the gulden at half a dollar, with 60 Kr. to the gulden; the new kreuzers are 100 to the gulden, 48 cents.] At first, the new stage—like every thing which Joseph projected—found much opposition; but the daily presence and active sympathy of the Emperor by degrees filled the house;

the success which was achieved was owing, also, certainly in part, to the fact that all the German pieces were good and generally excellent. The permission to use the Kärnthnerthor house, [which had been recently rebuilt, after taking fire at a performance of Gluck's Ballet *Don Juan*, and burning down,] was, after a failure or two by others, availed of by an Italian opera troop, formed in part of the members of that which had just been dismissed. This troop played at its own risk, was good and diligent, and therefore soon gained the privilege of playing on the off days, also, in the Burg theatre. This company had 7 men and 6 women, solo singers; among the latter Mlle. Cavalieri. In the Kärnthnerthor house, alternately with the Italian opera, Wäser's large troop, from Prussia, tried its powers in the German drama and opera and in ballet; but the company was about equally bad in all three and soon fell to pieces.

"As in every thing else, so also in theatrical matters, it was the favorite idea of Joseph at that time—much as he personally enjoyed the Italian opera, to show himself a German Emperor,—to favor in a special manner everything that was German—to have, as far as it was in any way possible, all in the German language and in German style. [If England could have had English kings after the revolution of 1688, with taste enough to encourage Purcell and his school, what might not have grown up out of the wonderful English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh schools of melody—the most beautiful to my taste in the world!]

"This idea of Joseph's, his wide and varied knowledge, his great and quick activity, and his passion for the theatre and music (for both, it is well known, he possessed uncommon talents, insight and skill) very soon effected much, which in one way and another proved of beneficial influence, and might have been more so, had his will been always so obeyed as it certainly ought to have been. For instance, in 1777, at his command and with his personal assistance, a plan was wrought out for the foundation of a school for the theatre and for the establishment and selection of a dramatic library; and both, soon and to a certain extent, actually put in operation. It was advertised that every poet, who contributed a piece, which could be and really should be acted, should receive the entire proceeds of the third night as his due. Joseph soon after had a formal code of laws for the members of theatrical companies drawn up, which had been utterly wanting hitherto, and to which the Parisian royal theatrical code served as a model.

"Towards the end of the year (1777) the Emperor at last made the experiment of founding an original German Opera, for which the pieces should neither be translations nor adaptations of of the music. He himself chose for the first trial a little work by Umlauf [viola player in the orchestra]—which had but four vocal parts [rôles] and a chorus—called "*Die Bergknappen.*" The entire company [in its present infancy] consisted

but of Mlle. Cavalleri, Madame Stierle, Hr. Ruprecht and Hr. Fuchs—the two men having until now never trod the stage. Umlauf was made music director and Henry Müller, a man of fine taste and tact, manager. Joseph amused himself with the preparations and rehearsals; and the new and modest enterprise—which was at first made a topic of jest and ridicule, and which gave its first public performance on Feb. 17, 1778\*—gained great and soon general applause. Joseph thereupon increased the company with three new solo singers, two men and one woman, and the result was, that during this year thirteen new pieces of greater or less extent were produced and the German opera established."

The "revolution" of course relieved Salieri from most if not all his operatic labors, at least for the time. After the failure of "*Delmita e Dario*," he composed an oratorio, "*La Passione di Gesù Christo*," text by Metastasio, for a Pension Institution of the Vienna Musicians, which gained him great credit with the musically cultivated, and which, the poet once said in presence of the Emperor, was the most expressive music ever set to his poem. The overture was intended by the composer (*ipse dixit*) to express the repentance and despair of Peter, and is one of Salieri's best.

(To be Continued.)

\* In Forkel's *Musikalische-Kritische Bibliothek*, Vol. II. 392, this first performance is thus reported:—

Vienna, February, 1778. Finally on the 17th inst., the first German operetta, *Die Bergkneppen*—so impatiently expected—was produced. It surpassed the expectations of the public. The music and decorations were truly excellent. Mlle. Cavalleri, who formerly sang in the Italian opera buffa there, distinguished herself in singing several difficult and highly ornamented airs, and also by her much improved acting. Madame Stierle also received great applause. After the piece was ended and the curtain down, the audience demanded again the appearance of the performers. Thereupon all four came forward, and Mlle. Cavalleri delivered a very beautiful little speech of thanks to the spectators. His Majesty the Emperor is trying all means to bring these operettas into the mode and has the best subjects sought out. At present, all the solo parts are doubly filled, so that there shall be no interruption caused by the indisposition of this or that singer. Our famous actor, Hr. Müller, has the duty of instructing in action; Hr. Umlauf in singing, &c., &c.

### Concert Etiquette.

One of the tribulations of our life is to go to concerts and endure the ill manners and unmusical demonstrations of the people whom we meet there. A concert for the purely musical is a very rare thing—in fact, we are inclined to doubt if the majority of those who attend any but classical chamber concerts, are musical people at all. Let us look at the various kinds of city concerts given.

First, in all respects, should come those given by the Philharmonic Society, which have become as fashionable as the Italian opera, and probably for the same reason, namely, because the performances are wholly or in a great measure entirely unintelligible to a mixed audience. We mean by this, that most people find it quite as difficult to understand a German symphony as they do an Italian libretto; consequently, the necessity of occupying one's body, the mind being bored and annoyed, becomes apparent. To be sure, such people have no right to appear at concerts, but since their money is as good as any one else's and they do attend, we will see how they behave.

It is not unfrequent for old gentlemen to pull out a newspaper, taking care always to crinkle it during the most pianissimo portions of the music. The dowagers of fashion of course talk scandal or fall into a doze; we will not go quite so far as to say that they add to the music by snoring. At the Brooklyn Philharmonic we have often noticed ladies with their knitting, a custom which, after all, rather pleases our fancy than otherwise, or rather would do so were it not for the distressing

provincial look of the thing. Think of Beethoven or Mendelssohn composing in order to make knitting the less tiresome to old women! Yet so far as these poetic ladies are concerned, it must be a pleasanter place than any other to knit in. Longfellow says in *Hyperion*: "He did not dance, but thought to music." So with these provincial neighbors of ours, knitting to music must be pleasanter than knitting to household noises; besides, we have been assured that this species of knitting is always for the soldiers.

But old gentlemen and old ladies read newspapers, talk scandal, and go to sleep, how do the young people offend? Need any one ask who has attended city concerts? Who was it that first made the suggestion that the name of the Philharmonic Society be changed to "Flirt-Harmonic?"

Flirting is so very extensive an accomplishment and possesses such numerous ramifications in the broad extent of its artistic perfection, that it would take up a great deal too much of our space should a complete analysis of its offences against concert etiquette be attempted here. So we shall content ourselves with merely mentioning a few details of it, as generally practised to our torture at the Philharmonic—or "Philharmonics," as boarding-school young ladies have dubbed these concerts.

These are talking, laughing, fan-gyrating, and lobbying—that is, performing the part of wall flowers staring, etc.,—programme crumpling, and chair-shuffling. We might almost add long-netting, although most people do consider it very good manners to stare people out of countenance with a double-barrelled opera-glass at concerts, forgetful of the fact that theatres and operatic performances are the only proper places for them, and that they do not quicken one's acoustic faculties.

We hold most tenaciously to the opinion that all demeanor of concert-audiences which appears as if they only came there to meet friends or to see their neighbors, lowers the Art reflectively, and plainly gives the performers to understand that they are only the apology for their coming to spend a frivolous hour in the hall, just as they would do at any other lounging-place.

Some people do not seem to know whether to keep their hats on or off at a concert; at least before the beginning of the music. We have frequently seen them on until the gas was turned up, which certainly can hardly be defended by any person who has been accustomed to associate with ladies. Also in leaving the hall, the majority of an ordinary city audience invariably clap their hats on again the instant the music ceases, even before they stand up, and it appears to us that, excepting in Romish and Episcopal churches (where the ceremony of consecration prohibits such a thing,) they would be just as excusable in acting likewise at the conclusion of the benediction.

Regarding applause, perhaps a few words may not now be out of place.

To applaud at a concert is considered vulgar by all the truly refined, yet it is a possible thing in our estimation to do a vulgar thing in a gentlemanly manner. For instance, since a noise of approbation is all that seems to be required, if one carries a rattle, quite a racket can be made by switching the back of a bench or other flat surface, and although some may consider this rather *outré*, we assuredly think it more excusable than the clodhopper habit of stamping the heels and striking one's palms together, thus often annoying the occupant of the next seat with one's elbows, besides getting into a decidedly provincial perspiration from such violent exercise, to say nothing about splitting one's kids, which to bachelors (who don't know how to sew) especially, at the present prices of the gloves, is no small item for consideration.

Then again, regarding the what, when, and whom to applaud, the stupidity and want of tact manifested by some people always provokes us. Surely everybody ought to know that when a great artist gives a concert in his or her own name, it is the grossest affront to such a virtuoso, to endeavor to *encore* the "assistants." Yet what

do we often observe? Some fledgling singer or other frequently is recalled merely through the fondness of the public for a simple popular ditty she may have sung, no matter how badly, as long as it is a favorite. Then when she returns to the stage so self-satisfied, and so complacently appropriating the applause which the audience intended for the composer, it always forces from us a sigh for the stolidity of the public and transparent vanity of many artists.

As an illustration of these remarks, we would ask the metropolitan reader how many times a season he ordinarily hears the "Star Spangled Banner" and the ballad "Kathleen Mavourneen"? We hope our patriotism may not be challenged by the mention of the former. It happened to occur uppermost, that was all; but is it fair for any singer to select that song for the sake of being *encored*, when she or he knows that even the most uneducated of audiences must applaud the words from a sense of duty? Then again, is it not most ludicrous to behold a long courtesying, bowing, smiling, and smirking performance before its repetition, just as if both poet and composer were concentrated in the insignificant person of the third or fourth-rate singer on the stage? Such exhibitions must always disgust the truly refined lover of art, and thus we often find the finest amateurs in music almost never attend concerts.

But we would not have our readers imagine that bad manners at concerts are by any means confined to the listeners. There seems to be no school for artists yet started in this country by which to enlighten them a little on certain points not altogether unworthy of their notice, in order to increase the comfort of their intelligent audiences.

We will take for example some charitable concert at which all the artists are on a supposed equal footing before the public; that is, they all volunteer their services, and no special prominence is given (at least in printing-ink) to any one in particular. Now, in case of *encores* at such a performance, how foolish it is for an artist to respond and reappear on the faintest apology for a recall. Yet they often do; nor is it merely to bow acknowledgments, but oftentimes to sing or play again.

Artists may take it for granted when they are recalled, that nine times out of ten it is done by a few friends, and not by the majority of the audience; therefore, they stand a better chance of favoritism with the public by merely bowing, than they would by repeating their performance, lengthening out the programme and obtaining the ill-will of their fellow-artists.

Then again, when a real earnest, hearty, unanimous *encore* is insisted upon by the audience, it sometimes becomes a nice question to decide what to do. With piano duets or vocal concerted pieces, it usually is the best taste to repeat the last movement alone, while with soloists, either vocal or instrumental, custom has seemed of late to give very respectable sanction to performing an entirely different composition, which we must say is an unsafe plan, however, for three reasons: first, because, if new to the audience, it is not half as likely to fasten their attention as the piece just presented; second, the audience, by the recall, have proven that they admire the first piece, and perhaps they may not be equally pleased with another; and thirdly, an entirely different composition is very apt to be twice as long as the first, and is likely to cause fatigue to the listeners, an injury few can forgive in an artist or a preacher. The worst thing, however, which an artist can do, we apprehend, is to sing or play the entire cavatina or fantasia over again from the very beginning, or if it be a ballad, to repeat every blessed verse, let there be four or five of them. We have witnessed such distressing instances of ill-breeding over and over again, and it has always seemed a wonder how any musician could possibly possess so little consideration for their fellow-beings.

It is quite beyond the limits allotted to us to speak of all the detailed annoyances inflicted upon the public at concerts, such as blunderbuss-accompanists, and those who feel so much above their duties as to constantly make pitiful attempts

at *obligato* embellishments in the worst possible taste, singers who are too lazy to commit their parts to memory and who bring the music on to the stage—which always suggests an actor doing likewise—violinists who seem to consider the flourish of the fiddle-bow of much more importance than the correct intonation of the semitones, double-stoppings, etc., etc., but “*verbum sat sapienti*,” and we dismiss the subject, with a devout hope for improvement in some of the above particulars, ere long, in those entertainments professing to be first-class metropolitan concerts.—*New Nation*.

### Musical Festival in Philadelphia.

MR. FRY'S NEW OPERA, "NOTRE DAME OF PARIS."  
From the Tribune's Special Correspondent.

PHILADELPHIA, May 5, 1864.

The musical festival in aid of the Sanitary Commission was on Wednesday evening inaugurated by the production of Mr. William H. Fry's new opera, "Notre Dame of Paris." It is a remarkable fact that the greatest public interest and expectation in regard to this event were exhibited not here in Philadelphia, but in other and distant cities. In New York and elsewhere it had for many days been a prominent popular topic, the importance of which was recognized by the most generous announcements that journalism could bestow. The occasion was more-over distinguished by the special pilgrimage hither of numerous representatives of metropolitan art and literature—a circumstance by no means insignificant, when the physical and spiritual agonies of a railway passage through New Jersey are considered. Why Philadelphia should have remained comparatively indifferent to an event of such peculiar import to itself, it is difficult to understand. Twenty years ago, when the first of American operas, by the same author, was produced at the Chestnut-street Theatre, there was no limit to the eagerness with which its performances were welcomed, and the brilliant success of the young composer was met by the proud congratulations of the entire community. Does the new generation account itself superior to the consideration of musical advancement and development? It was certainly a serious disappointment for visitors to discover so little domestic concern upon a matter which everywhere else was held in high anticipation. The fact probably is that Philadelphians are not generally aware of the artistic importance which belongs to the production of a work like "Notre Dame of Paris." Operas requiring equal magnitude of preparation are rarely attempted, even in Europe. Excepting Meyerbeer, no composer of the present day has power to procure the execution of similar works. The ordinary resources of the best foreign theatres would be inadequate to its representation, according to the composer's intentions. And this, I have cause to believe, is the principal reason why "Notre Dame" has not before now been produced in London or in Paris. Miss Adeline Patti, I know, was ready to undertake the principal role. Mr. Strakosch urged its acceptance by the managers of opera-houses in London, Paris, and Madrid. But when the exhausting conditions of its proper representation were understood, these gentlemen were unwilling to consider the subject further. The inevitable pro-pert of heavy expenses destroyed its chances. I remember, indeed, that Mr. Bagier of the "Italians" went so far as to say that if Rossini himself were to write a new opera, involving large outlays for scenic, orchestral and choral preparation, he would not venture to produce it. Excepting at the Imperial Academy, there could have been no opportunity for an opera like this of Mr. Fry; and the doors of the Academy are double-locked and barricaded against all composers whose universal fame does not guaranty the sure success of their works.

That "Notre Dame" should, then, be undertaken in an American city, and undertaken in a spirit of liberal enterprise wholly consistent with its vast requirements, is a circumstance which ought to have engaged the utmost public attention and the heartiest public support. I even set aside consideration of the patriotic purpose of its performance, and of the personal claim which the composer may be supposed to have upon the citizens of Philadelphia. The production of the opera was, of itself, an event worthy to be celebrated. For the first time in America, an orchestra equal in numbers to the most massive of European opera-houses contributed its effect. [The orchestra of the Imperial Academy is not larger, and that of Covent Garden not so large]. The chorus was unquestionably superior to the average of the best foreign theatres. The *mise-en-scène* would not have been surpassed in Paris or Berlin. These are

very striking facts. On the other hand, there were certain defects, such as would not be likely to occur abroad, but these were of minor importance, and due to the hurried condition of the first performance. The general character of the preparations was certainly unprecedented in America. Mr. Ullman's best achievements have not approached it. And it will probably be many years before another lyric production will be adventured on so magnificent a scale.

The representation on Wednesday evening at the Academy of Music was witnessed by a large, though not an overflowing audience. The success of the opera was complete. I shall not assume to speak analytically of its qualities for many reasons—chiefly because I should feel ill at ease in offering critical views upon the work of a composer who has himself created [!!] American musical criticism in the very columns in which I am writing. Applause was constant, and the call for Mr. Fry, after the fall of the curtain, was enthusiastic and unanimous. The performance presented many valuable characteristics. I have mentioned the amplitude of the orchestra and chorus. Their execution, under the excellent direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas, was almost free from blemish. The natural irregularities of a first night were the worst faults. The different roles were conscientiously interpreted by Mrs. Borchard, Mrs. Kempton, Mr. Castle, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Seguin. [Mr. Seguin's father was one of the principal artists concerned in the production of Mr. Fry's "Leonora" in Philadelphia, some twenty years ago.] The exquisite scenic effects, the wealth of stage decoration and the vivid costumes of the multitude that represented alternately soldiers, courtiers, and peasants, lightened throughout the impressiveness of the representation.

Mr. Fry's musical reputation will be greatly augmented by this work. Many of its attributes are of an order which the most famous composers are glad to be credited with. The instrumentation is rich and sonorous to a degree which few have surpassed. The operas of Bellini and Donizetti do not generally show such closely studied orchestral writing. It is replete with resonant choral effects, and in the construction of the concerted pieces imagination and skill are alike demonstrated. No one could deny that "Notre Dame" stands well in all these respects beside the acknowledged works of modern writers of repute. And it is impossible not to deeply regret that Mr. Fry's opportunities for public testing of his capabilities have been so limited. The stride from his "Leonora" to his "Notre Dame" is prodigious. In another country, where all men's hands and hearts are not against the progress of art, that stride might have been made a score of years ago; and we need have very little hesitation in believing that Mr. Fry's name would now be an honored one far and near, wherever the art he has studied, and loved, and protected is held in esteem.

E. H. H.

### Gounod's New Opera.

A stranger experience is not on our record than that of Monday last, when "Mireille" was performed for the fourth time; not one more difficult to convey to the public without exaggeration. The impression may be briefly stated as under: two acts of perfect enjoyment, then one of wondering disapprobation, and, afterwards, two of admiration, with large exceptions. Let us enter into details which will explain what has been said, and explain, too, what we distinctly state that this chequered pleasure in M. Gounod's new work does not, in the smallest possible degree, shake our opinion of him as a composer.

It may be remembered that, in the New Year's number of this journal, an outline was offered of M. Mistral's lovely Provençal poem, indicating not merely the treasure of simple and impassioned tenderness casketed in it, but also the vivid and truthful coloring of its scenery. How such a clever man as M. Carre could have missed both, in some most important passages, in arranging the tale, retaining the whole certain passages and features ineligible for stage presentation,—how a man of poetic genius like M. Gounod could have consented (under the seduction of indiscriminating admiration of the poem) to work on the canons thus furnished,—are among the vexatious mysteries of the musical drama—vexatious, because the story ever so simply beautiful, and the composer ever so thoroughly imbued with its beauty, his inspiration must fail when the scene does not warrant it; his feet instinctively refuse to bear him over the bridge when its planks are rotten.

"Mireille" opens with a pastoral overture, well sustained, and wrought up to an excellent climax. The first act is among the mulberry-trees of Provence, where the girls are gathering leaves for the

silk-worms. A more delicious and fresh chorus for female voices (not forgetting that in Beethoven's "King Stephen") does not exist. The burden is irresistible, and the entrance of *Taven*, the wise woman (Madame Faure-Lefebvre), and of *Mireille* (Madame Miolan-Carvalho) among the girls who are talking of their lovers, could not be better devised. Exquisite, too, is the duet between the heroine, daughter of a rich farmer, *Ramon* (M. Petit), and the poor basket maker, *Vincent* (M. Morini), on whom she has bestowed her love, to the great scorn of her ambitious companions. One phrase alone, "O c' Vincent, comme il saut gentiment tout dire," would suffice to stamp its writer as a man of delicate and individual genius, were there not hundreds of the kind from his hand. The act—or rather call it prelude—closes with a resumption of the first chorus dying away behind the scenes.

Act the Second opens with a *Farandole* (or Provençal dance) and chorus, including a two part ballad, with chorus, sung by *Mireille* and *Vincent*. Here, again, M. Gounod is in his happiest vein. The dance has a rustic brilliancy and animation; the ballad telling how a certain Magali treated her lovers, a characteristic and quaint tenderness not to be surpassed. Their value, whether in point of musical fancy or local coloring will be felt, if they be compared with the best pages of Halévy's "Val d'Andorre" or M. Meyerbeer's "Pardon." Music fuller of open-air sunshine was never written. The ballad of Magali is peculiar as an example of rhythm, written in bars of 9 8 and 6 8 *tempo* alternately, yet without any apparent halt or dislocation. Next comes a song for *Taven*, which is no less excellent; then an air of parade for *Mireille*, which, effective though it be, we like the least of anything in the act. Being out of place, its writer has fallen out of style, and written the usual opera *caratina*. Now enters *Ouvrias*, the brutal bull-fighter (M. Ismael), and woos the reluctant *Mireille* in a sufficiently rough song. When, after her lively indifference, her explicit avowal makes it clear to him that she will have none of his vows, her heart having been already given away, he calls in *Ramon*, her father, to maintain his cause, and simultaneously appear *Vincent*, *Vincentette*, his sister (Madame Reboux), and *Ambroise* (M. Wartel), his father, the basket-maker, who comes to ask the hand of *Mireille* for her lover. The former is outraged at such presumption, and, deaf to *Mireille's* prayers and appeal to the memory of her dead mother, drives her from him, to seek, if it so please her, beggary and disgrace. This is the stuff of the *finale*, which is conducted with admirable vigour and character. Nothing can be at once more truly pathetic and forcible than the sestet led by *Mireille*, "*A vos pieds, hélas! me voila*," opening with one of those clear and distinguished phrases of which M. Gounod possesses the secret. The *stretto*, with chorus, which closes the act is more according to the ordinary pattern.

Up to this point the music of "Mireille" sustains at least the reputation of the writer of "Faust," if it do not add to it, by exhibiting him as a perfect master of scenic color. The sun of the South of France, we repeat, is in it. With Act the Third—or the Fantastic Act—we arrive at the rotten bridge spoken of. This no magic could enable our musician to cross. It opens with a weird and elvish scene, where M. Gounod has fallen into a remembrance of, or coincidence with Mendelssohn's well-known *presto scherzando* in F sharp minor. This is followed by a chorus of the sympathizing friends of the rejected *Ouvrias*, and this by a duet betwixt the bull-fighter and his successful rival, not without passages of vigor. For a reason to be given presently, this, the best number in the act, was omitted in the first representations; thus leaving the audience in doubt as to the reason of the remorse of *Ouvrias* when he returns to the stage, after having, he believes, killed his man. Then *Taven*, the wise woman, reappears, who is to restore *Vincent* to life; but it would seem as if here again stage difficulty presented itself; since this incident, too, has been removed, thereby rendering subsequent scenes all but impossible to understand. We are now beside the Rhone, with its phantoms of drowned lovers wandering in the moon-light, searing the conscious-stricken *Ouvrias*, who attempts to cross the river in a supernatural boat, which always sinks when there is a murderer on board, and is drowned accordingly. Nothing can be more picturesque and weird than this scene in M. Mistral's poem—few things can be more wearisome and preposterous than as it is seen and heard in the opera. For spectres (always dangerous *dramatis personæ*) we have *Ondines*; and in the music, M. Gounod's sense of the supernatural, so awfully displayed in his "Nonne Sanglante," is here exchanged for that which is far-fetched and sickly; which tires in place of exciting the slightest thrill of terror. As this act stands, it dooms "Mireille."

Act the Fourth is better as a whole. It opens with a stout, if not a very new, chorus of reapers, followed by the duet betwixt *Mireille* and her lover's sister, in which the latter acquaints *Mireille* with *Vincent's* peril, and the heroine declares that she will repair to the shrine of the Three Maries to pray for his deliverance. This is done in another of those sublime phrases which mark their writer as a man of elevated genius beyond caviller's power to question. The scene changes to the burning wilderness of the Crau; across which the pilgrim of love must pass, stricken down in her passage by a sunstroke. This, again, as originally arranged for the stage, is tedious. It contains, however, a lovely herd-boy's song, with a pastoral symphony, and a good romance for the heroine ere she wends on her weary way.

The last act is before the chapel of the Three Maries, at which she arrives to die in the arms of her lover, who has followed her (and whose living re-appearance is so inexplicable as to be all but absurd), and of her father who has forgiven her, and consents when too late to save her. Here we have religious procession, march and chorus, with the true French color in it, a scene for the tenor, omitted in representation, and a final trial and apotheosis, than which those closing "Fanst" were better because the first.

Such is "*Mireille*," and the above remarks give one reason for conceiving that unless the last three acts be remodelled, with large suppression (as in the fantastic scene), condensation, and it may be the introduction of new action and incident, to make the story clearer, the opera may fail to keep the stage, in spite of many beauties which have been specified, in spite of M. Gounod having shown in it advance, if that could be, in his treatment of the orchestra. It is worth every one's while to see that this is thoroughly and unflinchingly done. It would be vexatious; indeed, for the sake of all concerned, were so much genius, labor, time, and cost to prove thrown away.

The performance of "*Mireille*" is excellent, with one important drawback, the part of the lover. Tenors are difficult folks to handle, all the world over. There are those who compromise operas by the exactions and caprices of their vanity—there are those who are yet more seriously damaging, by their utter incompetence. The *Vincent* of the Théâtre Lyrique belongs to the latter company. The other artists already named are all thoroughly sufficient—save Madame Miolan Carvalho, who deserves another epithet. To praise her too highly would be impossible. Her voice, on Monday in perfect tune, was equal to every demand made by the poet for power, pathos, and passion—her execution is as finished and boundless as ever—her accent is such as has not been heard since Madame Persiani left the stage—her declamation is as fine and delicate as if she were a comedian who had better words than opera platitudes to deliver. But even such consummate art and feeling as hers may fail to save "*Mireille*," unless a thorough reform and compression of three fifths of the opera be undertaken and carried out.—*Paris letter, March 28.*

From the Evening Post.

### Organists and Singers in New York.

THE LATEST CHOIR GOSSIP. THE CHANGES FOR MAY.

Every spring season sees a number of changes in the musical department of our different churches: and organists and singers, in contradistinction to leopards, change their spots very often—for, as the venerable joke of the negro minstrels hath it, they leave one spot and go to another.

This year, however, the changes are more numerous among singers than among organists; the leading players remain in their old situations. Thus, our stylish friends of Grace Church will still listen to the splendid pedal playing of George W. Morgan, the soprano of Mrs. Bodstein, and the graceful and polished salutations of the courtly and suave Brown. Trinity Church will still, though with some changes in the *personnel*, under the direction of Henry S. Cutler, emulate successfully the cathedral music of England, while the choir will be enriched by some fresh boy and men voices; and while speaking of Trinity, it may be worth while to state that the entire choir of this church intend soon making a trip to Reading, Pennsylvania, where a new organ is to be opened, and where Rev. Dr. Vinton is to do his part by preaching a sermon upon music.

At St. John's Chapel, where George F. Bristow has been organist of late, there is talk of introducing the system of boy choirs. [At St. Paul's, where there is a good double quartet, there will be no change,

Mr. Michael Erben continuing to have charge of the music. At St. George's, Stuyvesant Square (Rev. Dr. Tyng's), the system of a double quartet for antiphonal chanting (with a chorus), having been tried experimentally for the past few months, will hereafter be permanently adopted, and it is intended that the music shall adhere to the strict ecclesiastical style.

At St. Mark's, where J. N. Pattison, the pianist, is organist, the system of a single quartet, so generally popular, will be maintained, and the music will continue, as hitherto, to elicit the admiration of strangers and others visiting the church.

At Dr. Chapin's church, on Broadway, the old system of congregational singing, so long in vogue there under the skilful precentorship of Mr. Henry Molten and other, will be abandoned, the quartet and organist previously officiating at St. Ann's in Eighteenth street, having been engaged for the Broadway church. At St. Ann's it is intended to give congregational singing, to be led by a choir of boys under the superintendence of Mr. Martin, so indentified with the Sunday school of the church. The deaf-mutes who form the afternoon congregation at St. Ann's are serenely indifferent to all musical changes, acting in their ordinary social life on the principle that fingers were made before tongues, if not before forks.

Nor should this St. Ann's, Protestant Episcopal in Eighteenth street, be confused with St. Ann's Roman Catholic, in Eighth street and Astor Place.

For the latter church Errani, the accomplished Italian tenor, is engaged.

At the Church of St. Francis Xavier Mr. William Berge will continue to give the best music of the kind in the city, with Mrs. Cooper as *prima donna*.

The music at the Twenty-eighth Street Roman Catholic Church (Rev. Dr. Cummings), will pass under the direction of Robert Heller, the magician, who has been appointed organist to the church.

In the meantime Mr. Morra, the late organist of St. Stephens, has gone to Zion Church (Bishop Southgate's), with Centemeri as basso, or rather baritone. This importation of an Italian and Roman Catholic element into a Protestant Episcopal church, as well as the very large salaries to be paid, is exciting considerable comment in choir circles; and it is expected that Zion Church will have about as "stylish" music as any in the city.

At Dr. Adams's church, in Madison avenue, Mrs. Jenny Kempton has been added to the already accomplished force, and we believe at the largest salary yet paid to any *contralto* in any New York choir.

At Dr. Osgood's church, the choir, which has been for the past year giving this church a first-class musical reputation, will be retained, and thus Miss Flint, Miss Rushby, Mr. Geary and Mr. J. R. Thomas will continue, with the skilful organist and graceful composer Mr. Hows, to delight both the regular congregation and strangers who may visit the Church of the Messiah.

At Dr. Bellows's church (All Souls) one star sets to be replaced by another. Henry C. Timm, the previous organist, has resigned, and William A. King (from Dr. Houghton's church of the Transfiguration) has been engaged in his place, as we are informed, at the highest salary paid to any organist in the city.

At Christ Church, the entire choir, including the accomplished *prima donna* Isadora Clark, has left, Miss Sconcia taking the place of the leading soprano. Charles Wells is retained as organist, and a contract has been made with Erben for a large first-class organ, worthy of this prosperous church and congregation. The present instrument is suitable for a mission school in Dakota territory rather than for a rich city church.

A new choir has been formed at Dr. Montgomery's Church of the Incarnation, Mr. William Beames remaining as organist. The new choir includes some voices of unusual merit. At St. Bartholomew's Miss Brainerd remains as leading soprano, and Clara W. Beames as organist.

At the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, where there has been heard a great deal of good music, the choir has experienced some changes in its *personnel*, but will remain under the charge of Mr. S. T. Gordon the organist.

At the Broadway (and Thirty-fourth street) Tabernacle Church, Mrs. Jamison has been appointed leading soprano in place of Mrs. Stone, who has resigned the position after holding it most satisfactorily for several years. The loss of the late Mr. Seymour is still felt in this church, and in the scarcity of good tenor voices he is doubly missed.

#### A WORD ABOUT BROOKLYN.

Brooklyn is responsible for many of the changes in our choirs; for it is a peculiarity of this suburban town, that it ever entertains an irrepressible yearning for singers who live in the up-town wards of New

York city. It engages them at heavy salaries, and seems to especially delight in those who reside in the vicinity of Fortieth street. This is good for the Sixth and Eighth avenue railroad lines, as well as for the Union Ferry company.

Brooklyn is, indeed, the El Dorado of New York vocalists, who always demand and get about twenty-five per cent. added to their salaries, because they have to come "away from New York;" and having secured this, they frequently move over to Brooklyn, thus involving the Sixth and Eighth avenue railroad and the Union Ferry Companies in heavy losses by the withdrawal of their patronage.

#### HUNTING A SITUATION.

It is curious to note the telegraphic sympathy by which choir folks become informed of choir changes. Let the music committee of any prominent up-town church decide to change the singers, and the news is mysteriously conveyed through the whole fraternity. Latent talent suddenly arises from Jersey City; unknown *prima donnas* take the first morning boat from Staten Island, while every ward of the city gives its quota of aspiring sopranos, altos, basses or tenors. Brooklyn also comes out strong on these occasions; for it is a singular fact that, while Brooklyn yearns ever for singers in New York, it does not care a fig for those reposing in its own bosom; and consequently there is an international vocal exchange constantly going on between the two cities.

All these singers pounce upon the music Committee or Chairman, who has the disposal of the vacant situation. They visit him at his office, they invade the sanctity of his home, they spot him on his way to the reception of the "droppings of the sanctuary," and apply for the situation.

The application results in a "trial," which is a very distressing thing for all concerned. A dozen sopranos of all styles and abilities are "tried," one after the other, each of the eleven, who are not singing, bitterly criticizing the one who is. The successful candidate has thenceforth eleven "friends" who ever after detest her style and voice, and who attribute her success to a mysterious power behind the throne, which is termed by choir folk "influence in the church."

#### CONGREGATIONAL APPRECIATION.

The singers, unless of such undeniable merit and reputation as to demand instant recognition, generally have to go through a great deal that is unpleasant to secure a situation, and when they get it, they fully earn their salaries. They are expected, even when paid but a hundred dollars a year, to be punctual at all the Sunday services, and at the weekly rehearsal. They are bitterly criticized by the entire congregation, and may sing in a church year after year without forming a single acquaintance, or receiving even one passing courtesy from those whom they lead Sunday after Sunday in so important a part of Divine service. When they get the bronchitis or asthma they are civilly dismissed; nor do the annals of choirs record a single instance where a congregation, however rich, has offered an organist or singer a "trip to Europe," or even to Saratoga or Long Branch. These perquisites are the prerogatives of the clergy alone, along with new silk gowns. We venture to say, however, that a new silk gown is generally vastly more needed by the singer in the choir than by the minister in the pulpit; but then the lady, by devoting only half a year's salary to the purpose, can buy a gown for herself.

#### HOW THE CLERGY ACT.

The establishment of a "College of Organists" in London, by the way—we may mention, while gossiping of organs and organists—has given the London *Musical World* an opportunity to launch out an invective against the clergy, which shows a delightful state of mutual admiration existing between the pulpit and the organ-loft; but, of course, it can be only of English Churches that the London paper thus speaks:

"The clergy being for some inscrutable reason for the most part a distinctly unmusical race, they are not likely to pay much homage to abstract professional merit. Being also for the most part of all men the most conservative of caste distinctions, they need not be expected to concede an atom of social position that cannot be enforced. Thus prepared, they come in contact with a class of men called organists, who—while much and varied accomplishment is required of them, and while they are entrusted with a duty which they may, according to the light of their culture, make into either a solemnity or a farce—are, under the ordinary rules of church management, treated with not a jot more ceremony than the beadles, pew-openers and the like. The result of the introduction, under such circumstances, cannot well be doubtful. A crop of dissension is sown betwixt the representatives of music and theology, of which



nothing save a rare combination of qualities on both sides can avert the fruit. The organist thinks—and often justly—that, for one that could be found to do all that he does at his end of the church, fifty might easily pass muster at the other. The parson does not trouble himself to think about the matter. He is quite content with his clerical supremacy; and is only surprised that any one else should deem it worth while to have an opinion."

#### HOW THE SINGERS ACT.

At the same time, it must be said that if organists and choir singers are not always respected, it is too often their own fault. In their view, too frequently, a clergyman is useful as keeping open a church for them to sing in; but he is, perhaps, a little unreasonable in insisting on preaching a sermon, for which the choir would prefer to substitute an anthem. The prayers of the church, however solemn, are intermissions in which to look over tune-books and talk gossip. And as to irreverence—if not irreligion—it nestles securely behind the curtains of the organ-loft, in a way that few in the body of the church are aware of. We now refer to American, and not to English choirs—though it is about the same there.

#### DEMAND FOR TENORS.

To change the subject, we would remark that the demand for tenors this season is very great, as that article is scarce, and their salaries vie with first-class sopranos. There are always plenty of basses; and contralto voices seem, of late, to be increasing in number and improving in quality.

#### THE CHOIR INTERESTS.

Lest the unmusical reader should suppose that all this talk about choirs can interest but a limited number of people, let him or her just remember that there are some four hundred churches in New York and Brooklyn; that allowing but four singers and an organist to each, there are two thousand performers to begin with; that each performer has on an average three relatives with whom the choir affairs are discussed over the breakfast table, and we have six thousand folks interested in the subject. Ministers, music committees and those church-goers who pay attention to the subject of church music make, with all previously alluded to, at least ten thousand; so it will be seen that the choir interests of New York are large enough. As to art, we can unhesitatingly say that our church choirs embody a vast proportion of the vocal talent existing among us; and not till that talent shall be organized into some successful combination, will the general public have any idea of the number of good singers and good voices in New York and Brooklyn.

#### Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.

It commences with one of those effects of instrumentation of which Beethoven is incontestably the creator; the full orchestra strikes a strong and sharp chord, leaving suspended, during the silence that succeeds, a single hautboy that has entered, unperceived, in the preceding crash, and which goes on to develop a sustained melody. It is impossible to conceive a commencement more original. Repetitions of the sharp chords ensue, again and again; after each of which the *legato* theme grows, by added parts, till it attains a full harmony, when it gives place to a new feature, namely: a series of *staccato* scale passages, for the stringed band, accompanied or interspersed with fragments of the melody first heard.

The Allegro has a rhythm strongly marked, which, passing afterwards into the harmony, is reproduced under a multitude of aspects, scarcely ceasing its measured march until the end—a determined employment of rhythmical form which has never been attempted on such an extensive scale elsewhere; although in minor pieces—as, for example, in Schubert's songs—the idea frequently appears. This *allegro*, of which the extensive developments run constantly upon the same idea, is treated with such incredible skill—the changes of key are so frequent and so ingenious—the harmonic and other technical features so novel and often so bold—that the movement finishes before the attention and lively emotion which it excites in the audience have all abated.

The symphony is peculiarly celebrated for its *Andante*. The principal cause of the profound sensations excited by this extraordinary movement, lies also in the rhythm—a rhythm as simple as that of the *Allegro*, but of a form perfectly different. It consists merely of a dactyl followed by a spondee, and repeated incessantly; sometimes in several parts, sometimes in one only; sometimes serving as an accompaniment, sometimes concentrating the attention on itself, and sometimes forming the subject of a fugue. It appears first, after two bars of sustained harmony, on the low strings of the viola, violoncellos, and double basses, nuanced by a *piano* and *pianissimo*, full of melancholy; thence it passes to the second violins, while

the violoncellos and violas sing a pathetic lamentation of an inexpressibly touching character. The rhythmic phrase, ascending continually from one octave to another, arrives at the first violins, which pass it by a *crescendo*, to the full force of the wind instruments of the orchestra, while the plaintive theme still accompanying it, but now given out with extreme energy, assumes the character of a convulsive, heart-rending wail. To this succeeds an ethereal melody, pure, simple, sweet and resigned.

The basses alone continue their inexorable rhythm under this melodious bow in the clouds; it is, to borrow a citation from the poet,

"One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws  
Its black shade alike o'er our joys and our woes."

It is not improbable that this wonderful pathetic movement may have been intended by Beethoven to portray his own feelings under the terrible calamity that afflicted him; the only part of this symphony that its unfortunate composer ever heard was the roll of the drums.

The trio is one of the most remarkable and original morceaux which ever proceeded from Beethoven's pen. At the close of the *Scherzo*, on a unison passage, an A, occurring quite naturally, and without any appearance of design, is suddenly held by the whole band; transfixed, congealed, as it were, like the sleeping beauty; and is retained through the whole of the following movement. After four bars of the single note, a lovely melody creeps in, the time being considerably slackened to give the change more effect; this is repeated with a slight reinforcement, after which a second part is introduced leading to a repetition of the first part *fortissimo*. Meanwhile the other parts make a *crescendo* by a series of bold chords, and the original melody bursts out with the full band—the never-ceasing A being now thrown with startling effect upon the trumpets and drums. This extraordinary feature never fails to command the astonishment and delight of the audience. The theme of the trio, simple as it is, furnishes the striking example of a melody whose character may be entirely changed by the manner in which it is taken. When first played, smoothly and softly, it is sweet, beautiful, pastoral; when repeated by the full orchestra, it is grand, majestic, sublime.

The finale is not less rich than the preceding movements in novel features, in piquant modulations or in charming fancies. The commencement, a sharp chord, struck by the strings, answered instantaneously by the wind instruments, and followed by a dead pause, appears to be designed to call attention to the unusual form of the principal subject, commencing on the same chord. The rhythm here again is peculiar, consisting of an accentuation of the second beat of the bar, so frequently as to form the rule, instead of, as commonly, the exception. The greatest marvel is the *coda*. After the first or preliminary cadence, a few chords prepare the way for a most elaborate working of the first phrase of the theme, repeated many times and accompanied by combinations of the most striking originality. All the while the violins keep up an increasing reiteration of the subject in various keys, accompanied in corresponding harmonies by the wind band, and gradually rising *semper più forte* on the grand pedal point. Half way through this point, the violins throw off impatiently the trammels of the figure that had so long bound them, and burst off into a series of the most brilliant passages; the basses still keep steadily for some time to their E, but at last can no longer resist sharing in the jubiles of the rest of the orchestra; and the whole comes to a conclusion with an overpowering *crescendo*—an ending worthy of such a masterpiece of genius, imagination, feeling and technical skill.

### Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 14, 1864.

#### German Opera.

During the past fortnight we have had here what we had almost despaired of having for some years to come, a really good German Opera. Indeed the whole experience of Boston hitherto in German Opera has been limited to a single performance, we might call it a travesty, about seven years ago, of *Fidelio*, by a trumped up company that ran on here from New York, and did the thing so badly that the Italian fanatics were only strengthened in their partiality, and

could not perceive that Beethoven's music was half so good as Verdi's. Italian Opera, and no other, has been fashionable in all our cities, and it has not been common to believe in German singers, or that there can be any first-rate voices, any true, high art of singing, but the Italian, (or the Italianized-American), notwithstanding the fact, so pointedly set forth in manager Grover's announcement last week, that most of the Italian companies of late, both here and in France and England, have depended almost entirely upon Germans for their orchestra and chorus, while the names of many of their best principal singers, their "stars," have been German, with or without Italian terminations. But these have been chiefly engaged in executing the Italian music, or at least the Italian repertoire, which takes in Meyerbeer, Flotow, and such other German and French composers as have come half way to meet it, paying also a certain deference to Mozart. So, on the other hand, the German repertoire, still more cosmopolitan, as becomes the nation that knows Shakespeare so well, has adopted works of Cherubini, Boieldieu, Rossini, &c., looking more to art and genius than to mere nationality, though strong in that.

All our opera troupes and seasons, therefore, in spite of German elements in the performance, and in spite of Mozart, Meyerbeer and Gounod (what a conjunction of names!), have been Italian. A real German opera with German means, illustrating the German repertoire, we have not had an opportunity to know,—at least in Boston. We have heard of it, perchance have come upon it, some of us, in visits to New York and Philadelphia, these last years, as a sort of flitting nebular phenomenon, having but a half existence, only realized and relished within the Teutonic cloud realm of Gambrinus, attracting now and then a little notice in the Academies or minor theatres, decidedly not fashionable, no godsend to the importers of white kids. The amount of it is, that until now the German opera troupes in this country have been poor and fragmentary attempts, with some good elements, but by no means furnished for a fair presentation of the master works of Mozart, Beethoven and Weber. It is due to the enterprising spirit of CARL ANSCHÜTZ, that so complete a company was organized last Fall, and due to his thorough musicianship, his mastery as a conductor, that a most refreshing degree of unity, animation and artistic feeling has been realized in their performances. He found it uphill work, however, through the winter. In Philadelphia there was more recognition than in New York; but generally the newspaper criticisms, which for the most part are reflexes of the fashions and "sensations" of the day in all matters of art and taste, praised very cautiously, and relapsed into convenient silence. What does not pay the manager, it does not pay to write about, seems to be tacitly adopted as the theory of newspaperdom. Then again, so fond are newspapers of praising everything in a certain perfunctory way, and so apt to praise most that which is least in Art, that earnest music-lovers here were habitually sceptical about what they read, as we are about the sensation bulletins of war news. We waited till we might hear with our own ears. And our hopes have been repeatedly raised during the winter, only to be disappointed, by the report that Anschütz was to bring his company to the Boston Theatre. Meanwhile we have gained

by the postponements. Within a few months Mr. Anschütz has added to his force several new singers from Germany, some of his brightest stars, such as Mme. Frederici-Himmer, the two admirable tenors, Habelmann and Himmer, and other names, which certainly are not the ones we used to read of in the New York papers early in the winter. Moreover, reaping no material harvest at all commensurate with so satisfactory an artistic result, and finding it too much for one man to be both musical and business head of such an enterprise, it was his good luck to meet in Mr. GROVER, the proprietor of theatres in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, a manager with insight to perceive the value and the capabilities of the thing, a man with means and will to assume the responsibility of it and place it once for all upon a sound material basis. Under his auspices the German Opera, thus set upon its feet again, has for some weeks past been triumphantly successful both in Philadelphia and Washington, almost eclipsing the Italian rival, and promising at all events to put an end to its monopoly from this time forth.

Boston may be quite as subject to "sensations" and the rule of fashion as the larger cities, and quite as strongly wedded to Italian Opera, if we judge by crowded houses; but Boston has a name for its love and cultivation of classical and German music, which naturally turns a German Opera this way. This reputation is not altogether unfounded, inasmuch as we have a large class among our music-lovers whom the frequent hearing of Beethoven's symphonies, Handel's and Mendelssohn's oratorios, &c., has educated into a very warm and tolerably appreciative admiration and continued demand for music of that deeply satisfying order; and it is true, to a great degree, of our city that here the intellectual and moral element, the highest taste and culture, are not only proudly recognized, but do in the long run compel the deference of fashion; nothing can long be fashionable which leaves them out. The opinion of this minority is always worth conciliating; it carries weight and sanction through the land. Mr. Grover, therefore, could well afford to risk the loss of a few thousands simply to make his Opera known in Boston, to show us what it is, and to have it, if not patronized by crowds, at least so pronounced upon as he had intelligent conviction that it must be. Hence this sudden appearance at this late hour in the season, with so much to distract men's minds; hence this quiet resting of the thing upon its unheralded artistic excellence, content for a time with winning the recognition of a few who know good music and good acting when they see and hear it.

All this we should have said in anticipation of their coming, if they had not come upon us by surprise. With only two or three days notice Anschütz and his company were with us. The first real advertisement was the manner in which they performed Flotow's *Martha* on Monday evening, May 4th, before an audience which made up by its musical intelligence and by its enthusiasm for its exceeding paucity of numbers. It was felt by all present that that single hearing by those few had established the right of the German company to succeed in Boston. A little more time to talk it about, to allow people to shape their engagements, and a few more performances and they must win the day. And so it went on with increase of interest and of audience from night to

night. The season was to be very brief, positively only a fortnight, with a different opera every evening, and no repetitions. We were to be impressed indeed, not only with the unity, the versatility, the excellence of their performance, but with the extent, variety and richness of their repertoire both in things familiar and things new to us. Here was the programme: for the first week, *Martha*, *La Dame Blanche*, *Faust*, *Der Freyschütz*, *Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Alessandro Stradella*; second week, *Don Juan* and *Fidelio*, sure, and perhaps the *Zauberflöte*, *Tannhäuser*, *Robert* and *Das Nachtlager in Grenada*. The first half has been carried out to the letter.

Now *Martha* was not just the opera we should have chosen for the opening night. For these reasons. It has become almost too familiar, almost hacknied; every Italian company has played it, and shall not this short first taste of German opera consist of things we do not get from everybody else? Then *Martha* is not distinctively a German opera, although a German wrote it; many a German writes Italian music; this is as much Italian and French as it is German; in no sense is it a representative German work, like *Fidelio* and the operas of Mozart and of Weber. Thirdly, it is not a great work, not even a second or third rate work, not a work of genius; it is only clever, graceful, pretty, lively, popular, &c. We confess we have seldom been able to sit through the whole of *Martha*; after the two sparkling first acts, after the fun is mainly over, and the lover is in his limes, and the sentimental "Last rose of summer" business begins, we have found it something stale and tedious. The more the triumph, therefore, of these Germans, that we did sit it out that evening, and were so carried away, all of us, by the uncommon vivacity and genial excellence of the whole performance, that we did so in spite of ourselves most willingly. All agreed that *Martha* never was so well performed in Boston; and as the object was to strike a positive blow at the outset and show what this company was, we became convinced that they had made the right selection; only let us hope that it will not be all or mainly of this kind, that the study of popularity will not balk us of our desire of hearing in this country the true, the highest German opera, the great works which may rank with *Don Giovanni*, that higher German opera which we have a right to regard it as the mission of such a well-appointed company as this to illustrate in this country. But now of the performers.

Mme. JOHANNSEN, the only member of the troupe not new to us, sang and acted "mi-Lady" like an accomplished artist. Although her voice, in the highest tones, is somewhat worn and hard, yet it always true and telling, sometimes sweet; and in execution she has vastly improved since she last sang here. Indeed there was much exquisite vocalization. She has her inspirations, always rising to the height of the impassioned moments. Mme. FREDERICI was a charming Nancy. With a voice of singular purity and freshness, rich and reedy in the contralto and middle tones, vibrating like a canary in its extensive upward register; subdued, soulful, sweet with native refinement, but finding power for every earnest utterance; with a faultless charm of style, so easy that it seems spontaneous nature; singing always with expression, never overdoing, never falling short; and with the perpetual play of expression, whether singing or listening, on

her face, and in every gesture and movement of her comely person, she makes a most harmonious impression, quite disarming criticism. She is very young, not positively handsome, but her good honest German face lights up with inspirations and grows beautiful at times, as did the homelier features of the Lind. This time she had all the pretty archness and vivacity of Nancy, singing delightfully, but always modestly within her character as second. The courting scene, between her and Plunkett, was worthy of the days of Phillips and Carl Formes. The sturdy, jolly farmer's part was well filled by Herr STEINECKE, who acts well and sings well, with a good baritone, only a little husky. The tenor, Herr HIMMER, was a *tenore robusto* indeed, refreshing to hear. None of the Brignoli sort of indifference or good-for-nothing sentimentality; a fine manly person and fine actor, with no nonsense, and a voice large, rich, firm and even in all its tones, still in its fresh prime, with a pure and noble style in the use of it, indulging little in ornament, but giving out the music honestly and largely, which the ear drinks in with more and more delight. For a very high note he resorts to the falsetto, but with good effect. On the whole, all felt that it was a long time since we had had so noble a tenor.

The part of the foolish old lover, Sir Tristram, found a suitable representative in Herr GRAFF, who is not the strongest basso of the troupe, but a useful one. The chorus, male and female, was a little larger than we have been used to, and far more effective, as well as better looking and acting, with musical, fresh, telling voices, singing with spirit and ensemble. The orchestra, of not quite 40 instruments, is remarkably good, especially in the reeds, and the brass do not bray out mere noise. The admirable unity with which all work together with a hearty will, as if to bring out the opera rather than to distinguish themselves, verifies what we have always heard, and what some of us who have been in Germany have known, of this peculiar merit of the German stage, whether in opera or drama. If they have not as many great singers or fine voices as the Italians, they always seek to realize a good artistic whole. All parts harmonize, and the subordinate parts are good, the minor details are cared for, so that the total impression is pleasant; unlike the slovenly manner in which most Italian operas are produced, with a few parts notable, and the rest lifeless or ridiculous.

Tuesday, May 5th, the charming old opera of Boieldieu, *La Dame Blanche* (*Die weisse Dame*). Audience considerably larger. This opera was written in 1825, and there has scarcely been a greater favorite on the French, the German, or the English stage. It was indifferently given in this city some 25 or 30 years ago, by an English and a French troupe, and much of the music is familiar, floating about in the general air, especially the beautiful overture. But the opera as such was new to us here and now. The work of a Frenchman, it is one of the operas which have become German by adoption and affinity. It is thoroughly genial music, Mozart-ish in spirit, and after the German heart. And it is one of the most graceful, beautiful and natural of all light romantic operas. Full of bewitching melodies, of the kind that never can become vulgar, it also continually surprises and delights the ear by fine traits of har-

mony and modulation and nice contrapuntal interweaving of voices. There is no vulgar commonplace, no claptrap, nothing of the maudling sentimental about it; full of tenderness, this music is all sound and wholesome. And the rendering was most happy. The part of George Brown presented another admirable tenor of the troupe, a *tenore di grazia*, Herr HABELMANN, in a most favorable light. Too much has not been said in Philadelphia of the beauty of his voice, nor of his pure, expressive style of singing, seconded by natural and graceful action. Certainly his singing of the old Scotch air "Robin Adair" in the last act was one of the most refined and exquisite specimens of ballad singing to be heard anywhere. Habelmann established himself at once in the hearty favor of his audience. When have we had a company with two such tenors!

Mme. JOHANNSEN was again the artist in the part of the White Lady. Mme. FREDERICI was all the more artist by consenting, with a true German spirit, to take the small part of the old servant Margaret, looking sweetly in her matron's cap and singing the little ballad touchingly. Fräulein CANISSA, a sprightly, rosy little black-eyed Jewish looking maiden, with one of those bright, hard-enamelled, clear and cutting little soprano voices, so like her eyes and face, has a good deal of vocal execution, acts lively and naturally, and made a nice Jenny, the coquettish little wife of farmer Dickson. The latter part was well filled by Herr CROMFELD, tenor, who looks, acts and sings like an old stager, perfectly at home in German opera, and happy in helping out the whole. One of the most important rôles is that of the crafty guardian and steward Galveston, which was splendidly done by Herr HERMANN, a magnificent basso, colossal in voice and person, dignified in action, and delivering his grand *profondo* tones or his rich ringing higher ones with equal clearness, truth and telling effect. We have had no such basso since the better days of Formes; and he has resources yet to be found out in other characters. In the spoken dialogue, which replaces the Italian *purlando* in most German operas—not advantageously, to our taste—Herr Hermanns is particularly clear and of chaste accent. Everybody went away delighted with *Die Weisse Dame*, and hoping it would be repeated.

Wednesday, Third Night. Gounod's "Faust" is another of those operas which we would willingly have left to the Italians, at least until we have secured some half a score of those distinctively best German works, with which our people are so unacquainted. Were it not better that a German troupe at first should stand on its peculiarity, doing what others cannot or do not do, and showing its catholicity later? But "Faust" is now the fashion; many there be and loud that call for it, and what more sure to fill the house? Besides there is curiosity to compare the German with the Italian rendering. The house was indeed much more nearly full. The verdict we think must be for the German presentment. There was much more life and spirit in it as a whole. The choruses, especially those of the "Kirmesse," made a livelier sensation. Herr HIMMER's voice and action were very fine in Faust, and the Mephistopheles of HERMANN was marvellously effective in its way, that of the popular tradition clown devil, and not the polished Iago-like gentleman, the 19th century devil, of Goethe. The Gretchen of FREDERICI was perfectly charming, more exquisite even than Miss Kellogg's, in that it seemed less like a

study; she looked the type of modest, pious, lovely German maidenhood; her rich, soulful, sympathetic voice, and the seemingly unobtrusive truth of action, made it "a thing of beauty and of joy forever." The Church scene was omitted (many encores had made it late); but of the last scene, in the prison, much more was made than we have seen before. In no part would we have exchanged with the Italians, except for Bellini's Valentine, in which Herr STERNCKE was by no means bad. It was so artistic, too, to put JOHANNSEN in the pretty little part of Siebel, which she did exquisitely!

Thursday. A crowded house for Weber's *Frey-schütz*. Boston is alive to the fact of German Opera at last! The charm of the wonderful music is infallible, and the hope of hearing it for the first time well rendered made it the gala night of the week. Indeed it was an admirable performance. It was rare delight to listen to that orchestra and that wonderful instrumentation, the human and the mysterious expression of the high and low clarionet tones, the bassoons, the sylvan horns, etc., even were that all. Then the chorus, picturesque in appearance, sang so finely. HABELMANN, though struggling with a cold, gave the trying music of Max, its alternations of despair and hope, with true power of expression. GRAFF has not weight of voice, nor life enough, for Caspar; it should have been Hermanns for that is a great part. HRONFELD tossed off the vain Kilian's gay, triumphant song as well as his voice would let him, always true to the humor of the thing, as Nym has it.

But the memorable thing of all was the Agathe of FREDERICI. It was too beautiful to speak of; something almost holy in the truth and purity of feeling, the harmony of voice, song, look and action, which made it as near to Weber's ideal of the part as anything probably has ever come since Jenny Lind. The scene: "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer," with the prayer "Leise, leise," entranced the audience. All that we have said of her Gretchen was more than confirmed here. We have had greater executive vocalists, but, with the exception of Lind and Bosio, when so true a singer in the soul's sense of the word? Little CANISSA's voice is too outleaping and demonstrative at times, not so sympathetic and blending as we could wish, but she entered right heartily and prettily into the part of the merry and good little friend and cousin Aennchen, and sang its florid melody in a way that won with further hearing.

The *diablerie* of the Wolf's Glen scene was sufficiently elaborate; taken as a joke by the audience, of course, as it is in Germany, for such superstitions have long since lost their hold on the imagination; but one had only to listen to the orchestra to find it mystical and grand. The Bridesmaids' Chorus was as good as new, and so the Hunter's Chorus. The only pity is that the music in the last act of the *Frey-schütz* is so much weaker than the rest of the opera; there the inspiration seems to have run low; charming melodies are forced in, but nothing worked up to a culminating glory of ensemble.

The week closed with a couple of light operas, new to Boston, with only moderate audiences.

On Friday, Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," full of sparkling, graceful music, of which the overture had given us a foretaste, extremely comical, and having the advantage of a cleverly constructed libretto, as close as an opera could be to Shakespeare. HERMANN, by his capital impersonation, both in make-up, acting, song and spoken dialogue, quite dispelled our fears of the absurdity of Falstaff set to music. Hackett's Fat Knight is not more enjoyable, and here the music lifts it out of coarseness, without any loss of humor. He was as courtly and gallant, as he was droll and merry. The drinking song (drinking for a wager) was inimitable, and nothing could exceed the drollery of the solemn march and chorus with which the "dead men" were borne out. JOHANNSEN and

FREDERICI, as Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, acted to the life, and had a good deal of sparkling, sometimes *bravura*, music to sing, especially the former, who did all with fine art and tact. HABELMANN again showed the beauty of his voice and style as Fenton, with CANISSA for his "sweet Anne Page." KRONFELD's Dr. Caius and HAIMER's Slender were comical enough.

For a Matinée on Saturday, Flotow's *Stradella*, which to our surprise we found more enjoyable than *Martha*. As music it has generally the same traits. The more serious and sentimental parts are the weakest, but there are some fine comic bits; and there is an unaccompanied trio, quite in the old Italian vein, that was singularly beautiful. A capital subject for an opera is the romantic story of the old composer, which the libretto wisely does not follow out to its tragical conclusion, but stops with the rescue of the lovers through the power of Stradella's music, melting the hearts of the assassins in Rome. The carnival and serenade (begun in had tune) in Venice, with the flight of the *maestro* and his pupil Leonora (another Abelard and Eloise), from the jealous guardian, made a picturesque first act of moonlight and tender music. The pursuit to Stradella's home near Rome, the simple wedding festival, and the quaint Italian humor of the two assassins, HABELMANN and STERNCKE, increase the interest in the second act, and a more picturesque, naive rogue than Habelmann was, could hardly be conceived. In the third act, the arrival of the guardian (Venetian lover in the history), the attempt of the assassins to creep up and stab Stradella while he rehearses his hymn for the Madonna Festival (the story says an Oratorio in the Lateran church), their repentance, and the happy union of the lovers, though, with the exception of the trio, less original as music, still leave the impression of a unique and pleasing whole. HIMMER was Stradella, and sung his music quite as well as it deserved. Both the fine tenors were in the cast! We have no room to say much of this opera. We enjoyed it much; only we could wish that the triumph of Music in the last act, where it melts the hearts of friend Malvolio and friend Barberino, and moves stones to repentance, were more signal, that is to say greater music.

Here we must pause for the present. This second week has offered after all but two new things, *Don Juan* (strange to say, the worst of their performances) and *Fidelio*, while *Faust*, *Frey-schütz* and *Martha* have been repeated, and *Faust* will be again repeated this afternoon, bringing the short, rich season to a close.

CONCERTS. We trust our readers will bear in mind the concert in the Music Hall, to-morrow evening, of Mr. PECK, the faithful and obliging superintendent of the Hall. He has Miss LOUISE KELLOGG for a prime attraction, and a varied programme in which a host of our best singers, organists, &c., will take part. The ORCHESTRAL UNION close their afternoon concerts next Wednesday with Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. A very nice synopsis of it will be found on another page, which we saved up from a Chicago Philharmonic programme. Mrs. FROHOCK will play the organ.

The past fortnight has been rich in Concerts, which we must review next time. Now we have scarcely room to mention the capital performance of "Elijah" (with Miss PHILLIPS as contralto); the charming concert, and enthusiastic reception, of Miss PHILLIPS, and of Mme. GUERRABELLA with her; Mr. Eichberg's Sacred Concert; the fine Organ Concerts of Mr. WHITING (a new hand at our Great Organ, and an adept) and of Mrs. FROHOCK; and two of the richest afternoon programmes of this rich season of the Orchestral Union.

NEW YORK. The fifth and last Philharmonic Concert (April 23) had for its main feature the great Symphony in C by Schubert. Carl Bergmann conducted the noble orchestra of seventy-five. The other selections were Schumann's Overture to "Genoveva;" Aria from Mozart's "Magic Flute;" Piano-forte Concerto in A minor, op. 85, by Hummel, played by Richard Hoffman; Romanza from Weber's "Euryanthe;" Concert Overture in A, by J. Rietz. The aria and Romanza were sung by Sig. Lotti, the German tenor of Maretzek's Italian Opera. The Philharmonic Society have an excellent rule whereby encores "cannot be permitted."

The Oratorio "Judas Maccabæus," a performance of which was mentioned in our last, was accompanied by an orchestra, and we are assured an efficient one. We gathered our first intelligence of the performance from a New York paper, which only mentioned a piano accompaniment. The Conductor's name, too, is Frederic Louis Ritter, and not Franz Ritter.

WORCESTER, MASS. "Stella" in the *Palladium* of last week thus chronicles Mr. C. C. Stearns's concert and the first performance of his new Mass.

It took place on Thursday evening, filled Washburn Hall to its full extent, and was pronounced one of the best concerts ever given in Worcester. It opened with a "Tantum Ergo," composed by Mr. Stearns, and well sung by the club under his leadership, with assistance of an efficient little orchestra of seven pieces. The work was well received, especially the second movement, which was brilliant and telling. Mrs. A. S. Allen sang "Jerusalem! thou that killest the Prophets!" with excellent expression; and a quartet choir sang Owen's "Ave Maria." The second part of the programme was occupied by Mr. Stearns's original Mass in A, a work noticed at length in our columns last week, and which, on the occasion of its first public performance, revealed new beauties to those who heard it in rehearsal, and won from the large audience only high encomiums of praise. Rarely does it happen that a young composer succeeds so well in bringing out his first work, in summoning such efficient aid—choral and instrumental, and in more than meeting public expectation. A more enthusiastic audience is rarely found in our concert-rooms; and yet it was not demonstrative, did not even demand an *encore*; but there was that unmistakable air of cordial appreciation, more valued doubtless by composer and performers than the loudest applause. The choruses were well sung; so, too, the majority of the solos, quartets, &c. The strong points of the work came out with new force, and the unity of the whole was even more apparent than before. The "Et Incarnatus," the "Agnus Dei"—with the *Misere* breathed out, rather than sung; and the "Dona Nobis," were especially admired. The orchestral parts were the subject of general remark for their originality, richness, and the sound musical knowledge shown in their composition. It is the general desire that the performance of the Mass should be repeated. We hope to hear it in Mechanics Hall, with a larger orchestra and an organ. Why not at the dedication of the fine instrument to be held here during the coming fall?

We should be glad to copy "Stella's" analytic description of the Mass, but its length renders that impossible just now. For the present, let an opinion, which we find in the *Worcester Spy*, suffice. The initials "E. H." denote one entitled to express an opinion:

The ear is not wearied with dull and frivolous commonplace, nor is a pure taste offended with the cheap surprises which too often form the staple of modern composition. There is that consistency of design and unity of effect combined with ingenuity of detail and, in many passages, elegance of finish, which belong to the higher class of composition. The aim of the author has been high, and he has reached his mark with much more success than commonly attends a first essay in the grand style. There are passages of great beauty in the course of the work, while there is not a single weak strain. It is not an imitation at all, but on the contrary quite an original production. The "Et incarnatus" is singularly fine, while the "Agnus Dei" and the "Dona nobis" have very striking merit. A careful criticism may detect here and there the traces of the youthful hand, particularly in the occasional redundancy of the harmony and the tendency to what is technically termed "imitation," that is, the repetition of the same melodic figure on too many degrees of the staff. The disposition towards "sequences" both in playing and in composition is characteristic of young performers and writers. It shows itself rarely however in this work. Upon the whole this production must be pronounced a decided achievement in a right direction, with fewer drawbacks than usual.

PHILADELPHIA. A grand Musical Festival, inaugurating the Great Central Fair (for the Sanitary Commission), opened on the 4th inst., at the Academy of Music, to last a fortnight. The entertainments consist of operas in the English language, Oratorios and miscellaneous concerts. The Oratorios announced are "The Creation" and "Judas Maccabæus." The operas are the "Bohemian Girl," by Balfe, "Maritana," by Wallace, and Mr. Wm. Henry Fry's new opera, "Notre Dame of Paris," the subject taken from Victor Hugo's romance. The committee state that "they deem the opportunity a favorable one to essay the illustration of music, in all its most popular forms, upon a scale hitherto unattempted in this country, and which will do justice to various compositions, as

they are interpreted only in the chief capitals of Europe." To this end, the committee say:

They have made a contract with Mr. L. E. Harrison (now of New York, and formerly of this city), Manager of the American Opera Company. The artists and auxiliaries engaged by Mr. Harrison, far exceed in number and aggregate merit any force ever employed upon the Lyrical stage of this continent. The following are the names—the principal vocalists of the list having performed of late with great success in New York.

Musical Director—Mr. Theodore Thomas, of New York. Conductors of Oratorios—Dr. Leopold Meignen and Carl Sentz, of Philadelphia. Leaders in Miscellaneous Concerts—Dr. W. P. Cunningham and Messrs. C. C. Koppitz and Charles Dodworth, of Philadelphia. Leader of Military Band—Mr. Adolph Birgfeldt, of Philadelphia. Pianist—Mr. J. N. Pattison, of New York. Organist—Mr. Arthur H. Messiter, of Philadelphia. Harpist—Mr. Alfred F. Toulman, of New York. Operatic Stage Manager—Mr. B. A. Baker, of New York. Operatic Prompter—Mr. Leopold Engelke, of Philadelphia. First Soprano—Mrs. Comte Borchard. First Contralto—Mrs. Jenny Kempson. Second Contralto—Miss Louisa Myers. First Tenor—Mr. Walter Birch. First Barytone—Mr. S. C. Campbell. Second Barytone—Mr. William Skantz. Bass—Mr. Edward Seguin.

The Opera Chorus consists of one hundred selected singers, with a corps of accomplished amateur volunteers.

The Oratorio Chorus includes members of the Handel and Haydn Society, of the Harmonia Society, and of eleven German Choral Societies of this city, and of the Mozart Musical Union, of Reading, forming an aggregate of many hundreds of voices.

The orchestra and military band for operas, and all other divisions of the Festival, are composed of 95 of the most distinguished instrumentalists of Philadelphia and New York.

In the dramatic department of the operas are a Corps de Ballet, and other assistants, numbering one hundred and fifty.

The chief of these "hitherto unattempted" magnificencies is Fry's Opera, the production of which, we are told, costs the Fair some \$12,000. For our poor soldiers' sake may it put as large a sum upon the profit side! Besides the array of singers, orchestra, and hundreds of people, ballet dancers, &c., on the stage, there is a church organ on the stage, and "a peal of full-sized church bells," while the scenery and stage appointments are "all elaborately illustrative of Paris in the fifteenth century." Three or four performances have thus far been given, and of course the newspaper critics all blaze out in full glorification of the new opera, if only because it is brought out on such a Jullienesque and magnitudinous scale, and is by an American. Some of the New York dailies, it seems, despatched their critics to Philadelphia expressly to report of it. (One would think it might have been heard as far as New York in a still hour.) One of those reports, that of the *Tribune's* "special," which we have copied on another page, gives the impression of an ardent believer in Fry's musical authority and genius, an advocate (in our own columns before now) of Fry's criticism, Fry's creatorship, and all Fry's eccentricities. Most of the local and the New York reporters are equally ready and wholesale with their praise. The only exception reaches us too late to copy it, a much more temperate, well considered article in the *Press* of May 9, which, evidently not withholding praise where praise is due, has such sentences as these: "Of course, it is very fulsome praise to rank 'Notre Dame' with the works of Bellini, Donizetti and Verdi—works of which it is not free from imitation. An inspiration of one melody, equal to the least of Bellini's, upon whom Mr. F. has modelled his sentimental music, would have given him a popular fame long ago." "Why yearn after the Italian mock Eden? Why attempt to rival Bellini's sweetness or Verdi's sonority?" "The man who translates a noble song into noble music will do his art and his nation a service, which imperfect operators, with all the drowning sensations of the stage, will not readily equal. Mr. Fry would gratefully acknowledge that one song of Schubert's, written in a quarter of an hour at a country tavern, is worth the whole of his laborious opera."

## Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

### LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

I'm a young man from the country. Comic song.

Harry Clifton. 30

The young man that nobody could "come it over," although he was from the "country." Fine melody.

'Twas evening, at the window. (Erinnerung.) Song.

Graben Hoffman. 30

Of much merit, A "forget-me-not" song, full of pensive thought.

Tenting on the old camp ground. W. Kittredge.

(As sung by the Hutchinson family.) 30

Another excellent war song, simple and clear in style, like other melodies sung by "the tribe of Ass."

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F. Boett. 30

One of Longfellow's solemn hymns, set to Mendelssohn-like music, by the Florence composer. The idea of the anthem, begun by the sounding surf in rocky caverns, responded to by the resounding lines of breakers, listened to by the stars, is well represented in the harmony.

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C. W. Hunt. 30

Isabella with the gingham umbrella. Comic song.

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Two funny songs, not very refined, but good enough as provocatives of mirth.

Sweet and low, wind of the western sea.

F. S. Davenport. 30

A charming lullaby, with sweet and chaste music.

Union and liberty forever. Song and Chorus.

W. O. Perkins. 30

A stirring chorus, suitable for war times.

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One of the curious medley songs for which many people, just now, are so pleased.

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One of Richard's sweetest pieces. Contains the melody of "The meeting of the waters." Not difficult.

Faust march. Soldier's chorus. For Brass Band. 1.00

This celebrated march is now ready for the bands around the country. Send in orders in time to bring it out on the fourth of July.

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Henning's Practical Violin School.

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This is an instruction book, with a great deal of plain, homely common sense in its directions to teachers and pupils, and is evidently the work of an instructor who loves "his trade" and his instrument. With German and English words.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 604.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1864.

VOL. XXIV. No. 5.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Half a dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

II. ANTONIO SALIERI.

[Continued from page 224.]

There is no account of any composition by Salieri in the year 1777; and after the success of Umlauf's operetta the Emperor, being full of the matter, gave his Kapellmeister leave to visit Italy, where his growing fame had now brought him three invitations to come and compose so many operas. In Milan a new opera house was to be opened—no less a one than the now famous Scala—and all the old and well known composers of the Italian cities were passed over, to call their young countryman—now about 27 years of age—from Vienna to write the opening piece. This was "*Europa riconosciuta*," text by Verazi, in two acts, with choruses and an analogous ballet in the middle of each act. The piece had great success spite of a miserable text, and long kept its place on the stage, though Mosel thinks it one of Salieri's poorer compositions.

From Milan the composer went to Venice to compose "*La scuola de' Gelosi*," an opera buffa, text by Mazzola, which was brought out early in 1779 and had extraordinary success. Salieri had with him on this tour a young German, now for the first time in Italy, who lodged with him in Venice, and accompanied him everywhere. The day succeeding the opening of the theatres after Christmas is, or rather was (while Venice was), a day for the assembling of all, who cared for music and the drama, in the coffeehouses, about St. Mark's place, to discuss or inquire about the new pieces, with which the various houses had opened. It is the custom in that city to name the theatres from the nearest church, but in talking about them to call them by the name of the saint only,—instead, for instance, of saying "the theatre near the church of St. Samuel," or "Teatro Sant' Angiolo," to say merely "San Samuele," or "Sant' Angiolo." On this morning Salieri with his companion took his coffee in one of the largest houses on the square, where the theatrical news was of course the main topic of conversation.

"Saint Benedict was hissed off," said one. "The Angel was pretty successful, but Saint Samuel went to the devil," said another, and so on. On leaving the house, the young German, astounded and indignant, remarked to Salieri: "How disrespectfully they do talk here of the saints!"

From Venice the composer journeyed to Rome to compose the opera buffa, "*La partenza inaspettata*," text by Petrosellini, which, with its beautiful, flowing melodies, corresponding exquisitely to the text, and its fine but simple accompaniment, in some of the vocal pieces consisting only of the quartet of bowed instruments, was another complete triumph.

These successes led to offers of new engagements, which with Joseph's permission he accepted, and therefore in the spring of 1779, he returned to Milan to compose "*Il Talismano*," text

by Goldoni, for the opening of another new theatre—Alla Cannobiana. This was also an opera buffa with choruses, in two acts.

Passing through Florence on his way north, he found the manager of the principal house just ready to bring out his "*Fiera di Venezia*," and that functionary besought him, at least, be present at the general rehearsal, to which he consented. The rehearsal was set for the evening, and at the hour soloists and orchestra were ready, but not a chorus singer. "Why are they solate?" asked Salieri. "Because the shops are not shut," was the answer. The explanation of which was, that most of the Italian choruses then were made up of shopkeepers or their assistants, who, knowing not one note from another, learned their parts by rote, and never made a mistake,—but they had only Italian choruses to sing.

The directors of the new Cannobiana theatre, three noblemen of Milan, had arranged to open the house with three works: Salieri's "*Fiera di Venezia*," "*Il Talismano*," and finally, an opera to be set by a composer named Russ. While the vocalists were studying the first, Salieri set himself to work upon the second, of which Goldoni had sent the first act and the plan of the whole. The second act was delayed by the sickness of Goldoni. Then the theatre was not ready in time, and, as the singers were only engaged up to a certain date, it became impossible to produce the third of the proposed operas, and poor Russ saw himself deprived of the opportunity of proving his talents, and must perforce content himself with the present made by the directors and the written invitation or engagement for the next season. Salieri pitied the man in his bitter disappointment, and, satisfied with having one of his operas performed, he proposed to the directors, that they give the second act of "*Il Talismano*," which had now arrived, to Russ. They did this; Russ composed it, and the work was a complete success.

A change in the management of the theatre in Venice, the old manager having died, and the want of sufficient security that his time and labor would be adequately rewarded, led Salieri to give up the composition of "*L'isola capricciosa*," which the poet Mazzola had already sent him, and of which he had already several numbers finished. He therefore remained some time longer in Milan, and then returned to Rome to compose another opera text by Petrosellini, "*La dama pastorella*," for the Carneval of 1780, a work which he himself says "neither pleased nor displeased."

In Rome he received an invitation to Naples, where Joseph's disreputable sister Caroline was queen, to compose a serious opera for San Carlo, to be brought out in May, 1780, and to prepare his "*Scuola de' gelosi*" for production upon the so-called Florentine Theatre. A third leave of absence was therefore necessary. The composer was long in doubt whether he could with propriety apply again for an extension of his leave; but as it was for only three months, and as he had re-

ceived the invitation through the Austrian Ambassador, Count v. Lamberg, and with the approbation of the King of Naples—Joseph's brother-in-law—he took courage and sent on his application to Count Rosenberg, chief chamberlain, and head of the court theatre at Vienna—him, who had the previous year obtained the prolongation of his leave of absence—and went on to Naples to begin his work and await the reply. His petition was written in the most respectful terms, and his reasons displayed in the clearest light, and there is no doubt that, had Joseph read it, the three months would have been granted him at once. But Rosenberg, as he afterwards confessed, placed the petition in his cabinet and forgot it, and made Salieri's desire known to Joseph in few words and with no explanation of the circumstances under which the petition was written and which certainly justified it. The result was that the composer received the following answer:

"In reply to the petition addressed to his Majesty for leave to remain still longer in Italy, All-highest—the same makes it my duty to write you, that you are your own master to remain so long there as you please or think for your good; yes, that you, if you find yourself better off there than here, may remain there forever. I am pained to be unable to make you any pleasanter reply and remain, &c., &c."

It was a very unlucky mistake of Salieri's not to have sent word to Rosenberg with his petition, that, in the hope of receiving the desired leave, he was going on to Naples in order to save all the time possible. The ungracious reply was sent to Rome and thence forwarded by a friend to him in Naples. Meantime Salieri had waited upon Count Lamberg and had been presented at court, where the king and queen had received him with great favor. He had also begun the composition of his opera, "*La Semiramide*."

The surprise and fright with which Rosenberg's letter filled him were overwhelming. He hastened to Lamberg to ask his advice, who sought to calm him, by persuading him that if the queen should apply to her brother in his behalf the matter would have no serious consequences. Salieri therefore determined to apply at once to the queen, but as he returned to his lodgings, and thought it over, it presented itself in a very different light. He remembered that Joseph, friendly as he was, invariably, towards every man and especially to those constantly about him, did not like to be forced to say yes, where he had once said, no. Filled with anxiety lest the mere refusal of his petition might not be all, but that a loss of his master's favor might follow, he returned to Count Lamberg and, most urgently entreating him to find a way of cancelling his engagement with the Neapolitan court, departed on the instant for Vienna. Before entering his carriage he wrote to Count Rosenberg, entreating forgiveness for his too great freedom, and announcing his immediate departure from Naples.

At noon, April 8, 1780, he joined his delighted

family—that is on the second anniversary of the day on which he began his Italian journey. His first call was upon Rosenberg; but not finding him at home, he went to the palace and, as a mark of his submission to the will of the Emperor, instead of proceeding into Joseph's apartment, as his right was and as he had always done, remained without in the corridor, where petitioners awaited their monarch, who came thither every afternoon at three o'clock to hear them and receive their papers. There, a little apart from some twenty persons, mostly country people, who awaited the Emperor, Salieri took his place, not a little afraid of a cool reception.

At the hour Joseph returned from a ride, came as usual through the corridor, listened to the petitioners, talked with them more like a father than a monarch, and suddenly caught sight of the Kapellmeister. Hastening to him he exclaimed:

"See, here is Salieri! I did not expect you so soon; have you had a pleasant journey?"

"An excellent one, your majesty," he answered timidly, "notwithstanding, in order to repair my fault, for which I humbly pray forgiveness, I felt bound to travel day and night, that I might so much the sooner resume my duties here at court."

"It was not necessary to hurry so," said Joseph, kindly, "still, it is a pleasure to me to see you again. Now go up stairs, we will try some pieces out of your new operas, which have been sent to me from Italy."

These good words so calmed and encouraged the musician that he forgot all the troubles which his hurried journey had caused him. On entering the ante-chamber he found some of the older members of the Court Chapel, who rejoiced all the more to see him, as a report had obtained currency, that he had fallen under the Emperor's displeasure. Half an hour later came Joseph, put the petitions and documents, which he had received, into his cabinet, seated himself in the music-room to his dinner, and had Salieri called in to talk with him during his solitary meal of fifteen minutes duration. "Had he found his family all well?" he asked, and put various questions in relation to his tour, to his compositions while away, and the like. Salieri told his story, and of course came at last to the Neapolitan business. As in some confusion, he confessed, that he had left home for Naples without waiting for permission to do so, in full faith that this permission would follow him, Joseph, with a sudden turn of his head—one of his peculiarities—fixed his eyes upon him with an expression of surprise. Salieri ceased and there was a moment's pause; during which he (Salieri) thought his master, who had not known that the matter had gone so far, was sorry not to have granted his petition; still he said nothing, and gave the conversation a new turn by the question: "Where did you find the best orchestra?" Salieri saw that nothing more was to be said on the Naples affair and bore himself accordingly.

After his meal the other musicians were called in, and Joseph devoted his usual concert hour to pieces from "*Europa riconosciuta*," and "*La Scuola de' Gelosi*." The concert over, Salieri was told to visit in the evening the new "National (Sing-spiel) Sing-drama," for so Joseph called his German opera. "You must then tell me," added the Emperor, "if the company and the establishment have made progress during your absence." At

the next private concert, Joseph asked as soon as he saw Salieri. "How, do you find our national Sing-drama?" The composer, really pleased with what he had seen and heard, replied, that he had found it in all respects wonderfully perfect. "Now you shall compose a German opera," said Joseph. Salieri proposed the translation of one of his fine operas, composed in Italy. "No translation," returned the other, smiling, "an original sing-drama." "Your majesty, I do not know how to set about the work of an opera in the German language, I speak it so badly." "Very well," said Joseph, still smiling, "the labor will answer for an exercise in the language. I will to-morrow morning give Rosenberg the order to have a German operatic poem prepared for you."

This, which was proposed in joke, Salieri had to carry out in full earnest—for which, however, he had plenty of leisure, as Maria Theresa happened to die soon after (Nov. 29, 1780), and the court theatres were of course for some weeks shut up.

(To be Continued.)

### Giacomo Meyerbeer.

Giacomo Meyerbeer, or Jacques Meyer-Liebman Beer, was born at Berlin, on the 5th of September, 1794—according to most of his biographers. The eighth edition of the *Dictionnaire de la Conversation* of Leipsic, however, places the date of his birth three years earlier, in 1791—the year before Rossini was born—and this fact has crept into many historical dictionaries. The father, Jacques Beer, was a wealthy Jewish banker, and the name has made itself famous in the arts and sciences. Giacomo had two brothers, both of whom became celebrated. Guillaume, accounted among the best astronomers of Germany, obtained the astronomical prize from the Academy of Sciences, of Berlin, for a map of the moon, and died in 1850. Michel, who died in 1833, at the early age of 34, was one of the most promising dramatic poets in Germany, which is attested by his tragedies of the *Paria* and *Struensée*, for the latter of which, some years later, Giacomo composed an overture and incidental music.

All the biographers of Meyerbeer point to the premature indications of his genius. Some assert that even as early as his fourth year he exhibited undoubted manifestations of musical intelligence. This we can readily believe; but that he should at that period transfer the tunes he heard played in the streets on barrel-organs with the right hand to the pianoforte, and make out correct harmonies with his left, is asking us to believe too much. The parents, enraptured with the boy, entrusted his musical education to Lauska, a pianist, pupil of Clementi, a good player and teacher. Meyerbeer made astonishing progress under his new master, and at six years of age had become a little lion-pianist in the salons of Berlin. The father and mother never contemplated educating their young prodigy for a public career; but they thought such extraordinary talents should not be wasted, and provided the best instruction in their power. When only nine years old Giacomo was considered one of the first pianists in Berlin. On the occasion of two benefit concerts, at the theatre—on the 17th of November, 1803, and the 2nd of January, 1804—he was heard for the first time, by the public, and achieved an immense success. The Abbé Vogler, who at that time enjoyed celebrity in Germany, as organist and rhetorician, heard him at these concerts, and pronounced that he would one day be a great musician. Some time afterwards Clementi, hearing the youthful pianist, was so much charmed, that, in spite of an increasing dislike to teaching, he gave Giacomo lessons during the whole time of his stay in the Prussian capital.

While yet in his tenth year, and before he had received instructions in harmony, Meyerbeer had composed many pieces for pianoforte and voice,

without any other guide than his own particular instinct. A master was, nevertheless, provided for him in Bernard Anselm Weber, pupil of the Abbé Vogler, and *chef d'orchestre* of the Opera at Berlin, with whom he studied for some years. In 1809, the Abbé Vogler sent for Meyerbeer to Darmstadt; at the cathedral of which place the Abbé was organist. Meyerbeer there found among his fellow students Carl Maria von Weber, Carl's brother, and Gaensbacher, subsequently chapel-master at the Church of St. Stephen, in Vienna. Devoting himself heart and soul to the study of harmony, and particularly directing his attention to Church music, in a very short time he wrote his first sacred work—an oratorio, called *God and Nature*, which had a great success, and which induced the Grand Duke, after having heard it, to appoint him composer to the Court. The year following Meyerbeer produced his first opera—entitled *Jephthah's Vow*—at Munich. The story was ill-suited for dramatic purposes, and the music betrayed too great a leaning to the severe style of composition, and too little inclination towards attractive melody. Meyerbeer obtained extraordinary success, however, as a pianist at this time, and betook himself to Vienna, the city of Pianists, as it was called, with the intention of performing in public. It was, nevertheless, many months before he ventured to confront a Viennese audience, being somewhat scared at the great success of Hummel, then in the very zenith of his talent. When Meyerbeer did play he had a triumphant reception, which induced the director of the Court Theatre to entrust him with the composition of an Opera, entitled, *Abimelech; or, The two Caliphs*. This work had little success, Italian music alone being in favor with Prince Metternich and the nobles attached to the Court. Salieri, who was at that period in Vienna, advised Meyerbeer to go to Italy and study the Italian models. The young German musician, though he had no belief in Italian composers and little faith in Italian art, was quite open to conviction, and the counsels of the composer of *The Danaids* and *Tarare* had their weight. Meyerbeer arrived in Italy at the moment when the *Tancredi* furor was raging at its highest. Becoming a convert to the fascination of the Rossini style he wrote his first Italian Opera, called *Romilda e Costanza*, which was produced at Padua, in 1818—Pisaroni sustaining the principal character. The following year he composed *Semiramide Riconosciuta*, which was played at Turin; and the year after *Emma di Resburgo*, represented at Vienna with enthusiastic applause. Returning to Berlin in 1821, Meyerbeer composed for the theatre there an Opera after the Italian style, called *The Gate of Brandenburg*, which, though accepted, was not brought out. He then returned to Italy, having been engaged to compose *Margaret of Anjou* for the Scala, at Milan, which was brought out at Milan in 1822. To *Margaret of Anjou* succeeded, in 1823, *L'Esule di Granata*—Pisaroni and Lablache sustaining the chief parts. *Atmanzor* was written for Rome, but not produced on account of the illness of the *prima donna*. In 1825, *Il Crociato in Egitto* was performed at Venice with a success which made the worshippers of Rossini tremble for the supremacy of their idol. This *Crociato* was welcomed all over Europe with acclamations, and sealed the reputation of Meyerbeer as a composer of real genius. Its first representation in London was memorable for the introduction of Malibran on the operatic stage.

From 1825 to 1831 Meyerbeer's operatic muse was silent. He married in 1827, and two children, the only issue, died soon after birth. He was not idle, however, during this period, but composed many sacred pieces. *Robert le Diable*, written expressly for the Grand Opera, of Paris, was, after repeated delays, brought out on the 21st of November, 1831. The singers were Mlle. Falcon, Madame Dorus-Gras, MM. Nourrit and Levasseur. It was said that *Robert le Diable* marked a new epoch in the lyric art. Certainly Meyerbeer flashed upon the world with unexpected effulgence. Few recognized the captivating, half Italian style of the *Crociato*, in the weird-like, original, and powerfully dramatic

music of *Robert*, with its brightly-colored orchestration and marvellous fitness to its supernatural theme. A new composer was acknowledged, and Meyerbeer was criticized as though he had not previously existed. Between the production of *Robert*, and that of the *Huguenots* nearly five years elapsed. The *Huguenots* was considered an advance on *Robert* in dramatic interest, if not in beauty and variety of melody, and, the story being more interesting, it became most popular, as it is indeed the veritable master-work of its composer. The interval between the *Huguenots* and the *Prophète*—the third production of Meyerbeer at the Grand Opera—was nearly three times that between the *Huguenots* and *Robert*. The *Prophète* was brought out in 1849; but the *Camp of Silesia*, the *Marche aux Flambeaux*, and some minor works had been composed meanwhile. In 1857 the *Etoile du Nord* was produced at the Opéra-Comique, and, in 1859, the *Pardon de Ploërmel* at the same theatre. Of the *Africaine*, which Meyerbeer treasured up with so much care and held back from the public with such strange tenacity, we only know that it has been long finished, and that the composer was only delaying its production till he could meet with a fit representative for the part of the heroine. We may, however, hope that this long looked-for offspring of the great musician's genius will be speedily brought to light. It is a legacy bequeathed by Meyerbeer to the world, which the world is prepared to accept with gratitude and delight.

### American Opera—Mr. Fry's "Notre Dame."

(From the Philadelphia Press.)

The third performance of the new opera of "Notre Dame" has been a success quite as general as its first and second, and upon this fortunate fact we congratulate the composer and the public for which he has labored. The cordial hearing Mr. Fry's work has received is a promise, we trust, of much more extended favor. We again express our admiration of the splendid and spirited first scene of the opera, which, in point of stage effect, has never, doubtless, been excelled in America. Produced under direction of an American composer, with American artists and an American chorus, and an orchestra of the largest and best character, it deserves all praise. The grand chorus which is one of the chief attractions of the opera has been heard with great applause, and the improved energy and confidence of the principal artists is gratifying, as this part of the production has been the least satisfactory.

To our former notice of the opera we must add the more emphatic expression of greater praise of the study, care, and wide industry and vigor (especially remarkable in a composer of our own) which Mr. Fry has shown in his chorus and orchestra, and in the mass and body of his work. That it is so generally sustained, and at the same time so broad an effort, is the most important and encouraging fact which we glean from a judgment of its merits. Mr. Fry has been attentive to particulars which better known composers have perhaps neglected. Of course, it is very fulsome praise to rank "Notre Dame" with the works of Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi—works of which it is not free of imitation, and with which it doubtfully compares in elaboration. An inspiration of one melody, equal to the least of Bellini's, upon whom Mr. Fry has modelled his sentimental music, would have given him a popular fame long ago. We could name many passages in "Notre Dame" which do credit to the study and fine taste of its able composer; a few, also, which breathe real strength, or very nearly so, in an atmosphere of imperfection; but we shall not do him the injustice of ranking him with his masters.

We again take occasion to praise the admirable light music which gives so much spirit and charm to the ballet scene, and can only regret that this scene is unnecessary to the work as a whole. *Quasimodo's* soliloquy in the belfry is among the best-modelled and strongest passages, but is spoiled in the rendering of Mr. Seguin, and weakened by the concluding Bell song, which is comparatively trivial, though excellent in subject. The fine song of the Royal Scotch Guard, which belongs to the hale and simple, but not uncommonplace English school, is well worked up, admirably sung, and will continue, we think, to receive the greatest share of the popular applause. "I know that I love him" is an ingenious and pretty piece of musical broiery; "Vision of Love" is excellent, if we ignore that it is an imita-

tion of *Spirto Gentil*—and other clever and equally attractive things might be instanced with similar qualifications, but all would show, we think, meritorious imperfection, rather than, in the least instance, anything discreditable to the high reputation which Mr. Fry enjoys. We should, perhaps, except one instance, which occurs in the belfry, and in these lines,

—"So up and down they go,  
The low now high, the high now low."

The last line is measured off into music, (should we call it music?) the "low" very low, the "high" very high, and, as a piece of construction, is worthy of a carpenter. Mr. Fry may have celebrated precedents to fall back upon, but such work is only journeywork, nevertheless. Here the question is suggested, whether, if Mr. Fry had grown in a community more critical, he would have made such fripperies of musical diction. It vexes us to think that, with so much industry and ability, he has shown so little tendency to absolute creation. From the nature of the case, it is very difficult or impossible for a foreign composer to surrender his musical allegiance to the young Italy of Bellini and Donizetti, and preserve the color of originality. This garden of art, if as charming as Italy itself, is limited and ephemeral. Wiser composers than Mr. Fry are content to abide in their own fields, nature having gifted the mind of all lands and the experience of every nation with something that is their own. Such a gift is not to be despised, and is wisely bestowed—if it is only a rock in Scotland, a lawn in Ireland, a grove in England, a forest in Germany, and a wilderness in America. Besides, we must regard the different life and enterprise and sentiment of different civilizations, all of which should affect a composer and a man of art. Genius is representative. Why yearn after the Italian mock Eden? Why attempt to rival Bellini's sweetness or Verdi's sonority? It would be ridiculous for an American to think of writing melo-dramas of intrigue against Alexander Dumas, and it would be just as absurd for him to attempt to follow Verdi. Our composer must think for himself, and not be carried away like a waif in the deluge of another's sensation. If it is right to compare our music with our literature, how would Mr. Fry stand by the side of Mr. Bryant? Our poet is a literary patriot, and as he breathes the great moral of the Wilderness in *Thanatopsis*, is a more loyal American than even Fennimore Cooper. But Mr. Fry is neither patriot nor cosmopolitan. Imitation is not the characteristic of the two most prominent English composers, and yet Wallace has given us some melodies, if not as broad, yet almost as profoundly sweet as Bellini, and Balfe has written choruses and ballads perhaps not unworthy of Auber. Both Wallace and Balfe are more or less cosmopolitan, for both are Irishmen and Irishmen are wanderers; but they have done much, unquestionably, to make an English opera out of Irish genius, and if they have gone to the continent for their stories, their music is chiefly from themselves. Our American composer has not received his naturalization.

Let us, however, be as patient as Mr. Fry has been. In his time and circumstances it has been an especially difficult matter to write an opera—much more difficult to produce one. Comparatively speaking, the composer has been without critics and without friends. We give him that sincere acknowledgment which we should give to an indomitable man, and heartily trust that his health will be spared for deeper and higher efforts. More than this, we hope that his excellent example will, in good time, lead many others to surpass him. Even if "Notre Dame" does not prove a permanent work, Mr. Fry has achieved a considerable success, which, everything considered, is honorable to himself and the musical cause in America. We trust that he has truly become the father of American opera, and higher recognition than this he need not wish. His brave efforts for his own music and ours deserve the praise and thanks of the public; and, not least in his favor, "Notre Dame" merits criticism. Of course he has not equalled Bellini or Donizetti—it would be enough could he compare with Wallace. But he has done well, and the public may justly admire what he has done, as something much superior in artistic respects to operas which have gained foreign attention.

In this connection, we recall that upon its first performance we gave the necessarily hasty opinion that "Notre Dame" was at least equal in spirit and purpose to the lyricized version of Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," recently brought out by the Italians, here and in New York, with some "sensation." So much has the former improved upon our judgment that we are fortunately able to regard it as even preferable to the Italian work, which audiences, here and in New York, applauded greatly, and which the criticism of our neighbor city flattered, as it general-

ly flatters every thing sensational. "Ione" is an instance of Verdian fanaticism, without the soul of Verdi—melo-dramatic music with plenty of energy, but utterly wanting genius or originality—fierce trash, flash success, but only fit for rabid catgut and extreme lungs. But if "Ione" prove a triumph in Naples, not to mention New York, we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Fry's opera deserves far more, in comparison, of the public of America. If the American composer is not mad with genius, he is not insane for want of it. Measured by the highest standards, there is much in "Notre Dame" that might be condemned in the same spirit with which we censure "Ione;" but we accept it as rather an excellent home article, and not a pretentious and worthless import. It is to be regretted, however, that in our domestic production of opera we must sometimes take Verdi and Donizetti, smuggled in at second-hand; and it is a compliment to Mr. Fry's sincere efforts to say that he is not well adapted to the business, and that Signor Petrella makes more characteristic Italian music.

The libretto in the drama of "Notre Dame" has been thought worthy of special remarks, and we shall, therefore, pay it attention. As it is written by a brother of the composer (Mr. J. Reese Fry, of this city,) we may suppose that there has been a fair understanding between the musician and his dramatist, who has furnished him doubtless with the opportunities he desired. The composer might have had a higher ambition and desired more; for if there is a marked falling off and want of balance in the last act of the opera, it is especially the fault of the dramatist, whose want of equal tact gives the composer his only excuse for inserting the meritorious but irrelevant ballet scene.

The libretto is tolerably versified, and will compare favorably with the average of libretto-writing, which, as custom goes, is a business, rather than an art, as it should be. The bell-song, in the second-act—we do the librettist justice to say—is better worded than composed, for, although in most respects only a common-place piece of writing, it contains one or two felicitous suggestions of poetry, the only instances, we think, in the whole libretto, which the composer has altogether neglected. Poetry seems to Mr. Fry's muse untranslatable—and poetry we must regard as the test of the genius and thought of the composer—as, on the other hand, (we think it worth while to say) the musical element and feeling is only a less general test, perhaps, of poetry. The two arts, poetry and music, are by nature wedded as man to wife, though they have too often had merely a fashionable understanding—a conventional mutuality. Edgar Poe (and who understood the subject more finely?) suggested everything when he said that music was needed to complete the perfect poem, and the subtle musical quality of his own poems is proof of his theory. That so many fine songs are sung to barren words only shows that the composer is often a poet when his versifier is only prosaic. Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, have given equal music to the songs of Goethe and Schiller, Körner, Heine, Müller, Salis, Tieck, and many more, besides even hard Klopstock, (sparing a thought of what they have lavished, out of the wonderful magnanimity of the German genius, on the literature of other lands), till German poetry is almost one great song, and German music one grand poem. Not to know the music of Germany is almost not to know its poetry. Again we say, with what application we can make of it to opera, that the test of the music is poetry; but opera, as it is popularly understood, is not the best work to employ the developing art of our country. The man who translates a noble song into noble music will do his art and his nation a service which imperfect operatists, with all the drowning sensations of the stage, will not readily equal. Mr. Fry would gratefully acknowledge that one song of Schubert's, written in a quarter of an hour at a country tavern, is worth the whole of his laborious opera. Here we, perhaps unfairly, oppose genius to talent; but Mr. Fry has shown great talent. In giving him praise, we chiefly pay tribute to the musical science displayed in a singular instance upon the largest popular scale. Yet, we ask the considerate question—Can we have any decidedly American opera before we possess something like American song, making allowance for the English influence in music which, small as it is, is even greater than our own? Will our music rise to the level of poetry, and shall we have creation instead of scholarship? Something will be wanted to give our music feet and our poetry wings—to make song a home-dweller in our own groves and by our own households. Fortunately, the Germans have come among us, to show us how to celebrate Shakespeare, to explain Beethoven, and, if they cannot instruct us in social freedom, to teach us at least the glorious liberty of art. We may overrate the element which we admire, but no

one will question that America owes it much indeed. Though this may seem a vulgar fact to the thin and debonnaire dilettantism which is so easy a patron of Italian opera, it is, nevertheless, a wholesome and every-day truth.

We return to the new version of "Notre Dame," which the libretto has so narrowly escaped making an oratorio instead of an opera. In a dramatic respect, what he has done is as easy as the block-building. With so much fine material at hand, ready-made, it is surprising that he has constructed so poor a work. The popular drama, as presented at the theatres, and originally prepared for the French stage, we think, by Victor Hugo, or his son, furnishes a frame for music incomparably stronger than the present bald version. It is Mr. J. R. Fry's "Notre Dame," not Hugo's, and if presented in Paris, where the composer originally endeavored to bring it out, might have entailed upon the music an irredeemable fiasco. Passing the well-managed and striking first act, character and story are alike deficient—the ordinary stage stock dressed from Hugo's wardrobe. There is hardly a moral reason why *Quasimodo* should wear a hump or ring a bell—and this is the more apparent, since the music also lacks the character which the drama does not supply. Why does not *Gudule* sing from her miserable cloister, according to literary truth, instead of ambulating her grief like a genteel widow? Surely an enterprising composer would not have missed so good an effect, and even a man of talent might have made much of it. The scene where *Esmeralda* flies to the church for sanctuary, and is carried in by the *Hunchback*, is also ignored by our librettist. Effects like these, if not larger, strike deeper than carnival scenes and great processions, and operatists and librettists must rest their claim to theatrical success upon these simpler merits of purpose and action rather than adjuncts of scene. We object to the bad taste of calling *Captain Phœbus* (as he is characteristically known the world over) *Captain de Chateaupers*; but all may be summed up in our general objection to the whole perversion of "Notre Dame," which shows as little art as possible. The story of the opera is not as good as even that of "Il Trovatore;" obviously it should be better. We do not expect the librettist to have the dignity of the dramatist—all that we ask from him is the common sense and tact of a play-wright. Mr. Fry's "Notre Dame," badly constructed as the play is, has still action enough, we hope, to hang success upon. The first scene, and doubtless the first act, are ably managed, and what with the magnitude of the chorus and scenery in its presentation at our noble Academy, its splendid effect is unquestionable. The composer's general sustenance of action is, as we have already said, greatly to his credit, and induces us to think that with a better libretto he might have made a better work of music. With all its defects, "Notre Dame" has sufficient attraction, from the great prestige of Hugo's immortal work, the prodigious magnificence of its production, and the merits of its composer, to draw all to its hearing who are disposed to appreciate a liberal stage, and to favor the cause of our own patriotism and art.

### Beethoven's "Fidelio."

Beethoven's Opera, "Fidelio," was produced in November, 1805, at the Imperial House at Vienna, under the title of *Leonora*. In 1814, it was revised throughout, and put upon the stage, under its present title; since which time, no work has been a greater favorite upon the German stage. The plot is simple: Florestan, a Spanish nobleman, and intimate friend of the Prime Minister, has, in some manner fallen into the power of his arch enemy, Pizarro, Governor of one of the castles of the kingdom, used as a prison, who has thrust him into one of the lowest dungeons, and is reducing his portion of bread and water daily, to destroy him with all the horrors of slow starvation. Leonora, the wife of Florestan, seeking her husband in all directions, at length has her suspicions aroused that he is in this prison, assumes male attire, and enters the service of Rocco, the head jailer.

In the opening scene, we have some by-play between Jacquino, another servant, and Marcellina, daughter of Rocco, in which the girl breaks off her engagement of marriage with Jacquino, in favor of the elegant and cultivated Fidelio. The latter comes in from the city with chains purchased for Rocco, and with letters for Pizarro. Marcellina announces her desire to marry Fidelio; old Rocco consents and blesses the union. Pizarro enters; Rocco requests him to appoint the future son-in-law his assistant, which is granted. Among the letters is one sent by a friend to the Governor, informing him that the Minister is secretly on his way to examine the prison and that he must prepare to meet him that day. Pizarro sees that his only means of escape is in the death of the prisoner, and tempts Rocco to murder him. He

refuses utterly. He then orders him to clear out an old cistern in the dungeon for a grave, and will commit the deed himself. After he retires, Fidelio persuades Rocco to allow the prisoners to come out of their dungeons into the court of the castle to inhale the fresh air, and enjoy the sunshine. They appear and she scrutinizes their faces, in hopes of finding Florestan, in vain. Pizarro, appearing again, is enraged to find the prisoners out of their cells, and Rocco excuses it as a custom upon the King's birthday, and reminds him that one is dying in the deep vault beneath the castle.

In Act Second, we follow Rocco and his new assistant into the vault, whither they come to dig the grave. Florestan, chained to his hard couch, is seen lying in the dim obscurity of the dungeon. The grave is dug; Fidelio, trying in vain to catch a sight of the prisoner's features. She persuades Rocco to give the dying man the piece of bread and the pitcher of water they have brought with them for their refreshment. When all is ready, Pizarro is called. In the first act, the Governor has ordered a watch in the tower of the castle, to give a signal upon a trumpet, the moment the Minister appears. Now the monster approaches the prisoner, ordering Fidelio to retire. She has at length seen the features of her husband, and in an agony of suspense, hides herself behind a neighboring pillar. Ordering Florestan to be loosed from his confinement, he addresses him in an aria expressive of hate, satiated vengeance, and infernal triumph—an aria, in the mouth of a competent singer, and before an audience whose knowledge of the German language enables them to feel its truthfulness, which is a masterpiece of unbridled rage and passion. He raises his dagger, and Fidelio rushes between them. "Slay first his wife!" she cries. Throwing her violently aside he raises the weapon, but she again springs before him and points a pistol to his breast. At this instant the trumpet comes faintly sounding down from the ramparts, and Florestan is saved. Pizarro baffled retires, and leaves the husband and wife to the joy, too great for words, which can only find vent in the sweetest sounds of music.

Here was a subject after Beethoven's own heart. No dramatic story could better embody the sentiment that burns in all his music. The struggle of the soul with destiny, of light with darkness; Joy ("Choral Symphony"), Freedom, Truth, Humanity, bright ideals, natural rights and objects of the soul, postponed by human wrong and error; darkness, confinement and long suffering for the present, but glorious delivery at last by heavenly, all-conquering, human Love. The deliverance of the prisoner, made so because he "dared to utter Truth," through the high faith and persevering heroism of a devoted wife. The moral sublimity of this inspired him to his task. The fortune of his effort was alike characteristic. The first production was a failure. Vienna then, (in 1805), was occupied by the French army; the theatres were deserted; an audience of unmusical French soldiers, with but a sprinkling of friends of the true sort, found it tedious. He had written more for Art, than for the convenience of singers, and these important personages murmured at the difficulty of the music; he had enemies besides; the German libretto, adapted by Sonnleithner from an earlier one in French, was not altogether well managed; it was badly divided in three acts; the composer had not studied popular effect sufficiently, and was persuaded into endless bother of altering and re-altering. Peace restored in 1814, it was again brought out in Vienna, wisely compressed into two acts, and with many parts omitted or re-written; and in this form we have it now.

Beethoven wrote for his opera four overtures. The first did not satisfy. The third, known in our concerts as the "Leonora" overture, in C, is a different treatment of ideas found in No. 2. This is by far the finest of the four, as well as by far the fittest introduction to the opera, since it is a résumé of its leading themes and incidents, and conceived in the lofty tone and spirit of the whole. Beethoven much preferred the overture in C; but many thought it too long and too great a work for the commencement, and hence he substituted the lighter and brighter overture in E, now commonly played before *Fidelio*. This borrows nothing from the opera itself; has on the contrary a lively and *Don Juan*-like expression, and only connects itself as a natural prelude to the lighter and half-comic situations with which the play commences. There is only this advantage about it, that it conforms to the remarkable *crescendo* of the entire music, beginning with the lightest and least exciting, and grows more and more intensely tragical and grand until the climax where the prisoner is saved. The composition consists of sixteen numbers.

No. 1 is a gay and charming, half-comically serious duet, (in A), between Marcellina and Jacquino, who presses her to name the happy day; but she,

poor simpleton, is all in love with the supposed youth Fidelio. The music is Mozartian, clear and sparkling. Knocks at the door keep interrupting the luckless lover just as he thinks he is getting on so famously in his suit.

No. 2, in C minor, commencing Andante, is a sentimental Aria by Marcellina, in which she sighs and dreams of union with Fidelio, and then as the richly sombre instrumentation, "growing to a point," dashes down a scale of triplets and quickens to a livelier movement, she gives utterance to the inspirations of hope. Mozartian still, beautifully and truly so, except in the Beethoven climax and change just mentioned.

No. 3 is unmistakably Beethoven; a few bars of his mystical and deeply shaded introduction leading into the Quartet in G, (Andante): *Mir ist so wunderbar*, between Marcellina, Leonora, Jacquino and Rocco. This Canon is so exquisite, the characters so set apart in their answering and imitative phrases, (Marcellina longing and hoping for Fidelio; Leonora painfully conscious of it, yet countenancing the illusion, intent on her great purpose and its dangers; Rocco, too noticing it and liking the idea well; Jacquino, his "hair on end" at sight of his poor prospects), that it is always greatly relished and encored.

No. 4. Rocco's song in praise of money;—the least important number in a musical point of view, though it might pay the best.

The music waxes in warmth and inspiration, and in richness of ideas, in No. 5, a Trio, full of life and movement, in which Rocco applauds Fidelio's courageous determination to enter the prison service, tells him (her) he will succeed by perseverance, that the heart gets hardened by familiarity with horrors; she trusts in God and her heart's pure purpose; Marcellina hints that love, too, is a motive worth consideration.

Nos. 6 and 7. A quick march heralds the entrance of Pizarro, who sings an Aria, (D minor), with chorus, a terrific outburst of vengeful rage and hatred, in which he gloats with fiendish delight upon the thought that he shall soon have the heart's blood of Florestan, his fallen enemy and prisoner. The orchestra is lashed into a tempest, and we have the Beethoven energy under its most fearful aspect. The effect is marvellously enhanced, where, as the song thunders along in D major, a low whispered chorus of the guards in B flat comes in: "He talks of death, &c."

No. 8. Duet of hasses, in which Pizarro proposes to Rocco to make way with the prisoner, but, he refusing, declares his intention to do the dark deed himself; so his revenge will taste the sweeter; but Rocco must prepare a grave by the old cistern in the cell. The contrasted feelings of the two men are powerfully and wonderfully depicted in the music, which, with Beethoven's dark and mysterious modulations, is singularly suggestive and exciting.

No. 9 is the great recitative and Aria of Leonora, who has overheard the plot: *Abgeschlicher! wo elst du hin?* (Monster! to what art thou hastening?) It is a piece constructed like the scene in the *Frey-schütz*: first a recitative, in which the orchestra, (*Allegro agitato*), depicts her horror and alarm at the thought of his cruel "tiger sense," but yielding to the rainbow of hope which rises in her mind at the thought that she may save her husband; then a heavenly Adagio, (in E), with prelude and accompaniment of mellow horn and bassoon tones; "Come Hope, let not the last star of the weary pale; however distant the goal, Love will reach it," &c.; then an Allegro of immense fire and energy: "I follow the inward impulse!" with rapid running accompaniments of horn and reeds in full chords, exceedingly effective and inspiring. For orchestra and singer it is the most difficult, as well as perhaps the grandest scene of the kind in any opera.

No. 10. Finale of the first act, Chorus of the prisoners, who are let out to greet the light. A wonderfully beautiful piece of music, pervaded by an orchestral figure which indicates the light and buoyant sense of "breathing the free air;" the strain alternates with dark allusions to the prison cells; it is full of answering phrases of the voices; and one, a tenor, sings a strain of gratitude and trust in God; then all unite again in a thrilling climax upon the word *Freiheit*, (freedom)! Then come whispered cautions: we are watched; then voice after voice again, as at first, fall into the original strain: "O what delight, in the free air, &c." As the prisoners withdraw, there is a dialogue between Fidelio and Rocco. Her desire to go down into the cells with him is granted. This in spoken dialogue, followed by recitative; then in an *Allegro molto* movement he informs her of their first task, to dig that grave, alludes to the poor half-starved prisoner, &c. She hopes to see her husband, and so does not shrink. Then the duet assumes a flowing Andante movement in six-eight rhythm, in which the ear is charmed, but your soul shudders:



"We must straight to work." "I follow, were it to my death." &c. Then Marcellina and Jacquino rush in and give the alarm: Pizarro comes in a great rage that the prisoners are out. The jailor's excuses are quite touching: "The coming in of Spring—the cheerful warm sunlight—and then (a touch of patriotism) it is the king's *Namens-fest*." The poor prisoners are ordered back, and their exquisitely pathetic chorus: "Farewell, thou warm sunlight," with expressive orchestral accompaniment, and with the quintet of principal characters, (each characteristic: Marcellina and Jacquino commiserating, Fidelio full of his purpose, Pizarro urging on the jailor, the latter lamenting his cruel duty), brings the act to a grand musical and dramatic conclusion. Nothing could be finer than this Finale, which is thoroughly original and Beethovenesque.

We proceed briefly to describe the contents of the second Act.

No. 11. It opens with a remarkable instrumental introduction of some thirty measures, very slow, (*Grave*), in F minor, and sublime in its suggestion of a high soul languishing in chains, in dreary solitude and darkness. The loud, long bursts of the wind instruments in full chords answering to the low monotone of the strings; the plaintive exclamations of the 'celli, echoed by violins and oboes; the symphonic accompaniment of the drums (in minor fifths) to the wild diminished seventh chords, &c., lend a singular impressiveness to this prelude to the gloom of Florestan's cell, and to the prisoner's touching recitative: "God, what darkness! O heavy trial!" and with a change of key, (to E major): "I murmur not, God's will is just." A beautiful modulation to A flat introduces the exquisite tenor melody, (*Adagio cantabile*), which forms a leading feature in the "Leonora" overture, (No. 3). In this song all the tenderness and sweetness of Beethoven's heart flow out. The words are:

In the Spring-time of my life  
I dared to boldly speak the truth,  
And chains are my reward.  
Willingly I suffer every pain,  
And an ignominious end.  
With the sweet consolation in my heart,  
That I have done my duty.

The music quickens to an Allegro, (in F), as in a sort of "tranquil inspiration bordering on delirium," the prisoner thinks he feels a softer air about him, and sees as it were an angel of deliverance, in the form of Leonora! Such a scene demands the very best of tenors.

No. 12 opens with a piece of "Melodrama." Short, expressive bits of instrumentation preluding to the brief sentences of spoken dialogue between Rocco and his new assistant, Fidelio, (Leonora), who have come down into the cell to dig the grave. Leonora: "How cold it is here in this subterranean vault!" Rocco, (pointing to the prisoner): "There he is!" L. "God stand by me, if it is he!" &c. Then follows the marvellous duet, in A minor, *Andante con moto*, in which they proceed to dig, she watching the prisoner, as Rocco's back is bent, during the prelude. The orchestral part, in dull, ponderous triplets, is descriptive of their work, and the contrast of their voices, (the old jailor exhorting to fresh efforts, Fidelio brave, but almost fainting), is wonderfully expressive. At length, with a struggling, upward roulade of the double basses, a great stone is heaved up, and on goes the work again to the same movement, she more and more overcome by fatigue and terror, but still anxiously scrutinizing the poor prisoner. This duet, not difficult for orchestra or singers, is such as only Beethoven's imagination could have invented, and cannot but be heard with thrilling interest. Indeed how the spell of this tragic music deepens and grows upon you with more and more intensity, as the dark drama proceeds! Musically and dramatically, nothing in the whole range of opera is more exciting than this whole Act.

No. 13. A most lovely Terzetto, between Florestan, Leonora and Rocco; a sweet, flowing Allegro, in A major, smooth and melodious enough for Mozart, and yet the tenderness and depth are Beethoven's. The prisoner asks heaven's blessing on the youth who shows such humane interest; Leonora, now persuaded that it is her husband, is agitated by heavenliest hopes, and fears; she has a bit of bread which she would give him; the jailor is touched, but hints that it is forbidden. Wonderful is the modulation just here, as Fidelio coaxingly suggests: It can do no harm, it is soon all over with him! The bread is given, and the Trio kindles to a brighter blaze of feeling. This Trio would be exquisite without the action, sung as a concert piece, if well accompanied; but with true, fervent, natural action, it is as pure a fusion of situation, character and music, as purely lyrical a moment, as any in *Don Juan*.

No. 14. Quartet, *Allegro con brio*, in D. Pizarro steals in, throws off his dark mantle and reveals himself to the prisoner: "Pizarro, whom thou

wouldst have overthrown, Pizarro, the avenger, stands before thee!" The agitated music yields for a moment to a heroic, measured strain of horns and trumpets, as Florestan with composure replies: "A murderer stands before me." He lifts the dagger, when Leonora throws herself before her husband. He flings the rash youth back; she covers him again: *Tödt' erst sein Weib!* (kill first his wife!) she screams upon a high note—the climax of the opera. "His wife!" "My wife!" exclaim Pizarro, Rocco, Florestan; the swift quartet proceeds, until Pizarro seeks to kill them both, when she presents a pistol to his breast, and just then, in a changed key (B flat), resounds faintly from behind the scenes the trumpet announcing the arrival (so dreaded by Pizarro) of the Minister. It is the well-known trumpet passage of the "Leonora" overture. A few wonderfully expressive bars, in which the wild delight of Leonora and Florestan. "Thou art (I am) saved!" the mortification and curses of Pizarro, and the joyful astonishment of the old jailor find utterance, and again the trumpet strain rings nearer and louder. The quartet closes with a breathless Allegro, like clouds flying before the wind, that sweeps the dull skies clear,—the only piece of music that ever reminded us at all of the quick part of the Sextet in *Don Juan*.

No. 15. Duet between Leonora and Florestan, expressing the joy of meeting after such a separation: *O namen—namenlose Freude!* (O joy beyond expression!) It is a rapturous Allegro *vivace* movement of indescribable beauty, and the true Beethoven inspiration. Its animated rhythm, its alternate mingling and separation of voices, (which, now by short ecstatic responses, and now flowing together, seem literally to rush into each other's arms, and then to hold each other off as if to realize the union with distinct assurance), the directness, simplicity and earnestness of the main melody, and then the delicious strangeness of the modulation with each new flash of thought or new shade of emotion; all is full of joy and love, and gratitude and wonder, of sense of trial past and heavenly reward, a whole eternity in one miraculous and glorious moment.

No. 16. Finale. Scene the court yard of the prison. A quick and buoyant march, (in C), accompanies the entrance of the Minister and his train. The stage fills with men and women. Pizarro, as governor of the prison, accompanies the Minister; on the other side the prisoners come forth, with Marcellina and Jacquino. The march becomes accompaniment to a grand burst of full chorus: "Hail to the day, the much longed for, yet unexpected, when Justice and mercy appear before the door of our prison grave!" Fernando, the Minister, (basso), announces the royal mercy and deliverance to the prisoners, (they are supposed to be political prisoners). Again a snatch of chorus: "Hail to the day!" Old Rocco comes in, leading Leonora and Florestan. The Minister, astounded, recognizes his dear, his noble friend, whom he had supposed dead. Rocco relates the plot and the deliverance; Pizarro is denounced. "And Leonora," adds old Rocco. "Leonora?" "Yes, the ornament of womanhood I lend before you!" Pizarro would interpose "two words," but is silenced. The prisoner's chains are taken off; it is the wife's privilege to do it. In all this hurried recitative, the orchestra keeps up a continuous movement, full of life and complex beauty; and finally the key gets back to the broad sunlight of C major, (the key of the Leonora overture which Beethoven intended to commence the work), and the whole concludes with a grand ensemble of chorus, with quintet of principals, in praise of Leonora and of Woman's high devotion, borrowing the first lines from Schiller's "Hymn to Joy":

"Who a gentle wife has won,  
Join he in our jubilee! &c."

### Liszt in Rome.

From "Sights, sermons, and sounds in Rome," dated Passion Week, 1864, and contributed to the *Christian Inquirer*, we clip the following.

Very mysteriously an envelope was left upon my table containing a mysterious Italian ticket. Could the clerk explain it? Yes; a friend of mine had told him that I wished for it, and he had sent it into my room and put two scudi in my bill for it. But would he translate it? Certainly. "A sacred Accademia, in honor of the Cross for an oblation of St. Peter, which His Holiness the Pope designed to accept, the profits destined for the School of the Poor." Were all the tickets two scudi? Ah, no. They pay what they please, and some pay large sums; but two scudi is the least. And what is to be done? Liszt is to play the piano; so it is expected, though the public do not know it. It is then a concert? No, it is an academy. Well, I will go; and so I did at two P. M. The affair came off at

an Imperial place, "Pretorian Camp, near the Baths of Diocletian," and also near the railway terminus in the suburbs. At the gate, soldiers stopped the carriages to know if they had tickets. Rome has no good public concert-hall, so this performance took place in a half-finished building. Soldiers on duty everywhere. The hall was damp, for it was on the ground floor, and the low-vaulted brick arches were barely covered with gray plaster, and the guard's designation of a place where over-garments could be left had a decidedly chilly sound. Imagine a hall shaped thus, ♯, a Christ in plaster at one end, and a Virgin at the other; the cheerless walls and columns rendered less barren by flags and festoons, wreaths of roses, crosses, clusters of flowers, the latter stuck into patches of clay, which held them firmly against the walls, kept their stems moist, and did not show. At the upper end of the hall were a pulpit and piano. Of course, people rushed for seats in the semi-circle at the left of the rostrum, and the unfortunate tardy filled the chairs in the stem of the "paragaph." I was in time for a good seat, though not far enough round to see the pianist's fingers. There was no large platform, and the grand piano stood with its fore-legs upon one small stand, and its hind legs upon another. When the place was crowded, a brass band at the entrance, the lower end, played operatic airs. Next, the choir of male voices under the plaster east of the Virgin backed with red, a choir belonging to the Chapel Giulia, chanted a motetto, "We adore thee, O Christ!"—Palestrina's music, written three centuries ago, harmonious, but not to my fancy. Around the piano were seated various red and violet robed cardinals. One of them now seated himself at the desk, too lazy to stand up, and read a sermon in Italian from enormous sheets, on "The Church Teaching by the Cross," clear and well divided, though not very intelligible to me.

Then Liszt, the world-renowned, seated himself at the piano. When I took music-lessons in a little street at the west end of Boston, a picture of Liszt hung over the teacher's piano. It was the common picture, Liszt surrounded with distinguished musicians, enrapt in the melody which he plays, his head thrown back, hair flowing, and hands arched. He still resembles that picture. His long, gray, unperturbed hair, brushed straight back, swings about his smooth shaven face as he bends to the piano before him, like a heavy silk fringe. His face is sharp and steadfast, lighted up "e'en at the sounds himself has made," but not too full of amiable beauty. And his playing! Add an exquisite touch, refinement of modulation, rapidity of execution, to the playing of the best pianist America ever heard, and you begin to appreciate Liszt. Such diminuendos, such melody! May I criticize? He lifts his hand unnecessarily high in the air. He bows too often in a catch-courtesy way on taking his seat and when he is rising. He has too much the air of a man playing before "the highest nobility," and depending upon their smile. These are but parts of him, and do not affect the great whole. The first piece, "Armonia Religiosa," was only admirable for the rapid succession of its chords. After it, a second church dignitary sat and read in a feeble way a sermon, "The Church Combatting by the Cross," in French. Applauded, as were all the sermons, a grand old custom, another of Palestrina's motetti, "O Bone Jesus!" Then Liszt executed two pieces, "Ave Maria," which made you hear the tinkling of vesper bells, and "Cujus animam gementem," from "Stabat Mater." Il Signor Avvocato Paolo Tarnasi recited a tedious Italian poem, "Hail, O Cross! our only hope," in a florid style. After more brass music came the third discourse, in English this time, read by Dr. Manning, the famous apostate described in our last, "Doing Good by the Cross," very long. He dwelt largely upon the religious orders in the Catholic Church, and their self-sacrificing goodness, "reversing, by a sweet refinement of charity, the very words of Jesus, and making the blind leader of the blind." Truly, the Roman Church casts up a beautiful record in this respect, but does it exceed the record of Nightingale, Dix, and our noble army of nurses? This was followed by a hymn of Potoni, "O Crux Ave, Spes Unica." Then the German sermon, "The Church Triumphant by the Cross," and a valedictory thanksgiving, Ringraziamento, in Italian, very like a college Latin salutatory. Liszt worthily closed the programme with a religious melody, "Charity"—not the "meek and lowly," played by every Yankee girl, but an air even better.

Four sermons in four languages in one afternoon, is quite enough for any man, to say nothing of Liszt, last but not least.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 28, 1864.

## Death of Meyerbeer.

The Musical Gazette of Paris comes to us dressed in mourning, and full of one theme, as are most of the musical journals of Europe; for the author of the *Huguenots* is no more! He died in Paris on Monday, the 2nd inst. For several years he had not visited that city of his triumphs, but had lived for the most part in Berlin, his native city, in the palatial building in the corner by the Brandenburg gate, where the stately avenue Unter den Linden ends in an aristocratic square. There we can imagine him in the quiet exercise of his duties as kapellmeister to the King of Prussia, a position mainly honorary, arranging now and then a court concert in the *Schloss*, composing music for royal and public occasions, lending the light of his countenance to operas and concerts in the Royal Theatre, the Singakademie, &c., far more fond of appearing in such places than Rossini seems to be in Paris, and at the same time far more fond of labor, and ambitious to renew his laurels, still planning, elaborating, ever revising, correcting, finishing new works to prolong the shining series of *Robert*, the *Huguenots*, the *Prophète*, *L'Étoile du Nord* and the *Pardon de Ploermel*. The London *Musical World* says:

The great musician was taken away in the midst of plans fast ripening into maturity. His *Africaine* was not his only care. He had another opera completed. This was *Judith*—on a biblical subject, as the name implies. His mind, too, was intent upon a sacred *cantata* for the Birmingham Festival; and with this in view, the Bible was of late his more than ever inseparable companion. He entertained also the project of a secular oratorio. A sacred oratorio he never at any time contemplated. "What"—he would ask—"can I be expected to do after Mendelssohn's *Elijah*?" He may have under-estimated his powers in this direction; for his partiality to the sacred style of composition (witness many published works) was notorious; but his resolution was not the less fixed and unalterable. Another cherished scheme was a grand historical opera, on some English subject. In 1855—when superintending the production of his *Étoile du Nord* at Covent Garden (for the revival of which opera, this season, at the same theatre, he had half made up his mind to pay London another visit)—he happened to attend the Princess's Theatre. There he witnessed the gorgeous representations of Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*, which has immortalized the management of Mr. Charles Kean. Enchanted with what he saw on that occasion, and particularly struck with one or two of the old English melodies which Mr. J. L. Hatton had introduced in the music, his active mind there and then conceived the idea of an English Historical opera on the plan and dimensions of the *Huguenots*. The book was to be prepared by one of our most eminent men of letters, with whom Meyerbeer had several consultations on the subject.

But these, and many more schemes, which kept that busy head incessantly employed, were never destined to be realized. The mainspring of intelligence snapped asunder and the curious clockwork of the brain ceased to perform its functions.

A series of articles on the life and works of Meyerbeer, from the pen of M. Fétis, was already in course of publication in the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, when his death intervened. From these we learn that his long expected *L'Africaine* occupied his mind as long ago as *Le Prophète*. His last visit to Paris was purely for the purpose of at last bringing out the *Africaine*, the score of which was completed in 1860, but its production kept back for want of a soprano singer answering to his ideal of the leading part. He arrived in Paris early in September, and, in spite of his fa-

tigue, went that very evening to the opera to hear Mlle. Tietjens in the *Huguenots*. "From that moment not a day passed in which the *Africaine* was not in question. But the pains he took in the choice of artists, in the distribution of the rôles, in the details of the *mise en scène*, did not suffice for the activity of this indefatigable organization, and he incessantly complained of having nothing to compose. He was eager to find a libretto for a comic opera, and he declared that it would be a recreation for him to write the music of one. For him repose only existed in variety of labor!

"According to his habit, he had wished to have the score copied at his own lodgings, and the copyists were installed in his apartment in the rue Montaigne. Time was pressing. All the grand rôles were copied, as well as most of the smaller rôles of the first act. . . . When the *Huguenots* was last taken up again at the Opera, Meyerbeer attended several rehearsals and directed the studies of Mlle. Marie Sax, whom he had finally chosen and designated for the principal female part in *L'Africaine*.

"Nothing showed the slightest alteration in the health of the great artist. On Friday, April 22, he had dined at home alone, and his repast was frugal. Feeling indisposed the next day, he sent for his physician, who remarked no alarming symptom; nothing but great weakness, which, added to his age, might render an energetic medical treatment dangerous. He continued none the less to occupy himself with "*L'Africaine*." He talked of it to his visitors, and to one of them he said: 'At first I had written only an introduction, but they advised me to substitute an overture. It is done, entirely done; I have it there, and it only remains for me to finish the orchestration: how unlucky that this indisposition prevents me!'

"The weakness sensibly increased, and yet he was uneasy at the non-arrival of one of the copyists. When Dr. Rayer complimented him on his works, he said: 'You are too indulgent; but I have here (putting his fingers to his forehead) many ideas and many things which I should like to do!'—You will do them, and many more besides, said the doctor: 'Do you believe so? Ah well, so much the better!'

"On Sunday (May 1), towards noon, the intestinal obstruction appeared to yield, but at the expense of his general strength. Since the morning two of his daughters had arrived from Baden, in time to be present in his last moments, as well as M. Jules Beer, his nephew, and M. Brandus (music publisher). As he did not wish to alarm his family, Mme. Meyerbeer, more lately warned, did not arrive till Monday, accompanied by her oldest daughter and her son-in-law, baron von Korf. On Sunday evening about 8 o'clock, when all hope was lost, he turned as usual to the persons around his bed and bade them, with a smile, good night, then turned away, and they pretended to withdraw. On Monday, at 5 1-2 in the morning, the pulse and respiration had become almost insensible, and at 20 minutes before 6, a sigh, which was the last, announced that life was extinct!

"A few hours afterward, Rossini, arriving from Passy, where he had heard of the master's illness, presented himself in the rue Montaigne to inquire the news of him. When the concierge in a brusque way informed him of the sad event, he was obliged to sit down and shed copious tears.

He embraced Mme. Meyerbeer, who had come down to receive him."

We are further informed by the same journal that the deceased left written instructions about his burial, enjoining particular precautions against being buried alive; and that there were found, among his papers, "several prayers, in a style eminently religious and touching, composed by him and for his own private use." No other express declaration of his will was found. It is only known how persistently eager he was to hasten the production of *L'Africaine*, a work which he seems to have cherished with a lively affection. It is said too, that in seeking a libretto for a comic opera, he employed his leisure in arranging a text which should connect the different parts of the music to *Struensee*.

We have not room for the details of the funeral ovation in Paris; the procession, which accompanied his remains to the railway station for Berlin, was as when one of the powers of the earth are buried. It was escorted by national guard with bands and drum corps of the gendarmerie, followed by most distinguished musical and public personages, representatives of the Conservatoire, the theatres, the musical societies, &c.; the walls of the railway station were draped in mourning; an organ and a magnificent cenotaph erected; the bands played the "Schiller march," the march from the *Prophète* and that from the *Pardon de Ploermel*; the singers and orchestra of the Opera performed the grand church chorus and march in the *Prophète*; those of the Opera Comique a chorus from *Le Pardon*; discourses were pronounced by MM. Beulé, Saint-Georges, Baron Taylor, Emile Perrin, Camille Doucet, Ullmann, (grand Rabbi of France) and others; and thus twice in the space of two years has Paris paid these solemn honors to a musical composer. Halévy was the earlier instance.

A brief sketch of Meyerbeer's career will be found on another page. This is not the time to attempt an estimate of his genius and productions. Our impressions of the peculiar power and the short-comings of his music are scattered throughout the volumes of this journal, with critical analyses of his operas, accounts of their performance and of their effects, and also the opinions of such critics as Scudo, Richard Wagner, Henri Heine, &c., those of the two last not unmingled with severity. While owning the great impressiveness and ingenuity of his operas, the carefully studied effects, the minute elaboration, the individualization of character, the wealth and wierd charm of instrumentation, we have never been able to sympathize with his unbounded admirers, or to feel that he was great save in an external and material sense. We are of those who feel in him the power of will and talent rather than of genius. The gift of spontaneous melody was not peculiarly his; elaborately planned effects instead of inspiration. If we feel the latter anywhere, it is in some parts of *Robert*, particularly in the melody of the part of Alice, which is unique and fresh, and has the charm of nature. But even *Robert* is as a whole heavy, and much of it forced and strange. And this we have felt still more in the *Huguenots*, the *Prophète*, &c. After sitting through one of these great operas, we have not felt inspired, inwardly edified and strengthened; have not gone away with lighter hearts and nobler hopes and aspirations, but have felt wearied and oppressed. How different the feeling after

such works as *Fidelio*, or the Ninth Symphony, or *Elijah*!

In short, the works of Meyerbeer have had their place assigned them by many of the most earnest musicians and music-lovers, and as we think justly, in the category of "music of effect." Outward *eclat* enters too largely into their motive. Wonderful elaborations they are, not creations. Beautiful in many a detail, not living wholes quickened with one breath of genius. Just so we feel before one of Kaulbach's vast and crowded frescoes, or on laying down a romance of Sue or Bulwer; not the Raphael or Shakespeare feeling. We may be wrong; but it is significant that this criticism has come mostly from those most deeply, fondly and sincerely versed in the music and the genius of the Mozarts, Beethovens, Mendelssohns, Schuberts, Rossinis and their peers. The strongest expressions of it are on record from the mouths of men like Mendelssohn and Schumann. What are all the *bravos* of fashionable Italian opera publics, all the pompous Parisian homage, all the wide *reclame* of which Meyerbeer in person was so indefatigable an organizer, compared to opinions like these? There are kinds as well as degrees of greatness. Meyerbeer is great, perhaps the greatest, among his proper peers, such notables as Berlioz, Halévy, Wagner, Gounod, Verdi: but it remains to see whether the enthusiasm is not hasty and superficial which would place his statue in the august company of Gluck and Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn and Weber.

### The German Opera.

The second week and second half of the short visit, or specimen season, of Mr. Grover's admirable company was still attended with increase of recognition and enthusiasm. All but two of the performances were repetitions, contrary to the original programme, but they were clearly called for. *Faust* was twice repeated; it began and closed the week; we should have accounted three nights more profitably spent upon *Fidelio* or *La Dame Blanche*; but everybody wished to see, and see repeatedly, the incomparable Margaret of FREDERICI and the Mephistopheles of HERRMANN. *Martha* had been so surprisingly well done, Frederici was such a charming Nancy, both the ladies sang and played with such a genial vivacity and grace together, HIMMER's manly tenor voice and action were so truly refreshing, and the whole thing was so quickened in the rendering even when the music staled, that those who had long since heard enough of *Martha* enjoyed it that night in the beaming faces of fresh listeners. Then Weber's *Freyschütz*, the most perfect of their productions, so wonderful in its intrinsic charm of music and romance, and with the very ideal of an Agathe in Frederici, only increased desire "with what it fed upon." The only want was of a more telling bass voice and of more vitality in the important part of Caspar, and perhaps too, a sweeter quality of voice in the clever Aennchen of CANISSA. One word of reproof for a portion of the audience. The untimely moment seized upon for the throwing of bouquets and insisting on an encore, right in the middle of the holiest passage, the prayer "*Leise, leise*," instead of waiting for the return of the melody already provided in the construction of the *scena*, and to the end of the triumphant finale thereof, the true place for applause to break out, showed at least a very unmusical sort of impatience and betrayed strange ignorance of so classical and popular work.

The pieces given for the first time (this season and by this troupe) were *Don Juan* and *Fidelio*. In the former we might have expected to find a strong

and earnest German company especially at home, and that it would be their success *par excellence*. Strange to say, it proved the contrary. It was the least creditable of their performances. There were some good parts, to be sure. The Leporello (HERRMANN) was uncommonly good, nay admirable; the Elvira (FREDERICI) far more refined than most of the Elviras; the Don Ottavio (HABELMANN) ditto, only an unlucky cold nearly thwarted his best intentions in *Il mio tesoro*; and Mme. JOHANNSEN, though her voice sounds harsh and hard in emphatic high notes, showed fine conception and dramatic energy in Donna Anna. But there was wanting a Don Juan; STEINECKE has not the voice; the Zerlina of CANISSA, with all its pretty rusticity and brightness, was only tolerable after such ideals of the part as we have known here; the Commendatore was weak, and the Masetto weaker; and the general manner in which Mozart's masterpiece was put upon the stage, the slovenly rags and loopholes in the story, lack of consistency and life, showed want of care and earnestness. One could take refuge to be sure in the orchestra, which CARL ANSCHUTZ always keeps so well in hand, and which is uncommonly good in its composition; it is a luxury to single out and listen to its first oboe and bassoon, and Mozart is partial to their service.

But the event of the week, and of this musical year in Boston, was the production of *Fidelio*, Beethoven's one opera, than which there is no greater. We will not attempt to point out here in what its greatness consists. Once, in a slight and sketchy way, we did that, at the time when (seven years ago) the opera was murdered at the Boston Theatre, and never since attempted; that analysis we reprint on another page to-day, merely for convenience of reference, and to save making more words. We have now to do only with the new performance as an event. Nothing in our musical world, for a long time, has given us so pure a satisfaction, or has so encouraged our best hope and effort for the promotion of a sound musical taste and feeling in this community, as the effect of that production of *Fidelio* on Thursday evening, May 12.

The recollection of that abortive presentation seven years ago kept some away; the fear of a thing too good for common opera-goers' food kept more; but it did not prevent a very large audience, in weight of character and culture not inferior to any ever seen within those walls. The whole audience were profoundly impressed. Such excitement, such intensity of interest, keeping pace with the *crescendo* of the musical inspiration, has not manifested itself on any other night. All felt how rich, how beautiful, how noble, how irresistible in the superb logic of its most natural unfolding, how full of the god-like element in man, how inspired out of the very depths of a great soul, all thrilling with imaginative sense and faculty, the whole music-is. It suited, too, the earnest temper of the times. All went home full of it, bringing away a strange joy that will last and live on in the mind, and help to tone our lives to finer issues. The excitement was a wholesome one, not dissipating and exhausting, but edifying, tranquillizing, strengthening. We know we speak the feeling of very many who were present; we heard it from their lips and read it in their faces.

Of course such a result implies no mean degree of merit in the performance. And indeed we were agreeably surprised that this company, most of the time exercised in lighter works, could do it on the whole so well. Not that there were not crudities and imperfections, plenty of them. But a general artistic earnestness and fervor pervaded the effort; they entered into the spirit of it. Leonora (*Fidelio*) is Mme. JOHANNSEN's great part; her acting, especially in the prison scene, and at the great climax, was thrillingly true and powerful; she threw her whole soul into it, and, making all allowance for her voice, there are not many who could render the great scene "*Abscheulicher!*" &c., more satisfactorily. HIMMER was equally good as Florestan and has the voice for it. HERRMANN made a capital Rocco; and with CANISSA as Marcellina, HABELMANN in the small but not unimportant part of Jacquino, STEINECKE as the vengeful Pizarro (a most difficult part, need-

ing a better voice), and GRAFF as the Minister, it certainly was not badly cast. The enthusiasm could not keep in after the clean-cut Canon of the first quartet, which had to be repeated. It was the intrinsic charm of the composition; for the performance was not as precise as its peculiar structure requires; there were hitches in *tempo*, blurring the outline; the orchestra, efficient on the whole, betrayed want of sufficient rehearsal; how could it be otherwise with a thing so improvised for a single night! The Trio that followed was cheered still more warmly. The chorus of prisoners let out to feel the air and sunshine gave exquisite delight; and so, through all the thrilling gloom and raptures of the prison scene. Even those who did not notice, felt the grandeur of the orchestral part there; Beethoven takes hold with a great hand, and yet a delicate, and far down, though you be not thinking of him, but only of the drama going on before your eyes. A certain anti-climax would have been avoided, by not cutting off the jubilant ensemble of the denouement as a separate third act. Beethoven makes only two acts. Do you remember the little march with which the Governor and guard enter? How slight and unpretending, yet how good! This is making just enough of a small incident, not magnifying accident into substance, as Gounod does in *Faust*, suspending the busyness of that intensely moving drama half an hour, in order to make much of an insignificant and noisy march with brass band and manoeuvres on the stage, a mere trap for the applause of the vulgar, intended for an encore. The one is art, the other clap-trap. The latter well illustrates Richard Wagner's definition of "effect" music, viz., "*result without a motive*," i.e., without a motive from within the play itself, without an artistic motive.

When Mr. Grover brings his German opera here again (and we are told we may expect it in September) he will not feel timid about venturing *Fidelio*. He will produce it early and leave room for several repetitions. We have more yet to say in acquittance of our debt to him and conductor Anschütz and their artists, and in the general way of summing up, with inference and suggestion for the future. Here are at least "ten talents," and they ought to be improved, increased.

NOTES ON A MONTH'S CONCERTS.—The most important was "*Elijah*," the rendering of which great work was creditable to the H. and H. Society, though we have heard some of its choruses sung more clearly by them. The great Organ (Mr. LANG), besides the Orchestra, deepened and broadened the great sea of harmony sublimely. The contralto solos were signally effective in the rich, large, cultivated voice and style of ADELAIDE PHILLIPS. Miss HOUSTON sang her best in some of the soprano pieces, always earnest, full of the feeling of the music, although sometimes nervous; and the other soprano, Mrs. SMITH, pleased by her purity of voice and honest style. Mr. WHEELER's tenor, though it carries no great weight, seconded his true intentions unusually well. Faulty pronunciation marred Mr. RUDOLPHSEN's rendering of the Prophet's part, which otherwise was not without considerable merit. The Angel Trio, by the three ladies above named, has rarely sounded so well; we only wished for more of a *pianissimo* in the chorus that completes it. ZERRAHN, faithful and earnest always, was the conductor.

Next in importance we recall the last three of the 18 Afternoon Concerts of the ORCHESTRAL UNION, which have given us a long list of the best Symphonies and Overtures this winter. Especially rich the last but two (May 4), when they not only repeated Schumann's noble Symphony in B flat (and played it better than before, although few works suffer more from the want of many violins, &c.), but gave the overture to *Oberon*, and Auber's to *Le Serment*; while Mr. PAINE played on the Organ a beautiful *Pastorale* of Bach, a chorus of Handel, and his own fine *Fantasia* and *Fugue* in E minor. Organ treats abound; the rarest (in both senses) is to hear Paine.

Beethoven's 7th Symphony was reserved for the crowning glory of the last concert (May 18), when were also played the pretty *Zanetta* overture and the Finale of the 2d act of *Robert le Diable* (the news of Meyerbeer's death had just come); Mrs. FRODOCK played an *Offertoire* of Wely and a *Pedal Tocatta* by Schellenberg, very effectively, upon the Organ. A benefit concert of CARL ZERRAHN was the attraction of last Wednesday, when 150 young ladies, his pupils of the Girl's High and Normal schools, assisted him by singing "Night," a song in three parts; the chorus in *Giuramento*, and the Angel Trio from *Elijah* as a part-song. The two most popular of orchestra pieces, and none better, 5th Symphony and *Freyschütz* overture, opened and closed the concert, and the "Procession of Bridesmaids" from *Lohengrin* returned in a manner the compliment of the 150 maidens.

JOHANN GOTTLIEB SCHNEIDER, court organist at Dresden, and perhaps the most distinguished of all contemporary organists, died there on the 13th of April, in his seventy-fifth year. He excelled in improvisation, but his compositions are not remarkable. It is but a few months since we read of the death of HESSE, of Breslau, an organist almost equally renowned.

Another distinguished organist—Mynheer Tours, of Rotterdam, has also died lately. He was one of the first musicians of Holland, and for thirty years the director of the "Eruditio Musical Society."

We see mention of two young Bostonians in the German musical journals. In Berlin Mr. ADAMS has made a successful debut at the Royal Opera as Manrico in *Il Trovatore*, with the famous Mlle. Lucca in the part of the heroine. At the annual examination of the pupils at the Leipzig Conservatorium, the piano playing of Mr. Carlisle PETERSILEA is again highly commended both in the *Signale* and the *Neue Zeitschrift*. The latter says: "He showed in the Adagio and Finale of Chopin's Concerto, that, besides eminent and brilliant *technik*, he is also master of the most various *nuances* of touch (especially admirable was the almost breath-like delicacy of some passages), and that he has quite a good, if also a somewhat material conception of the intentions of one of the most difficult of composers in this regard."

ADELINA PATTI left Paris on the 2nd for London, where she was to make her re-appearance at Covent Garden as Rosina in *Il Barbiere*. She was fêted on all hands before her departure, and Mme. de Rothschild gave a great dinner in honor of her. Besides opera, she had sung in two charity concerts in Paris, and had distributed 1,000 francs among the chorus singers at the theatre Italian. On coming of age recently, Patti settled an annuity of 6,000 francs on each of her parents. She too has been assuming the rôle of Margaret in *Faust*. A black-eyed Italian Gretchen!

The Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine at Whitsuntide, was to take place this year at Aix-la-Chapelle, under the direction of kapellmeister Rietz, of Dresden. The works to be performed on the first day were: Handel's "Belshazzar," and Lachner's second *Suite* for orchestra; second day: *Magnificat*, by J. S. Bach; scenes from Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*; 114th Psalm by Mendelssohn; and Beethoven's 9th Symphony. Joachim, the great violinist, was expected to take part.

PARIS. From the correspondence of the *Orchestra* we learn the following:

At the Italiens the chief point of interest has been the revival of the "*Italiana in Algeri*," for the special purpose of giving M<sup>me</sup>. de Méric-Lablache the opportunity of a *premier rôle* in the part of *Isabella*. This lady has hitherto sung in minor parts only, but it was considered due to her talent to give her a *début* in a rôle of importance—even although that selected had been notably filled by such a great artist as Alboni. It was not anticipated that M<sup>me</sup>. de Méric-Lablache would excel, if indeed she could hope to equal, her great predecessor as a vocalist—but Alboni could be surpassed as an actress, and here it was expected that the De Méric-Lablache would gain ground. The result, however, did not justify the expectation. The lady created no effect even in her acting. This was at least surprising, for in serious opera M<sup>me</sup>. de Méric-Lablache exhibits rare qualities of gesture, by-play, and facial control. These qualities, however, appeared to have failed her in Comic Opera—hence her non-success. The sisters Marchisio good-naturedly played in the cast with the new *Isabella*, having only to put in an appearance in the celebrated Septuor in the second act. Agnesi played *Mustafa*, Scallée *Taddeo*. Bettini, the tenor, was not in particularly good voice, but played and sang, as he always does, *apertamente*.

On Sunday last "*Polinto*" was given for the benefit of the *maestri*, Alary, with the Marchisios, Giraltoni, Fraschini. At the Lyrique M. Ismaël has re-

sumed his famous part in the "*Rigoletto*." The next news of interest from this theatre will be the production of Félicien David's "*La Captive*," in which a *débütante* is announced to appear, M<sup>lle</sup>. Sannier.

Two deaths are given in the necrology of our French musical contemporaries: one, M. Regnier Canaux, publisher of music; the other, M<sup>lle</sup>. Esther Halévy, daughter of the composer, a talented and promising girl, who died at the early age of some twenty years.

"*Mireille*," in spite of its being more a *succès d'estime* than a real one, continues to attract the Parisians to the Théâtre Lyrique. It has been much curtailed, and the last acts contain now but half the music originally composed for them. With this the lengths are avoided, but the absurdity of the libretto, if possible, increased; and "*Mireille*," in spite of the many beauties contained in the first two acts, will never gain the position "*Faust*" occupies now on all stages; on the contrary, if poet and composer do not resolve to completely rewrite the last acts, "*Mireille*" may possibly never go beyond the precincts of the Théâtre Lyrique. The performance of it is also not what might be desired. M<sup>me</sup>. Miolan-Carvalho, with her mania ever to represent a *Sonnambula*, cannot succeed in interesting the audience in the heroine she so indifferently represents. Added to that, she sings so out of tune, that sometimes it is a perfect infliction to listen to her. M<sup>me</sup>. Faure-Lefèvre, on the contrary, is every thing that is charming; her intelligence and acting, the grace with which she sings the interesting and pleasing music allotted to her, win all the audience in her favor, and she certainly carries away the lion's share of the applause. Ismaël, whom critique and claques have tried, and try, to push, is a most indifferent actor. A rough, limited, and totally uncultivated voice, generally out of tune, and bad acting, are the qualities which distinguish him. On the other side, M. Petit is a young artist full of the best promise; with a pleasant, full baritone voice, already well cultivated, and refined acting—attributes which will most likely lead him to a prominent position in his profession.

BERLIN. A great celebration of "*Israel in Egypt*," as an allusionary suggestion of Allemannia in Denmark, has been originated in Berlin for the benefit of the Crown Prince Fund for needy *Hinterbliebene* in Danish dominions. May 1st saw a grand alliance cemented between the Oberst-Kämmerer or High Chamberlain Count von Redern and the principals of the singing associations, for the purpose of doing full justice to Händel and the "left behind" of sacred Prussian memory. Accordingly, the Academy of Song, the Stern and Jahn Singing Association, the Royal Domchor, the organist Haupt, and the Royal Chapel combined with Fräulein de Ahna, Pressler, Frau Harriers-Wippert, Herren Betz, Krause and Wowsorsky, and Kapellmeister Taubert. Great as was the object, greater was the attendance in the Garrison Church, and the enthusiasm, awakened in behalf of the "left behind," stirred up by the patronage of H. K. H. the Crown Prince and Princess, and augmented by the talent of the Royal Opera House, filled the Church and applauded Händel to many encores. Shakespeare has naturally received his due in Berlin, and has been commemorated in a peculiar manner—the festivity having been confined to music, so far as his celebration by the "Society for the study of new languages" is concerned. The concert-room of the Royal Theatre was crowded with Prussia's intellect and Berlin's beauty. The "budding woman-world," according to the German journals, surrounded the bust of the commemorated bard, and a most elegant audience bent before him in devotion to his genius. Then the orchestras celebrated Shakespeare musically; by overture to "*Hamlet*," overture to "*Coriolanus*," overture to "*Romeo and Juliet*," chorus from "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," song from "*Henry VIII.*" and Taubert's "*Tempest*." Dr. Leo "addressed" the audience, and (a circumstance that would fill a Linnaeus Banks with amazement and awe) confined himself to a few quiet unobtrusive words on the subject of Shakespeare's greatness, and was so simple and short, that the audience were twice as deeply impressed as if a Phelps had harangued them with dramatic heavings of the chest. The conditions of the two prizes were then declared, which are to be given (of the value of 500 and 200 thalers respectively) in connection with the Shakespeare festivity. The first is for the best essay "On Shakespeare's influence on the English language, treated in four points;" and the second, "History of Shakespearean criticism in Germany." The time allowed for the delivery of the essays is to the 1st July, eighteen hundred and sixty-five! Truly long enough to allow a mass of German research and German knowledge to be expended on the elaboration of a treatise!

## Special Notices.

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 605.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1864.

VOL. XXIV. No. 6.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Half a dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

II. ANTONIO SALIERI.

(Continued from page 242.)

The next year (1781) appeared from his pen a ballad opera in German, entitled the "*Rauchfangkehrer*" (Chimney-sweeper). The author of the text was unknown to Mosel—it being one which a friend had given Salieri that he might, while waiting for a text from the directors of the theatre, practise himself in setting German words to music. Still, it was put upon the stage, and, in spite of the critics, was a success, not only in Vienna, but in other cities—for instance, in Bonn where the boy Ludwig van Beethoven had the opportunity of hearing it. Mosel says, that the sharp criticisms of the work can only have related to the text, which, he adds, was beneath criticism both in its style and versification, while the music deserves special commendation. Salieri's success in setting what to him was still a strange language, he says, was surprising, and the modulations in the music—the entire accompaniments—were very beautiful. As a joke, a burlesque, in a tenor air of this work, Salieri introduced a passage which was sung in falsetto; nobody in those days dreaming that that thin, expressionless, unmanly kind of tone could ever come to be employed by composers except to create a laugh.

Leopold Mozart, in 1783, wrote to his son in Vienna for a copy of this work for Salzburg, and on Dec. 10, received the following reply. "I only write you in greatest haste that I have bought the 'Chimney-sweeper' for 6 ducats and have it already at home. Judging from your letter you take it to be an Italian opera. No, it is in German, and moreover a miserable original piece, which has Dr. Auernbrugger, here in Vienna, for its author. You will remember that I told you about Herr Fischer's having publicly satirized it on the stage."

In 1782, Salieri received an order to compose an opera seria for the court stage in Munich. He gladly undertook this, the more so, because he was allowed to take Metastasio's *Semiramis* for his text, of which he had composed several numbers in Naples. This proved also a success.

The next year, Joseph having re-established his Italian opera, with a company selected from a list of singers made by Salieri in Italy, the season opened with Salieri's "*La Scuola de' Gelosi*," enriched with several new numbers, which was a new triumph for the composer.

It will be remembered that one of the persons, who in 1770 tried over Salieri's youthful production "*Le Donne Liriate*," and encouraged its production, was Gluck. The accumulating proofs of the young man's talents, his lively disposition, and especially his taste and views in music and composition, had won the warm affection of the veteran composer, and his fullest confidence. Of this he now gave a striking proof. At the end of 1783, as he was no longer able to undertake an opera, in consequence of a previous stroke of ap-

oplexy, he was called upon by the directors of the French Academy of Music, to designate some other composer, able to produce a French opera on the principles of that philosophy in Art, which he had taught both by precept and example, and which alone could give birth to a truly dramatic music. Gluck proposed Salieri, now in his 33d year.

It was twenty years since the first performance of the "*Orpheus and Eurydice*" in Vienna (1764). The "*Alceste*" and "*Paris and Helene*" followed in course of time, and, having gained that success which makes them mark an era in operatic history, the contest between his and the old Italian and French styles was renewed in the French language at Paris. "At last," says Poisot, "on the 19th April, 1774, the "*Iphigenie in Aulide*" of chevalier Gluck made its first appearance in the Nouvelle Salle du Palais Royal, opened, January 26, 1770, by a reproduction of Rameau's *Zoroastre*."

Here is the list of Gluck's operas in Paris.

1774, April 19. *Iphigenie en Aulide*. 3 Acts. Text by Racine, arranged for the opera by du Rollet.

1774, August 2. *Orphée et Eurydice*. 3 Acts. Text Celsabigi, translated and adapted in French by Moline.

1776, April 23. 3 Acts. Text by Celsabigi, translated by du Rollet.

1777, Sept. 53. *Armide*. 5 a. Text by Quinault.

1779, May 18. *Iphigenie en Tauride*. 4 a. Text by Guillard.

1779, Sept. 24. *Echo et Narcisse*. 3 a. Text by de Tschudy.

The order now received from Paris was for an opera in the style of these, and the text selected was "*Les Danaïdes*," by du Rollet and de Tschudy. Gluck's recommendation was of course sufficient, and to Salieri the composition was entrusted. It was his first attempt to compose a French text, his first attempt also to leave the regular Italian forms, which alone his protector Joseph really found to his taste. Salieri has himself honestly recorded the fact that he composed the work under the guidance of Gluck. When it was finished he took it to Gluck and they went through it together at the piano-forte. In one of the airs was a passage with which the composer was dissatisfied, but was unable to discover in what the fault consisted. He pointed it out in the score to Gluck, who examined it and then called upon Salieri to sing it. He listened attentively, and then said: "You are right, dear friend, the air as a whole is good, but the passage with which you are dissatisfied, displeases me also. Still I cannot at the moment discover the reason. Sing the air again." Salieri did so. "And now again." When the other reached the passage now for the third time, Gluck interrupted him, and suddenly exclaimed: "Now I have it—the passage smells of music!" and upon examination they found that the musical idea here did not spring from any necessity of the situation or sentiment of the text, but was introduced simply on artistic grounds.

"This remark of the great man," says Salieri,

"is as original as it is full of meaning, and in the highest degree instructive for every artist in every art."

Salieri himself took his score to Paris not only with the consent but to the great pleasure of Joseph. "*Les Danaïdes*" was put upon the stage with immense splendor, and first publicly performed on the 26th April, 1784, in the Theatre de la Porte St. Martin, the Palais Royal theatre having been burned a few years before. The success of the work was such as to gain him an order for two new operas. Rauquit-Lieutand wrote him that every composer, who produced three successful works at the Academy, received for each of the first twenty performances 200 francs, for each of the ten following 150 f., for each of the next (the fourth) ten 100 f., and all beyond forty 60 f.

Cramer, in his *Magazin der Musik* (II. 417 et seq.), gives a long article made up out of various numbers of the *Mercure de France* upon "*Les Danaïdes*." The article, of course, with its account of Danaus, Hypermnestra, the children of Danaus, of Linceus and his brethren, and the story of the five act drama, I pass over; but the introductory notice by Cramer himself is of too much interest to leave untranslated. Here it is.

"If the German public, and especially those who have formed a better acquaintance with Salieri, through the piano-forte arrangement of the *Armida*, which I have published, are as curious as I am to learn something of his new work, since, to all appearance he has followed in it still more closely the footsteps of Gluck and the path of Nature, they will thank me for giving them here a detailed and very intelligent criticism of it, both text and music, drawn from the *Mercure de France*, a work far too little known in Germany. True, I should have much preferred to have first seen the score of the opera, which as I hear with great satisfaction is soon to appear in Paris, in order to add to the news which these articles give my own more detailed opinion of it; but it may well be some time before we shall receive the score. Still I will introduce some notes of my own, which perhaps the thoughtful critic may not look upon as quite superfluous.

"That at first *Les Danaïdes* was to pass in Paris under the name of Gluck, to save it from the ill-natured remarks which so many, who judge a work of genius by the name of its author and not after its own merits, would be ready to make, as well as to smooth its way to the stage, I knew long since through letters, received before Salieri left Vienna for Paris. Very soon after his arrival in Paris, I received from Vienna the following account of its success. '*Les Danaïdes* thus far is having all possible luck. People have again come upon the idea, that the entire opera is by Gluck, and thus the composer is saved from a thousand plagues and torments in bringing it out, which would be far from the case in respect to a new master making his first appearance. The queen has had him come to Versailles three times to rehearse the work there; and each time

has herself sung with the *professori*. He is to conduct once more there in presence of the king, Count d'Artois and several high personages of the court of both sexes. He will have cause for full satisfaction if the piece finds the same success with the public in Paris that it has enjoyed at court.'

"In another letter, which he himself wrote to the secretary of the chamber of finance in Vienna, Herr Paradies; father of the famous blind pianiste, he says among other things:—'Ritter Gluck spoke but the truth, when he asserted, that if the composer demands twenty livres for writing an opera, he ought to have twenty thousand for the trouble in bringing it out.'

"Finally, after his return from Paris, Salieri wrote me in relation to the success of his work, with all the noble modesty and frank ingenuousness, which give such increased value to his talents, as follows:

Vienna, July 20, 1784.

"... 'And so I am at length back again from Paris. As to the news in relation to *Les Danaïdes*, which you ask of me, I could do nothing more than repeat what you have no doubt already read in the *Journal de Paris* and the *Mercure de France*. In the former you have doubtless noted the indecision of the Parisian public, as to the value or want of it of the work, and the praise together with the censure in detail (in No. 21), as well as, in the latter, the declaration, as to the real author of the music, of Ritter Gluck. What people think of the opera since, I have not yet heard. During my stay there it was given thirteen times.

"I only succeeded on the first two evenings in hearing the performance well, and then through special favor; the other times I had no desire to go early and wait two hours to secure a good place, and hence could neither see nor hear well. Some people have said all that is good, others all that is bad of it; some would have it that the music was mine; others not; and this in spite of the public declaration of Ritter Gluck and my reply to it. What was there farther to be done?

"The direction of the Paris opera have, since that declaration of Ritter Gluck, ordered the composition by me of two new dramatic poems; the one entitled *Atar* (Tarare) *King of Ormus*, the other *Les Horaces et Curiaces*. This last will probably be the one which I shall first complete. This is the advice of Gluck; and the other requires too much time on account of the peculiar manner in which the subject is treated. The public as a rule enjoys and seeks the truth in music; I therefore, who without this truth should hate the art, feel myself inclined, in the highest degree inclined, to exert all my powers, to make myself worthy its applause, and therefore hope and believe that I shall hardly be forced to write Italian operas again.'

"The 'declaration of Ritter Gluck' here mentioned was a letter printed in the *Journal de Paris*, in which the veteran declared the music of *Les Danaïdes* to be wholly by Salieri, and that he himself had no share in its production beyond the advice which he had given the composer."

(To be Continued.)

#### Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," at Her Majesty's Theatre.

It is singular that an opera of such lively pretensions as *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor* should have been so long in making its way to England, especially when we take into account the fact that its *libretto*

is derived from one of the most popular of Shakespeare's plays. For fifteen years this work of the late Prussian *Kuppelmeister* has been more or less famous. Played repeatedly in the chief towns of Germany, it has even found favor with Italy, France, and Belgium.

That *Falstaff* has hit the public taste is unquestionable. There are many reasons to account for this. Perhaps half the success of M. Gounod's *Faust*, despite the beauty of the music, was owing, both here and elsewhere, to the simplicity of the plot and the familiarity of the subject. But if the incidents and personages in Goethe's celebrated poem were familiar to us all in England, how much more intimately are we acquainted with the incidents and personages of Shakespeare's admirable comedy? If we knew *Faust* and *Mephistopheles* and *Margaret* well, we know the *Fords*, the *Pages*, and "fat Sir John" still better. Thus a difficulty is at once got over, always in some degree an impediment to the immediate appreciation and enjoyment of a new opera. Moreover, Herr Mosenthal's *libretto* is very skillfully contrived. The first act of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is altogether discarded. It possesses no feature to stand out effectively in an operatic framework, and would therefore have been simply an incumbrance. The other four acts are, with like judgment, compressed into three. The *dramatis personee*, too, are numerically reduced—an equally necessary step; for, though something might have been made of Sir Hugh, the Welsh parson, and something more, perhaps, of "Mine Host of the Garter," it was just as well to shut out Mrs. Quickly. Shallow would have been a mere nonentity; Pistol, with his bombastic jargon, in a musical sense, an impracticability; and the retention of Bardolph, Nym, the other followers of Sir John (to say nothing of Simple and the rest), an overcrowding of the score to little or no purpose. As the book exists the opera is very properly entitled *Falstaff*. In each of the three acts *Falstaff* is the conspicuous figure; and each includes one of those well-known misadventures, the result of his secret visits to the mischief-loving wives of Masters Ford and Page (translated by the German librettist into Fluth and Reich). Naming the buck-basket, the old woman of Brentford, and Herne the Hunter, is enough, without a word of comment or description, to bring the whole to the mind of every one who has seen or read the play of Shakespeare. He who has done neither should make amends without loss of time; it were cruel to forestall his pleasure. The other scenes comprise the meeting between Sir John and the supposititious Brook (Bach); the loves of Anne Page and Fenton; the rivalry of Dr. Caius and Slender (Junker Spärlich), rejected suitors; the jealous ebullitions of Master Ford; and the plottings of the merry wives for the discomfiture of their stout and unctuous Giovanni. A new scene, by Herr Mosenthal, invented for the sake of giving *Falstaff* a Bacchanalian song, precedes his first interview with Brook; and, legitimately enough, the last of all—in Windsor Forest, where, under the shadow of Herne's Oak, the amorous Knight is duped and tormented by imaginary imps and fairies—is used as an occasion for the introduction of the ballet element.

The music of *Falstaff* is, above all, remarkable for spirit and fluency. It nowhere flags; and if it fails to exhibit a vein of striking and original melody, it is gracefully tuneful from beginning to end, containing scarcely a single example either of direct plagiarism or unintentional resemblance. A certain freshness distinguishes piece after piece; and this is further enhanced by orchestral accompaniments which, besides being written with musician-like ingenuity, are set off by varied, clear, and sonorous instrumentation. The overture, a showy composition of the French school, contains, among other good points, a *cantabile* phrase, which seizes and captivates the ear the moment it is heard, and is, indeed, the most genuine melody in the opera. The two most important finales—the first, embodying the incident of *Falstaff*'s being conveyed away in the basket of foul linen, the second that of his escape as the old woman of Brentford, under the cudgel of the exasperated Ford—are skillfully constructed and full of animation. The smaller concerted pieces, the duets, and the solo airs, are all, in a greater or lesser degree, attractive—some few being really beautiful. In the forest scene—with Herne's oak and the moonlight gambols of the mock fairies—although Nicolai may here be said to invade the province of Mendelssohn himself, the King of Fairy music, he passes the ordeal triumphantly, disdaining to pilfer and avoiding to parody the thoughts of that gifted and inspired master. The fairy music in *Falstaff* is rhythmical, pretty, often sparkling, replete with gaiety, and never once far-fetched. Of high fancy and subtle poetry it reveals no trace; but, in the absence of these, it pleases all the same; and the sprites and fairies not being genuine, it is, perhaps, just as dramatically appropriate. To cut short, however, this almost unqualified, but assuredly well

merited panegyric, the music of Otto Nicolai is of that agreeable sort which catches prolixity, extravagance and hyper-sentimentality. If it never rises very high, it never descends to platitude; if almost invariably light, it is very seldom trivial, never insipid; and, best of all, if nowhere deep, it is also nowhere dull; so that, while we are rarely—to use a commonly accepted expression—"carried away," it never creates in us an impulse—in no less homely phrase—to "take ourselves off."

The performance of *Falstaff* is in many respects first-rate, in some—the overture, the concerted music and orchestral accompaniments, for instance—beyond criticism. The cast of the *dramatis personee* is remarkably efficient. To allude at once to the feeble point—and that only feeble by comparison: the *Falstaff* of Signor Marcello Junca is destitute of humor; and so we have the body without the soul of that most corpulent knight. Signor Junca—himself a gentleman of unusually substantial dimensions—both dresses and looks the character well; but the spirit of it eludes him altogether; and—to quote Nym—"that's the humor of it." Nor is Signor Junca's voice by any means as imposing as his *physique*; and unfortunately the music which Nicolai has put into the mouth of Sir John—all, even to the Bacchanalian,

"Quand' era ancora in quell' età  
Che nulla sa di male e ben."

characteristic enough—goes for little or nothing, or at any rate produces no effect. The most that can be said of Signor Junca's performance, is that it is painstaking. With a strong French accent and a weak French voice, he combines none of the Italian method so desirable in Italian opera. He does his best, however, and must be taken, we suppose, *cum grano salis*; but, with all his sub-tance he is not even the shadow of *Falstaff*. The other gentlemen are unexceptionably good. Mr. Santley's perfect execution of the music allotted to Ford surprised no one; but his intelligent and forcible dramatic impersonation of that suspicious husband surprised all, except those who have been accustomed to watch with interest the gradual progress which this admirable singer is making as an actor. Ford's music contains not a single solo air; and Mr. Santley has the good taste to refrain from introducing one. Signor Cassier effects all that can possibly be effected with the operatically unimportant character of Master Page, his careful embodiment of which is not the only proof he has afforded of what a true artist can do to raise a small part into significance. In Fenton, Signor Giuglini has simply to put on a love-lorn look, and to sing well. He does both in a perfect manner; and one of the hits of the opera is his exquisite delivery of the soliloquy, "Nel boschetto e l'aignuolo"—a charming air in which it is difficult to know whether most to admire the expressive grace of the melody or the ingenuity of the accompaniments. The "merry wives" are jewels both. One might imagine that Mademoiselle Tietjens had got Shakespeare by heart (nothing strange, by the way, in a German), so thoroughly does she fill up the personage of the buxom Mistress Ford. Her acting—both in the scenes with her jealous mate and in those with the amorous Sir John—is in the highest spirit of comedy; while her singing is everywhere admirable. It is rare to find one eminently suited to fulfil the duties of a "Tragedy Queen" so thoroughly at home and so thoroughly natural as Mademoiselle Tietjens in the purely comic character of Mistress Ford. Mademoiselle Bettelheim has risen another step in public estimation by her impersonation of that other "merry wife"—the serene and happy Mistress Page. In a dramatic and a musical sense it is equally to be praised. Not to enter into further detail, we may point to the last interview of the two married ladies with Sir John *Falstaff*—just before the arrival of the imps, sprites and fairies to torment him—as to a masterpiece of singing and acting on the part both of Mademoiselles Tietjens and Bettelheim. Their united delivery of the melodious and insinuating mock profession of love, "Piu di me stesso io t'amo,—Ah! Sir John," is absolute perfection. Mlle. Vitali sings the music of Anne Page very prettily, shining most in the charming duet with her lover, Fenton (Signor Giuglini)—"Sempre in dubbio, senza fede." This, by the way, is enriched by a graceful accompaniment for solo violin, which is executed by Mr. Carrodus in a manner so thoroughly finished that it fairly shares with the singers on the stage the attention and applause of the audience. The minor parts of Slender and Doctor Caius are tolerably sustained by Signors Manfredi and Mazzetti.—*London Times*, May 5.

Another distinguished organist—Mynheer Tours, of Rotterdam, has also died lately. He was one of the first musicians of Holland, and for thirty years the director of the "Eruditio Musical Society."

## Handel and Haydn Society.—Forty-ninth Annual Meeting.

ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT, DR. J. D. UPHAM.

Gentlemen: Members of the Handel and Haydn Society.

I propose, with your permission, so far to depart from previous usage on these occasions, as to offer you a few brief considerations, thoughts and suggestions, having a bearing upon the interests of the Society, which may pass, perhaps, for a sort of official report.

The origin, principles and objects of our Association, and the prominent incidents in its early history, are too well known—to you, its immediate members—to require comment at my hands. Much that is interesting on these points has been given to you, from time to time, in the instructive reports of our worthy Secretary, on past occasions of this nature.

I cannot forbear, however, to call to your minds the fact that in this, the 49th year of our existence, we have on our roll of active membership the names of an honored few, who ministered at the formative stages of the Society,—who took part in its first public performances, and shared the heat and burden of its early struggles. It is the glory and should be the boast of this Society, as is the experience of most associations, self-supporting and of equal age, that it has not arrived at its present stability and prosperity, except through some times of anxious solicitude and unremitting exertion, if not of doubt and almost desperation,—and that we owe our existence now to the fortitude and persevering efforts of many, whom the infirmities of age may at length have incapacitated from efficient duty in the ranks. No word of mine, I am sure, is needed to remind you of the respect and reverence with which these tried associates should be always held in your hearts.

On a future day, perhaps, a fitting occasion may offer, when it will be interesting and profitable to pass in review the first half century of our existence as a Society, and note the vast strides which have been made, during that period, in the Art to which we stand pledged, and what we may justly claim to have ourselves accomplished. Be it our duty now, to confine our attention more particularly to the operations of the Society for the year that has just closed, with such comments and criticisms as may seem to be called forth,—to consider our condition and prospects at this present, and make suggestions and provision for the immediate future.

I shall have occasion, in the course of these remarks, to allude to some points that have previously been brought before you in the Secretary's records, of which I have spoken, and to repeat in substance, it may be, the arguments which have already been faithfully presented.

In the first place, allow me to congratulate you that financially, as you have learned from the Treasurer's Report, the past has been a year of success to the Society. From the abstract of the Records just read by the Secretary, you perceive, also, that at least an average number of rehearsals and public performances have been given, and, if we take the experience of the past for our standard, with a fair attendance on the part of the members; while the actual working force of the Society has received a numerical increase.

The meetings for private practice have been devoted, almost exclusively, to the rehearsal of such works as have formed our repertoire for the public concerts during the season in the Music Hall. These have comprised, as you are well aware, the "Messiah" and "Ode on St. Cecilia's day," by Handel, the "Elijah" and *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn, Costa's "Eli," and the arrangement for orchestra and chorus of Luther's "*Ein feste Burg*," &c., by Nicolai.

The marked and novel feature in these public performances of the past season has been the employment of the Great Organ, in what is perhaps its legiti-

mate and grandest sphere, as an accompaniment in oratorio and sacred song. Under no other circumstances have the powers of this noble instrument been more effectively displayed, than while thus joining together, and upholding as with an adamantine wall, the voices and instruments in the sublime choruses of Handel and Mendelssohn. Three of the works which have been enumerated—the Ode to St. Cecilia, the Hymn of Praise and the adaptation by Nicolai—formed the programme on the occasion of the Choral Inauguration of the Organ, the entire nett proceeds of which were generously voted by the government toward the increase of the fund for the extinguishment of the organ debt—an act for which the Directors of the Music Hall Association desire publicly to express to this Society, through its Board of Trustees, their most grateful thanks.

It does not become me here to speak of the merits of these performances in detail. As a whole, it seems to me, they will, at least, compare favorably with the best efforts of the Society in former years. Were I to particularize, I should point to the "Elijah"—the closing concert of the season—as, in all respects, the best. There have been shortcomings enough—and glaring faults; faults which have reference to the Society as a body—faults (the more frequent and inexcusable,) which are referable to a few, who by their inattention and carelessness have sadly marred the well-directed efforts of all the rest,—and faults, too, of that still more limited class, who are yet to be found in all Associations of this nature—termed not inappropriately the *individual vociferators*,—whose zeal, out of all proportion to their knowledge, spoils both the temper and the tone of their immediate neighbors, and is, at the same time, sadly damaging to the general effect.

And here let me caution the Society against the idea, too often indulged in by associations of amateurs, who have acquired a standing and reputation for the good things they have achieved, that perfection in their performances has been attained. This, if cherished, will prove a fatal mistake. *Non progredi est regredi* (not to progress is to retrograde), should be the motto of us all. Nor should we be disappointed and restive under the more stringent animadversions upon our best efforts, to which the Society has in later years been subjected. Bear in mind, what has been well said, that just in proportion as an Association for the promotion of Art—a musical Association in particular—has been successful in advancing the taste and judgment of the public who make up its audiences, in the same proportion it must expect less indulgence in its defects, and a severer criticism of its most faithful performances, than formerly. And this, indeed, it can well afford to bear, for the strictest criticism presupposes an acknowledged capacity for excellence.

Now for a few plain facts and hints of a practical cast.

The first and most important in the category of complaints, which my two or three years' observation with you leads me to make, has reference to the ordinary operations of the Society. It is the want of regularity and punctuality, on the part of the members, in their attendance upon the stated meetings for practice and rehearsal. This is an evil which has long been felt, and oftentimes brought to your notice. From the abstract of the records for the past year, just given, we learn that it is still in full force. Indeed absenteeism seems almost to be the rule rather than the rare exception. Now, it needs no argument to prove that, without an honest and conscientious observance, on the part of all, of their duties, in this respect, the Society, constituted as it is, can never hope for progress and improvement, much less to arrive at anywhere near the confines of perfection. But, perhaps, there may be some to whom the requirement of a weekly rehearsal, during the seven or eight months that make up the season, appears inordinate

and unreasonable. To such we would refer the rules and regulations of similar Associations in London and elsewhere, where not unfrequently, in addition to the meetings for weekly practice throughout the whole year, as many as fifteen or twenty special occasions are made, at all of which the members are bound, under penalty of forfeiture of membership, except for the most ample and sufficient reasons, to be present. In the London Sacred Harmonic Society, the candidates for admission are now pledged beforehand to a rigid observance of its rules and regulations, among the most stringent of which are those requiring punctual and regular attendance on all meetings for practice. It would be well if a similar rule were adopted and enforced in our own Society.

Another practice of a portion of our members, which grows out of the laxity of our rules and which deserves to be strongly reprehended, is that of frequenting only those rehearsals which immediately precede a public performance, and with such superficial preparation, occupying their accustomed seats in the chorus on the evening of the Concert. In this way, as has been intimated, many an otherwise creditable performance, for which careful rehearsal by a conscientious few has been made, is marred and ruined. As a remedy for this evil, I would respectfully suggest that some means be adopted, by registration or otherwise, to mark the attendance of individuals at such rehearsals as may be given in preparation for a public performance, the presence and participation in three or more of which should be required of all who take part in the Concert. If such system of elimination should result in reducing the chorus on such public occasions to one-half, its usual numerical force, the accuracy and efficiency of the residue would be the better appreciated and felt.

Among the radical faults of singers, in our own country especially, to which this Society forms no exception, is the almost universal inattention that prevails as to the proper position of the body, whether standing or sitting. I deem this subject of sufficient importance to dwell upon it emphatically, and urge it upon your careful consideration. I believe that if every Association of this nature had its competent instructor in physical training, as it is understood at the present day,—especially if to this were added some knowledge of the art of correct vocalization and the proper management of the voice, the effect of the chorus, in respect of volume and power of tone alone, could be at least doubled. But without such special instruction, a simple observance of an erect position of the body, and the proper disposition of the organs immediately concerned in vocalization, would do much towards the production of a purer intonation, greater ease, precision and fluency of delivery; every thing, indeed, that is improving to the singing voice.

Again, a positive element of loss which too often prevails in an extensive choral organization, is the neglect or refusal of a considerable percentage of those who are abundantly competent to sustain themselves creditably, to join in all their allotted parts at a concert. Some of the finest effects of the "Messiah," as given by this Society at the last Christmas season, were, as I believe, inadequately produced from this cause alone. It may be by reason of physical fatigue, on the part of some, but it is more frequently from indifference or the feeling, perhaps, that, among the great mass, these single efforts may not be missed. To this argument, however specious it may appear in a single individual case, it is only necessary to apply the *reductio ad absurdum*; for what would become of a great chorus if all should be possessed with the impulse to remain silent at one and the same moment? It is only necessary to allude to this point, and I leave it to the reflection and good sense of those who may have been accustomed so to transgress.

As an aid in bringing about and maintaining an

improvement in some of the points to which I have alluded, as well as otherwise to increase the efficiency of the Society, and assist its practical operations, I would recommend the establishment of a Staff of Superintendents—as they might be called—to consist of, at least, eight persons, one-half to be taken from the Board of Trustees, the others to be chosen annually from the Society at large. They should be selected for their intelligence and ability, and for their devotion to the interests of the Society, and conscientiousness in the discharge of its required duties. It should consequently be regarded as a post of honor, as it would be one of responsibility and labor. They could, with advantage, be apportioned equally among the several departments of the chorus—thus giving two to each part—the Librarian to retain as now his general supervision of the orchestra, and be included among the staff. It would be the duty of these gentlemen to attend to the proper seating and arrangement of their respective departments, both at rehearsals and concerts—to see that all are properly supplied with music—to take note of the attendance of members, and report the same regularly at each meeting to the Secretary or the President of the Board, and generally to provide for everything that pertains to the comfort and adds to the efficiency of the corps under their immediate charge—to do this with firmness and energy, and, at the same time, with discretion and courtesy. This, of course, would take the place of the present seating Committee, whose duties are merged in those of the staff of Superintendents. The number could, if required, be enlarged on occasions of extra duty and emergency. The four thus chosen from the Society at large, together with the Librarian, might, with propriety, be *ex officio* members of the Board of Trustees, but without the privilege of a vote at its meetings.

I am certain that, if such organization be established, it would do much to regulate and systematize the Society's operations, and bring about that unity of purpose and action so much needed in every Association of this kind.

A word here as to the proper numerical force of our chorus department, and the better balancing of the parts. Taking into account the accommodations and acoustic capacity of the building we are likely to occupy for all public entertainments for some time to come, there is demanded, to give proper effect to such works as we are accustomed to undertake on our ordinary occasions, a chorus of full 400 vocalists. By this I mean that number of really competent, co-operating and well-trained voices. This, with the unrivalled organ we have at our command, and an orchestra of sixty instruments, (the command of which, I am sorry to say, at present we have not,) would leave little to be desired.

As regards the best apportionment of the voices among the four departments of the chorus, I am inclined from my own observation, as well as from the recorded experience of those who have given the subject their special attention, to coincide in the plan now adopted by the great Choral Societies in England viz.: that of distributing an equal number to each part. To effect this, as we are now constituted, the ranks of the tenor and alto departments must, if possible, be increased; or else the present preponderance of basses and sopranos diminished. The attention of the examining committee is respectfully called to this point, in the future consideration of candidates for admission.

The standard, too, of qualification for admission to the Society, I would suggest, might with propriety be raised. The requirements of the Society are largely increased, and the draft upon the musical capacities of its members is greater by far, since the introduction into our regular repertoire for practice, of the inviolated and chromatic productions of Mendelssohn and Spohr, and others of the modern school, and which the taste of the present day demands in equal

amount with the easier oratorios of Handel and of Haydn.

And to the end that the qualifications of future candidates may be the more thoroughly tested, I would recommend that they be required to attend and take part in at least two of the Society's rehearsals or meetings for practice, before they are accepted by the Board. In this way, by a judicious observation, either of the committee themselves, or the superintendents in their respective departments, or of others specially delegated for the purpose, the abilities of the candidates can be more fully ascertained than is possible by a private examination only.

Nor do these remarks apply to such candidates and the newly admitted to our fellowship alone. With still greater force are they applicable, in many instances, to the older members of this Society. Surely, if we would keep pace with the advancing tendencies of the present day in music as in other branches of education, there is need of conscientious study and effort on the part of us all, lest, in these respects, the child become the father of the man.

But it is not altogether knowledge and artistic excellence, or capability of talents or acquirements, as we have seen, that makes the desirable member of an Association like this. Other attributes come in to fill up the complement of qualifications. "Many virtues," saith a quaint critic, "go to the making of a good chorister. He must have the secret applause of a good conscience towards the music, and the feeling that he contributes something to the grand and general result. The praise that he gets comes to him only through the composer, and is divided among so many hundreds that he can scarcely be said to taste it. He must, therefore, be not only a sincere lover of music; he must be humble and persevering. For without these qualities, that give diligence and a readiness in adopting the suggestions that must direct the whole, there is no possibility of bringing the art of choral singing to any perfection."

If the plan, now before the School Board of this city, should become a law, viz., the introduction of a system of thorough instruction in vocal music into the Primary Schools, under the supervision of an able teacher—as it is already taught by a special corps of teachers in the higher classes of the Grammar schools, we shall not be at a loss for material wherewith to recruit our ranks, or to raise our complement of active members to any number at which we may deem it expedient to limit ourselves; for the result of such plan must be, in a few years, to increase immeasurably a knowledge of the principles and practice of choral music throughout the whole community. Indeed, we ought even now, under the partial operation of the present system of musical education in our public schools, to find among those who annually graduate from the grammar department, an abundant supply of material for this purpose; and it only needs, as I believe, some systematic mode of registering the best pupils in the advanced classes in music, to render the scheme a practical one.

I have a few considerations in regard to the duties of the year upon which we are about to enter, the termination of which will mark the close of the first half-century of our life as a Society. It is fitting that so memorable an epoch in our history should be celebrated with more than usual circumstance and ceremony; and, while I would not counsel a departure from the ordinary rehearsals, and a rigid preparation for the Concert season, I would propose that a proper time be set apart as a festival week, in which this Society, with picked orchestra and chorus, enlarged to the utmost limits the capacity of our Hall will allow, and aided by the most renowned virtuoso talent this continent, if not the world, can supply, shall interpret in succession the sublime works of the Great Masters of Symphony and Oratorio.

It would be out of place, perhaps, for me to indicate, now and here, the details of a grand programme for such an occasion. This will require much thought

and consideration on the part of many, and the careful exercise of discretion and good judgment. But it should be early marked out and determined upon, in all its features, and the preparation for it set about in earnest by all who are to take part. A year is none too much time wherein to make ready for the work. I would advise, therefore, that this matter be committed into the proper hands at once, with instructions to spare no pains nor expense, within reasonable bounds, to make the occasion significant of the grand epoch it is to mark in our annals, and worthy the great names, the performance of whose noblest works will be linked with its observance.

### What they say of Meyerbeer.

THE GENIUS OF ELABORATION.—That Meyerbeer had genius no one will attempt to gainsay; but it was not a quick-creative, lightning genius, similar to that of Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn, or Rossini, which could create "things of light and might" on the spur of the moment, making instinct, as it were, supply the place of thought and meditation; but a calm, surveying, penetrating, comprehensive, and calculating genius, which allowed nothing to elude its all-absorbing influence, and considered its labor under many aspects before it put the final seal to its accomplishment. It may indeed be very much doubted whether such works as *Robert le Diable*, the *Huguenots*, and the *Prophète* would have existed if Meyerbeer had had to write for his daily bread, like Rossini; as, indeed, it is doubtful whether the *Barbiere*, *Semiramide*, and *Otello* would have seen the light, had Rossini been placed above necessity. For these reasons we may accept it as a wise ordination that the two composers were differently organized and differently circumstanced. Had Meyerbeer been poor and Rossini rich, there is just a possibility that neither of them would have composed operas at all. It must not, however, be supposed, because Meyerbeer was so extremely slow in completing his operas, that he lacked facility in composition. On the contrary, he had a very fluent pen, and, when it pleased him to do so, could produce with great rapidity—witness the grand overture, written for the Opening of the International Exhibition in 1862, which was, we are informed, almost improvised at a sitting. But Meyerbeer—remarkably sensitive—was by no means strong in constitution; and a failure befalling one of his works at the latter end of his career, would, in all probability, have proved fatal to him. Knowing this, he carefully provided against contingencies. He not only prepared himself for the composition of his operas—at least, those operas written with a view to the French Academy—by a previous course of study and contemplation in the composition itself, as we were, elaborating every bar, but kept the work, when finished, beside him for years, perusing it continually, placing the various parts under different aspects with a view to new experiment, altering, adding, or subtracting from hour to hour, as if hoping in every change to approach more nearly to perfection. This was the way in which Meyerbeer's genius went to work; and, if it be doubtful whether such a way leads to the most successful issue, who can blame him for thus following the course he deemed most conducive to render his work worthy of his art? Meyerbeer, indeed, was the most scrupulously conscientious of musicians. He would have thrown an opera into the fire rather than have it produced before it had undergone his most earnest consideration, and before he had attentively examined it throughout, to discover whether any part was capable of amelioration. But Meyerbeer's care for his opera was not ended when, even to his own thinking, it had been completed. The singers, the chorus and the band, the dancers, the scenery, the dresses, the *mise-en-scène*, all occupied his most serious thoughts and made him anxious. He superintended the rehearsals, lent the aid of his counsels to the conductor and stage-manager, and would frequently strike out a new idea for painter or machinist, whereby some scene or incident might be vastly benefited. The result of all this care and foresight was that every opera which Meyerbeer brought out in Paris was a prodigious success—from *Robert le Diable*, in 1831, to the *Pardon de Pörmel*, in 1859.—*London Musical World*.

MEYERBEER IN PRIVATE.—As a man, Meyerbeer only failed in society because he expressed no opinions, no dislikes, no objections, and thus no predilections. The self-engrossment which seems to have been a part of his character, and was an ingredient in his talent, may have stood betwixt himself and sincerity as regards the music of his predecessors or his contemporaries, and somewhat, also, in social in-



tercourse. Withal, he was a man who had travelled, and seen, and heard; he was pleasant at repartee, and fine (to the very extremest fineness) in his appreciation of humor.

So far as can be learnt, his strict self-occupation did not desert him to the last. He knew that he was dying; and was able, we hear, for himself to arrange every detail of the sad ceremonies which belong to the clay when the soul has fled from it.—*Athenæum*.

**NOT SPONTANEOUS.**—In the music shop windows you may see two caricatures in plaster by Danton the younger. One represents Rossini lolling easily, contentedly, the very picture of indolence, in a huge platter of macaroni. The other exhibits Meyerbeer with note-book and pencil in hand, his face contorted, like the phreniased Sybil's, wrestling with thought to force a blessing from it. This touches the weak point of Meyerbeer's genius; it is the imperfection of all precocity. When the first glow of the premature morning is past, all the subsequent light is obtained by painful effort. Inspiration ceases; whatever comes is wrenched by dint of will. The instrument is not the Æolian Harp struck with superhuman wildness and wantonness by Nature's own self; it is the organ, noble and majestic and soul stirring, but whose loftiest strains are blurred by the wheezing of the bellows or the creak of the lever in the hands of the sinewy blower who stands behind the fabric. The blower is not unfrequently heard in Meyerbeer's organ.—*Spiridon's Letters*.

**THE PUPIL IN COUNTERPOINT.**—One day Meyerbeer composed a fugue which he showed to Weber, who was delighted with it, called it a master-piece and vowed nothing would do but it must be sent to the Abbé Vogler, that the latter might know he was not the only music master in Germany who could form excellent pupils. The fugue was sent to Darmstadt. No answer, not even a simple acknowledgment of receipt, came. Weber attributed this silence to jealousy. "Oh ho!" said he, "the Abbé knows that none of his pupils could do so much and his pride is hurt; he is irritated with us and won't reply." At the end of the third month a voluminous packet all at once came from Darmstadt. Weber was delighted, for he felt sure it was complimentary—but to his astonishment he discovered a complete Treatise on Fugues written from beginning to end in the hand of Abbé Vogler. The Treatise was divided into three parts: the first gave a general and succinct exposition of the rules of fugue; the second was a critical analysis of Meyerbeer's fugue, an examination of it in every particular, and a demonstration in form of its gross violations of all the canons; the third was a fugue written by the Abbé on the *thema* which Meyerbeer had selected, and the reason for each note and each measure was given *serialim* with irresistible logic. Weber was deeply mortified. Not so was Meyerbeer; he took the Treatise, studied it thoroughly, and after he had mastered it, he composed a fugue in eight parts, and sent it directly to the Abbé Vogler, who instantly replied: "Come here. I will receive you in my house like a son, and I will show you where to draw from the fountain head of science." To Darmstadt Meyerbeer went, although the Abbé was not only a Romish priest, but the organist of the Darmstadt cathedral. His family had the good sense to see that no evil, if his principles were firm, could come of this commerce. The Abbé had three pupils when Meyerbeer joined them, and it certainly tells eloquently in favor of his mastery over his art that two of his pupils should be such eminent composers as Carl von Weber (the author of *Der Freyschütz*, *Oberon*, etc.) and Meyerbeer. These three pupils were, besides the one just mentioned, Gumbascher, who afterwards became the chapel master of the Austrian Court, and Godfrey von Weber. The day would begin with a Mass celebrated by Abbé Vogler, and served by Carl von Weber; they would then set to work; the Abbé would give to each the *thema* on which he was to compose; this one would have a *Kyrie*, that a *Sanctus*, the third a *Credo*, the fourth a *Gloria in Excelsis*. The Abbé, too, would work, and by night-fall they had among them composed scores enough to furnish all the parishes in the neighborhood. Every Sunday the school would go to the Cathedral, where there were two organs. The Abbé would sit at one, the pupils would sit at the other, and would either echo the *thema* of the master, or would embroider it with variations. Great as was the emulation which existed between these fellow-students, their friendship never was clouded by any mean passion. When Carl von Weber died, his family found among his papers the manuscript of a cantata which bore this title: "A Cantata written by Weber for Vogler's birthday, and set to music by Meyerbeer and Gumbascher." It was dated 10th June, 1810. Meyerbeer wrote the choruses and a

trio; Gumbascher wrote the solo. By the time Meyerbeer was seventeen he had written several excellent pieces of religious music; among them was "God and Nature," which commanded great applause at the Court of Hesse Darmstadt, and led the Grand Duke to appoint him his composer in ordinary.—*Ibid*.

### The Musical Season in London.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—The Covent Garden season opened March 27th, with *Norma*, in which Mlle. Lagrue, a singer of continental fame, rather past her prime, secured a *succès d'estime* in the part of the priestess. The *Times* congratulates the lyric stage on the acquisition of a singer, "who, in a dramatic sense almost perfectly, and in a musical sense with more than average felicity, can be said to present the ideal Druidess of Romani and Bellini." . . . "The partial deterioration of physical force has been accompanied by a nearer and nearer approach to perfect art." The Adalgisa of Mlle. Battu, the Pollio of Naudin and the Oroveso of Atry, are commended. *Norma* ran three nights.

The first week in April offered *Masaniello*, *Il Trovatore* and *La Favorita*. Mario was Masaniello, and all spoke with admiration, still, in spite of his impaired voice, of his consummate art, his picturesque appearance, his perfect acting, his wonderful *pianissimo* singing, etc. Graziani, as Pietro, Mlle. Marie Battu and Sig. Neri-Beraldi, as Duchess and Duke, and Polonini as Borella, all made a good impression, apparently, while the *danses*, Mlle. Salvioni, "danced and mimed the part of Fenella to absolute perfection," says the *Orchestra*. Band and chorus, under Costa, superb. Herr Wachtel, the German tenor, (not new to England), in the part of Manrico, "leapt at one bound to the pinnacle of popularity." The *Times* credits him with "a powerful voice, a striking personal appearance, youth, vigor, imperturbable self-possession, and a high-chest C, ready at an instant's warning; a sonorous note, admitting of no denial." Mlle. Frizzi (Leonora) is thought to have improved, and Mlle. Destin (Azuena), from the Imperial Opera at Vienna, promises to be useful. Graziani and Tagliafico took the parts of Count Luna and Ferrando. In the *Favorita* the opinion of Mlle. Lagrue as "a thorough artist" was confirmed. Mario was not at his best as Ferrando. The other parts were by Graziani, Atry, etc.

The next was a week of repetitions. First, *Trovatore*, which made some of the admiring critics "reflect" and begin to think that the triumph of Wachtel was rather "sensational," and that he is far from being a great artist, even violates the very grammar of his art, etc. Then *Favorita*, Mario this time in magnificent voice. Then, in honor of Garibaldi's visit, *Norma* and a part of *Masaniello*, which seem to have delighted the hero much. The only novelty was the successful debut of Herr Schmid as Oroveso.

The largest audience of the season was drawn by the first performance of Rossini's master-piece, *William Tell*; Graziani as Tell, Dr. Schmid as Walter, and Wachtel as Arnold. The *Musical Standard* warns the latter, that "the youthful energy which now enables him to lavish three Cs in *alto* on one aria, cannot last, and should in due time be supported by acquirements more likely to endure." Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* was given several times, with Lagrue, Mario, Mlle. Battu, Graziani, Capponi and Tagliafico, in the principal parts, with a new contralto, Mlle. Tati as Ulrica, the sorceress.

Then came repetitions of *Tell* and *Favorita*, and then (April 30) *Le Prophète*, with Wachtel as Jean de Leyden, who was very hoarse. The new Fides, Mlle. Destin, is apologized for on the ground of extreme youth (23 years), the music being "beyond her capabilities, whether physical or artistic." Mme. Rudersdorff was the "earnest, intelligent and painstaking" Bertha; and the three black crows, who drone out the chant: *Ad nos, ad salutarem undam*, were Neri-Beraldi, Polonini and Capponi.

Monday, May 2, *Tell* again. Tuesday, *Un Ballo* again. For Thursday Mlle. Lucca was announced in the *Huguenots*, but the *Trovatore* was substituted on account of an illness. On Saturday, Adelina Patti's *rentrée* as Rosina in *Il Barbiere*, with Mario as Almaviva, Ronconi as Figaro, Ciampi as Bartolo, Tagliafico as Basilio, etc. Of Patti, it is said:—"Her voice is fuller, more developed, sounder than before, whilst she has not lost a whit of her almost childish vivacity and smiling coquetry in acting such a part." For the music-lesson she sang "*Bel Raggio*" magnificently.

The next week's performances were mainly in memory of Meyerbeer, who died May 2. The *Prophète* (second time), the *Huguenots* and *Robert le Diable*. It does indeed speak well for the resources of a theatre, that could bring out three such works in one week, and in superb style. We copy from the *Times*, May 16.

Herr Schmid was so gravely indisposed that the part of Marcel was, at the eleventh hour, assigned to Sig. Atry; while for Mlle. Pauline Lucca—who, though also suffering, was still both able and willing to avert another disappointment—a printed apology was circulated. About the general execution of the *Huguenots* it is enough to say that unusual spirit appeared to animate every one engaged, even to the new Valentine, who, notwithstanding her indisposition, the reality of which no effort could succeed in wholly concealing, sang with such energy and acted with such good will that the brilliant impression she had created near the end of last season was vividly renewed. The clear and penetrating tones of a *soprano* voice remarkable alike for vigor, strength and freshness, could not fail to make their effect, and at times carried everything before them. The zealous endeavors of Mlle. Lucca were the more to her credit, remembering what sincere interest the composer of the *Huguenots* took in her artistic career; how he watched her progress in Berlin, how he aided her by his invaluable counsels; for Meyerbeer, it should be generally known, was a most kind and sympathetic friend to young and rising talent, and Mlle. Lucca was one of those in whose promise he had faith and whose fortunes he materially aided. She was lucky, too, in her Raoul de Nangis. Those who are the warmest partisans of Signor Mario, those who can recall his ancient triumphs in the *Huguenots*, are invariably most anxious for him when he is announced to undertake this difficult, exacting, and fatiguing part. But on the present occasion he began well, warmed to his task as he went on, and gave full point and meaning to every passage of significance, whether vocal or dramatic.

Another incident in this performance was the first appearance of M. Faure (also a *protégé* of Meyerbeer), whose St. Bris, so often praised, showed him worthy the master's good opinion; and yet another, the re-appearance of Madame Nantier Didié, an especial favorite with Mr. Gye's supporters, whose impersonation of Urbain, the page, was as sprightly as her execution of the two melodious airs ("Nobil Signor, salute" and "No, no, no") allotted to that character, was expressive. Mlle. Battu gave the florid music of Marguerite de Valois with her accustomed fluency; Signor Tagliafico was, as usual, a gallant Nevers; and Signor Atry's Marcel, though deficient in weight, was, on the whole, so good that the absence of Herr Schmid was the less to be regretted.

*Robert le Diable*, which attracted a crowded house on Saturday, brought forward Mlle. Lagrue in the interesting part of Alice, which she sustained with eminent ability. That some of the music overtaxes her voice, may be stated at once; but her general conception of the character is highly poetical, and her singing for the most part as highly artistic. Here and there her expression is overdrawn—as in the recital to Robert, "Vanne disse, al figlio mio;" nor can we approve of the ornaments with which she strives to embellish the second couplet of that simple and melodious romance, "Nel lasciar la Normandin," which, like all the things of true beauty, when undressed is adorned the most. In other respects, however, Madeirosella Lagrue's performance may claim almost unqualified praise. Signor Naudin's Robert does not realize the chivalric portraiture to which we have so long been accustomed by Signor Tambrlik; nor is his vocal declamation marked by the breadth which imparted such dignity to that of his contemporary; nor does he look the character by any means so nobly. Nevertheless, Signor Naudin has qualities which stand him in excellent stead; his voice, naturally strong, and, when he does not force it, telling, is in the vigor of its prime, every note being under the easy control of the possessor; he de-

claims with energy if not always with well balanced emphasis; and he has an abundance of expression at command, which, not infrequently,—after the French rather than the Italian manner—he lavishes, instead of husbanding. The ideal Robert Signor Naudin is not; but a "Roberto robusto," full of intentions, earnest, lung-proof, and at times really impassioned, he unquestionably is. He produced no extraordinary impression on Saturday night in any part of his performance, but honorably achieved what is termed "a success of esteem." Bertram was represented by Signor Atti, who made even a more respectable figure than he had already done in Marcel. This gentleman is a sterling artist and most valuable acquisition.

The idea of producing Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor" at this Theatre, this season, has been abandoned, and Flotow's *Stradella* is promised instead.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, under the management of Mr. Mapleson, opened on Saturday evening, April 9, with *Rigoletto*. Three of the singers were new to London, viz: Mlle. Vitali, Mlle. Bettelheim, and Signor Varese. The Orchestra, of May 16, reviews the first week thus.

Signor Varese, considering his great age, is a wonderfully good representative of the hunchback. We scarcely notice, in entering into his Robsonian humor and pathos, that his voice has been fresher and rounder. He sings with infinite feeling, and won throughout the evening hearty bursts of commendation. Of Madlle. Vitali we hope much. She is still young, and her organ will, we doubt not, acquire much of that fullness and sonority that are at present lacking. Her style is unaffected and careful and as an actress we can commend her general interpretation of the character of *Gilda*. Signor Giuglini's *piuissimo* singing in the scene with *Gilda* and subsequently in the last act, met with the usual "bravi." Fraulein Bettelheim is an exceedingly handsome girl, and as such made a success in her small part of *Maddalena*. She sung her part of the quartet very well, but we cannot speak specially of her abilities till we see and hear her in another part. The *Montreone* of Signor Bossi, and the *Sparafucile* of Gasperoni, were worthy of the applause they received. The opera was well mounted, and the orchestra under Signor Arditi, as usual, most careful and effective. The chorus, we confess, we could wish to see improved. During the course of the evening, Madlle. Titiens appeared in the "National Anthem," and received a rapturous ovation. On Tuesday, "*Rigoletto*" was repeated to rather a thin house. On Thursday, Flotow's "*Marta*" was performed with the subjoined cast:—*Lionello*, Giuglini; *Lord Tristano*, Muzzotti, (his first appearance); *Plumketto*, Mr. Santley, (his first appearance in that character) *Nancy*, Madlle. Bettelheim; and *Marta*, Madlle. Vitali.

The orchestra and chorus were effective; but the putting on of the opera, so far as scenery is concerned, was most miserable. The house was thin. To-night (Saturday) Titiens appears in "*Norma*," and on Tuesday Garibaldi will visit the theatre, when Rossini's "*Tell*" will be appositely given.

There were also one or two performances of *Trout* and *Lucrezia Borgia* about this time, and Madlle. Bettelheim, both as Azucena and as Orsini, is much lauded by the *Times*.

The week ending May 7th, was occupied with Nicolai's "*Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*," Italianized under the title of "*Falstaff*," by Sig. Maggioni. In this version the fat knight is called *Sir Giovanni Falstaff*! A description of the opera and performance will be found in another column. *Falstaff* kept its hold on the public for a couple of weeks longer; during the latter part of that time in alternation with Gounod's *Faust*, which was reproduced with the same cast as last year, with the exception of Mlle. Bettelheim in place of Mlle. Trebelli as Sichel.

The rest of the cast was as before. There was the pensive, dreamy, yet womanly and impassioned Margaret of Madlle. Titiens—the most German, the most Goethean, and therefore the most poetically correct embodiment of that beautiful creation hitherto witnessed; there was the Faust of Signor Giuglini, remarkable for many reasons, but most of all for the refined and exquisite delivery of the soliloquy in the garden ("*Salve dimora*"), which, like "*Parlatele d'amore*," was encored; there was the Valentine of

Mr. Santley, whose masterly portrayal of the death-scene of Margaret's brave and gallant, but unrelenting brother would alone stamp the performance as one of uncommon excellence; and there was the bluff—somewhat too bluff, perhaps—and insinuating Mephistopheles of Signor Gassier, for whom, being indisposed, an apology was spoken between the second and third acts.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 11, 1864.

### Concert for the Benefit of the East Tennesseans.

This concert, which took place last Saturday evening in the Music Hall, had been most quietly prepared,—we presume, under private auspices—and seems to have received hardly a word of notice in the public prints since its occurrence. Yet artistically, as well as in view of its philanthropic and patriotic object, it was one of the most interesting, perhaps the very best, of the larger concerts of the season of 1863-4. Coming so near midsummer, and after the concert season proper, and with short notice, it did not crowd the hall, as both the music and the purpose naturally should have done, although the tickets were put down to *par*, the good old half-dollar price, and although it was understood that our city's guests, the officers of the Russian fleet, would grace the occasion with their presence. Yet the audience was large. The selection of artists and of pieces for performance was, with the exception of one or two vocal pieces, of the highest order. We do not remember a programme of the same materials, —Orchestra, Great Organ, Piano-forte and Voice—during the past year, that could be called quite equal to it. It was as follows:

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| 1. Prelude and Fugue in A minor, for Organ.          | J. S. Bach.  |
| Mr. J. K. Paine.                                     |              |
| 2. Symphony. (No 7, A major)                         | Beethoven.   |
| 3. Romance, from 1st Concerto for Piano.             | Chopin.      |
| Mr. Otto Dreese.                                     |              |
| 4. Air, from <i>La Sonnambula</i> . "Ah non credes." | Bellini.     |
| Miss Adelaide Phillips.                              |              |
| 5. Trio Sonata for Organ, (E flat).                  | J. S. Bach.  |
| Mr. J. K. Paine.                                     |              |
| 6. Concerto for Piano. (G minor)                     | Mendelssohn. |
| Mr. Otto Dreese.                                     |              |
| 7. Viva the Laugh.                                   | Bendelari.   |
| Miss Adelaide Phillips.                              |              |
| 8. Overture to "William Tell."                       | Rossini.     |

Mr. PAINE had the manliness in opening the two parts, to choose Bach pieces only. And he played them as he only in this country can play them. The sublime Prelude and Fugue in A minor, especially, taxed the fullest resources of the Organ and the organist. We doubt whether the capacity of the great instrument's "lungs" has ever been so largely tested and at such length. Vast waves of glorious harmonies were rolled up from its deepest depths with an unflagging energy and grandeur. So intricate and yet so clear and beautiful in the interplay of parts, so wonderful in the evolution of rhythmic form out of the pregnant germs or themes! Well, this may be said of all Bach's art, and it is useless to attempt to describe such a Fugue. There were many restless, wondering, puzzled listeners or non-listeners no doubt; but there were many also on whom it made a deep and grand impression, creating a craving for more such hereafter; nor is a technical understanding of the composition necessary to such impression and enjoyment, any more than understanding is to such true enjoyment and feeling of the beauty and infinite suggestion of the ocean rolling up the beach.

The Trio Sonata in E flat is one which Mr. P.

has often played before in public. Its beauty is of so quiet a character, its art so perfect and so unpretentious, that with those accustomed to things more highly spiced, to the cheaper appeals of sentimentality or "effect," it might pass unnoticed. This music reflects a serene, cheerful, genial, self-possessed and pious spirit, whose depth of feeling and wealth of fancy grow upon you slowly, it may be, but are sure to reveal themselves to you at the right moment when you are really ready to receive. In Art one must put himself in the way of such opportunities, even if he have to wait some time and take not a little upon trust. Know that you are dealing with a great and earnest mind, with a great genius: is it for you to turn away at once because you do not feel the force and meaning of his words! The Sonata, however, excited a good deal of quite warm applause; it was played on a nice selection of softer stops, and with the utmost clearness and purity of outline.

Mr. OTTO DRESEL has become one of the "seld shown flamens," lately, outside of the more private temples of the Art. He has scarcely played in public before for more than a year past, and it was a rare treat to hear two such noble piano compositions rendered in his masterly and inimitable style. Have we ever listened to more perfect piano playing than that was?—allowing of course for the disadvantage of the finest possible piano in so large a hall. The Chopin Romance is exquisite as a piano piece alone, as Mr. D. has so often played it—and who is there that interprets Chopin with so interior a sympathy and so fine a grace?—but the orchestral accompaniments are equally unique and exquisite. The instruments are so delicately chosen and blended, the coloring so fine and spiritual, the sympathy of part with part so perfect, that you are transported to an element much more heavenly than Fairyland. The G minor Concerto of Mendelssohn has been more played, here and everywhere, by every pianist of any pretension, than any other Concerto. It would have been a greater rarity to hear a Concerto of Beethoven, for instance; but there was no chance for orchestral rehearsal, and so he wisely chose the safer alternative. The composition is one which cannot wear out, and it is not every day that we can hear it so interpreted. There were long calls for repetition of the Chopin piece, which were properly declined.

Mr. ZERRAEN's orchestra did its work faithfully and with spirit; but unfortunately it was even more slender in the number of strings than at the ordinary Afternoon Concerts; three first violins, two violas, &c., was a meagre complement for that great Symphony. Nevertheless it gave great pleasure to those who listened truly. Many, we are sorry to say, were disturbed, throughout the concert, by the peculiarly restless and unmusical character of a portion of the audience liberally sprinkled through the house.

We are sorry also to make another exception to the perfect whole of the entertainment. The pieces selected by our excellent singer, Miss PHILLIPS, were not particularly in place, not worthy of her own artistic character. To the Bellini aria, to be sure, the only objection could be, that it did not seem to harmonize, either by contrast or affinity, with the rest of the programme. Still less her encore piece, the waltz "*Il Bacio*," which is nothing but a graceful show-piece. But the "*laughing*" piece was not

even clever nonsense; flat, senseless, and to earnest music-lovers positively disgusting—that very word was frequently heard among the audience coming out. Of course there are always a plenty to applaud and to encore such things. To our Russian visitors—and educated Russians have long been noted for their interest in classical music—it must have looked as if a standard in art were wanting here with all our love of it. We can more than pardon much to the hearty, generous and *riant* nature of our rich-voiced contralto; let her laugh as much as she will—in the right place; such a concert was not the right place. She sang finely of course; yet may we be pardoned the frankness of suggesting, with all friendliness, that the habit of singing in Italian operas, to West Indian Spanish publics, does not seem to have increased the refinement either of her singing or her stage deportment. Something too much of the free and easy way, the jolly, independent overfamiliarity with art and audience, the nodding to acquaintances, &c. This lady has too much sense and character to let applause mislead her long, or to sing only to the loudest audience.

**SCHOOL FESTIVAL.**—Our Russian guests have received no more beautiful and touching tribute, during this week of entertainments in their honor, than the Concert provided in the Music Hall on Wednesday afternoon, when 1200 girls and boys of our free schools sang to them in chorus, under the direction of their devoted teacher, CARL ZERRAHN, and with the support of Orchestra and the Great Organ. The scene itself was of course one of the most beautiful that could be imagined; so many fresh young faces, such a flower garden of lily white, and all gay colors, rising in terraces amphitheatrically around the organ; such perfect order in their fling in from all directions to their places; such beaming looks and perfect unity in voice and action, was charming to witness. We have described it more than once before, but this time it was better than ever; and so was the singing. After a good fugue and free voluntary on the Organ by Mr. LANG, the singing opened with the Russian national hymn, to these original words:

Sea birds of Muscovy, rest in our waters.  
Fold your white wings by our rock-girdled shore;  
While with glad voices its sons and its daughters,  
Welcome the friends ye have wafted us o'er.

Sea-kings of Neva, our hearts throb your greeting!  
Deep as the anchors your frigates let fall,  
Down to the fount where our life-pulse is beating,  
Sink the kind accents you bear to us all.

Fires of the North, in eternal communion,  
Blend your broad flashes with evening's bright star!  
God bless the empire that loves the great Union;  
Strength to her people! Long life to the Czar!

All their fresh voices blended most effectively in this, and the welcome was accompanied by a sudden eruption and flutter of 1200 little Russian and American flags, which as instantly disappeared. This noble, thrilling air was followed by "Hail Columbia," which sounded rather meanly after it, and which in spite of somebody's best skill in bridging over to it by an orchestral modulation, seemed to have no musical affinity with the other. Alas! that we have not a national hymn!

The Angel Trio from *Elijah* was then sung, in three-part chorus, by the girls of the two higher schools, with beautiful effect. Then a chorale by Mendelssohn: "Let all men praise the Lord," by the whole. In the pause which followed, the musical babblement of all those voices, talking and laughing together, was not the least interesting phenomenon of the pleasant hour.

The rest consisted of skilful Organ selections by

Mr. Lang; the prayer from *Freyschütz*, sung, or hummed, with muted voices (and encored); the *Gloria* from "Mozart's 12th Mass," and "Old Hundred." Admiral Lissosky and his officers appeared much delighted with this unique and charming welcome; so were all who were so happy as to have invitations.

**ORGAN CONCERTS.**—These still continue every Saturday afternoon, and we see no reason why they should not all the year round, although the audiences have been small of late. In Anniversary Week there were concerts both on Friday and Saturday, at noon; the former by Mr. THAYER, who besides a fugue of Bach (2nd in G minor), played the finale of Beethoven's 5th Symphony, offertories, variations, &c.; the latter by Mr. WILLCOX, from Handel's "Samson," Haydn's Mass No. 2, Mozart's Quartet in D minor, Wely, Kozeluch, and an improvisation.

Mr. GEO. E. WHITING played last Saturday, showing remarkable command of the instrument and such skill in the combination of stops as one might expect from an earnest pupil of Best. His programme included:

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| 1. { Fantasia in E b—Op. 88. }                  | W. T. Best.  |
| 2. Pastorale in G major.                        | J. S. Bach.  |
| 3. Prelude and Fugue in F minor                 | Mendelssohn. |
| 4. Improvisation on an Air by                   | G. Whiting.  |
| 5. Concert Fantasia in E minor,                 | Haydn.       |
| 6. Romance from Symphony "La Reine de France"   | Mendelssohn. |
| 7. Chorus from <i>Elijah</i> . "Be not afraid." |              |

To-day, at noon, Mr. THAYER will play—Bach's Toccata in F among other things. We hope he will soon play again two pieces which we lost in one of his former concerts (May 21), viz., the great Prelude in B minor by Bach, and the 5th Sonata of Mendelssohn (both for the first time).

Our brief "Notes" on many other concerts, in our last, were cut short in the middle by the printer's procrustean column rules, and what could not get in has strayed away past recovery. We did wish, at least, to thank Mr. RYAN for another hearing of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, with Mr. Lang's choir of female voices, and orchestra, and for the overture by Rietz and other good things.

**HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.** The Annual Meeting took place May 30th, when the old board of officers were re-elected. By the Treasurer's report it appeared that the receipts for the year ending May 27, 1864, were \$2254.32, and the expenditure \$1538.97, leaving the Society entirely out of debt and with a balance of over \$700 in the treasury. The Librarian reported the addition of 869 vocal parts, and seven scores to the library during the year. The secretary (Mr. L. B. Barnes) reported a successful year; there had been six concerts, five of which were for the joint interest of the Music Hall Association and the Handel and Haydn Society; and one, the first, a voluntary offering to the Organ fund: there had been thirty rehearsals, with a fair attendance, the average on pleasant evenings being one hundred and ninety-seven members; the highest number present at any rehearsal, two hundred and ninety-one. There had been thirty admissions of new members, and two expulsions. The secretary did not discuss the affairs of the Society with his usual fulness, but gave place to the excellent address of Dr. Upham, the President, which will be found in another part of to-day's paper.

**BOSTON MUSIC HALL.** The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Boston Music Hall was held at the hall this forenoon. The Treasurer's report showed that the receipts for the year ending June 1st, 1864, have been \$34,051.44, and the expenses \$16,704.61, leaving a balance of \$17,346.83, which has been used for repairing and permanent improvement of the hall and towards payment of the cost of the great organ.

The President, J. B. Upham, Esq., in a verbal report, stated that the organ had so far withstood the vicissitudes of temperature and climate, without the least apparent injury; and on a careful survey, re-

cently made, it was found to be in perfect order throughout. The old Board of Directors was re-elected, as follows: J. Baxter Upham, Robert E. Apthorp, E. D. Brigham, Ebenezer Dale, John M. Fessenden, H. W. Pickering, and J. P. Putnam.—*Transcript*, June 8.

**OUR STUDENTS AT LEIPZIG.**—A friend writes us: "Young ERNST PERABO has lately taken the second prize at the Conservatory *Pruefung* (examination), consisting of the score to *Don Giovanni*, and the new edition of Beethoven's piano works. This was as high as he could aspire, as he did not yet compete this year in composition."

Many of our readers here in Boston will remember Master Perabo, who resided here, with his parents, some seven years ago, and who, at that time, being not twelve years old, used to play (by heart) a score or two of Bach's fugues, sonatas of Beethoven, etc. Once we heard him play a prelude and fugue by Mendelssohn *at sight*. A subscription was raised among musical persons in New York and Boston, Mr. Scharfenberg taking the lead, to send the boy to Germany for his education, and he has now been gone nearly six years, the greater part of which time has been wisely spent in laying the foundations of his general education, which had been neglected too much in favor of music. He has only been a couple of years at Leipzig. The Perabo family have lately lived at Sandusky, Ohio, one of the papers of which city says: "The best musical talent at the conservatory was said to be American, among whom are Perabo of Sandusky, Petersilea of Boston, and Jacobi of New York city."

MME. RISTORI, in a letter to a friend mentions, among other plans, one of a visit to Paris, at no distant period, in order to play the part of *Antigone* of Sophocles, with the choruses of Mendelssohn.

**NEW HAVEN, CONN.** Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" was performed here on the 2nd inst., by the Mendelssohn Society, and an orchestra of 23 performers, mostly from the Philharmonic Society of New York, under the direction of Mr. G. J. Stoekel. We regret that we could not accept the invitation of the Society to be present. We have received a letter criticizing the performance rather sharply, although praising orchestra, chorus and some of the solo singers; but as it is *anonymous*, we cannot print it.

## Musical Correspondence.

**BERLIN, APRIL 29.**—As it may not be uninteresting to you to hear of the success which attended the debut of Mr. CHAS. R. ADAMS (the Tenorist, and a native of your city, I believe,) at the Royal Opera here on Tuesday evening, April 19, I enclose to you the opinions of several of the first critics here, which I have clipped from the columns of their respective papers. Mr. A., has, since his third appearance (as Arnold in "Tell"), entered into a three years engagement with the Intendant of the Royal Opera, assuming the position which Theodor Formes has been obliged (his once beautiful voice being a complete wreck) to vacate. L. P. W.

First comes a *critique* over the name of one of the most promising among the younger composers of Berlin, the author of several charming romantic overtures, Richard Wuerst:

"ROYAL OPERA. In Mr. Adams, from the German theatre at Pech, we have made the acquaintance of a singer richly gifted by nature, whose fresh and sonorous organ still needs sufficient schooling to be sure, but in whom we may already clearly recognize a great tenor. The throat tone, which he often produces, is perhaps partly a consequence of his nationality. He is a North American, and so the English idiom explains the guttural coloring of many tones, which again in others disappears entirely. All the sustained song, in which Mr. A. can form the tone slowly and *con amore*, allows the voice to resound with infinitely more significance, than the rapidly

spoken recitatives, the fiery Allegro, or the swift dialogue of the ensemble pieces. Here somehow the singer is not prompt enough in the formation of his tones, and the full control of the organ must depend on further studies. The intonation is as pure as gold, and the enunciation very distinct for a foreigner, frequently even to faulty vocalization. His Manrico had a decided success, as the frequent applause of the full house showed.

"Fräulein de Ahna counts Azucena among her best parts and showed herself this evening on her best side. Herr Betz has for some time past ripened into one of the most famous baritones. His Luna may in many respects be called a masterly performance; only he must guard against too much of the modern Italian *rabbia*. We can pardon more exaggeration of that sort in an Italian, than we can in a German. Our prima donna, Fräulein Lucca, in the part of Leonora, took her leave for the season of the public here, which covered her with honors of all sorts," &c.

The *Vossische Zeitung* says, among other things:

"In spite of many faults in enunciation, and lack of distinctness and facility in rapid tempo, Mr. Adams is essentially the best tenor who has appeared on our stage as 'guest' for a long time, and seems well adapted to fill the vacancy that exists. . . . But so far he is an Adagio singer; in Allegro he succeeds but seldom in bringing his voice to the right tones, the dramatic fervor is wanting, the enunciation not clear. Equally helpless is he in recitative. . . . But these are peculiarities which he can mend, with his evident talent and the good foundation he has gained for the *cantabile* proper, if he remains for some time attached to our stage, and seeks to assimilate himself with the good forces that surround him."

The *National Zeitung* has a criticism by Gumprecht:

"The tenor question, which has troubled the direction of our theatre for some time has become critical. As no means have been found to overcome the disinclination of Herr (Theodore) Formes to Raoul, Manrico, Lohengrin and the whole tribe of such, and his name during the last month has commonly only enriched the sick list on our bills, this singer on the first of May will dissolve forever his connection with our stage. Through the whole season the voice of Herr Woworski has borne the burden of the heroic rôles, the most wearing and exacting of all. To a second such campaign it would inevitably succumb, and the first thing is therefore to place an efficient colleague by his side. If all signs do not deceive us, such a colleague is already found in the person of Herr Adams. . . . His voice, although not of eminently athletic build, yet seems by volume, compass, as well as by its bright, penetrating quality, well qualified for the heroic career. It still possesses the full freshness and elasticity of youth, and one may expect for it a gratifying future in the artistically educative atmosphere of a first-class theatre. The intonation is good; the enunciation, however, needs to be made clearer. Particularly in the treatment of the vowels, some foreign sounds mingle themselves. He feels most at home in the sustained melody, which gives him time for the full development of the tone. In the recitative one misses the right routine, and in the ensemble pieces he is too much in the background. But further practice and experience will correct these faults, and give freedom and boldness in the whole and in detail."

Another, while confirming all the above, says further:

"We have here to do with a *lyric* tenor, and a singer, who only wants more fire, more interest in the ensemble (in that he is almost indolent), to make him an agreeable acquisition for any stage. Depth he has not; at least it is not fine, and consequently a part like 'Max' is not adapted to him. We hear Herr Adams is to sing in 'Tell'; we recommend 'Tamino, Ottavio and the like.'"

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 29.—Our musical season is at an end. The trees have donned the garb of summer, the warm days tend to make city life intolerable, and hundreds who, during the past winter, frequented the halls of music and the haunts of art, will soon turn their backs upon the scenes of past enjoyment. There has been no lack of musical performances of a high character. The second series of Messrs. Cross and Jarvis's soirées was even more encouraging than their first. A series of parlor concerts afforded us classical music in an acceptable dress, and the six concerts of Carl Wolfsohn were as worthy of their projector as those of former years.

All of these were well attended, and proved that the good taste of the few has given tone to the many who would be thought possessed of taste and yet have it not. Far be it from me to maintain that none but musicians can enjoy the musical *pabulum* offered on such occasions. Among these are so many different degrees of cultivation, that it were difficult to know where to draw the line. In many instances, too, there is that knowledge without sympathy, and that mastery of facts without feeling, of which pedantry consists. If none but the cultivated few were admitted to the pleasures derivable from this source, classical music would not deserve the universal appreciation coveted for it by many of its votaries. Nor will it, in our days, at least, become popular. As soon would I believe that Scott or Thackeray are as much read as Miss Braddon or Mrs. Henry Wood. In art, the great is for those who understand, and for those who aspire to the appreciation of it. A limited number truly, and one which might be greatly increased by proper instructors. There are but few, however, who meet the higher requirements of their professional position. Barring their number, one might ask: who will teach the teachers?

With this, you will receive the programme of Mr. Wolfsohn's sixth and last concert.\* Mr. Kreissmann's appearance was a long looked for event. When Mr. Wolfsohn, in his prospectus, promised us a chance to hear the singer of whom Boston is so proud, we humbly thanked him and longed for the stranger's arrival, for two reasons. Firstly, that we might enjoy Mr. Kreissmann's singing. Secondly, that we might compare your idea of one of your favorites with our impressions. The result is, we are very sorry that you will ever have him back again: Sorry, indeed, that the meeting of four such artists as Kreissmann, Thomas, Wolfsohn and Ahrend was but for a brief hour of a pleasant summer day.

His voice, under almost perfect control, his true conception of the poet's meaning, his noble and impassioned delivery of the bolder passages, and his exquisite rendering of the tender or the playful, stamped his performance as one from which the student might draw inspiration. To some it must have come as a new revelation of the beauty and the depth of German poetry, thus to hear such

"airs

"Married to immortal verse."

What can be truer to the spirit of Heine's sad "Ich grolle nicht" than Schumann's version of it? With such songs we need nothing more than a singer possessing Kreissmann's pleasant voice and intelligent appreciation of every varying phase of poet's and musician's mood. It is well that such creations repel the unappreciative. May they never become fashionable!

Nor did the German songs form the only attractive portion of this glorious matinée. Besides the Scherzo of Chopin, the songs of Schubert, Schumann and Franz, the Schumann quartet and the Schubert duet, all of which works represent composers of this and the last generation, there was a solo for the violin, by Giuseppe Tartini, that carried one back a century and a half. Boldly did it contrast with those later works. Comparing the old with the new, the beauties of both stood out in great relief. The quain figures of the quick movements might seem old-fashioned, but the grateful harmonies, the charming melodies, and the scientific composition of the whole, make it a most interesting solo, and cause one to regret that the perfection of the mechanism of the piano has almost thrust aside the violin as a solo instrument.

\* Part I. Duo (piano and violin) in A, op. 162, Schubert, by Messrs. Wolfsohn and Thomas.

Part II. "Dichterliebe," Schumann, sung by A. Kreissmann.—2. Scherzo in B flat minor, Chopin, C. Wolfsohn.—3. "Der Erlkönig," Schubert. A. Kreissmann.—4. Violin solo, Tartini, Theo. Thomas.—5. (a) "Widmung," (b) "Frühlingsgedränge," (c) "Willkommen im Wald," R. Franz, A. Kreissmann.

Part III. Quartet in E flat, op. 47, Schumann, Messrs. Wolfsohn, Thomas, Kammerer and Ahrend.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Sleep, sleep my darling child. Song. E. Bruce. 30  
A simple lullaby, with pleasing words and music.

Whack, row de dow! or The Untameable Shrew. Song. W. Walker. 30

A most astonishing and lively production, showing how the lady, whose temper was "rather unstable," shook her husband "as long as" she "was able."

Let my care be no man's sorrow. Ballad. Wrighton. 30

Of high character. A good classical song.

There is no one like a mother. Song. S. Winner. 30  
For guitar. Of sterling merit.

The Knight's vigil. W. H. Weiss. 35

The good Knight watches his arms through the night, according to ancient custom, previous to formally assuming them, and commencing the career of chivalric daring, to which Sir Cecil intends to devote himself. The ballad goes on to inform us how he fought, bled, and died, for love and glory.

General Scott and Corporal Johnson. D. A. Warden. 35

The old corporal, who fought in 1812, comes forward to offer his services to his old commander. A very "good hearted," affecting song.

De United States Hotel. Song. M. C. Bisbee. 30

An excellent contraband song, illustrating the joy of the blacks on becoming "boarflahs" at "Uncle Sam's tavern," with money enough on hand to pay the bills.

#### Instrumental Music.

Der Abendstern. Romance for piano. C. Mayer. 50  
An excellent composition, of medium difficulty.

Arditi's "Kiss" waltz. Easy arrangement. E. Everest. 30

The regular "Kiss" waltz contains many octave passages and is, therefore, somewhat difficult for small hands. The present is a useful piece for teachers.

Toujours gai. Valse. T. Bauer. 35  
A bright, cheerful, "always gay" waltz, of medium difficulty.

Brooklet's lullaby. (Böcklein's wiegenlied). Oesten. 30

A very pretty piece for child learners, simple, and very graceful.

Fantasia brillante. Sonnambula. F. Leybach. 75  
A difficult piece of a high order, on portions of the airs from the opera.

#### Books.

HAYDN'S MASS IN G. (No. 7.) Cloth. \$1.00  
" " " " Paper. .75

Haydn's Masses, which have already been announced, merit each a particular description. The present one in G, (that so, mostly in the key of G,—varying occasionally to D and G minor,) has a general character of brilliancy and cheerfulness, and, with the exception of a few passages, is not difficult, and is not beyond the reach of a common choir; each member of a choir is benefitted by the practice of such music far beyond the amount expended for a book.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 606.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1864.

VOL. XXIV. No. 7.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Half a dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

### II. ANTONIO SALIERI.

[Continued from page 260.]

In the mean time Salieri's *Armida* (composed 1771) was making its way throughout Germany and even beyond. In Copenhagen it was given in Italian and Danish, and C. F. Cramer, the editor of the Musical Magazine, at Altona, had prepared a German version, with which it was given at Bonn, Mainz and Frankfort am Main. A letter of Cramer to Salieri is valuable for its clear annunciation of the duty of a translator, in preparing versions of texts to musical compositions.

"I venture to affirm," says he, "that it is less difficult for a poet—supposing him to have some creative talent—to compose three original operatic poems, than to translate one to an opera already set to music. There are airs in the *Armida*, which have cost me weeks; airs, which day and night, I have had to turn over in mind a thousand times, in order at last to find the right word, the suitable syllable, the proper vowel sound, which this or that passage of the melody demands. Still I do not flatter myself to have achieved a perfect success, which is all the more difficult, because of the various inflexions and repetitions of a music in the highest degree exact and characteristic in its expression, and from the character of my native language, which, though strong, expressive and better suited than yours to reflect the most difficult versifications and rhythms of the Greek, is still at times not agreeable to the ear, nay even rough, and in this regard stands far beneath the tongue of Hesperia, which Melody herself would seem to have created expressly for music."

In the preface to Kunzen's piano-forte arrangement of the *Armida* with the above named German text, Cramer says of Salieri:—

"Following in the footsteps of Gluck, the conqueror of hearts, he has like him turned away from the old conventional paths; treating with contempt the old useless *ritornels* and *da capos*, the sing-song of expressionless passages, the glitter of mere musical effects which only destroy the illusion of the scene: he has introduced more fitting proportions in his airs, a judicious shortening of the numerous choruses, not seldom more labor than is common in his recitative, the most imposing picturesqueness in his overtures, and great variety in his instrumentation; song and the dance are joined; everything is calculated for the general effect, and he has succeeded everywhere in expressing the passions of the text with such heart-felt, melting, soul-touching song, that the entire opera from beginning to end seems to be nothing but such a *pezzo di prima intenzione*, as it rejoices one to find even one or two examples of in the works of the better masters; while beyond that there is opportunity enough, in the rest of the airs, for the hearer to

cool the fire kindled in his heart." Quite in-  
ceivable is it, adds Mosel, that a man, who could so appreciate this work and could so well translate the text, should introduce three airs of other composers (Leo, Hasse and Sacchini) instead of certain recitatives, which seemed to him too long—at which Salieri, justly, was very angry.

The *Armida* not only delighted the public everywhere where it was put upon the stage, but found no dissenting voice among the critics. Scheida, a learned musician and thoroughly grounded in the theory, a valued writer on the science, a man whom Sebastian Bach called doctor and teacher, heard it in Copenhagen and blessed the good fortune "which had caused him in his old age to hear an opera, that embodied his ideas of what an opera should be, since it banished all the conventional ornamentation, and depended for its success alone upon nature and the heart."

Soon after Salieri's return to Vienna, Pierre Louis Moline, Parliamentary Advocate in Paris, wrote him that his opera-text "*La foire de Venise*," a French version of Salieri's "*Fiera di Venezia*," had been read in the committee of the Royal Academy, and had greatly pleased; he therefore prayed the master to finish what remained to be done in the adaptation, as soon as possible, and this the more urgently because Maria Antoinette wished to have the "*Comedie-Ballet*," as Moline now called it in its new form, produced at Fontainebleau. A few months later Moline wrote to Gluck to have him hasten Salieri with his work, but it does not appear that the work was brought out in Paris. Almost simultaneously came a letter from Raoult Lieutaud informing him that the changes in his new text, "*Mahomet II*"; which the Committee of the Academy had demanded, had been made, that the work was accepted and he only awaited a hint from Salieri to send it at once to him for composition. True, nothing came of this, but these letters indicate the position which *Les Danaïdes* had given the composer at Paris.

When Lorenzo da Ponte came from Dresden to Vienna, in 1782 or '83,—the old fellow is very sparing of dates in his memoirs—he brought the following note of introduction.

"Friend Salieri:—My dearest friend! Da Ponte will bring you these few lines. Do everything for him that you would do for myself. His heart and his talents deserve it all, and besides this he is *Pars animae, dimidiumque meae*.

Thy Mazzolla."

"Salieri was at that time," says old Lorenzo (writing some forty years afterwards in New York) "a favorite of the Emperor, the most intimate friend of Mazzolla, very learned and accomplished, both as kapellmeister and as a man of high consideration among scholars. This billet, which I did not neglect to deliver immediately upon my arrival in Vienna, in process of time brought me the noblest fruits and was the original cause of the favor bestowed upon me by Joseph II." Omitting Da Ponte's account of his

poverty for the months that followed, come we to his tale of Salieri's kindness to him.

"I happened to learn that the Emperor had determined again to establish an Italian opera in Vienna, and this recalled to mind the hints I had had from Mazzolla, and so the idea entered my head of becoming poet at the court of the Emperor. [Metastasio had died, April 12, 1782.] I had always cherished for this ruler a feeling of the truest reverence, as for one of whom numberless proofs of humanity, magnanimity, and goodness of heart were told. This feeling gave me courage and strengthened my hopes. I went to Salieri, who not only encouraged me to apply for the place, but also promised me to speak not only with the general director of the theatre, but with the Emperor himself on the subject. He knew so well how to move in the matter, that my first appearance before the Emperor, was not to petition, but to thank him for the appointment."

"*Il ricco d'un giorno*," the man rich for a day, was Da Ponte's first text written for Salieri, by whom the subject had been selected out of many which the young poet had proposed. When finished, however, it was so far from reaching his ideal, that he handed it to the composer too much humbled to speak a word. Salieri read it through immediately, and then said: "It is well written, but it must first be seen on the stage, before one can form a correct judgment upon it. It contains several very good airs and entire scenes which please me much; still you will have to undertake some small changes for me, more however on the ground of the musical effect than anything else."

"Wherein consisted these slight changes," says Da Ponte. "In the shortening or lengthening the greater part of the scenes; in [the introduction of new duets, terzets, quartets, &c.; in changing the metre of some half of the airs; in weaving in choruses, which had to be sung by Germans; in shortening all the recitatives, and consequently changing the entire plan, connection, and interest of the opera—if it had had any; the changes were in a word so great, that when the opera came upon the stage, not more than a hundred verses of my original remained. The music was finished and the work was to be soon performed, when Abbate Casti, an ecclesiastical poet, then celebrated through all Europe—not only for his other poems but for his "*Galante Novellen*," tales in verse of a character immoral almost to obscenity, appeared. At the same time came Paisiello, the composer, and the "*Man rich for a day*" was put aside for "*King Theodore of Venice*," text Casti, music Paisiello. This opera had an enormous success and soon found its way, in Italian or in German, all through central Europe—it was one of the favorite Bonn operas when Beethoven was a youth.

All this had happened in 1783, and Salieri, wisely giving King Theodore time to become an old story, laid his Rich Man aside and went off to Paris with his "*Danaïdes*," as before related. In the Autumn of 1784 the "*Rich Man*" was pro-

duced. It was unsuccessful, Mosel thinks undeservedly so—and Da Ponte gives a long and not uninteresting history of the reasons of its fall. Among them was the illness of Nancy Storace, the London songstress, who at that time was a favorite prima donna in Vienna, and whose part had to be sung by a person "who was just as fitted for it as a dove to take the rôle of an eagle." And what was worse, some Italians, who wished for the place to which Da Ponte had just been appointed, wrote a satire upon the libretto, and circulated it in the theatre on the evening of its production. Nothing saved the young poet but Joseph's liking for him, and justice in determining that he should have another trial. This second trial was the "*Il Barbero di buon core*," set to music by Martin, (the Spaniard, afterwards composer of "*Una cosa rara*") and the success was such that Joseph said to Da Ponte: "We have conquered!" And again, when Da Ponte called at the palace, the Emperor received him with "Bravo, Da Ponte, it pleases me, both music and text." "Sacred Majesty," replied the poet, "the Director of the theatre is quite of another opinion." "Neither the Director nor Casti is speaking now," returned Joseph, "but this is your triumph, you have made them weep. Go home, get up courage, and write us another opera with music by Martin. One must weld the iron while it is hot."

After the production of "*Ercito e Democrito*," operetta in 2 acts, of which I find no account, Salieri turned to Abbate Casti for a text, and received "*La grotta di Trifonio*," which he composed in 1785. "This music," says Salieri, "in a style unusual as the poem demands, gained remarkable applause and was the first opera buffa, which was engraved in score."

Mosel remarks: "This is all that the modest composer says of a work, which has its place not only among his very best, but among the very best of its class, and deserves the title of classic; it is but right to add that none could remember any opera up to that time, which had been received with such tumultuous, universal and lasting applause as this, and that all lovers of dramatic music still (1826) remember with delight the enjoyment it then afforded them. The most judicious and flowing melodies, invariably suited in perfection to the text and character represented; an expressive and graceful accompaniment, in which the wind instruments are more frequently (but not too often) and elegantly introduced than in any of his previous operas; and that talent, already noted in several of these works, for making his music really dramatic, through its vivid support, often indeed its actual indication, of the proper action, placed this work in the high position of a lasting model of high-comic, scenic music."

The date of the first performance of this work, which soon found its way in the Italian or in German translation, into all the principal theatres of Germany, was May 12, 1785. On the 7th of February, 1786, Joseph gave an entertainment to Catherine II. of Russia, and her son Paul, at Schönbrunn, at which two short occasional pieces, one in German, "*Der Schauspieldirektor*" (the Theatrical Manager) by Stephanie the younger, and "*Prima la Musica, poi le parole*," (first the music then the text) by Abbate Casti, were performed. In the composition of the music, Mozart and Salieri were pitted against each

other. Neither, however, produced anything of great value. Mozart's music is, however, with another text, still given in Germany; Salieri's long since was forgotten. The performances of the festivity were repeated (Salieri's operetta in German translation?) in the Kärnthnertheater, on Feb. 11, 18, and 25th, and then both were laid aside until 1791, when Goethe caused Cimarosa's "*L'impresario in angoscia*" to be prepared for performance at Weimar, and in this the entire music of Mozart's "Manager" was incorporated! This was given Oct. 24, 1791, and thence made its way to other theatres. Recently Mozart's music has been taken again, pure and simple, and, a few of his own compositions being added, a score extensive enough has been created to fit a new text in which Schickaneder and Mozart himself are made to appear—Mozart abominably caricatured! But this is foreign to Salieri's life.

(To be Continued.)

### Fashion versus Music.

No art is more completely subject to the despotism of fashion than music. From the fact of its being so extensively cultivated, an immense facility is given for the popularizing of anything which happens to be "the rage." Passing over those who sincerely love the art for its own sake, and have intuitively the power of recognizing and appreciating the beautiful in music, we approach another very numerous section of the community—a section which, more or less, regard music as a vehicle for show, or for creating effects according to the custom, and in deference to the demands, of modern society. To play brilliantly is accounted "the thing;" and perhaps it is from this cause we so seldom hear in society the slightest expression, but so often are compelled to listen to the most painful attempts at display. The majority of drawing-room efforts on the pianoforte convey the idea that the executant's innate feeling for the art is very limited; that the use of music as a means of expressing sympathy and tenderness is unknown,—and that perfection in the art has much more to do with the fingers than the feelings. *Display* is the watchword; and with a young lady who has had the usual school routine of practice, and the usual so-called finishing lessons, a certain amount of executive facility is often looked upon by the fond parents as so much capital to help the dear child to a good settlement. Deeper than this, in search of pure love for the art which proceeds only from nature, ordaining music to be a means of expressing feeling—we must not go in modern society. Real, pure, and humbly devout worship at the European shrine is seldom found beyond the pale of artist coteries, or those charmed domestic circles, in which a homely spirit exists with an utter contempt for all the false polish of society. The class of pianoforte compositions described by the word "brilliant," which has surely attained its lowest form in the present day, has done more to vitiate real taste than anything else. It is next to impossible that a devotee of the brilliant persuasion, even though he have originally possessed musical taste, can retain it by being constantly familiarized with works of the brilliant class. Naturally enough, in the crowded state of professions, all demands are met with a most bountiful supply. This is a universal dispensation, and so composers or arrangers are found in plenty, who gain popularity and a very excellent living by answering the general requirement for things "brilliant but not difficult." We must not speculate whether a representative of this school has a genuine respect for the art; and we must consider that the sun shines but a certain time on ephemeral manias, in music as well as in everything else. Truth is imperishable; and popular caprice, though it may take a degraded form, will shake off the fetters of bad taste and breathe again, sooner or later. In place of dignifying such and such a person as a composer, we

are often bound by the simplest obligation of doing justice to more unknown talent, to speak of a highly popular musician as one possessing only a knack of arranging, which faculty answers the purposes of himself, his publisher, and his pupils or admirers, to a remarkable degree.

Take a certain number of works from the most prolific and best arrangers, and what is to be found but the most abject poverty of invention; a dull, dreary routine of *arpeggio* passages; modulations on one model; endless reproductions of very weak points; with a commonplace and vulgar treatment of the unfortunate themes dressed up for the expectant public? Young ladies find everything necessary in these effusions. They abound in showy passages of no originality whatever; but they possess the infinite charm of being easy to play; and, above all, furnish opportunity for making an impression with a very little trouble. One thing must certainly be said. If popular arrangers can do better they do not dare. If they do, they must bid farewell to the "brilliant but not difficult" notoriety which their works have secured. Beyond this, they must relinquish the pecuniary benefits of their position; and human nature is not yet resolute enough to reject competence for the sake of a clear conscience in matters of art, the exercise of which may entail comparative poverty. Any man who slides into the groove of commonplace, and, by so doing, secures popularity with the public, and orders from the publishers, cannot return to, or adopt, a better style. If he has any spontaneous originality, he must conceal it; or, at least, hamper the thoughts with the restrictions of his admirers. He works with the phantom of brilliancy always before him; and the moment his ideas are becoming unwontedly free, the contingency attached to "the brilliant but not difficult" forces him back to the track of conventional mediocrity.

A good living is the end and aim of those who are obliged to earn a living at all, and a man mostly thinks, "Will this pay?" before it strikes him. "Is this likely to proclaim me a conscientious artist?" The pianoforte arrangements which attain widely-spread celebrity, are often uncommonly like the tin cups a prestidigitator will go on producing *ad infinitum*. He who accepts the position of a popular arranger has, at least, three circumstances upon which to congratulate himself, namely, material prosperity,—the envy of his fellows, and the admiration of a large section of the public. Against these advantages there is to be taken into account the probable contempt of the few whose deficiencies. However, until radical changes take place in human nature, the force of that wise saw, "Let those laugh who lose, they're sure to laugh who win," must be acknowledged in this particular as in all others; and most men prefer admiration from the unqualified many, to commendation from a minority whose good opinion leads but to little pecuniary result.—*Orchestra*.

### Dr. Schneider.

Instrumental music has sustained a heavy loss in the death of the greatest German organ-player, which took place at Dresden on the 13th of April. Dr. Johann Gottlob Schneider, the son of a school-master, was born on the 28th of October, 1789, at Altgersdorf, near Zittau, in the Oberlausitz, a district of Saxony. His first instructor in music was his father. In 1801 he entered the Zittau gymnasium to prepare himself for the University. He studied in Leipzig, but kept up his music also, to which he soon devoted himself entirely, and succeeded his brother Friedrich Schneider (composer of "The Last Judgment") as organist of the University Church. In 1812 he removed to Görlitz, and there founded a large singing school. He had already become celebrated as a great organ-player. In 1825, he was invited to play the organ at a musical festival in Magdeburg, where his brother's Oratorio, "Paradise Lost," was to be produced. On his way thither he passed through Dresden, where, as it happened, the situation of organist at the Protestant Court Church of St. Sophia was vacant.—After playing there only once, he was elected in

preference to thirty other candidates. On the 21st of August, 1861, he celebrated his organ-jubilee,—in honour of which an endowment was given to the Saxon Pestalozzi-Verein, to be called the Johann Schneider Stiftung, the interest to be applied to the education of sons of poor school-masters, preference being given to those who desire to devote themselves to music, especially to the organ. Thus much from foreign sources. A more consummate artist never commanded instrument than Schneider, and his was the king of instruments. His rendering of the music of Sebastian Bach was a revelation. Whereas the generality of organists struggle, he played with it. His instrument in the *Sophien Kirche*, a Silbermann organ, though sweet in tone, is limited in its scale as compared with the Leviathans to be found elsewhere, and of course has not the appliances for lightening the performer's toil which we owe to modern science; but Schneider's hands on it were as light and dextrous in all the instantaneous changes of stop and register necessary to work up a climax, as those of a harpsichord-player. As much might be said of his feet on the pedal board, which nothing puzzled, nothing distanced. The admirable quietness of his behaviour added to the effect of calm grandeur he produced on all those who watched as well as listened. And many were the tourists who went up to his loft at early morning service, in the hope of luring him, after the rite was over, to unlock the drawer where his treasury of old brown music-books lay, and to indulge them with some fugue or varied *corale*, or other noble work by the great Leipzig Cantor. In improvisation he was ingenuous and learned, with less fire in his fancies than Mendelssohn (who looked up to him as an organ oracle), but possessing a solidity of resource and power that rendered his improvisation displays of the highest interest. As a man, Schneider was punctual, honorable, genial and obliging in no common degree; one of the few great professors left, with whom Art was the first and money the second consideration. He lived rich in the esteem of the worthiest of his countrymen, and died honored and beloved.—*Athenæum*, April 23.

### Caroline Bettelheim.

Fraulein Caroline Bettelheim, Prima-Donna at the Imperial Theatre, Vienna, now recognized as one of the first contralto singers in all Germany, was born in Pesh, on the 1st of June, 1845, and educated in Vienna as a pianist. On the pianoforte she attained, under the direction of the well-known professor Carl Goldmark, such proficiency, that, at one of his concerts in the year 1861, she created a perfect furor. At the same time she made great progress in singing, and obtained, in the same year, an engagement at the Imperial Theatre, Vienna, where she is now accepted as one of the most accomplished artists of the day. In a short time she not only became a great favorite with the public, but was sought for in the highest circles of the aristocracy, and invited to all the concerts at court. In fact there was no concert, no oratorio, without Fraulein Bettelheim. Her success was so immense, that invitations one after the other followed from all parts of the country. In the beginning of December, 1863, she went to Leipzig and Bremen as singer and pianist, and created such excitement, that the critic, quite puzzled, hardly knew whether her vocal or instrumental performance was to be preferred. Fraulein Bettelheim is not only largely indebted to nature, but has received a first-rate education. Her singing is noble and full of expression, and her acting lively and animated. Her voice is a powerful and pleasing contralto of great compass, comprising nearly three octaves, from the deep D to the high C. Her appearance is extremely prepossessing. She has a very intelligent physiognomy, large black eyes full of fire, and a most graceful figure. Fraulein Bettelheim has a great future before her, not only on the stage, where she appears in the parts of Azucena, Maffio Orsini, Nancy, Gonty, Pierotto, Bertha von Simiane, Fr. Reich, Maddelena, etc.—but also in the concert-room, sacred and secular. Her beautiful, deep and sonorous voice exercises great power over the mind and heart of every hearer. As a sign of Middle Bettelheim's uncommon talent it may be mentioned, that although she had never put a foot on the stage before, she was entrusted, after scarcely a twelvemonth's engagement, with the whole of the principal contralto repertory.—*Vienna Presse*.

### Music in Leipzig.

The last week of our musical season have offered comparatively little novelty. The most important production in the *Gewandhaus* has been Herr Joachim's instrumentation of Schubert's Pianoforte Duett, Op. 140 which is thus transformed into a splendid symphony. Hearing it in this form, it is difficult to imagine that it could ever have been only a pianoforte piece, so symphonic is it in its cast.—Herr Joachim's work is not only mastery in itself, but is also most remarkable for the way in which he seems to have adopted Schubert's nature. The symphony was first performed in Leipzig about seven years ago; it is to be hoped that so long an interval will not be allowed to elapse before it is heard again. It is much to be regretted that the want of energy of a Viennese publisher, in whose portfolio the score has, it is said, been reposing for some years, makes it difficult to become more widely acquainted with this interesting work. A Notturmo, by Spohr, for wind instruments, and *Janitscharenmusik*, Op. 34, has been revived. It is a work worthy of an occasional hearing, but, to do it justice, it requires a locality where brazen tones can be more modified than is the case in the *Gewandhaus Saal*, the acoustic virtues of which are sometimes too good; and it must be confessed that the wind instruments (especially the brass) are not the strong points of the *Gewandhaus* orchestra. Handel's 'Ode for St. Cecilia's Day' has been performed "for the first time." As is generally the case with choral works, especially with Handel's,—the performance was unsatisfactory. The Minuet was cut out of the overture. Such curtailment seems to be the rule in Germany, the graceful Minuet in the overture to 'Samson' being also omitted when that oratorio is performed here. The singers were Frau von Milde, of Weimar, and Herr Schild, of Solothurn; pleasant as it is to listen to them in other parts which suit them better, neither had sufficient voice or energy for the Ode; the great unaccompanied passages in the last chorus fell very flat; the 'Organ Air,' instead of being the climax in the triumph of music, was made utterly ridiculous by the asthmatic snorts of a miserable harmonium, which was substituted for the king of instruments. No new soloist has been heard in the *Gewandhaus* since my last report; but I cannot pass over the reappearance of Herr Joachim, who showed that, great as he was when we last heard him, there was a something still greater to which he has attained; his reception was a literal triumph. In closing my report of the *Gewandhaus* Concerts for the late season, I am glad to be able to say that the performances have shown a marked improvement this winter. The commander and his forces seem to understand one another better than they did.

In the *Euterpe*, Liszt's 'Faust' Symphony has been repeated. I cannot say that a second hearing has revealed new beauties; on the contrary, I found it even more ungenial and repulsive than at the first hearing. The *Euterpe* has introduced to us a young pianist, Fraulein Alidee Topp, of Stralsund, who promises well; she has already acquired great certainty and brilliancy of execution, and has a good style; it was a pity that she chose so thankless a piece as Liszt's Concerto in E flat.

In the Chamber Music Concerts of the *Gewandhaus*, a Sonata for Pianoforte and Violoncello (Op. 42), by Herr Reinecke, was new to me. Although not one of its composer's greater works, there is a gracefulness and sterling merit in it which make it deserve to be better known.

Herr Kiedel's Choral Society gave an interesting concert on the *Bussag*. A 'De Profundis,' by Clari, is a good specimen of the Bolognese school. Sebastian Bach's 'Magnificat' is one of those works which no ordinary ears can comprehend at one hearing. It is written for solo voices, a five-part chorus, and an orchestra comprising the string quartett, two oboes, two flutes, three trumpets, drums and organ. The complication is increased by the strings, the wood wind instruments, and the trumpets and drums, forming three almost independent groups. As in almost Bach's works, the greatest immediate effect is made by the choruses. The second verse is very remarkable; the words "Quia respexit humilitatem ancillae suae; ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent" being given to the soprano solo, with only an oboe and organ accompaniment, and conveying an expression almost of fear and melancholy in the last words, "omnes generationes;" the chorus and orchestra break in with a Titanic grandeur, and with such a lavish display of contrapuntal and harmonic contrivances as only Bach has at his command. In the 12th verse ("Suscepit Israel," &c.), the ancient traditional melody of the 'Magnificat,' dating, it is said from the seventh century, is given as a *cantus firmus* to the oboes; three female voices sing the words, weaving the most elaborate contrapuntal ac-

companiments round that venerable chant. It must be confessed that the inexorable progressions of the voices sometimes bring them into harsh collisions. The 'Gloria Patri' is another chorus, full of grand thoughts. A strange contrast to the wonderful strictness of Bach's work, in which nothing is sacrificed to prettiness, is Herr von Bronsart's composition of Platen's 'Christnacht,' a poor sickly poem, which has already been treated by Hiller and Gade. In one respect the work is an advance upon Herr von Bronsart's Symphony, of painful memory, for it shows that he can sometimes write melodious themes; but the style is utterly unsuited to so solemn a theme as the Angels' appearance to the shepherds; far more closely allied is it to the lascivious stage-atmosphere of Wagner's Frau Venus and her nymphs. Indeed, both in its few prettinesses and in its much harshness and unquiet, the whole work is closely related to Wagner's compositions; but the latter, unhealthy and positively ugly as they are in great proportion, are yet the work of a man of genius, and the aberrations of such a one will ever be preferable to those of a man of none. A Sanctus, for double chorus, by C. P. Emmanuel Bach is interesting, although cast in a mould of much less grandeur than his father was wont to use.—*Corr. Athenæum*, April 30.

## Music Abroad.

### The Musical Season in London

#### II. THE MUSICAL SOCIETIES.

We have already seen what was going on at the two opera houses, down to the middle of May. Leaving them for the present, let us look at some of the bewildering multitude of London Concerts.

ORATORIOS. Since the beginning of March, the SACRED HARMONIO SOCIETY have prepared *Judas Maccabæus* (principal singers, Mme. Rudersdorff, Miss Banks, Miss Elton, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Cummings, and Santley,—Costa conducting); the *Messiah* in Passion Week (Mme. Rudersdorff, Mme. Sinton-Dolby, Messrs. Weiss, Patey and Reeves); *St. Paul* (Mme. Parepa, Dolby, Messrs. Cummings and Weiss); *Elijah* (Mme. Rudersdorff, Sinton-Dolby, Mrs. Lucas, Miss Elton, Messrs. Carter, Henry, Reeves, and Weiss.—Organist, Mr. Brown-smith); *Israel in Egypt*, (Mmes. Parepa, Banks, Sinton-Dolby, Messrs. Reeves, Weiss and Santley); and, closing the season, May 27th, *Samson*, with Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mme. Sinton-Dolby, Messrs. Reeves, Santley, and Patey.) Reeves, of course "was truly magnificent—matchless singing and matchless style." But what has become of the fine contralto, Miss Palmer?

"THE HULLAH" CHORAL SOCIETY performed the *Creation* last month, with Mlle. Florence Lancia, Mr. Patey and Mr. Evans in the principal parts.

There has been one new Oratorio brought out this season, by the NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY, conducted by Mr. G. W. Martin. It is called "*Ahab*," and was composed by George B. Arnold, Mus. Doc. New College, Oxford. The words are entirely from the Bible. The work had been published beforehand and studied by the critics. The *Athenæum* (April 16) dismisses it "as a work of some promise." The *Orchestra* (April 9) says:

From a deliberate rejection of all fixed style, one would expect either the unique work of a great original genius, or the unsuccessful attempt of one unequal to the task he had undertaken; from a deliberate mixture of various prestyles, one would expect, as the almost inevitable consequence, a medley on which the ear of no musician could rest with satisfaction. Such, we think, is the result found in "*Ahab*." The ear is called upon to fly almost instantaneously over as long spaces of tone as between Handel and Mendelssohn; to make rapid journeys between countries as distant as Germany and England; if it is pleased with one form of music for half-a-dozen bars, it has to put up with another form for the half-a-dozen ensuing.

Apart from this question of form, there is a fault running through the whole of the work which is generally limited to the compositions of amateurs, and which one does not expect to find in the writings of so clever a musician as Doctor Arnold evidently shows himself to be. Doctor Arnold has, in fact, a

singular taste for *batos*. He conceives many happy ideas and pleasing phrases of melody, and then more often than not abruptly terminates them by introducing somewhat feeble and unmeaning, and unworthy of a sound musical judgment.

Turning from this general view of the music to the smaller details, where a less high standard can be taken, we find, as might be expected, much more to admire and much less to offend us. For instance, Dr. Arnold has a great facility for sagual writing, all the passages of this sort in his oratorio being effective, and most of them remarkably clever. His final chorus is a very well worked eight-part double fugue. The exposition of the leading subject, which begins with the ascending octave, is given to one of two choirs, and the exposition of the countersubject, which is less interesting, to the other; the two subjects are worked well, and lead up to a close *stretto* in all the parts on the first subject. The effect of this chorus is very fine. The recitatives are fresh and pleasing, except where marked by the singular use of anti-climax before mentioned. The air, it must be confessed, are a failure, and are only good where they assume the form of accompanied recitatives. We may except a soprano solo No. 24, where *Jezabel* incites *Ahab* to war, as containing a spirited subject and a consistent treatment of it. The remainder of the airs, duets, &c., are, if not absolutely weak and meaningless, at any rate badly put together, and wanting in the great feature of an oratorio solo movement—a prominent and melodious subject. This want is not in our opinion atoned for by any other excellence, so that they fall dead on the ear as being neither connected nor melodious.

The choruses, where scientific, are, as has been said before, good; where they are intended to be dramatic they by comparison fail. However, they are infinitely superior to the solo pieces. Two chorales without accompaniment, Nos. 33 and 35, are really beautiful. It is a pity that the setting which surrounds them on either side is not better. We are sorry to have to express our disapproval of this work, both generally and in detail, since it is evidently the writing of a clever musician. It is impossible, however, to praise that which violates so many of our ideas of what is good and consistent. Of the performance on Wednesday the less we say the better. England has to thank Mr. Martin for bringing out a new oratorio by a native composer; but, beyond this, neither country nor author owe much to the executors at Exeter Hall.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.** The old Symphony society, still under the baton of Prof. Wm. Sterndale Bennett, began its 52nd season, at the Hanover Square rooms, on the 29th of February, which happened to be the anniversary of Rossini's birth. Accordingly his music figured largely in the programme: overtures to *Semiramide* and "Siege of Corinth," arias and duets from *Zelmira*, *Gazza Ladra*, *Tell*, &c.; besides which a MS. Symphony by Cherubini (written for the Philharmonic and never played but once before), Mozart's piano Concerto in D minor, played by Arabella Goddard, and Beethoven's second Symphony.—The 2nd concert (March 14) had for Symphonies, Mozart in D, No. 4, and Beethoven in F, No. 8; Concerto for piano, No. 1, in D minor by Sterndale Bennett, (pianist Mr. Harold Thomas); De Beriot's Violin Concerto in B minor, played by Vieuxtemps; overture to *Fernand Cortez*, by Sponcini; and part songs by the Orpheus Glee Union.

The third concert (April 18) was made tributary to the grand flood of Shakespeare Tercentenary celebration. With the exception of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, most of the music was in some way suggestive of, or suggested by Shakespeare's works; as the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, selections from Nicolai's *Falstaff*, songs and duets by English composers, &c.—Of the 4th concert (May 2) the *Musical World* says:

The directors of these classical entertainments have been rummaging their library-shelves of late to excellent purpose. The revival of Cherubini's symphony—written expressly for the Philharmonic Society—was a boon to subscribers; and on Monday, at the fourth concert, another most interesting work was brought to light, in the shape of a symphony by the dramatic composer, Méhul. One of the shining lights of the French school, an ardent emulator of Gluck, a contemporary and a rival of Cherubini, Méhul—standing midway between Grétry and Boieldieu,

had more real genius, and far more earnest ambition than either. He was, besides, a prolific producer, and looked at his art from that serious point of view which is inseparable from true distinction. We are aware that the symphony in G minor—the last of six in the composition of which Méhul artistically employed his leisure hours—had already been presented at the Crystal Palace Concerts; but we should like to know what has escaped the eclectic scrutiny of Herr Auguste Manns! With an orchestra on a large scale, like that so well and zealously conducted by Professor Sterndale Bennett, and in a "locale" so admirably adapted for sound as the Hanover Square Rooms, the symphony of Méhul had a better chance of being appreciated, and created a proportionately more sensible impression. A work of unequal merit, it is, nevertheless, one which shows a high aspiration, contains many genuine beauties, and proclaims indisputably the hand of a master.

There was only one overture; but that was an overture which every musician in the room must have been glad to welcome, after its many years of silence. Mr. Cipriani Potter—late principal of the Royal Academy of Music, where some of our most eminent composers and professors enjoyed the advantage of his counsels and instructions—wrote an overture to Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* about a quarter of a century ago. It was played, if we are not mistaken, at one of his own benefit concerts at a time when a benefit concert without an orchestra was reckoned of little or no account. A work of fancy and ingenious construction, it was admired and applauded then just as it was admired and applauded on the present occasion; and the renewed appreciation it has met with would warrant the revival of a certain overture to *Antony and Cleopatra*, from the same industrious pen.

The other selections were Beethoven's C minor Symphony; Mendelssohn's D minor Concerto, pianist Mr. W. G. Cousins; Spohr's "Dramatic Concerto" (*Scena Cantante*) for violin, played by Herr Lauterbach, Concert-meister to the King of Saxony, who made the impression of a master; Beethoven's *Egmont* march; and vocal solos from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, Handel's *Rinaldo* and Paer's *Agnes*, by Mme. Sherrington and Mr. Weiss.—In the 5th concert the orchestra played a Symphony in G by Haydn and Mendelssohn's in A (Italian), Beethoven's *Leonora* overture (No. 3), and Auher's Great Exhibition March; Mme. Arabella Goddard played Weber's *Concerti-Stück* and a Prelude and Fugue *alla Tarantella* by Bach; and the vocal diversissements were by Mlle. Bettelheim and Herr Mayerhofer, who sang from Mozart, Donizetti and Rossini.

The 6th concert (May 30) was remarkable on several accounts. First, as bringing together a Symphony of Schumann's (No. 6, in C) and that of Beethoven in A, which gives the *Musical World* occasion to prove that Schumann is no Beethoven, and to pooh-pooh at Schumann generally, after the usual London fashion; for example:

When it is allowed that Schumann was a thoughtful, earnest man, ever striving to soar upward, but lacking strength of wing, the plain truth has been told; and as much might he said of a good many other thoughtful, earnest, upward-striving Teutons. The symphony in C is a capital specimen of what Schumann could and what he could not effect. It is seldom wholly uninteresting, but it is rarely pure, more rarely bright, at no time convincing. Perpetually aiming at some mark which it as perpetually fails to hit, it represents a series of reverses to the composer and of disappointments to the hearer.

This concert was also distinguished by the return of the great violinist Joachim, of whom the London critics are always saying: "he outdid himself;" this time in Beethoven's Concerto in D, including a couple of "masterly" cadenzas by himself. It was this same Concerto which won him his first laurels in England, when, as a mere boy, in 1844, he played it at the Philharmonic. Joachim also played an Andante by Spohr and a Prelude by Bach. Bennett's "Fantasia Overture," *Paradise and the Peri*, composed for the Philharmonic Jubilee in 1862, was played, and takes rank among the best works of England's first musician. The song pieces were by Miss Fanny Armytage—Sig. Schira's cleverest pupil in the Royal Academy—who made a successful debut in the scene

from *Der Freyschütz*; Herr Gunz, first tenor from the opera at Hanover, who created a sensation in an air from *La Dame Blanche*; and Sig. Delle Sedie, the baritone, who sung from *Un Ballo* and *L'Elisir d'Amore*. Beethoven's "Turkish March" ended the concert.

So much for the old Philharmonic, to the end of May: now let us glance at its younger rival, the

**NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.** This is now in its thirteenth season, and is still, as from the first, under the direction of Prof. Wyld, Mus. Doc. Its locality is St. James's Hall. Like the New York Philharmonic, its present season consists of five concerts and five public rehearsals. The first programme (April 13) contained: *Faust* overture, by Spohr; air from Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, by Sig. Naudin, tenor; Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, by Sivori; Recit. and song, "Sweet Bird," from Handel's *L'Allegro*, sung by Mme. Lemmens Sherrington; Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony. Part II. Overture, *Semiramide*; Aria, "Slumber Song" in *Mosca-riello*, Sig. Naudin; Violin Concerto by Paganini; Air and variations from *Le Serment*, Mme. Sherrington; Overture, *Abou Hassan*, Weber.

The 2nd concert, April 27, offered Schubert's Symphony in C; three overtures: *Der Alchymist*, by Spohr, *Tell*, Rossini, and *Ruy Blas*, Mendelssohn; Beethoven's piano concerto in G, played by Mr. G. Burnett, a young and rising pianist of the Leipzig school; airs from *Don Giovanni*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, &c., by Mlle. Fricci and Sig. Neri-Baraldi.—The 3d concert began with the overture to *Struensee*, as a mark of respect to the memory of Meyerbeer. Two Concertos were played; one for violin (Viotti) by the young Bohemian, Isidor Lotto; the other for piano, by Molique, and executed by the composer's daughter, Miss Anna Molique, who seems "destined to take rank among piano players of the highest class." The "Pastoral Symphony," Nicolai's overture to the "Merry Wives," and vocal solos and duet from *Freyshütz*, *Cenerentola*, *Oberon* and *Matrimonio Segreto*, by Mlle. Laguna and Dentinn, and Sig. Ronconi and Ciampi, made out the rest of the bill.

The 4th concert gave Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, Spohr's Concert Overture "*Im ernsten Styl*," the *Oberon* overture, and Meyerbeer's *Struensee* polonaise, for orchestral pieces. But the extraordinary attractions, which crowded the hall to suffocation, were the soloists, to-wit: Alfred Jaell, as pianist, who played Beethoven's C minor Concerto; and for vocalists, Mlle. Carlotta Patti, who sang "*Ah non credea*," and the German tenor, Herr Wachtel, who sang from the *Zauberflöte* and *Troentore*. Mme. Didié, too, sang a couple of Rossini pieces, from *L'Italiana* and *Il Barbiere*. Of Herr Wachtel, we may append here what the *Athenæum* says of him after his first appearances this season at the Royal Italian Opera. First, in "the tawdry *Troentore*:"

The event of the evening, however, was the re-appearance of Herr Wachtel; and this—though upborne and encouraged, by so much enthusiasm as to make some of us ask, with *André*, "Is it a true thing?"—was a real event. Certainly, few tenors have ever possessed "the ninety-nine requisites" in fuller perfection than this young German voice;—we cannot, as yet, call Herr Wachtel "an artist." A more glorious organ we have never heard; it is clear, too, of that throaty tone which habitually spoils our pleasure in the tenors of this country, and which call on us "to forgive and forget" even in the case of men so renowned as Herren Wille, Hainzinger, Tichatschek, and (the other day) Ander. Herr Wachtel has much to learn in the way of polish, style, and especially foreign pronunciation. Not all the naturally excellent qualities which Herr Formes possessed could reconcile us to the wonderful words and vowels he sang, whenever he fancied himself Italian or (even worse) English. But Herr Wachtel is young, obviously energetic in no common degree, without being objectionably bombastic, and, with such superb natural gifts as he possesses, should be satisfied with nothing short of perfect accomplishment.



Then again in *William Tell*:

Such a voice has not been heard in the part of *Arnoldo* as Herr Wachtel's, but if it have the strength of a giant's, it is used (to adopt the known quotation) somewhat tyrannically. He riots in his immense and resonant upper chest-notes, flinging out the *c* in alt, which M. Duprez and Signor Tamberlik were used to reserve for great occasions, again and again, as prodigally as if it was the common work-a-day *c*, which used to be the limit of an average English tenor's voice, and this is a time when the diapason was lower than now. Neither Braham nor Mr. Sims Reeves got, or gets, beyond *A*; and the latter has to make his point in "Sound an alarm" and in the "War Song," of Signor Costa's 'Eli,' by artful preparation and management. Herr Wachtel will do wisely, not merely for the future, but for the present, to husband his resources of astonishment. Though for the moment "the many rend the skies" on each reiterated manifestation of his amazing power, the few who recollect how much reserve, as distinguished from rant, counts, must feel that some of the fatigue of over-familiarity already mingles with their wonder. This impression may spread until those who are "nothing if not excited" may come to demand of Herr Wachtel what he cannot give them, even should Signor Verdi be lured to write for him an opera in which the lover's part is expressly laid out for a tenor trombone. These hints are offered in good will to one who in many essential respects deserves to be rated highly. Doctors disagree respecting voices, as about every other commodity of nature and art; and this superb organ of Herr Wachtel's has been disparaged as "hard" by those unable to deny its penetrating qualities. We are disposed to credit it with an amount of tunefulness and geniality unexampled in any German tenor voice we have ever heard.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.** This excellent institution is still flourishing, concerts being given nearly every Monday evening, at St. James's Hall, at moderate prices, whereby a great variety of the best classical compositions, in the form of Sonata, Trio, Quartet of strings, &c., together with choice vocal selections, are made accessible to all musical people in London throughout a large part of the year. These works are rendered by the most distinguished artists, Mr. Benedict acting as conductor and accompanist. The concerts have been established barely five years, and we have now before us the programme of the 154th concert, for June 6, in which we have the names of two of the greatest violinists in all Europe, Joachim and Wieniawski; the best of classical cellists, Piatti—Ries and Webb completing the quartet—the great pianist Hallé, and others. The Quartets, opening each part, are by Haydn and by Ernst, the latter (a MS. work in *A*) led by Joachim, the former by Wieniawski. Joachim was to play also the "Elegy" by Ernst; Wieniawski, a solo on Schubert's "Erl-King" by Ernst; Piatti, an Andante by Romberg, and (with Hallé) "*Pensées fugitives*" by Ernst; Hallé, piano solos by Heller and Ernst; Reeves was to sing Beethoven's *Liederkreis* and "The Fisher" by Ernst, —for indeed it seems to have been a festival in honor of poor Ernst, long time a helpless invalid. Besides all this, Mme. Dustmann was to sing Mozart's *Non mi dir*, and Mme. Leschetizky songs by Gounod, Schubert and Schumann.

The preceding ten programmes offer many points of interest. As the aim is to familiarize the public with the chamber compositions of the greatest masters, of course the old familiar names occur the oftenest. Thus of BACH, we find the *Suite* in *E* minor (French set), and *Partita* in *G*, No. 5, played by Hallé; a *Prelude and Fugue* for violin, by Joachim; and the *Chaconne*, by Wieniawski. Of HAYDN: Trio in *G*; a quartet, led by Sivioli; another in *F*, led by Joachim. MOZART: *Divertimento* in *B* flat, for 2 violins, viola, 2 horns and cello, led by Vieuxtemps; Quartet in *D* minor (Sivioli); *Do* in *G* and in *D*, (Wieniawski). BEETHOVEN: Piano Sonatas, in *G*, op. 14, and "*Les Adieux*," and op. 111, all by Hallé; in *G*, op. 29 in *E* flat. (Mme. Goddard); with violin, the "*Kreutzer*" (Goddard and Vieuxtemps), in *A* minor, op. 23, (Hallé and Sivioli), in *G*, op. 30, (Goddard and Sivioli), in *C* minor (Hallé and Wieniawski); Trio in *E* flat op. 1, (Hallé, Vieuxtemps and

Paque); Quartets, in *C*, op. 59 (led once by Vieuxtemps, and once by Joachim), in *G*, op. 18 (Vieuxtemps). MENDELSSOHN: Octet led by Vieuxtemps; Quintet in *A*, No. 1 (*Do*); Quartet in *B* minor, piano and strings (Goddard, Sivioli, &c.); Quartet in *D*, op. 44 (Wieniawski, Piatti, &c.); Trio in *C* minor (Goddard, Vieuxtemps, &c.); Sonata, piano and cello (Goddard and Piatti). CHOPIN: Scherzo in *B* minor, and Waltz in *A* flat, played by Alfred Jaell. SCHUMANN: Quintet in *E* flat (Jaell, Wieniawski, &c.) Mendelssohn alone of the writers after Beethoven appears to occupy much space here; Schubert figures not once in instrumental music; but his songs occur often.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S PIANO-FORTE RECITALS are among the notable and choice things of a London musical summer. For two or three years they were devoted exclusively to Beethoven's Sonatas, playing the whole 32 of them through in course. This time he interprets a variety of authors, himself the sole performer. This was the fourth programme, May 27th.

Part I—Sonata, in *E* flat, Op. 17, No. 1 (first time) Haydn. "Harpisichord Lessons" in *G*, *D*, and *A* major (repeated by desire)—Scarlatti. Variations and Finale Alla Fuga, in *E* flat, Op. 25 (first time)—Beethoven. Part II—Grand Sonata, in *A* minor, Op. 42—Schubert. "Kinderesenen," Op. 18—Schumann. *Prelude and Fugue* in *E* minor, Op. 35, No. 1—Mendelssohn. *Studies*, Op. 9, No. 14, in *E* flat minor, and No. 16, in *D* flat. "La Chasse" study in *E* flat (first time)—Heller.

Mr. Hallé's three previous recitals were as follows. From Beethoven: Sonata in *D*, op. 10; Fantasia in *B*, op. 77; Thirty-two variations on original air in *C* minor, op. 36; Sonata, in *G*, op. 29. From Bach: Partita in *G*; Suite Anglaise, in *G* minor. From Weber: Sonata in *D* minor, op. 49; *Momento Capriccioso*, *B* flat, op. 12. Mendelssohn: *Prelude and Fugue* in *F* minor, op. 35; *Caprice* in *F* sharp minor, op. 5. Chopin: *Etudes* in *C* sharp minor, *A* flat and *F* minor, op. 25; *Nocturne* in *D* flat, op. 27; *Tarantella*, in *A* flat; *Polonaise* in *A* flat, op. 53. Heller: *Tarantella*, *A* flat, op. 85; "*Nuits Blanches*," op. 82, Nos. 15 and 18; "*Wanderstunden*," op. 80, Nos. 3, 4 and 6. Mozart: Sonata in *F*. Scarlatti: *Harpisichord Lessons* in *G*, *D* and *A*. Schubert: Sonata in *D*, op. 53. Clementi: Sonata in *D*. Henselt: *Cradle Song* in *G* flat.—Nearly all these pieces were presented for the first time.

**MUSICAL UNION.** This Society has a mysterious number of god-fathers and subscribers, but, according to common talk among musicians in London, "*l'Union c'est Ella*," Mr. Ella, the Secretary, is the all in all: corresponds with all the artists in Europe; engages many of them; has others offering their services: prophecies of rising genius, and accompanies the *Matinées*, at St. James's Hall, each season with "Analytical Programmes" of the most unique description; one of them, for instance, closes with the following interesting intelligence: "The President and two members of the Committee prefer their seats in the balcony, which is decidedly the best situation to hear concerted music." The first *Matinée* this season took place April 5th, at St. James's Hall. Programme: Quartet in *F*, No. 82, Haydn; Sonata, *D* minor, Weber; Spohr's Nonetto, and three *Etudes* of Chopin. Charles Hallé was the pianist, and the Nonetto was played by Sainton (first violin), Ries, Webb, Pratten, &c. Execution "above criticism," attendance fashionable.—The second programme (May 3) offered: Quartet, No. 1, Beethoven; Adagio and Etude in double notes (MS.), violoncello solo, by M. Jacquard; Andante and variations for two pianos, op. 46, Schumann, played by Mlle. Zimmermann and Herr Pauer; Prume's *Melancolie*, violin solo by Sivioli; Beethoven's Quintet in *E* flat, op. 16, for piano, oboe, clarinet, bassoon and horn. The Orchestra likes M. Jacquard's school, but thinks his playing too *forte* for ears accustomed to Piatti.—On the next occasion, Wieniawski led in two Quartets: Beethoven in *E* flat, No. 10, and Haydn in *G*, No. 81; Alfred Jaell played in Schubert's *B* flat Trio (op. 99)

besides smaller solos; and Herr Reichardt sang a couple of chamber vocal pieces by Meyerbeer.—The fourth (May 31) was made brilliant by Joachim, Davidoff, the Russian violoncellist (formerly of Leipzig), Jaell again, and Mme. Dustmann, vocalist, from Vienna. The pieces were: Quintet by Mozart (in *D*): Sonata by Schumann, for piano and violin (*A* minor, op. 105); *Lieder* by Schubert and Schumann; Quartet by Beethoven (No. 2, in *G*); *Polonaise* by Chopin (*C* sharp minor) and *La Sylphide* by Jaell. Joachim "surpassed himself," as he always does according to these London critics.

HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, which gives half a dozen concerts every Spring in St. James's Hall, is distinguished by its fine part-singing, and by the large admixture in its programmes of part-songs, glees and madrigals, both new and old and rare, with larger sacred works from great masters, relieved by classical instrumental pieces. In one of them we find a Fugue: "*Tu es Sacerdos*," by Leonardo Leo (1694—1742): Mozart's *Ave Verum*; unaccompanied anthems for 8 voices by Mendelssohn; parts of a Mass for male voices by Gounod; Hauptmann's *Salve Regina*; airs, quartets, &c., from *Jeptluth*, *Samson* and *Elijah*; an Organ Concerto by Handel, and Piano pieces by Beethoven, played by Ernst Pauer. Let the *Mus. World's* report of the last of these concerts (May 26) show the character of them all:

The selections on Thursday comprised Mendelssohn's part-song, "The first day of spring;" Pennsall's madrigals, "Sing we and chaunt it," and "Light of my soul arise;" "Sanctus," and "O salutaris," from M. Gounod's Mass for Male voices; Hauptmann's "Salve Regina;" J. Bernby's part-song, "Sweet and low;" Webbe's glee for male voices, "The mighty conqueror;" national part-song, "Ye mariners of England;" J. G. Calcott's part-song, "The first twitter of spring;" J. L. Hatton's part-song, "When evening's twilight," Edwards's madrigal, "In going to my lonely bed;" and "Rule Britannia," arranged by Mr. Henry Leslie. "Sweet and low," and "The first twitter of spring" (the feeblest of the part-songs) were encored; but the singing was even more to be commended in Mendelssohn's, "The first day of spring," Webbe's glee, and Edwards's madrigal. The pieces from M. Gounod's mass created no effect, even though the *pianissimo* singing of the men in the "O Salutaris hostia," was most remarkable. The instrumental performances were as interesting as the vocal. Mr. Charles Hallé and Herr Joachim played Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata, and, as a matter of course, raised the enthusiasm of the audience. Herr Joachim selected for his solo, Bach's superb Chaconne in *D* minor, which he executed marvellously, and in which he created the greatest sensation of the evening. Mr. Charles Hallé's solo performances included three of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* played in his accustomed style. Mr. Sims Reeves was the solo singer, and his songs were the air from *Faust*, "Salve dimora," and Mr. Henry Leslie's "Annabelle Lee." In the song from *Faust*, Mr. Reeves was accompanied by Mr. Charles Hallé on the pianoforte, Herr Joachim playing the violin *obligato*, and the performance altogether, as may be imagined, was incomparable. Mr. Reeves was encored in "Annabelle Lee," so loudly and persistently that he was fain to comply. Mr. Leslie has wound up his season with *ecclt*.

BERLIN. The *London Musical World* correspondent (May 28) writes:

Like Archimedes, on the celebrated occasion when he rushed out of his bath, Herr von Hülsen exclaimed, no doubt: "Eureka! Eureka!" or in plain English: "I have found my long-sought tenor at last" after the *debut*, as Manrico in *Il Trovatore*, of Herr, or rather, Mr. Adams, from the Pesth Theatre. Mr. Adams is, it is said, an American, which will account for his pronunciation of the German language, which is anything but perfect. He is a pupil of Herr Richard Mulder, and has turned that gentleman's teaching to good account; but whether he is quite up to the mark for the position he aims at occupying here, is a matter of grave doubt, and, if Herr von Hülsen did indulge in the Archimedean exclamation, or any sentiment at all approaching the sentiment conveyed in it, he may have been premature in his self-congratulation. As Manrico, Herr Adams produced a good impression and was much applauded. He appeared to possess a fine voice,

well trained, as I hinted a little above. The weakest part of his performance was the acting, in which every one agreed he had much to learn. Still, recollecting how many *debutants* had lately tried their hands, or rather voices, as first tenors, and failed ignominiously, the audience were very kind to Herr Adams, and applauded him very warmly. His second appearance was as Ottavio in *Don Juan*. On this occasion, also, he gave satisfaction. His singing was correct and pleasing, and again the audience testified their approbation in the usual manner. But now we come to the reverse of the medal. The third character assumed by Herr Adams was that of Arnold in *Guillaume Tell*. Herr Adams was very successful in the duet with Tell in the first act: the high C. in the passage "O Mathilde!" given with energy and apparent ease, took the audience by surprise, and they manifested their appreciation of the phenomenal note by loud applause. He tried the same high C once more in his duet with Mathilde, but it was strained, and evidently too much for the wanting powers of the singer, who gave the rest of the part in a very feeble and unsatisfactory manner. I am afraid that Herr von Hülsen has not found in Herr Adams the vocal treasure he fancied he had, after such long seeking, discovered.

Another aspirant for lyrical honors is Madlle. Maria Schmidt, from the Court Theatre in Meiningen. She made a tolerably successful *début* as Margarethe, in M. Gounod's *Faust*, although the part is not one particularly well adapted to her. It would seem that she has not been on the stage very long. The second part selected by her was that of Donna Anna in *Don Juan*, a part for which her natural vocal powers are far too limited. Leonore in *Fidèle* was the third part essayed by her, and, though she got through it in a highly creditable manner, and was liberally applauded, her voice was decidedly unequal to the task she had undertaken.

As Tannhäuser in the opera of the same name, Herr Richard, from the Mannheim Theatre, made his first bow before a Berlin audience, afterwards singing, or trying to sing, the music of Masaniello and Eliazar, in *La Muette* and *La Juive*, respectively. With the mere remark that I do not think much of this gentleman, and that there is not a great chance of his becoming a member of the company at the Royal Opera-house, I will proceed to chronicle the appearance of Aspirant No. 4 for public favor. His name is Herr Schiller; he comes from the theatre at Königsberg, and it was as Tannhäuser in *Die Zauberflöte* that he essayed to obtain the suffrages of a Berlin audience. There is great promise about him. He possesses an agreeable, though not a strong voice, and his "school" is good.

Spontini's *Olympia* has been revived, and, under the energetic and intelligent guidance of Herr Dorn, went off admirably. Mad. Harriers-Wipperm made a pleasing *Olympia*. Madlle. de Ahna was, in my opinion, though not in that of the majority of the local critics, fully equal to Mad. Jachmann, better known as Johanna Wagner, who sustained the character when the opera was revived some years ago with entirely new scenery, dresses and decorations, and when Mad. Köster played *Olympia*. There was a very crowded house the other evening, but the opera was not the sole attraction. A great number of people attended not so much to witness the performance as to have a good stare at the Prussian "heroes" who had brought the Danish cannon and other trophies to Berlin, and who were admitted free. The backs of the benches they occupied were decorated with laurels and other evergreens.

The concert-season may be said to have closed. Among the last concerts given there was one at which Cherubini's Mass, No. 2, in D minor, was executed, under the direction of Professor Stern, in the hall of the Singacademie. It was fourteen years since the work had been heard in Berlin. The solos were most satisfactorily sung by Madlle. Malvine Strahl, soprano, Mlle. Johann Pressler, contralto, Herr Geyer, tenor, and Herr Krause, bass. The choruses went admirably, and Liebig's band played with a degree of fire and spirit fully worthy of the reputation it enjoys. Another unusual performance here was that of Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, by the members of the Singacademie, Stern's Verein, and Jä'n's Verein, in the Garrison Kirche. It was a decided and great success, despite the shortcomings, here and there, of the solo-singers. Herren Krause, Wowerky-Betz, Mad. Harriers-Wipperm, Madlle. de Ahna and Pressler, who are not quite at home in Handel's works, on account of the comparative neglect with which the latter are treated over here. Dr. Hans von Bülow has returned from St. Petersburg.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 25, 1864.

### Music a Universal Language.

Music is a universal language, subtly penetrating all the walls of time and space. It is no more local than the Mathematics, which are its impersonal reason, just as sound is its body, and feeling, sentiment or passion is its soul. The passions of the human heart are radically alike, and answer to the same tones everywhere and always, except as they may be undeveloped. And music even has a power to develop them, like an experience of life; it can convey a foretaste of moods and states of feeling yet in reserve for the soul, of loves which never yet have met the object formed to call them out. A musical composition is the best expression of its author's inmost life. No persons in all history are so intimately known and felt to those that live away from them or after them, as are Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Bellini, to those who enter into the spirit of their musical works. For these have each bequeathed the very wine of his peculiar life in this form, sparkling still the same as often as it is opened to the air. The sounds may effervesce in each performance, but they may be woke to life again at any time; so it is with the passions and emotions which first dictated the melodious creations. Hence it is that most great composers have almost no biography except their music. Theirs is a life of deep interior sentiment, of ever active passion and affection, of far-reaching aspiration, rather than of ideas or of events; theirs is the wisdom of love; their belief is faith, the felt creed of the heart; and they dwell in the peculiar element of that, in the wondrous tone-world, communicating all the strongest, swiftest, and most delicate pulsations of their feeling to the ready vibrations of wood or metal or string, which propagate themselves through the equally ready vibrations of the air and of every other medium, till they reach the chambers of the ear, and set in motion chords more sensitive, that vibrate on the nervous boundary between matter and the soul, and there what was vibration becomes sound, and the hearer has caught the spirit of the composer.

The whole soul of a Beethoven thrills through your soul when you have truly heard one of those great Symphonies! There is no other communion of so intimate a nature possible as that which operates through music. Intimate and yet most mystical; intimacy not profaned by outward contact of familiarity; but a meeting and communing of the ideal one with another, which never grows familiar. Why is it, but because in sentiment the tendency always is to unity, while thought forever separates and differentiates? Feeling communicates by sympathy or fellow-feeling, the world over. And music is its common language, which admits no dialects, and means the same in Europe and America. Light corresponds to thought, and light is changed and colored by every medium through which it shoots, by every surface which reflects it. Sound, or which is the same thing measured motion or vibration corresponds to feeling; and its vibrations are passed on through every medium unchanged, except as they grow fainter. Light is volatile, but sound is constant; so it is when you compare thought with feeling, which last comes more from the centre where all souls are one.

Music, therefore, is religious and prophetic. She is the real Sybil, chanting evermore of unity. Over wild waste oceans of discord floats her sil-

very voice, the harbinger of love and hope. Every genuine strain of music is a serene prayer, or bold inspired demand to be united with all at the heart of all things.

### Review of the Season in Boston.

Midsummer's Day is past, and we shall have no more concerts until the cold months come. The long Summer siesta, however, will not be unrefreshed by Organ music; fortunately the Great Organ of the Music Hall is *there* and must be played upon; its concerts will continue at least once a week, and we trust much oftener. Why might it not be played upon for one hour every day, and at a low price of admission? Then one might take it as his daily spiritual bath in the cooling, tranquillizing and invigorating stream of music—these qualities of course depending on the proportion of solid organ music to mere trash in the programmes. Let us be thankful for the Organ. This for the serious, and, for the gay, Promenade Concerts (Gilmore's at the Boston Theatre, and the Germania at the Music Hall), will be about all the music we shall have this summer.

Let us look back now over the season that has past—say from some time in last November till the first week in June—and sum up the opportunities which it has offered to the music-lover. It would be idle to enumerate all the lighter miscellaneous concerts and their programmes. The real worth of a musical season may be measured by the amount of really valuable compositions, works of true masters, classical works, great works, or at least genial works, which have been brought to performance, taking into account at the same time the manner and conditions of performance.

#### I. ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

We begin with a confession of poverty. What we have had has been suggestive, rather than positive; and yet of great value to the musical culture; not to be dispensed with. A pretty formidable list of the best works has been given, many of them frequently, but not with so large an orchestra as we could wish for their interpreter. Unfortunately our city, with all its love of music, does not contain the materials for a good Symphony Orchestra of more than 40 or 45 instruments. This of late years has been the complement in Mr. Zerrahn's "Philharmonic Concerts." But this year we have had no Philharmonic Concerts. When that Great Organ loomed so formidably behind the bronze Beethoven, filling the stage end of the Music Hall, absorbing all attention in itself, demanding to be paid for, and therefore preoccupied and almost monopolizing the earlier half of the musical winter, it seemed useless to attempt grand Symphony concerts in that place—and that of course is the place. Beethoven stood there banished from his own music, and we who longed for it were tantalized to look at him. There is no ground of complaint in this, but only of regret. Had the *grand* orchestra, the orchestra of eighty, worthy of the Hall, and equal to the Organ, been forthcoming, doubtless the concerts would have taken place; but as it was, the absorbing grandeur of that new temple of harmonies seemed to shame a little orchestra out of sight, and dwarf the sounds thereof to a discouraging teebleness. The formidable Instrument lent no encouragement to little things—though very little things, we grieve to say, have been continually borrowers of its breath. It

was not easy with a small orchestra to compete with that grand presence; there was nothing for it but to wait till the prestige of the new wonder should lose somewhat of its freshness. The result has been, that we have had no grand Symphony concerts proper, but in due time there came along the Afternoon ("Rehearsal") Concerts of the Orchestral Union, to the number of *eighteen*, always offering one good Symphony and Overture, besides lighter *divertissements* for amusement seekers. But even these concerts were in partnership with the Organ, a couple of pieces thereon being interpolated into every programme. The same orchestra—rarely exceeding 25 instruments—has also taken part in three or four benefit concerts. Then there have been *four* "Social Orchestral Entertainments" given by the Mozart Club (amateurs) to their friends, also under CARL ZERRAEN. To which add two "Orchestral Soirées in a small room, with a still smaller orchestra arranged and conducted by JULIUS EICHBERG,—experimental with a view to demonstrate the practicability of something choice in that way. But if the means of interpretation have been so restricted, the list of good things interpreted—though for the most part old and familiar, has been by no means meagre.

#### 1. The SYMPHONIES have been as follows:—

☞ Those not otherwise marked were played by the Orchestral Union (ZERRAEN).

HAYDN: In E flat (Eichberg's Soirées); in D, No. 19, (Mozart Club).

MOZART: In D, and G minor (Mozart Club); in C ("Jupiter"), the Minuet and Finale only, (Eichberg).

BEETHOVEN: No. 1, in C, three times (Orchestral Union, Eichberg, Mozart Club); No. 2, in D; No. 4, in B flat; No. 5, C minor (three times); No. 6, "Pastoral" (twice); No. 7, in A, (twice,—also the Allegretto by the Mozart Club); No. 8, in F, (Eichberg).

MENDELSSOHN: No. 4 "Italian," in A, (twice,—also the Andante by the Mozart Club).

SCHUMANN: No. 1, in B flat, (twice).

GADE: No. 6, in B flat, (three times).

LIBET: (if his "Symphonic Poems" may be counted as Symphonies), "Les Preludes" (3 times).

#### 2. Of Concertos, and the like, with Orchestra, these:—

MOZART: In D minor, for Pianoforte (Miss Mary Fay and Mozart Club).

HUMMEL: Introduction and Rondo in B flat, Op. 98, (B. J. Lang, pianist).

MENDELSSOHN: Concerto in G minor, for piano (twice: O. Dresel, and Henry Carter); in D minor (Mr. Lang, twice).

CHOPIN: Romanza from 1st Concerto (Mr. Dresel).

MENDELSSOHN AND MOSCHELES: Duo Concertante for two pianos, on March in "Preciosa" (Mr. Lang and pupil).

#### 3. OVERTURES, the following:—

MOZART: *Zauberflöte* (twice,—once by Mozart Cl.), *Idomeneo* (Mozart Club); *Clemenza di Tito*; *Così fan tutte* (Eichberg); *Don Juan* (Mozart Club).

BEETHOVEN: *Leonora*, No. 3 (twice); *Fidelio*, No. 4, in E, (Mozart Club); *Coriolanus* (Lang's Shakespeare Concert).

MENDELSSOHN: "Midsummer Night's Dream," (twice); "Return from Abroad," (3 times,—once by Mozart Club).

WEBER: *Freyshülts* (twice); *Oberon* (twice); *Preciosa* (Eichberg).

ROSSINI: *L'Italiana in Algeri* (Mozart Club); *Semiramide* (3 times); *William Tell*.

AUBER: *Le Serment* (twice); *Zanetta*.

DONIZETTI: *Anna Bolena* (Mozart Club).

NICOLAI: "Ein feste Burg," with Organ.

RIETZ: Concert Overture in A.

LINDPAINTNER: Battle Overture.

BENNETT: "The Naiades."

Thus we have had seven out of the nine Beethoven symphonies, which is as well as we commonly fare. Of course, the "Choral Symphony" is out of the question without more instruments and for the same reason it was wise not to undertake the "Eroica." Blessed be he who will bring to us, or entice to us, a great Orchestra—with a plenty of violins, etc., not forgetting *fagotti*! The man was raised up to give us the great Organ; who will be the man of the great Orchestra? We do not want it to be too great. The only important novelty in the Symphony line was the revival of Schumann's noble one in B flat. There are others of his remaining to be heard, and it is a long time that we have missed the great one in C by Schubert with its "heavenly length."

The only additions to our old stock of Overtures have been the two by Nicolai and Rietz both valuable. Important reminders of good things too long forgotten were Beethoven's Overture to *Coriolanus* (not Shakespeare's, but a German tragedy by Collin,—yet the musician's feeling of the subject is akin to Shakespeare's) and Mozart's *Idomeneo* and *Così fan tutte*. There is room for much more variety and interest under this head. We come now to

II. ORATORIOS and large choral works, secular and sacred. The advent of the great Organ for a magnificent background and supporter to the voices, with the Orchestra, has prompted one or two new and interesting adventures on these mighty deeps. And yet our old Handel and Haydn Society, to whom we owe all that is not otherwise credited in the following list, are still shy of attacking several of the noblest and fittest, tasks of all great choral societies—tasks without which such societies in England and in Germany would soon lose their prestige. "Israel in Egypt" still remains a terror, to say nothing of the *Passion music* and the *Cantatas* of Sebastian Bach, a richer than Californian field for exploration in the Old World, now and for many years to come. Indeed it is long since we have even heard *Judas Macabæus*, *Jephthah*, and the other good old things of Handel, which have had their successes here; and Mendelssohn's other oratorio, *St. Paul*, is still as good as unknown among us. But the amount of what has been vouchsafed to us is not inconsiderable, to-wit:

HANDEL: *The Messiah* (twice); "Ode for Saint Cecilia's Day" (Dryden's), twice.

MENDELSSOHN: "Hymn of Praise" (twice); *Elijah*; 95th Psalm (Mr. Parker's Club, piano accompaniment, twice); *Alhala* (Do, twice); "Walpurgis-Night" Cantata (Mr. Lang's Shakespeare Concert); music to "Midsummer Night's Dream" (Do, and again at Mr. Ryan's Concert).

COSTA: Oratorio "Eli."

NICOLAI: Choral Overture, with Organ, on Luther's "Ein feste Burg" (twice).

BENNETT: Cantata, "The May Queen" (Mr. Carter, with piano accompaniment).

BEETHOVEN: Chorus to Goethe's "Becalmed at sea and Happy Voyage" (Mr. Parker's Club, twice).

This exhausts the list of larger performances, if we except various fragments from Masses, Motets, etc., which belong to the account of Organ Concerts. These, together with the Concerts of Classical Chamber Music, we reserve to a concluding article.

#### The Minor Mode. Why is it so sad?

[We have received the following from a pupil of the "Mendelssohn Musical Institute" (under the charge of Mr. E. B. Oliver). Although we cannot agree that the Minor mode is *always* mournful, and must submit that much of the melancholy strain in which the piece is written is somewhat juvenile, the theory suggested is at least ingenious.]

That it is sad, no person who can appreciate music in the slightest degree will deny: for all must have felt its mystic power to bring before the mind images that are fraught with melancholy: trains of thought that leave us sadder, perhaps better than we were before, and when a minor clause occurs in cheerful music, it startles us almost like a funeral train among a company of revellers.

Why is this? Why should a minor key awaken in our hearts memories that long have slumbered there—fond memories of a happy past—cherished and tender?

The sunny days of childhood, the joyous dreams of youth, beloved friends—those who yet bear the pilgrim staff, upon a thorny life path, as well as those who have gone forth *forever* from our homes and fire-sides into the shadowy land; all these come forth like living pictures upon the tablets of memory. Visions of the future, too, come over us; not such as through our bright day dreams nor such as steal upon us in a twilight reverie. The scene is reversed, we think of a future—far away, we hope—when we shall be old, and wrinkled, and worn; when the bright scenes that charm us now, will have faded; when friends that smile upon us now, will have been taken from us either by the hand of death or by one still more cruel estrangement; when we shall live on, forsaken or forgotten by all that breathe. Sometimes, trusting all the future in the Father's loving care, the soul aspires heavenward, and we long to burst the fetters that confine us here, and soar onward and upward ever more until we reach the fountain of all light and life.

I had wondered many times why this is so, and tried to find out a reason, yet always in vain. A few days since my teacher mentioned the subject to me, and explained it in a manner so lucid and beautiful, that I will try to repeat to you what he told me. Hoping that it will interest you as it did me. In the first place you must know that a piece of music is a microcosm, a little world, or firmament rather, wherein all the tones revolve or gravitate around one central tone, called the Tonic, as planets revolve around the sun. Like planets too some are near, and some remote, some primary, and some secondary. Chief among the primary, or less dependent tones are the *fifth*, called the Dominant, and the *fourth* or Subdominant. Now the *second* of the scale just starts forth from the Tonic one degree, and rests there calm and firm, because so near its home. The *major third*, removed one more degree, has no the tonic to rest upon, but is sustained in the world of sound by the *fourth* or subdominant, the primary sound which it revolves, as the moon revolves around the earth: so that it too, has a firm support and a resting place. But the *minor third*, too far from the tonic to rest on that, too far from the subdominant to be led by that, goes wandering on alone finding no place in which to rest, no friend with whom to journey.

So it goes on; waiting ever for the home it cannot find, striving for the rest it cannot gain.

A beautiful story is told of a knight in the days of chivalry, who as he went forth to war, wore a chain—light indeed at first, and easy to be borne; but as he went on farther and farther from his lady love, the chain grew continually heavier, until he could support its weight no longer. So this minor third, far from its home, bears still the lengthening chain that binds it there. Like the heaven-born spirit here on earth it is too pure and bright to rest contented with mere earthly joys, too far removed from heaven to hold communion with its kindred there. Therefore it wanders on through earth, seeking abiding rest but finding none.

L. E. C.

BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS. There have always been variations of the text, not few nor unimportant, in the different editions. In the new editions of all Beethoven's works, now in course of publication by Breitkopf and Hartel in Leipzig, the text of the Sonatas has been carefully and critically edited from the original manuscripts. Many students of Beethoven on this side of the Atlantic will be glad to learn that Ditson's edition of the Sonatas has lately been carefully compared with the new Leipzig edition, by so sure and critical an eye as Mr. Dresel, and the plates conformed thereto in every instance. This makes it the most valuable edition that can be had—at least while gold costs more than double.

## Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO JUNE 4.—The event of the season has been the rendering of the "Czar and Carpenter," by our Musical Union. This Society was established by Mr. Cady, and has seen many changes since its birthday. Last year, Mr. Hans Balatka, the present Director, and also Conductor of the Philharmonic Society, conceived the idea of translating Lortzing's "Czar und Zimmermann" into English. He went to work, made the necessary copies and induced the government of the Union to have this opera practised. Many lady members did not wish to appear in opera dress upon the stage, and stayed away. The ranks were filled by outsiders. For several months the few regularly attending members went through a tedious drill till all was declared "ready." But, notwithstanding the favorable notices of papers, liberal invitations sent to clergymen and the admission of many "dead heads," the people would not come. The opera was given five times, the last two nights almost without any fault, by an excellent and full orchestra, a chorus of nearly sixty voices, and very efficient solo singers. The cause of this failure is even to-day a mystery. The Musical Union must have lost several hundred dollars, and the courage to undertake a similar task again.

An improved edition of Grau's opera troop, which appeared soon after, met with a somewhat better reception. The number of genuine lovers of art seems to be thus far very small. The great majority of those who attend operas and concerts seem to be idolators, worshipping the god of mammon by daytime on Lake and Water streets, and kneeling before the goddess of fashion in Mc. Vicker's, or Bryan Hall during the evening. We understand that the indomitable energy of the President of the Musical Union has caused the re-rehearsing of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," which oratorio is to be given in about a fortnight.

It is a great pity that the parent Singing Society of Chicago should only number about sixty singers. This Union has done much for music. And even to-day, while the public repays with ingratitude the best efforts of the Union, this society pays \$500 a year for having music taught in the public schools and secures good instruction to a preparatory class.

Messrs. Ansorge and Baumbach, (formerly of your city), who have come here during the year, are doing very well. The former is organist and leader at St. Paul's Church (Universalist), and the latter at the New England Church (Orthodox.) A host of other music teachers have come here, so that at present the supply is at least equal to the demand.

A BLOWER AND A BLOW.—In *Chambers, Encyclopedia*, article "Orlando Gibbons," we find the following:

Orlando Gibbons' son, Dr. Christopher Gibbons, at the Restoration, was appointed principal organist to the king and to Westminster Abbey. And by a commendatory letter from Charles II. was created doctor in music by the University of Oxford. Celebrated for his organ blowing, he is said to have been the instructor on that instrument of Dr. John Blow.

The *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, of April 20th, in speaking of the annual examination of the pupils at the Leipzig Conservatorium, says—

"Mr. Peterwile was the best among the piano players. His brilliancy of execution and his technical skill are worthy of note, and we doubt not that he will make a name for himself; but before he can be counted among eminent pianists, he must develop more completely his musical feeling, without which even the bravour of a Liszt would make no enduring impression."

MS. WORKS OF MEYERBEER.—The following is from the Art correspondence of the *New Nation*, dated May 30.

No one, of the public at least, is yet acquainted with the musical legacy of Meyerbeer. All leads us to hope, however, that the famous *African Girl* will be given at the Grand Opera under the title of *Vasco de Gama*.

*Almanzor, The Gate of Brandebourg*, and the *African Girl*, unrepresented operas; chorus and orchestral interludes for the *Eumenides*, the tragedy by *Æschylus*—interludes (in *ré major*) for two violins, alto, flutes, hautboys, clarionets, bassoons, horns, and bass violas—a magnificent piece, it is said, of scientific construction, founded on a theme of three notes, are some of the works left by Meyerbeer. The autograph manuscript of the last-mentioned *morceau* is the property of Doctor Lichtenthal, a learned musician. Twenty melodies, for the songs belonging to the novel, *Schwarzschützendorf Geschichten*, (a village story of the Black Forest,) Auerbach. Eighteen *canzonette* of Metastasio. Various *Lieder*, written in Berlin for a piece by Madame Birch Pfeiffer. Twelve psalms with two choruses, without accompaniment, a *Stabat Mater*, a *Te Deum*, and a *Miserere*. Also variations for the piano on an original theme, a concerted symphony for the piano and violin, with an orchestral accompaniment.

A SUGGESTION. The following may be worthy the attention of some man of musical statistics and of some music publisher:

"MR. EDITOR:—Allow me to suggest through your columns the desirableness of a complete *Musical Directory*. Such a work would be exceedingly useful, especially if containing a full and accurate list of all the teachers in the city, with the branch (or branches) of the art, which they make their speciality; the Organ, Piano-Forte, Reed, and other instrument makers; the Organists of the different churches, with the class of Choir, (Chorus or Quartet, and, perhaps, the names of those composing the last) and their leaders; the different Musical Societies and their officers; the Orchestras, their numbers and leaders; the Bands with their leaders and offices; the Musical Journals, with editors and publishers; the different Concert Halls; and last, but not least, a description of the Great Organ, and of such others as may seem desirable.

"Many persons, spending the Sabbath in the city, often desire to hear some particular organist or singer, but are often unable to obtain the desired information, which such a work would contain. It would also furnish an excellent medium for advertising.

"Are there not sufficient inducements, and prospect of success, for some enterprising publisher to prepare and issue such a book?"

ENGLEFORD.

GOTTSCHALK'S BEST COMPOSITION. We find it in a letter from the fashionable pianist to the *Homes Journal*, wherein he says:

"I delight to think that, beyond the tomb, concerts will exist only in memory, like the confused recollections we have in the morning of a nightmare which has disturbed our sleep. The Orientals people their paradise with marvellous horrors; the red man fills his with verdant prairies and forests of game, where the chase is eternal; for my part, I like to imagine myself in a paradise where piano concerts are prohibited, and 'the Carnival of Venice,' with variations, a crime. On the other hand, I picture the Styx only as a grand depot of all kinds of pianos—upright, square, oblique, and what not—a kind of Botany Bay for hardened pianists, where a never satisfied public insist upon hearing the 'Carnival of Venice,' with variations, forever!"

DEATH OF M. FIORENTINO.—The death of M. Fiorentino, the celebrated literary, musical, and dramatic critic is announced. His talents were of the very highest order. His greatest achievement in a literary way was a translation of Dante's great poem, which is as good as the peculiarities of the French language will admit of. This was published, with illustrations, by Gustave Doré, and to some of our readers the book is doubtless well known.—*London Mus. World*.

Bach's "Passion Music" was recently produced for the first time in Hamburg, at the fine old Petri-kirche, by the Bach Choral Society. The solo tenor was a Herr Carl Schneider of Rotterdam, and the basso a certain Adolphe Schulze, a pupil of Garcia. The soprano was Mad'le Strahl, from Berlin, and the contralto Mad'le Steinfeld, a member of the society.

## Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

### LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- The dark man dressed in blue. Comic song. W. Williams. 30  
An amusing ballad about the person who was "such a nice man," but, unfortunately, something of a thief.
- I'm leaving thee, my mother dear. Ballad. Geo. Barker. 30  
The adieu of a bride to her mother. Good melody and pleasing throughout.
- Snow white blossoms. Ballad. Geo. Barker. 30  
A pleasing tale of May morning wanderings, with good music, including a chorus.
- The woodland flower. Song. C. White. 25  
An agreeable composition, with a forest flavor.
- Sleep and the past. Canzonet. J. P. Knight. 30  
A fine classical composition.
- The Picket's last watch. D. A. Warden. 35  
The last moonlight walk of a Picket on the banks of the Potomac.
- Meekness. Sacred song. S. Glover. 35  
A beautiful song. One of the set called "The Benedictions." "Blessed are the meek."
- O Salutaris hostia. C. E. Stearns. 30  
A sacred song for Alto or Baritone voice. It is of high character, and has Latin and English words. Suitable for a solo in any church.
- Cradle millie fealthe. T. M. Browne. 30  
A hearty Irish welcome to the returning heroes of the 9th Mass. regiment. The names of the officers who went, but did not return with the others, are all mentioned. The title means, "A hundred thousand welcomes."

Instrumental Music.

- Tone pictures, No. 4. May flowers. G. Reynold, Op. 6.  
Very delicate and sweet. Good for learners.
- Tone pictures, No. 5. The strange story. G. Reynold, Op. 6.  
A good instructive piece, with smooth flowing runs, and a melody which adapts itself easily to the fingers.
- Eight easy operatic fantasias for piano and violin. No. 5, La Norma. D. Alard. 75  
These fantasias are well adapted to the wants of those who have made some progress in violin playing, but yet cannot attack very difficult music with hope of success.
- Northern Pearl. Nocturne. Clay. 30  
Soothing and dreamy. Of medium difficulty.

Books.

- MOZART'S 1st MASS, IN C. Cloth \$1.00; ps. 75  
HAYDN'S 1st MASS, IN B FLAT. " 1.25; " 1.00  
These two masses are, perhaps good types of all the others. Mozart's is smooth, elegant, flowing, extremely graceful in its arrangement. Haydn's is bright, cheerful, good throughout, like the cheerful composer.
- Mozart's first will be to most persons, the easiest of his masses, and is, on that account, the best one to begin with, in learning a series.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 607.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1864.

VOL. XXIV. No. 8.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Half a dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

II. ANTONIO SALIERI.

(Continued from page 258.)

The relations which existed between Mozart and Salieri have been a fruitful topic for three-fourths of a century. As we have now reached the period of the composition of "Figaro's Marriage," this is the proper place to treat of a by no means easy subject. Holmes's remark that the "Figaro" was undertaken at the suggestion of Emperor Joseph, is a mistake (see Holmes, *Life of Mozart*, p. 199. Am. Ed.). Da Ponte, finding it necessary to write something which should justify Joseph in retaining him as Court Poet, and conquer Abbate Casti and his party, and knowing but two composers whom he, at the time, was willing to write for, "set himself," as he says, "earnestly at work to think out a pair of dramas for his dear friends, Mozart and Martin." "As to the first, I saw easily that his boundless genius demanded a broad, many-sided, and noble subject. As I talked with him one day on this topic, he asked me whether I could, without too much trouble, form a text out of the comedy of Beaumarchais, entitled, "The Marriage of Figaro."

Thus the idea was originated by Mozart himself, and this was in the Autumn of 1785; for, on November 2, he writes to his father, and excuses the shortness of the letter on the ground that he is excessively occupied with "*Le Nozze di Figaro*." Da Ponte asserts positively that the opera, text and music, was finished in six weeks. This may be so, for Mozart's entry in his own catalogue

(1786) "29 April, *Le Nozze di Figaro*,"

may refer to the completion of the Overture, which had, of course, not been needed until the work came to rehearsal,—and the first stage rehearsal had taken place the day before (28),—and thus Holmes is again corrected, who believed that the work was entirely written in that month of April!

Again; Holmes says (281): "Salieri and Righini, being at this time ready with operas, were both competitors with Mozart for preference." His authority is, of course, Kelly, who says that three operas were now ready: *Il Demogorgone*, by Righini, *Figaro*, and the *Grotto di Trophonio*, by Salieri. But we have already seen that Salieri's opera was given on the 12th of October of the preceding year, and we shall see, when the thread of the narrative is again resumed, that he was at this time too busy with his two operas for Paris to have any time or inclination to stand in the way of Mozart. We shall see, moreover, that he left Vienna in the spring of 1786, and did not return until October, 1787. When Mozart's father, therefore, writes to his daughter in April, 1786: "Salieri and all his tribe will move heaven and earth to put it (*Figaro*) down," whatever may have been the Italian's desire in the premises, he was not in Vienna at the critical time; nor could he have been the cause, that

after Martin's "*Cosa rara*" came upon the stage, November 17, 1786, Mozart's work was laid aside. The fact is Joseph's taste was not yet cultivated up to Mozart's magnificent instrumentation. From what we have already seen of him and his taste in music, how could it be?

One more passage from Holmes is worth quoting, to show the danger of trusting the fancy in writing history: "Few have been the instances in dramatic annals in which men of such renown as Haydn, Mozart, Gluck, Paesello, Storace, Salieri, Righini, Anfossi, etc., have been collected under one roof to witness the first performance of an opera, as it is no improbable surmise that they were on this occasion," viz: the production of *Figaro* on the first evening of May, 1786. The "surmise" is, on the other hand, very improbable. The strong probability is that Haydn was not in Vienna at all; but in Esterhaz or Eisenstadt; Salieri left for Paris in the spring of this year (*Frühjahr*) says Mosel; Anfossi brought out in this same year an oratorio at Castel Nuovo, and an opera at Padua, and I can find no proof whatever that he had recently been in Vienna.

"When on the 17th of November Martin's '*Cosa rara*' obtained an incredible success, which, both with the public and with the Emperor, threw *Figaro* into the shade, it became possible to lay it (*Figaro*) quite aside," says Jahn. Few who have read the history of Mozart have escaped the impression that Martin's opera was adopted by "Salieri and his tribe" as a means of banishing *Figaro* from the stage. To this, be it but remarked again that Salieri had been for months in Paris, and that Da Ponte says:—"Hardly were the parts (of the *Cosa rara*) distributed, when all hell seemed to be let loose." Not knowing that the text was by him, the singers, while doing all in their power to put down Martin, praised the libretto to its author as one, which showed him how an opera should be written! Only the express command of the Emperor caused the work to be produced. The cabal had, if possible, been worse than that against Mozart, and in it Salieri could by no possibility have borne a part.

Is it necessary then to believe that Salieri's intrigues kept *Figaro* from the stage? It should not be forgotten that the opposition to *Figaro* was also in a great measure led by Abbate Casti, and against Da Ponte, not against the composer; and that in less than three months after the success of "*Una cosa rara*" Nancy Storace, the Susanna of *Figaro*, and O'Kelly, the Basilio, left Vienna, which may well have prevented for the time a reproduction of the opera, without charging it upon a man then living in Paris.

When Leopold Mozart brought his children to Vienna the second time, September, 1767, they were forced to take refuge in Olmutz, on account of the ravages of the small pox, and not until January, 1768, could they establish themselves in Vienna. In that month Wolfgang Mozart completed his twelfth year; Antonio Salieri entered the second half of his eighteenth. The former excited the admiration and astonishment of the

Empress Maria Theresa and the musical circles of Vienna by his wonderfully precocious powers as pianist and instrumental composer, and the enemy and hatred of the routine musicians of the city, young as he was; the other was still the pupil of Gassmann, already a favorite of Joseph, and just beginning to hear compositions of his own introduced into the popular operas.

Mozart had the composition of "*La finta semplice*" entrusted to him, but Affligio in the end never allowed it to come to performance, nor could the Emperor command it, for at that time Affligio was the lessee of the Court stage, and Joseph had no power in the premises. Intrigue and cabal conquered, and the youth Salieri had no opportunity of hearing an opera from the boy Mozart.

When the Archbishop of Salzburg brought his Chapel-master to Vienna, in March 1781, and treated him with such indignity and cruelty as to force him to leave his service and settle in Vienna, he was in his twenty-sixth year and was already the author of some half a dozen Italian operas, which had proved successes and which, though not given in Vienna, must have been known to the Vienna musicians. Salieri in the meantime had produced fifteen operas, mostly for the Vienna stage, and many of them with splendid success.

It is not at all improbable that the triumph of Mozart's German opera, *Belmont and Constanza*, (12 July, 1782) may have opened his eyes to the surpassing genius of the young Salzburger; but it is difficult to see how any argument to prove the supposed envy and jealousy on the part of Salieri toward him can be based upon unsuccessful rivalry in the field of German opera, the Italian's only essay in that direction having been the "*Chimney-sweeper*," which was only composed as a study—which was wretched in its text—which was produced more than a year before Mozart's work, and which, in spite of the critics, was not without success.

In what was held to be his own department, Mozart was with one voice pronounced unrivalled. Who played the pianoforte with such astonishing power, sweetness, execution! Who composed Concertos, or indeed any form of Chamber-music, which could stand the comparison with his, save indeed Prince Esterhazy's Chapelmaster in Symphony and string Quartet, a man who to great and undoubted genius added the experience gained in a life at this time (1781-2) double his own? It is perfectly natural that under the circumstances things should have moved on as they did. It is to us certainly a misfortune that Mozart had not two or three texts a year to compose for the stage; but his and his father's complaints, natural and well founded in one point of view as they are, should not be taken as giving us the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

The facts as they seem to me are these: The Italian school had so long supplied the theatrical music of the court, that it felt itself in the position of a possessor of a prescriptive right to fur-

nish opera in such quantity as was desired; and where their daily bread was at stake, one cannot be surprised that the leaders of the school should exert themselves to keep out intruders. Again, after the spasmodic effort to establish German opera, during which the Italians were dismissed, Joseph returned to his first love—his only real love—and Italian opera buffa again became his evening recreation, performed by the splendid company collected by Salieri, of which Nancy Storace and the Irishman O'Kelly were members. For this company, in its third year, Mozart wrote *Figaro*. Joseph gave it a chance; but the music was no more to his taste than that of Gluck in his greater works—it did not amuse like the thin Italian scores—nor did he ever acquire a taste for so high an order of Art. *Figaro* was caviare to the generality, as were those splendid quartets, which Mozart dedicated to Haydn, and, in his musical taste, the Emperor belonged to the generality. Still he gave Mozart a chance, and, a year or two later, when *Don Giovanni* succeeded at Prague, he had it given also in Vienna.

Dittersdorf had an interview with Joseph at this time, and here is part of the conversation as he reports it.

J.—What do you say to Mozart's composition?

D.—He is unquestionably one of the greatest original geniuses, and thus far I have known no composer, who possesses so astonishing a richness of ideas. I could wish he was not so prodigal of them. He does not allow the auditor to take breath; for hardly will one reflect upon a beautiful thought, when another still finer is there, which crowds out the former, and so it goes on and on until at last a man remembers not one of all these beauties.

J.—In his theatrical pieces he has the single fault, that, as the singers have very often complained, he covers them up by his accompaniments.

D.—That would surprise me. It is very possible to introduce harmony and accompaniment, without spoiling the *cantilena*.

J.—This talent you possess masterly. I have noticed it in your two oratorios *Esther* and *Job*. What do you say to Haydn's compositions?

D.—Of his operatic pieces I have heard nothing.

J.—You lose nothing thereby; for he is just like Mozart.

Mozart's operatic music not being to the Emperor's taste, how was it to be expected that men whose music he did enjoy should in his own theatre be displaced to make way for him, or that a new and unnecessary chapelmastership should be established, simply for the sake of giving a permanent situation to a young man under 30? A man whom the Emperor knew as the Thalberg or Liszt of his day in his pianism, as an operatic composer, who persisted in covering his scores with "too many notes?"

Again; if I have been able to read the musical history of Vienna rightly, there was not at that time a public for such works as *Figaro*. True, Kelly tells us of the enthusiasm at the first performance; and so does Mozart in his letters to his father (See Holmes 282); but on the whole it was not a work which filled the treasury of the theatre. It stood as small a chance then in Vienna, when opposed to Martin's, Dittersdorf's and Salieri's works, as it does now in New York when opposed to Donizetti, Bellini and Verdi. Long

years after Mozart's death, when a musical public had been educated by his works to a full appreciation of his almost superhuman abilities, when his works had reformed public taste and their influence was felt in all the operatic compositions of the age—it was, and is, a very easy and cheap way of accounting for their want of instant success, for the biographer and pseudo-musical historian to save himself the trouble of research and study and heap abuse upon the scapegoat—the imperial chapelmaster Salieri—finding in his envy, enmity and intrigues, a facile explanation of all the phenomena in the case.

The opinions of Prof. Jahn upon any point connected with Mozart are of more importance and value than those of any other writer; and the page or two in his great work concerning the relations between him and Salieri must find place here. It is with very great diffidence that I confess myself not satisfied with the final impression which these pages leave upon the mind of the reader; it is too much like that which Holmes labors to convey—though in all respects softened.

"Salieri," says Jahn (III. 61.), "had no reason to oppose the direction of the Emperor's taste, it being that which he himself followed. With skill and talent he sought to avail himself of the acquisitions made in various directions by modern music, and to enable the Italian opera to meet the just demands of a refined taste. With the exception of the operas which he composed for Paris, and in which he purposely adopted the style of Gluck, he in his works remained true to the traditions of the Italian opera; he introduced no substantially new element into it, and his artistic individuality was not strong and important enough to impress upon the opera a new character. But just this measure of talent, skill and taste had gained him the favor of his imperial master and the public; he must have possessed an uncommon moral and artistic greatness of character, and independence, to have enabled him to acknowledge the newly rising genius as greater than himself, to have bowed before him and retired into the shade—and this he did not possess. (?)

"Salieri is described as a good-natured, kindly man, blameless and amiable in private life, and justly honored with a reputation for noble and benevolent acts; but these good qualities could not stand the trial, when they came into conflict with jealousy for his fame and his position as an artist. (?) In the year 1780 he returned to Vienna from a long journey into Italy, where he had gained new honor and fame, and his hold upon the Emperor's favor was thereby only the more firmly fixed. Now he found in Mozart a rival, dangerous already through the splendor of his powers as a virtuoso, which most quickly gains the loud applause of the multitude; who had by his "*Belmont and Constanza*" [Abduction from the Seraglio] cast Salieri's "Chimney-sweep" into the shade; who by his "*Idomeneo*" proclaimed himself a dangerous competitor in his own special field, and soon enough entered the lists with him in the Italian opera. Salieri, who would rather instinctively feel the superior strength of Mozart, than clearly recognize it, could not remain entirely easy and indifferent. No misunderstanding, however, occurred in their personal relations; Mozart in his intercourse with his compeers in art was friendly, good-humored and mild in judgment, 'also in respect to Salieri,

who did not like him,' as Frau Sophia Haibl, his wife's sister, records; and he (Salieri) 'had too much policy' to allow his dislike to Mozart to attract attention. That this dislike really existed, that Salieri sought secretly to hinder his rival's advancement, was considered by Mozart's friends and by others in Vienna, as an established fact; and he sought to injure him, not only by disparaging criticisms in the proper quarter, but by many a little intrigue, of which unequivocal traces will hereafter meet us (i.e. in Jahn's volumes). Under these circumstances, it is clear, that Salieri and Strack were allies in the music-room of the Emperor, when it was for their interest to keep off foreign elements, which must necessarily have undermined their long confirmed influence, in case another direction should be given to the Emperor's taste. If, therefore, Joseph did animate Mozart with kind words, which gave him courage, the more so as 'great people do not like to say such things, because they must always be ready for a butcher's thrust' [an expression of Mozart's which I do not understand]—still he had to overcome obstacles in the surroundings of the Emperor, clearly more powerful than the favorable disposition of the monarch, which Mozart was ever re-awakening by new exhibitions of his talents. Moreover the economy of the Emperor came into the account, who could not make up his mind to add another salary to those of the various chapelmasters whom he already had in his employ."

The exact weight which should be granted to Sophia Haibl's words, written many years after Mozart's death, and when the idea that the young man had been the object of the bitter but concealed enmity of Salieri, had become general, is not easy to determine. Nor need it be attempted here.

But to one point attention must be called and that is this: It seems to have occurred to none who have had occasion to write on the relations between the two great composers, that Salieri may have been sincerely honest in his opinions of Mozart's music. Jahn says (III. 63, note): "I have heard from trustworthy witnesses in Vienna, that Salieri in his old age, when he thought himself in confidential circles, expressed with a passionate emphasis painful to his hearers, the most unjust judgments upon Mozart's compositions." Mr. Joseph Hüttenbrenner, has related the same thing, out of his own experience, to the present writer. But does that necessarily imply the personal enmity which is everywhere charged upon him? Abbé Stadler used to leave the quartet concerts in Vienna after the works of Mozart, Haydn, &c., were finished, and Beethoven's came up; but there was no personal enmity. Was Sarti's notorious attack upon Mozart's six quartets dedicated to Haydn the offspring of any other feeling than zeal for what he thought the only good music? Were the French dramatic "philosophers" actuated by any base motive, when they proved, to their own satisfaction, that Shakespeare could not write a good play? Haydn's musical painting in the "Creation" was a topic for Beethoven's jocose and sarcastic remarks. John Peter Salomon declared in 1813 that Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was rubbish; he was perfectly honest in his opinion, just as he was three years later when, in presence of the Philharmonic Society, he expressed his regret for having thus spoken, and pronounced

ed the work what the musical world now knows it to be.

Thirty years after the time of which we are now speaking, Anselm Hüttenbrenner, a very fine musician, brother of the Joseph H. mentioned above, he who supported the dying Beethoven's head, became the pupil of Salieri. His reminiscences of him may be read in the *Leipzig Musik Zeitung* of Nov. 30, 1825. A portion of this article is here introduced, because it is in part directly to the purpose, and in part indirectly, as showing how fixed the musical views and opinions in which he was educated remained in his mind.

"Through the recommendation of Count Moritz von Fries—an in all respects magnanimous promoter of the arts—I was received in the year 1815 as a pupil in composition by the imperial royal Chapelmaster Salieri. The first examination to which I was subjected consisted in this: that I must sing with him a rather difficult two-part Canon, then play a Sonata of Beethoven, which he placed before me, and finally extemporize. To the question what *clefs* I was most familiar with, I replied that all were reasonably in my power; upon which he began to speak of the barytone and half soprano clefs, my ignorance of which I had blushing to acknowledge. In his instructions in composition Salieri employed no text book. He gave no directions to his pupils what they should write; each had free choice according to his taste. What was placed before him for correction, he examined with severity. Consecutive fifths and octaves he simply pointed out and warned against; but a minor seventh accord in upward motion was a thorn in his eye; and so too were all progressions difficult for the singer and the so-called *relations non harmonicae*, the bad effect of which he made us feel very sensibly by vigorously striking them on the piano-forte. Most rigorous was he in the matter of modulation; he labored with all zeal against the constant and glaring changes of key, so common of late years, and likened certain modern composers to people who jump out of the window in order to get into the street. When vocal compositions were brought to him, he first read the words through with great attention; then he examined the music to see whether it was written in the spirit of the text; if this was not the case, whatever good and original passages it might possess, the work had no sort of value in his eyes. On such occasions his zeal would grow particularly ardent, and he would cite many passages out of the works of famous masters, who had fallen into this sort of mistake.

"In compositions for the church he would have the spirit of devotion and humility rule throughout; a pompous *Kyrie* or a jolly *Dona nobis* he hated. In opera (of which he himself composed fifty-two) the principal thing was to see what character was to sing this or that number. He complained of those composers, who have their squires sing in the same lofty style as their knights, and in whose music the mentor quavers and trills precisely like the pupil. He thought it also opposed to common sense to give a rich instrumental accompaniment to scenes of little passion; and needlessly to agonize the ear with barbarous accords (so he called them) at the best could only suit a chorus of demons. According to him the operatic composer should not be a miniature painter, and employ his strength in the careful working out of particular figures and in other

displays of contrapuntal skill. He demanded, for the sake of the effect, strokes large and bold, analogous to the dash of the scene painter.

"He held Gluck to be the greatest operatic composer; he alone, in his view, had best known how to express character in music, and to produce the grandest effects with few notes; while of late years the auditor, owing to the lavish use of them, remained unmoved by the mightiest masses of tones. Of Mozart he always spoke with marked respect, [*ausnehmender*—extraordinary—*Hochachtung*.] He, the Unsurpassable, came often to Salieri with the words: 'Dear papa, hand me some of the old scores out of the court library; I will look them through here by you,' and several times when thus employed he missed his dinner. One day I asked Salieri to show me the house in which Mozart died, upon which he took me into the Rauhensteingasse and pointed it out. It is, if my memory serves, distinguished by a picture of the Virgin.\* Salieri visited him on the last day but one of his life and was one of the few who attended his funeral."

The "marked respect" with which Salieri always spoke of Mozart in the presence of Anselm Hüttenbrenner, as a man of highest genius, talent and musical learning, no doubt—is perfectly compatible with his more private explosions in relation to the operatic music of that master. Think how Salieri's canons of criticism were invaded by Mozart! And yet in his old age Salieri could hear no new opera, which had not the Mozart style for its basis, and which not unfrequently sought success by an exaggeration of what in the old man's eyes were Mozart's worst faults, even to caricature. In his view the whole direction of *opera seria* was wrong and this tendency had been given it by Mozart's example. One can admire the greatness of "nutshell" Carlyle's genius, the extent of his acquirements, the profundity of his thoughts, and yet honestly detest his abominable use, or rather misuse of the "King's English"—as bad as Falstaff's misuse of the King's press—and despise his incapacity to perceive the truth in the cases of his heroes, or in cases where a people, and not a single individual, is heroic.

Let us for once forget all the prejudgments, which we have made when reading the lamentations of Holmes, and indeed of all Mozart literature, over the success of Salieri's personal enmity and the intrigues which sprang out of it, in crushing Mozart, and look at the matter from a simple common-sense point of view, leaving romance to Polkos and soft-hearted young women—to such as really suppose, that the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, can furnish, in the nineteenth century, a real original of the inane, namby-pamby Seraphiel of "Charles Auchester."

Mozart's friends claim—and justly too, as the future proved—that, when he, the young man of twenty-five, settled in Vienna, he needed but the opportunity, and he would utterly cast all others composers in Vienna into the shade; would prove indisputably the overwhelming superiority of his powers; and place himself on a height beyond rivalry. Suppose Salieri perceived this—he the Imperial Royal Chapelmaster—still a young man also, and with a

\* A new house called the 'Mozarthof,' occupies the spot now, the front ornamented with busts of several composers, and within a colossal bust of Mozart.

long career before him—he who certainly stood first as Italian operatic composer, who enjoyed the special favor of the Emperor and the Vienna public—whose works were known throughout Europe—save possibly in England—can you blame him for not at once saying: "Here, Mozart take my sceptre—true, you have not yet written any grand opera except the *Idomeneo*, but I see you are a far greater genius than I am, and as you are supreme at the piano-forte and instrumental composition, so make your crown triple, by adding that of Italian opera to it."

The idea becomes thus an absurdity.

Upon the whole, the charges against Salieri—in part disproved by incorrigible and unbending dates—if not resulting in the verdict "not guilty," may at least be dismissed with the Scotch verdict "not proven." I ask for Salieri only justice—nothing more.

The "*Wiener Theaterkalender*" for 1787 contains a list of all the performances in the Imp. Roy. Court Theatre from Oct. 1, 1785 to Sept. 31, 1786. The theatre was open 318 evenings, 157 of which were for opera, a single work, with but very few exceptions, comprising an evening's performance. For some nine months of the year opera as a rule occupied three evenings in the week; but through July and half of August opera alone was given. Salieri's *Grotto di Trofonio*—first performance Oct. 12, 1785—had seven representations during the first four months, three during the next five, and during the entire theatrical year 17. During this year his "*Fiera di Venezia*" was given five times, and his *Scuola de' Gelosi* twice. Mozart's *Figaro*—first performance, May 1—had six representations during the first four months, in September, October and November, one each, when it was dropped, until revived under Salieri in 1789. His "*Abduction from the Seraglio*" was also given May 10 and July 21.

Paisiello was perhaps the most popular composer that year; his "*King Theodor*" was given eleven times, his "*Barber of Seville*" ten, and at least seven evenings were occupied by other works from his pen. The new operas of that theatrical year were eleven in number, in a period of ten and a half months of actual performances. One of these was the celebrated "*Doctor and Apothecary*" of Dittersdorf, broadly farcical, at which the theatre shook with laughing, Joseph setting the example, and which had nine representations from 11 July to Aug. 6. Another was Cimarosa's "*La Villanella rapita*," performed eight times from Nov. 25, 1785 to Feb. 17, '86, while his "*L'Italiana in Londra*," revived May 17, '86, had six representations before the close of September. The remaining 78 evenings were divided among some eighteen operas, old and new, which had from one to eight performances, and which were without exception of the buffo order. This review of the year certainly gives little encouragement to the idea, that after the ninth performance of *Figaro* in November, 1786, it was banished from the stage through cabal and intrigue—certainly not through an intrigue led by, or for the advantage of, the absent Salieri. Except the "*Grotto of Trophonius*," a work which had a very remarkable success, and was performed 17 times in eleven months, there was no opera but the "*Doctor and Apothecary*" which ran as many times in that year as Mozart's "*Figaro*" from May to November.

(To be Continued.)

## Musical Culture and Tendencies in Leipzig.

THE CONSERVATORIUM.—SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY OF  
PROF. MOSCHELES.

The following forms the principal portion of the Leipzig Correspondence (for June 4) of the London *Orchestra*. The writer is clearly an Englishman.

The "Public Examinations" of the pupils of the Leipzig Conservatorium (writes our correspondent), which have been held during the last few weeks, suggest the question, what has that institution done for the progress of art? I do not propose to enter into a detailed criticism of the performances of the pupils, for it is not a public examination alone, where the pieces are specially prepared for the occasion, which can test the value of the teaching. Suffice it to say, that two of our countryfolk were among the best players—Miss Georgiana Well (a niece of Mr. Macfarren) in Mendelssohn's D minor concerto, and Mr. Horton C. Allison in the same composer's G minor concerto. The performances included pianoforte, violin, and violoncello solo and ensemble playing; solo and choral singing; organ-playing; and compositions of orchestra, chamber, and vocal music. The bias of the pupils to the modern school was strongly marked. The piano compositions selected were confined to those of Weber, Moscheles, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Chopin; the violin to Spohr, De Bériot, Mendelssohn, and David. Either the masters seem to exert too little influence upon their pupils in directing their choice, or the pupils are too self-willed to obey. Seductive enough is the Romantic school, but its followers require to be strengthened by the more invigorating productions of the classical age. I am not denying the many and great merits of the Romantics, but a too exclusive bias in their direction brings with it enervation and vagueness, just as exclusive classicality tends to dryness and retrogression. To judge from the character of the majority of the pupil's compositions, it might be supposed that the masters of the Conservatorium belonged to the Zukunft party, or, as it prefers to be called, the "New German School." But the names of Reinecke, Hauptmann, and Richter are a sufficient guarantee that this is not the case. These professors must, however, have felt very much like a hen which has hatched a brood of ducks. I believe several of the compositions were rather considerably "tamed" before they were submitted to the public, but much was still left which ought not to have been stamped with the seal of the Conservatorium. Perhaps there is something in the air which seizes upon the present generation, just as our fathers went through a course of Byronism; but as the latter settled down into most respectable fathers of families, so there is still hope that when our young friends have sown their musical oats, the extravagance and the impatience of law under which they now suffer (and make others suffer) will give way to sounder views, and that the present fermentation will end in wine, new, perhaps in taste, but sound in body. A pianoforte fugue, by Herr Radetzki, of Riga, and a "dance" from "Music to the Wino's Tale," by Herr Flitner, of Dachwig, must be excepted from the general censure. Earnestness and effort on the part of the other young composers cannot be denied, however much opinions as to their taste may differ. It is unfortunate that the Professor of the *Æsthetics and History of Music* belongs to the new school; so far as I am aware, its only representative in the Conservatorium. This chair, which of all others has so much influence for good or evil, ought to be otherwise filled, if the Directors had moral courage enough to do justice to themselves and to their pupils.

The cursus of theoretical construction, as conducted by Dr. Hauptmann, Herr Richter, and Dr. Papperitz, is admirable and thorough. That happy medium is inculcated which is equally removed from the anxious timidity of the old school, and from the lawless audacity of the new. The piano was well represented. The system introduced by Herr Plaids, the principal master for the technicalities of the instrument, gives a certainty and command that remove all apprehension of slips and stumbles. There may, perhaps, be some danger of the touch becoming hard, and the style mechanical, but the safeguard against this is musical feeling, without which no technical skill will make a player. All that relates to the style of playing, and the true conception of music of the classical school, is taught by Professor Moscheles as few others could teach it. But the professor has himself repeatedly said he does not pretend to teach the more modern music of Chopin and Schumann and the Romantics, with which he has less sympathy. This music must be taught, and it were much to be wished that a master should be appointed who could do it justice. At present, as is generally the case among young people, the *virtuoso* element is

unduly esteemed by the pupils; brilliancy of execution being looked upon as the end, instead of the means.

The organ has not that consideration bestowed upon it which its importance deserves. There may be many reasons for this. There is but little demand and less employment for first-class organists in Germany. In the church services the organ is only required to accompany the chorales; if any more elaborate music be performed, an orchestra is employed. For a long time there has been a prejudice against using the organ in combination with the orchestra in oratorios, &c., which is but now beginning to die away. These are general unfavorable influences, but there are others peculiar to the Leipzig Conservatorium. The instrument upon which the pupils have to practise is the most miserable imaginable; asthmatic and rickety, ivories worn away from the keys, some of the stops slow in speaking, he must indeed be a devoted lover of the organ who can find anything but disgust in his hour's practice. Add to this, that the organ is in a church, and that the Leipzig authorities seem to think frigid mortification (by deputy) is meritorious, and therefore the churches are not heated, and some idea can be formed of the pleasantness of a sojourn in such a locality during a German winter, when the thermometer is often for days together down to zero, and even lower. Under such circumstances nothing more than tolerable mechanical correctness can be expected from the pupils; and that some attained more than this speaks highly for their perseverance under difficulties. As for any idea of the charms of light and shade, and of the expression of which organ playing is capable, from a judicious combination and variation of stops, no one seems now to have it. This, and the use of the swell (in the few instances where this mechanism exists), are looked down upon as sentimental frivolities. Schneider was of a different opinion, but he is dead. Another very necessary branch also seems to be too much neglected, viz., instruction in playing from a figured bass, and in accompaniment. Of the other branches of instruction, and of the general educational influence of the Leipzig musical life, I must speak in my next.

The Conservatorium Soirée in honor of Professor Moscheles' seventieth birthday passed off brilliantly. The railings of the orchestra and the Professor's chair were decorated with spring garlands. The music was entirely selected from the Master's compositions. The first piece, *Graud Septuor* in D, Op. 88, for piano, violin, tenor, clarinet, horn, violoncello and contrabass, was played by the Herren Kapellmeister Reinecke, Concertmeister David, F. Hermann, B. Landgraf, A. Luidner, L. Lübeck, and O. Bachaus, and was most warmly received; it deserves to be better known. The other pieces ("*Les Contrastes*," for two pianos, eight hands, Op. 115, and *Concerto Fantastique*, Op. 96, as well as some vocal compositions) were entrusted to pupils, who seemed delighted thus to show their respect to their master. A choral song, "*Dies ist der Tag des Herrn*," from Op. 117, was sung really well—a most rare event in the Conservatorium. When the performance was over, the Professor ascended the orchestra, and with perceptible emotion spoke to the following effect:—"First of all I must express my gratitude to the Almighty, who has preserved me to this day in such complete health and strength; and then I must thank the Directors, my colleagues, and the pupils, for the affection they have shown me to-day. As long as my mental and physical energy are preserved, (and, thank God, they are as strong as ever), I hope to devote them to the well-being of the Conservatorium, and to the progress of art; and when the time comes that they begin to wane, be as lenient to me I pray you, as you are affectionate now." It was evident that these simple words came from the heart, and when they were spoken, "*hoch!*" after "*hoch!*" was shouted, and among them some English "*hurrahs!*" were audible.

LEIPZIG, 13th June, 1864.

Last week I wrote to you about the theoretical, piano, and organ teaching in the Leipzig Conservatorium. I now come to the violin, of which Herr Concertmeister David is the principal professor. It would be difficult to find another who combines in himself in so high a degree all the essentials of a consummate teacher; of this his "*Violin School*," recently published by Breitkopf and Härtel, is a convincing proof. He understands how to excite the emulation of the most indolent pupils, and is himself so thorough a musician that there is no danger of one-sidedness in his tuition. It is not his fault if any of his pupils turn out mere *virtuosi*. Herr David is ably supported by the Herren Concertmeister Raimund Dreychock, Röntgen, and Hermann; the last named gentleman devotes himself especially to the tenor. The teaching of the violoncello is in the

hands of Herr Lübeck, who, although not quite equal to his immediate predecessors, the Herren Grützmaier and Davidoff, is a performer of no ordinary ability, but is, perhaps, a little too much inclined to overvalue execution; a longer residence in Leipzig will give him the best chance of correcting this bias. Wind instruments form no part of the regular cursus of instruction; they can be taught for an extra fee, but, so far as I am aware, no pupil has availed himself of the opportunity. This is much to be regretted, for it is just this branch of the orchestra which so needs to be filled by persons of musical, as distinguished from mere technical, education. It would also be a great advantage to the Conservatorium had it a small orchestra of its own at its disposal. Composers would thus have an opportunity of learning practically some of those secrets of instrumentation which theoretical instruction alone will never impart. The "ensemble" and "orchestra" lessons are very valuable to those who attend them in a right spirit. It is a pity that the great number of the pupils makes it difficult for them to avail themselves more frequently of the opportunity of taking part in the ensemble playing under a master's direction; it takes the "selfishness" out of those who like to shine alone, without thinking of their play-fellows, or of the musical effect. In the "orchestra" lessons, a symphony, overture, or other orchestral piece is played. The stringed quartet is fully represented. The "wind" and contrabass are played from the score on the piano; this affords excellent practice. The pupils have also the opportunity of familiarizing themselves with the use of the baton. Another excellent arrangement is the *Abendunterhaltung*, held every Friday, at which chamber compositions, concertos, vocal and instrumental solos, are performed by the pupils, in the presence of their masters and fellow-scholars, and of a few persons who are favored with permission to attend. It is very interesting to watch the progress of the various pupils, who thus become acquainted with works which are unsuitable for a larger and more mixed audience, and who also gain confidence against the time when they must make a more public appearance.

Singing, as well solo as choral, is, and I am told has always been, the weak point of the Conservatorium. During a period of some years I have not heard a single pupil who had the least idea of the proper formation, command or use of the voice; unless, indeed, one or two be excepted who had already mastered the elements of the vocal school before they came to Leipzig. The Professor of singing complains of want of support from the Direction; the latter of want of energy on the part of the Professor. Where the fault is, I cannot say—I simply record the lamentable fact. The choral singing is most slovenly. The pupils seem to think it beneath them to attend the chorus classes; a stricter discipline on this point is much to be desired; the advantage is manifold: it renders the ear more certain, often a weak point with pianists; it teaches composers what the voice can and cannot do; and it educates the taste in a high degree. The apathy with which the "mixed chorus" is regarded is one of the many evil results of the *Männergesang* movement—a movement which cannot be too severely reprobated by every one who is concerned for the welfare of the art of music.

But high as is the character of the instruction in the Conservatorium (excepting in singing) it is not that which gives musical education here its special value. First-rate masters may be found in London in abundance. It is the *musical atmosphere* which works so invigoratingly; for to those who have ears to hear, what is learned beyond the walls of the Conservatorium is of as much, if not greater, importance as what is learned within them. The Gewandhaus (in whose orchestra the more advanced pupils are allowed to play) and other concerts, the Church, the various musical societies, the opera, spread before the hearer a mass of music of which you can have no idea in London, where year after year the same compositions are repeated *ad nauseam*. And what concert societies in London could afford to open their doors gratuitously to musical students? How many students could afford to pay London prices for admission to operas and concerts? And when a gentleman has acquired a general musical education, what career is at present open to him in England unless he have devoted himself to composition (and then he must have private means) or to the piano, or organ, or unless he be a brilliant solo player? I do not wish to be misunderstood by the word *gentleman*; I do not limit it to one of so-called gentle birth; I mean by it any man who has educated his mind, and who by his good conduct and good manners has a right to admission into respectable society. Are there four regular orchestras in the whole of Her Majesty's dominions in which such a gentleman would feel he could play without losing caste? How different is it in



Germany! Here, there are at least ten first-class orchestras to which it is an honor for any one to belong. Then of those of the second class, membership in which is looked upon as thoroughly respectable, I cannot undertake to give the numbers. Every little capital and court has one—(one of the few still existing benefits of the multitudes of petty states.) Indeed, if you take a German Gazetteer, and mark off each town of 20,000 inhabitants, (excluding the easternmost border district), you have a catalogue of permanent, respectable orchestras. Nor are the smaller towns without music; almost every market town has its "town-band," and although the execution may not be up to Gewandhaus mark, the repertoire they perform is almost always good. Many a man is there, too, who will attach himself for a very small salary to an orchestra simply for the sake of being able "to make good music." Small and unfortunate indeed must be the town or even the village, which cannot get up a string quartet, to which a piano can in most cases be added.

### Johannes Brahms.

To the Editor of the London Musical World.

SIR,—Of all the young composers of Germany, there is, probably, not one about whom a greater diversity of opinion exists than about Johannes Brahms. Your contemporary, the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*, published lately a very interesting article concerning him. From it we learn that Brahms is the son of a musician at Hamburg, and a pupil of Eduard Marxsen. He was, in the autumn of 1853, when nineteen years old, introduced by Robert Schumann to the musical world in an unusually brilliant fashion. The *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, in its number of the 28th October, 1853, contains the following article, headed "New Paths," from the pen of the above composer: "Years have elapsed—nearly as many as I devoted to the earlier editing of this paper, namely ten—without my having once been heard on this ground, so rich in reminiscences. Frequently, though I was actively and laboriously engaged in the task of production, I felt a wish to speak; many new and talented men had appeared; a new strength seemed to be manifested in music, as is proved by numerous high-soaring artists very recently, though their productions are known perhaps only to a somewhat narrow circle. I here allude to Joseph Joachim, Ernst Naumann, Ludwig Normann, Woldemar Bargiel, Theodor Kirchner, Julius Schäffer, and Albert Dietrich, together with C. F. Wilsing, the profound composer, who has devoted himself to sacred music, and whom I must not forget. Niels W. Gade, C. F. Mangold, Robert Franz, and St. Heller, also, must be mentioned as their valiantly advancing precursors. Following with the greatest interest the paths pursued by these elected ones, I thought that, after such a state of things, there would and must suddenly appear one destined to give expression in an ideal manner to the deepest feelings of the age; one who would present us with the qualities of a master, not developed gradually, but like Minerva, springing completely armed from the head of Jupiter. He has now come: a youth, at whose cradle graces and heroes kept guard. His name is Johannes Brahms; he came from Hamburg, where he created in dark stillness, after being educated, by an admirable and enthusiastic teacher, in the most difficult laws of his art. He had, too, been recommended to me a short time previously by an honored and well-known master. Even in his outward appearance he showed all those signs which announce to us: this is one of the elect. Sitting at the piano he began to disclose wonderful regions. We were attracted within circles more and more magical. To this must be added a genial power of execution changing the piano into an orchestra of sorrowfully sounding and loudly jubilant voices. There were sonnets, or rather veiled symphonies—songs, the poetry of which would be understood without words, though a deep and songful melody pervades them all—detached pianoforte pieces, partly of a demoniacal nature, most graceful in their form, then sonatas for the violin and pianoforte, quartets for stringed instruments—and all so different from one another that each one appeared to flow from a separate source. Then again he seemed, like some onward foaming flood, to unite them all as though in a waterfall, bearing on the surface of its waves, as they dashed down below, the peaceful rainbow, and surrounded on the bank by butterflies and nightingales' voices. When he sinks his magic wand to where the powers of the masses in the orchestra and chorus lend him their strength, we shall find still more wonderful glances into the secrets of the spirit-world in store for us. May the highest genius strengthen him, as there is a prospect that it will, since there dwells within him another kind of genius, that, namely, of modesty.

His associates greet him on his first passage through the world, where, perhaps, wounds, but, also, laurels and palms await him; we welcome him as a strong champion. At every period there exists a secret league of kindred spirits. Link yourselves together in a closer circle, ye that belong to each other, so that the truth of art may shine more and more brightly, spreading everywhere joy and blessings."

This introduction, says the *Niederrheinische*, was as dangerous as it was brilliant. Schumann's disciples felt inclined to greet with shouts of joy one thus recommended, while the master's adversaries were ready to cry the whole thing down as a humbug. Schumann could do no more for his *protégé* than induce the firms of Breitkopf and Senff to print the young man's first compositions; his mind was shortly afterwards enveloped in the night of madness. Brahms, therefore, entered alone on his way, and at first received, after playing publicly on the 17th December, 1853, in Leipzig, almost more wounds than laurels. Attacks and haughtily unfavorable opinions were more frequent than acknowledgments of his talent and encouragement; the composer, like the pianist, was sharply criticized, and his career did not answer Schumann's predictions. It was slower and more thorny than the patrons of the clever young man imagined. The damage inflicted by imprudence, in a moment, had to be made good in a long course of years; that which Brahms could not achieve in his first attack, he had to attain by gradual exertion and labor.

Compositions by Brahms appeared in nine parts, at short intervals, after Schumann's recommendation. There were three Pianoforte Sonatas, three books of Songs, a Pianoforte Trio, and a Scherzo and Variations for the same instrument. Opinion, at first obscured by party-zeal, has probably now settled down into the conviction that the Sonatas, of which that in F minor is the most important, are the work of a clever composer, possessing a lively imagination, but who, in the zealous exuberance of youth, is not yet acquainted with the laws of style and form-beauty, which he saucily and wilfully oversteps. His most successful efforts were the Songs, which remind one of Schubert and Schumann, some of which—especially those set to Eichendorff's words—are genuinely poetical. They contain, as do also the songs subsequently published, the qualities which are peculiarly characteristic of Brahms, gentle, fervent, dreamy romanticism and refined poetic feeling. A very good notion of his kind of disposition is afforded also by the Variations on a theme of Schumann's (Op. 9). It has somewhere been correctly observed that Brahms is not a Schumannite, but can only be said to possess a disposition related to that of Schumann, which began by roaring and foam, and must now grow clear.

After his first efforts had not quite come up to the expectations excited, he devoted himself, in Hanover, Düsseldorf, and Hamburg, to serious study, making now and then professional tours. During these he appeared in the capacity of a pianist, and, besides his own productions, played more especially works of Bach, Beethoven and Schumann. But here again he had to contend with fresh difficulties; his playing and taste gave signs of an intellectual disposition; the masses, however, wanted strong impressions, and treated him somewhat coldly. Like his creative faculty, his piano-forte playing appears to have subsequently gained in depth. It is now praised for being soft and delicate, without wanting strength where strength is requisite; it clings with intellectual and warm feeling to the composition performed, and, with artistic dignity, holds itself aloof from all virtuoso-like tinsel.

Since the end of the autumn of 1862, Brahms has resided in Vienna, where, a few months ago, he was appointed, on Stegmayer's death, chorus-master of the Sing-Akademie. For the last few years (about four), he has energetically devoted himself to two of the most important departments of his art—namely, chamber music and orchestral composition; thus proving that it is his ambition to shine in the highest class of composition. He has written a Serenade for grand orchestra, in D major (Op. 11), and another for a small orchestra, viols, basses and wind (Op. 16); for chorus, "Marienlieder," Songs with harp and horns, a Funeral Song, and an "Ave Maria." Among his recent pianoforte productions, some Variations on a theme by Handel are distinguished by rich, smooth, and artistic work.

Some critics are disposed to expect from him something great in the way of chamber music. Two Quartets for pianoforte, violin, viol, and violoncello (G minor and A major, Op. 25 and 26), as well as the Sestet, published somewhat previously, for two violins, two viols, and two violoncellos, are mentioned as those of his compositions which are best worked out. A Viennese critic says of Brahms: "Artistic worth, and deep, though at the same time

unpretentious, earnestness, such are the qualities which cause him to tower above the ordinary standard. For him is art still a sacred mission: may it ever remain so!"

The compositions of Brahms already published (according to the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*) are:

Op. 1. Sonata for Pianoforte (C). 2. Sonata for Pianoforte (F sharp minor). 3. Songs. 4. Scherzo for Piano (E flat minor). 5. Sonata (F minor). 6 and 7. Songs. 8. Trio. 9. Variations for Pianoforte on a Theme by Schumann. 10. Ballads. 11. Serenade for grand orchestra. 12. "Ave Maria," for female chorus. 13. Funeral Song for mixed chorus. 14. Songs. 15. Concerto for Piano. 16. Serenade for small orchestra. 17. Songs for female chorus, with a harp and horns. 18. Sestet for stringed instruments. 19. Songs. 20. Duets. 21. Variations for Pianoforte. 22. "Marienlieder" for chorus. 23. Four-handed Variations for Piano. 24. Variations and Fugue for Pianoforte after Handel. 25 and 26. Pianoforte Quartets (G minor and A major.)

## Music Abroad.

### Germany.

LEIPZIG. A recent number of the *Signale* sums up the performances for the past season of the famous subscription concerts at the Gewandhaus—of which there are given twenty every year. As we have just been making the same sort of summary of our orchestral doings here in Boston, it may be interesting to compare our humbler opportunities with those of the famous seat of Mendelssohn's immediate influence. We translate as follows.

"In the past season of Gewandhaus concerts, including those for the benefit of the Orchestra-pension fund, the following works were brought to hearing:

"a) Symphonies: Seven by Beethoven (Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8 and 9). Two by Haydn (D and B flat). Two by Mendelssohn (A major and A minor). Two by Schumann (B flat major and D minor). Two by Schubert (C major, and another in C orchestrated by Joachim from his Duo, op. 140). One each by C. P. E. Bach (D major), Gade (D), Jägersohn (A), Reinecke (A), Spohr (C minor), Volkmann (D minor).

"b) Overtures: Three by Beethoven (*Leonore* No. 3, *Fidelio* and Op. 124). Three by Cherubini (*Anacreon*, *Les Abencerrages*, and *Medea*). Two by Weber (*Euryanthe* and *Oberon*). Two by Schumann (*Genoveva* and *Manfred*). Two by Mendelssohn (*Hebrides*, and *Meeresstille*, &c.). One each by Gluck (*Iphigenie*), Méhul (*La Chasse du jeune Henri*), Rietz (A major), Reinecke (*Dame Kobold*), Wagner (*Lohengrin*), Burgmüller (*Dionys*).

"c) Other forms of orchestral composition: Concerto for string instruments (G major) by J. S. Bach. *Suite* (No. 2) by F. Lachner. Overture, Scherzo and Finale by Schumann. *Notturmo* for brass and Janissary music, by Spohr.

"d) Larger works. Music to *Egmont*, by Beethoven. *Kampf und Sieg* (Battle and Victory), by Weber. *Lorelei*, by Hiller. Cantata "*Freue dich, erlöste Schaar*," by Bach. "Ode to St. Cecilia," by Handel. "New Year's Song," by Schumann. Psalm, by Bargiel.

"e) Smaller chorus pieces: "The Tempest," by Haydn. "*Die Nixe*," by Rubinstein. "Song of Heloise and nuns at the grave of Abelard," by Hiller. "*Zigeunerleben*" (Gipsy life), by Schumann.

"f) Airs: Four by Mozart. Four by Handel. Two by Haydn. One each by Lulli, Gluck, Weber, Rossi, Benedict, Auber, Boieldieu, Beethoven, Spohr, Rossini, Bellini, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Graun.

"g) Instrumental solo pieces: for Piano, for Violin, for Violoncello, for Flute, for Harp, some with, some without accompaniment, by Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann, Weber, Ernst, Viotti, Vieuxtemps, Tartini, Molique, Lübeck, Servais, Brassin, Parish-Alvars, Paganini, Demersseman and Reinecke.

"As Instrumental Solo-ists there have appeared Piano-forte: Frau von Bronsart, Frau Dr. Clara Schumann, Fräulein A. von Weisz, Fräulein Böhme, and Messrs. Brassin, and Capellmeisters Reinecke and Treiber.—Violin: Herren Concertmeisters David and Dreyse, Heermann, Auer, Wilhelmi, Lauterbach and Joachim.—Violoncello: Herr Lübeck.—Flute: M. de Broje.—Harp: Frl. Heermann.

"The following appeared as solo-vocalists: Frau Flinsch (*née* Orvil), Mme. Viardot-Garcia, Frau von Milde, and Mlle. Parepa, Decker, Orgeni, Metz-dorff, Klein, Bettelheim, Lessiak and Narz; and Herren Wiedemann, Weckwitz, Stockhausen, Dr. Gunz, Rudolph, Schild and Sabbath.

"The composers were represented as follows: Beethoven 15 times; Schumann 10 times; Mozart 8 times; Mendelssohn 7 times; Spohr 6 times; Haydn, Weber, Handel and Bach, each 5 times; Chopin and Schubert each 4 times; Cherubini, Brassin and Reinecke, each 3 times; Hiller, Vieuxtemps and Gluck, each twice; and the following once each, viz: C. P. E. Bach, Viotti, Benedict, Lübeck, Auber, Servais, Catel, Parish-Alvars, Volkmann, Jadasohn, Boieldieu, Paganini, Wüllner, Bargiel, Gade, Molique, Lachner, Raff, Rossini, Rietz, Mehul, Joachim, Bellini, Ernst, R. Kreutzer, Meyerbeer, Lauterbach, Norbert Burgmüller, Lulli, Wagner, Tartini, Rubinstein, Demersseman, Graun and Rossi.

"Twenty-four of the above-named works were new to the Gewandhaus public."

**AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.**—The 41st Niederrheinisch Musical Festival at Aix-la-Chapelle, at Whitsuntide, seems to have been a great success. Dr. Rietz, of Dresden, conducted, and Herr Pfund, of Leipsic, presided at the drums. With such consummate masters at each end, the orchestra could not fail to go well. Lachner's second suite was warmly applauded, as it well deserved. Handel's *Belshazzar*, Bach's *Magnificat*, Mendelssohn's *Psalms CXIV.*, extracts from Gluck's "*Iphigenia*," and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, formed the other great pieces. Joachim was solo violin, and of course carried away his honors. Frau Dustmann and Dr. Gunz shared the vocal honors. The choral singing was much praised. The chorus and band, some 580 strong, were reinforced from Holland and Belgium. I wonder whether Charlemagne, if he were to walk out of his grave in the Dom, would again say that "the German instrumentalists were superb, but that their singers were harsh and coarse." On the Rhine I believe it is better, but in North Germany the verdict still applies.—*Orchestra.*

**BERLIN.**—Meyerbeer's funeral must have been a more impressive, if not a more pompous, spectacle here than that which accompanied the departure of his remains from Paris. The *Musical World* (London) furnishes a description, chiefly from a Berlin paper.

The body arrived here on Saturday, the 7th May, about eight o'clock in the morning. It was received by a small number of relatives and intimate friends, and conveyed to Meyerbeer's former residence, No. 6, Pariser Platz. The burial took place on Monday at twelve o'clock. A large number of the most distinguished and eminent individuals in Berlin assembled at an early hour in the house of mourning, while a countless multitude stationed themselves in the square outside.

In the middle of a large room hung round with black, and lighted by innumerable wax tapers, the coffin reposed upon a catafalco encircled with plants of every description. It was decorated, moreover, with wreaths and flowers presented by Her Majesty the Queen of Prussia, and the Princesses of the Royal Family. At the foot was a laurel wreath on a white cushion, a tribute from the members of the Royal Orchestra at Dresden.

At twelve o'clock, Dr. Joël, the Rabbi of Breslau, made his appearance. The relatives of the deceased Master stood around the coffin, the three daughters and the son-in-law on one side; the two nephews and the remaining branches of the family upon the other. The funeral ceremony commenced with a chorus originally written by Meyerbeer for male and female voices, but now arranged by Herr Radecke as a four-part chorus for male voices alone. Dr. Joël then addressed the assembly.

The speech produced a profound impression. A short song or hymn brought the ceremony to a termination. The coffin was carried down stairs, and the procession formed in the following order: first came Herr Wieprecht, Bandmaster-general of the Prussian armies, with the Bandmasters at the head of all the artillery and cavalry bands in Berlin. The Bandmasters had crape-covered *bâtons*, and the musicians crape-covered instruments. In the absence of Herr von Hülsen, Intendant-General of the Theatres Royal, who was unavoidably prevented, by his official duties, from being in Berlin on the day of the funeral, Herr Taubert, one of the *Capellmeisters* of the Royal Orchestra, followed with the laurel wreath upon a cushion. Then came Herr Heuser, chancery-councillor ("Kanzleirath"); Herr Düringer; Herr Dorn, *Capellmeister*; Herr Radecke, musical-director; and Herr Ries, the well-known leader, with Meyerbeer's orders. The hearse was decorated with palms, while the twelve youngest members of the Royal Orchestra, bearing palm-branches in their hands, walked beside it. Immediately behind it came the mourners: the Baron von Korf; Herren Georges and Jules Meyerbeer, followed by the members of the Royal Orchestra; the Deputations from the theatres; the managers of the theatres not supported by the State, as well as of theatres in the Prussian provinces, and other countries of Germany. Among them was M. Emile Perrin, manager of the Grand Opera in Paris. Then came a deputation from the Ton-künstlerverein, and a great number of the friends and admirers of the deceased, who entertain a no less profound respect for his talent, though they may not be publicly known as members of the aristocratic or the professional world. The procession was closed by a long string of carriages, at the head of which were the state-carriages of the King, the Queen, and all the members of the Royal Family. The bands were divided into two parties, performing, in turn, Beethoven's Funeral March, from the A flat major sonata: Herr Wieprecht's "Trauerparade," and a chorale. The procession moved along, accompanied by a countless multitude, under the Linden—the Boulevards of Berlin, as they may be called. Just before it reached the Operahouse, an immense black flag was displayed from the roof of that edifice, and, at the same moment, the male chorus-singers belonging to the establishment, and stationed under the portico, commenced singing the chorale "*Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan*!" ("That which the Lord does is well done!") I was stationed close to the Operahouse at this part of the proceedings, and can assure you that the effect produced by the solemn strains of the chorale, wafted on the warm, joyous air of spring, from the theatre for which Meyerbeer had done so much, was one which will not easily be forgotten by any person present on the occasion. It was one of those moments which make their mark in a man's life. As the procession passed, the singers joined it, and accompanied it by the way of the Kastanienwald, the Friedrichsbrücke, the New Promenade, the Rosenthaler Strasse, and the Schönhauser Strasse to the Jewish cemetery before the Schönhauser Gate. The entrance to the cemetery was hung with black, as was also the small chapel into which the body was borne. The chorus singers of the Opera sang B. A. Weber's "*Rasch tritt der Tod den Menschen an*." Dr. Joël offered up a prayer, and the coffin was lowered into the family vault, and laid beside the coffin of Meyerbeer's mother, who had been buried there several years previously.

The famous tenor of Hanover, Niemann, has been singing in Berlin. One of the correspondents says of him:

Ten years ago Albert Niemann, Royal Hanoverian Chamber-singer, otherwise and presently successful tenor at the Court opera of Berlin, began his career at the same point on which he now stands. About ten years ago he sang in "*Norma*." There, however, the resemblance between the Niemann of 1854 and 1864 ends; for in an artistic sense there is no similarity at all. At that time his voice was harsh and unbending, and his dramatic ability at zero; at this time he has achieved one of the most decided successes of late years. The tenorial blossom of little promise developed in Stettin into rich fruit, and Hanover engaged Niemann for a spell. At the Hanoverian Court he made rapid progress, and now he stands proudly in Berlin, and "looks across the roaring and the wreaths," while the curtain falls on "*Tannhäuser*" and "*Cortez*." As these two rôles have shown us the star in his capacity as a dramatic singer, as true heroic tenor, his next part—that of *Joseph* in Mehul's opera—will declare how far Herr Niemann can please as lyrical singer, in those passages where strong effects are wanting, and whether he can handle the equable, broad cantilena with equal ability as the recitative.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 9, 1864.

### Review of the Season in Boston.

We have already shown what good things we have had in the way of Orchestral music and of Oratorios, Cantatas and the like. Look now at the concerts of

**III. CHAMBER MUSIC.** Our opportunities in this kind have been due entirely to two sets of artists. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club (their fifteenth season), in five concerts, not quite so many as usual, have furnished all the quartet and quintet playing we have had; while both their concerts and those of Messrs. Kreissmann, Leonhard and Eichberg, four in number, have been rich, particularly the latter, with Trios, Sonatas, and choice song selections. Mr. Dresel's piano-forte feasts, of Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Bach, &c., have been sadly missed; nor have there been any piano concerts, that we can remember, except those of Gottschalk, which do not come under the head of either classical or chamber music. The works performed, as nearly as we can recollect them, have been these:

a) **QUINTETS** (strings): Mozart, No. 1, in C minor.—Spohr, op. 69.—Onslow, in C, No. 19.—Gade, in E minor, op. 8.

b) **QUARTETS** (strings): Beethoven, in F, op. 59, No. 1; in E flat, No. 12.—Schubert, in D minor (variations).—Mendelssohn, in E minor, op. 44; in B minor (with piano, Mr. Lang).—Schumann, in F, op. 41, No. 1.—A much shorter list than usual.

c) **TRIOS** (piano, violin and 'cello): Beethoven, op. 11, with variations on an Italian air, (Leonhard, Eichberg and Mollenhauer).—Schubert, in E flat, op. 100 (Leonhard, Eichberg and Fries); in B flat, op. 99 (Leonhard, Eichberg and Mollenhauer).—Schumann, in F, op. 80 (Mr. Daum and M. Quintette Club).—Also Mozart, for piano, clarinet and viola (Daum, Ryan and —).

d) **SONATAS**: Beethoven, in G, op. 30, piano and violin (Leonhard and Eichberg); in G, op. 96 (the same); op. 30, No. 1 (the same); in A, op. 69, piano and 'cello (J. C. D. Parker and W. Fries).—Mendelssohn, in B flat, piano and 'cello, (Carl Mayer and Fries).—Dussek, "*Retour à Paris*," piano, (Parker).—Schumann, piano and violin, op. 105, (Leonhard and Eichberg); op. 121, (the same).—Corelli, violin, No. 6 in A, op. 5 (Eichberg).—Tartini, Siciliano from No. 7 (Eichberg).

e) **MISCELLANEOUS.** Beethoven; parts of Septet (M. Quintet Cl.); Romanza in F, violin (Eichberg).—Bach: Siciliano in G minor, violin and piano, (Eichberg and Leonhard); Chaconne (Eichberg).—Schumann: *Novelle*, piano, (Leonhard).—Chopin: *Nocturne*, op. 62, No. 1, (Do.); *Scherzo*, C sharp minor, op. 39 (Do.).—Molique: *Fandango*, violin (Schultze).—Henselt: *Liebeslied*, piano, (Daum).—Mendelssohn: *Lieder ohne Worte* (Do); *Capriccio*, op. 33, No. 2, (Leonhard); *Andante* from Violin Concerto, (Meisel and Quintet Club).—Reissiger; clarinet Adagio (Ryan).—Schulhoff: *Agitato* in A minor, op. 15, piano, (Lang).—Stephen Heller: "Slumber Song," D flat, op. 8 (Lang); Carl Mayer: *Tema con Variazioni*, piano, (C. Mayer).

Thus we have less than the usual variety and

quantity of instrumental chamber music; and yet the inventory is rich enough to tantalize some readers in larger, but musically less favored cities of this wide land. What we have listened to has been in the main so good, that we forgot to miss what we had not. Let us not forget, too, that one of those sets of concerts has been streaked with most poetic veins of song,—many of the choicest *Lieder* of Robert Franz, Schubert, Schumann, and one at least of the noble, sacred arias of Bach, with a better artist than we know how to describe to our distant readers for an interpreter.

And now we come to

IV. ORGAN MUSIC. We have to limit our account to the performances on the Great Organ of the Boston Music Hall. The Organ was opened on the 2nd of November last, and in the eight months from that date to the end of June it has scarcely been silent; not a week has passed without from one to three or four public performances, either organ concerts, or concerts in which the Organ has borne a part. It has been played at various times by Messrs. John K. Paine, B. J. Lang, W. Eugene Thayer, S. P. Tuckerman, J. H. Willcox, J. C. D. Parker, G. E. Whiting, and Mrs. Frohock, of this city, Mr. G. W. Morgan, of New York, and the three brothers Carter, from Canada. Several of the above have been drawn by the Great Organ to this city as their residence; and the stimulus which the magnificent opportunity of such an instrument, unsurpassed in the world, has given to our organists, young men most of them, appears not only in their technical mastery of its resources, their activity in the imitating or thinking out of all sorts of effects, combinations of stops, &c., but most of all in the following list of pieces that have been performed:

a) Organ Compositions proper:

**BACH:** Toccata in F (8 times—Paine 4, Thayer 2, H. Carter and Mrs. Frohock, 1 each).  
Toccata and Fugue in D minor (Thayer 2, Paine 1).  
Passacaglia, C minor, (4 times, Paine).  
Prelude and Fugue, A minor, (Paine 2).  
Fugue G minor (Thayer, Mrs. Frohock, H. Carter 3).  
Smaller Fugue, G minor (Thayer 3).  
Prel. & Fugue, G (Paine).  
" " " E minor, (Thayer, Whiting).  
" " " F minor, (Whiting).  
Fugue in D, (Morgan 2).  
" " " "St. Ann's," (Morgan 2, Tuckerman),  
Prelude in B minor, (Thayer 2).  
Fugue, G major, (Mrs. Frohock).  
Prel. and Fugue, C, (Lang 4).  
Trio Sonata, E flat, (Paine 2).  
" " " "G. Vivace from, (Paine 2).  
**Choral Vorspiel:** "Christ unser Herr" (Paine 2).  
" " " "Am Wasserflüssen Babylons" (Do.)  
" " " "Schmücke dich" (Do).  
" " " "For 2 manuals and 2 pedals (Do).  
Fantasia in G, *grave*, (Lang 2).  
Pastorale (Paine).  
Concerto No. 1, G, (Lang 3).  
**MENDELSSOHN:** Sonata, No. 3, A, (Lang 4, Thayer).  
Sonata, No. 4, B flat (Paine 2, G. Carter 1).  
" No. 2, C, (Parker 2, Whiting).  
" No. 1, F minor, (Mrs. Frohock, Whiting, Morgan).  
" No. 5, D, (Thayer).  
" No. 6, (Do. 2).  
Pastorale and Fugue, op. 37 (Do.)  
**THIEL:** Fantasia, A minor (Paine).  
Concert-piece, C minor (Do. 2).

**HESS:** Introd. and Fugue, D, (Morgan).  
Prelude, C minor, (Tuckerman 2).  
Concert Variations (Lang 2).  
**RINK:** FUGUE on "B, A, C, H," (Willcox),  
Flute Concerto (Lang 6, Mrs. Frohock 2).  
**SCHUMANN:** Fugue on "B, A, C, H," (Lang 3).  
**KULLAK:** Pastorale (Morgan, Willcox 2).  
**FREYER:** Concert Fantasia (Mrs. Frohock 2).  
**SCHELLENBERG:** Pedal Toccata, A minor (Do. 2).  
**WELT:** Offertoire, G, (Willcox 5, Mrs. Frohock, Tuckerman, G. Carter).  
" C, (Willcox, Tuckerman 2).  
" F, (Bancroft, Tuckerman 2).  
" Op. 39 (Tuckerman 2).  
" G minor (Thayer 2).  
Marche Guerrière (Do. 3).  
Cantabile, Largo et Prière (Do.)  
Andante for *Vox Humana* (Whiting 2)  
**BATTISTE:** Offertoire, dedicated to G. W. Morgan, (Morgan).  
" for Christmas (Thayer).  
" for *Vox Humana* (Do. 3)  
" March, (Do. 3).  
" —? (Do. 3).  
" for Corno Bassetto (Do. 3).  
" (Parker 2).  
" "St. Cecile" (Mrs. Frohock 2).  
" "St. Jour de Paques, (Do.)  
" B minor (Willcox).  
" D minor (Do.)  
" C minor (Do.)  
" for soft Organ (Do.)

Fantasia, A flat, (Do.)  
"Storm" Fantasia (Thayer).  
Andante and March (Parker).  
**BEST:** Fantasia, E flat, op. 38 (Whiting).  
Pastorale in G, (Do.)  
**SECHTER:** Prelude (Tuckerman).  
**J. K. PAINE:** Fantasia Sonata, D minor (Paine 2).  
Fantasia and Fugue, E minor.  
Offertoire.  
Fantasia on "Portuguese Hymn."  
Reverie: "Song of the silent land" (twice).  
Variations on "Old Hundred."  
" " " "Austrian Hymn."  
" (with fugue) on "Star-spangled banner."  
**W. E. THAYER:** Marche Triomphale (twice).  
Offertoire for *Vox Humana* (7 times).  
" for Bassoon.  
Variations: "Star-spangled Banner" (5 times).  
" " " "God save the Queen."  
Canzonetta from 2nd Sonata.  
Turkish March, from Do.  
**G. WHITING:** Postludium.  
Concert Fantasia, E minor.

b) ARRANGEMENTS FROM ORATORIOS, &c.  
**HANDEL:** Trumpet Chorus, *Samson* (7 times).  
Minnet and Chorus, *Saul*.  
"Sing unto God," *Samson*.  
Chor. "How excellent," *Saul*.  
Coronation Anthem.  
Chor. "See the conquering hero comes."  
" " " "Let none despair," *Hercules*.  
" " " "He sent a thick darkness," *Israel in Egypt*.  
" " " "He led them forth," *Do*.  
" " " "He led them thro' the deep."  
" " " "But the waters overwhelmed," *Do*.  
" " " "Hallelujah," *Messiah* (3 times).  
" " " "Unto him a child is born," &c., *Do*.  
Pastoral Symphony, *Do*, (7).  
Dead March, *Saul*, (7).  
Overture, *Samson*, (4).  
Airs from *Messiah*, *Acis and Galatea*, &c.  
**BACH:** Chorale: "Jesus, king of glory."  
**HAYDN:** Gloria, 15th Mass.  
Gratias, do.  
Incarnatus and Et Vitam, do.  
Bacchanal chorus from "Seasons."  
Introduction to *Creation*.  
Chor: "Heavens are telling," *Do*.  
**MOZART:** Gloria, 2nd Mass.  
Benedictus and Gloria, 12th Mass, (2).  
"Exaudi nos."

**BEETHOVEN:** Hallelujah Chorus (3).  
**PALESTRINA:** Lamentatio in Parascève.  
Kyrie and Sanctus (2).  
**PURCELL:** From Anthem, "O give thanks."  
**MENDELSSOHN:** Chor. "Be not afraid," *Elijah*.  
Angel Trio, (Do.)  
Rain chorus, (Do.)  
**NEUKOMM:** Introd. to *David*.  
First Two "Commandments."  
**GRAUN:** Chorus from *Tot Jesu*.  
**WEBER:** Benedictus, Mass in G.  
**DR. CROFT:** Chorus: "Cry aloud."  
**ROSSINI:** Parts of *Stabat Mater*.  
Prayer from "Moses in Egypt."

c) ARRANGEMENTS FROM ORCHESTRAL WORKS:  
Overture to *Ernani* (Lang 4).  
" " *Freyshutz* (Do. 5, Morgan).  
" " "Midsummer Night's Dream," (Lang. 3).  
" " Mendelssohn's in C for Military band, (H. Carter).  
" " *William Tell*, (Morgan 3).  
" " *Zauberflöte* (Do.)  
" " "Men of Prometheus," (Do).  
" " *Oberon* (Do).  
" " *Le Serment* (Thayer).  
Larghetto, Beethoven's 2nd Symphony (Morgan 2, Carter 2, Thayer).  
Andante, 5th. (Morgan, Thayer, 2, Whiting).  
March, 5th Symph. (Thayer 2).  
Romanza from Haydn's Symp. "La reine de France."  
Symphony from "Hymn of Praise."  
Mendelssohn. (Lang, 6).

To this add an indefinite list of airs from Mozart, Gluck, Mendelssohn, &c.; transcriptions of piano pieces, songs without words, movements from string quartets, marches, bits from operas, even *Trovatore* and *Tannhäuser* (1), improvisations in the "free style," very free, &c. But we have enumerated enough to show that, if, on the one hand, the selections have been more miscellaneous and "popular" than befits the dignity of a grand Organ, still this Organ has already been the means of making our ears and our souls familiar with more of the great organ works of Sebastian Bach than were ever heard before during the whole history of music in Boston,—more indeed than we had any reason to hope to hear for many years to come. It has given us, too, all the Organ Sonatas of Mendelssohn. These, especially the Bach works, have not been the most "popular" of the selections, but their audience has steadily increased, and their beauty and sublimity and mystery have sunk deep into many musical souls. Not a few hearers have already outlived their preference for pretty things on fancy stops; and the ear, getting gradually accustomed to the great voluminous harmony of the full organ, learns to feel that it is not noise, not mere monotony, but to glory in it and to crave it more and more; and this was the chief obstacle at first to the enjoyment and appreciation of the great Fugues, Toccatas, Passacaglia, &c., of Bach.

What we may now reasonably ask is that some of the semi-weekly concerts, which bid fair to last through the summer, may be strictly Organ-like and classical, consisting wholly or mainly of the works of Bach. We have plenty of the so-called popular or mixed kind. The audiences are generally small, as they naturally would be without some special excitement, and at this season of the year. Is it not probable that quite or nearly as many people would resort to the Music Hall now and then, who have an especial desire to learn more of Bach, if they could be assured of a programme made for them? Now, all the programmes are for the other class; nor is the shining bait snapped at by so many fishes, that there would be much risk in an occasional experiment with another kind. It is noticeable that Mr. Paine, the disciple *par excellence* of Bach among us, has for some months been called to the Organ far more seldom than any of the others, for some time indeed not at all. Whether the indisposition be on his part or on that of the Directors we cannot say; but is not such an Organ naturally the sphere for such an organist?

FARMINGTON, CONN.—Mr. Carl Klauser (in Miss S. Porter's school for young ladies) continues his zealous efforts to make his pupils understand and love the highest kind of music, and with good success. The annual summer visit of William Mason and his Quartet party (Messrs. Thomas, Mosenthal, Matzka and Bergner), of New York, delighted them last week, and gave them them the rare privilege of listening to a purely classical programme of chamber music, treasures new and old, to wit: Trio (piano) in C minor, op. 1, Beethoven; Adagio from string Quartet in E, op. 43, Spohr; Scherzo from string Quartet in E flat, Cherubini; Piano Sonata (post-humous) in C minor, Schubert; string Quartet in A, op. 41, Schumann.—Part II. Trio (piano) in B flat, op. 99, Schubert; Andante, *quasi Variazioni*, from Quartet in F, op. 41, Schumann; Piano Sonata in C minor, op. 111, (the last of the Sonatas), Beethoven; string Quartet in E flat, op. 12, Mendelssohn. A programme this for the innermost circles of artists and their friends; we do not often hear one so choice even at "the hub," and it will be a long time, we fear, before our friends of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club will venture to announce such in their visits to the "sub-hubs."

NEW YORK. Of the musical drouth, the plans of opera managers, &c., the *Pioneer* condenses the reports and on this as follows:

The month of June in the metropolis has been almost totally devoid of musical demonstrations. Only two concerts of any importance have been given—one at the Academy of Music on the evening of the 14th, and another at Niblo's Saloon on the following night. At the former, the united choirs of the Methodist Episcopal churches, comprising nearly three hundred vocal and instrumental performers, gave a number of choruses from the leading oratorios, interspersed with solos and duets, all for the benefit of a Sunday-school Union; and at the latter, tendered as a benefit to the widow of Lieutenant Boudinot, killed during the battles of the Wilderness, Madame de Lussan, Morensi the contralto, Morelli the baritone, and other artists volunteered their services. Lieutenant Boudinot was before the war a musician, and connected with the Academy of Music in this city.

An opera company has been formed by Max Strakosch, to give operas like "Don Pasquale" and "Il Barbiere"—works which do not necessitate a chorus—in the Northern States and Canadas. The troupe has an American prima donna in Adelaide Phillips, while Brignoli is the tenor, Susini the basso, and Mancusi the baritone. The company began operations at Portland, but were not successful there, the people of that city apparently preferring negro minstrelsy. Thence they went to Quebec and Montreal.

Max Maretzek is about to try his fortunes with the Emperor Maximilian in Mexico, for which city he has engaged in Europe an entirely new company of singers, and intends giving opera with them under imperial patronage. He will return to New York during next winter. In the meantime, Mazzoleni, Biachi, and Sulzer will leave for Mexico.

Grau's troupe has disbanded, and the fragmentary singers are in New York and vicinity awaiting engagements.

Maretzek is to produce next season, in the place of Miss Sulzer, a new contralto, a resident of New York who has never yet appeared on the stage. She is singing at present in the choir of a Roman Catholic church in this city, and will make her operatic debut as the Gipsy in "Trovatore."

The organist of Trinity Church, New York—Mr. Henry S. Cutler—intends in October next to hold at Trinity Church a musical festival, not unlike those held at the principal cathedrals of England. The singers will be all men and boys, and will include all the boy choirs of New York and vicinity, the choir of the Church of the Advent in Boston coming from that city to participate. These choirs will give specimens of the best choral music, and, in addition, Mr. Simpson, Mr. J. R. Thomas, and other leading professional vocalists will be engaged to sing solos.

PHILADELPHIA. Our correspondent (June 30) sends a couple of jottings:

"Mr. Leyboldt has published the second volume

of MENDELSSOHN'S LETTERS, as translated by Lady Wallace. The reprint is in the same dress as the first volume published two years ago, and is without the portrait of Mendelssohn that accompanies the London edition. Mr. L. seems determined to furnish the American public with many of the recent valuable contributions to the literature of music, and has thus far exercised good judgment in his selections. The first series of Mendelssohn's letters has already passed through numerous editions, and, as the second series is even more interesting, in a musical sense, than the first, I have no doubt that Mr. Leyboldt's enterprise will meet its just reward.

"In a recent letter in which I referred to the singing of Mr. KREISSMANN, while in our midst, I omitted to mention a delightful matinee given by Mr. K. and Mr. Wolfsohn at the rooms of Messrs. Blasius. Mr. Kreissmann also assisted at a concert given in aid of the Sanitary Commission, and contributed a few of his songs at one of Professor Roese's interesting entertainments."

Who has forgotten MISKA HAUSER, the violinist, who gave concerts here with Jaell in the "Germania" days? He has had travelling adventures and has written a book, of which a German correspondent of the *Orchestra* makes note as follows:

Miska Hauser, eminent violinist, whose success was marked when he recently gave a series of twenty-three concerts in Kroll's Theatre, Berlin, is celebrated not only as violinist, but as traveller. Herr Hauser has been round the world, and either took ten years to do it, or else kept on going round and round the world for ten years: it is immaterial which. Suffice it, a two-volume book of travels, and the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* spares us the universal Weberisch or Mendelssohnisch biographical paper for one week, and devotes a feuilleton to Hauser. From which it appears he was born in '22 at Pressburg, Hungary; studied in Vienna; played at 13 in a Hofconcert before a K.K. audience—audience being the Kaiserin herself; went on an eight years' journey through Europe, even to the confines of Siberia, which appears to be a more musical country than people imagine. Next, coming back to Vienna in eighteen-forty-eight, found that city in an eighteen-forty-eightish condition generally, and K.K. notabilities at a discount. Whereupon, fearing that Orpheus, though he moved rocks and stones with his violin, might not be able to quiet rocks and stones when they were being pitched about by other people who hated Cosmos, the young musician came to England, where Kaisers and revolutions were not. Thereupon Ullmann seized him (the star called Carlotta being then merely nebulous), and introduced him to the New World. Here Miska Hauser catches the fever, and the *Berliner Neue Musikzeitung* gets on stilts. "Malicious fevers, which there, among forests full of buds and odours, like spiteful demons waylay the stranger, shorten his stay on that wonder-island," wonder-island being Havanna, whence Hauser left for New York, came out with Jenny Lind, awakened a sensation, and became the rage. History then mentions many names of places which he visited, and is full of San Francisco (where he had a row on account of Lola Montes), Lima (where passionate Creoles languished for him), Santiago (where a nice set of fanatics excited the mob against him, on the charge that his violin was charmed by the devil), Valparaiso, shipwreck, and Otaheite. Here he stayed, and composed several pieces for Queen Pomare. The *Neue Musikzeitung* has an amusing account of him at the tattooed court. He is commanded to play, and commences with a "prelude." Otaheite looks coldly on. Barefooted royalty is not to be touched with art, and tattooed nobility is indifferent even to fifths. So Hauser breaks out—with the fear of fiasco strongly before his eyes—in the "Carneval," and this works: all Otaheite is ravished, which may account for the present immortality of that everlasting air. From Otaheite Miska Hauser went to Australia, was presented with the freedom of Sydney, and received a vote of thanks from Parliament for his playing—that is to say, to charitable ends. Thence we have mention of Cairo, Alexandria, Turkey, the Sultan (the Lord of Men beat time while the Giaour played), Trieste, Milan, Turin, France, Germany, trills, staccatos, and immortal renown; all of which, in fuller detail than it can be given here, is it not written in the chronicles of the *Neue Musikzeitung* of Berlin?

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Stripes and Stars. A. B. Hutchinson. 30

Very Hutchinson-y, clear, sharp and spirited, with good patriotic words.

Impatience. (Ungeduld). Op. 3. Fr. Curshman. 30

Most singers would place this among the prettiest of the German ballads. The frequently recurring words, "Thine is my heart" are brought in, in connection with many well imagined poetical figures. Those hearing it once, will have "impatience," to hear it the second time.

Ye murmuring winds that o'er the woodland stray.

J. C. Johnson. 30

The melody is that of a beautiful French song. The words attempt to interpret the language of the summer winds, that "whisper" through the soft leaved pines, "rush" past those of stiffer foliage, and "roar" through the knarled oaks. The subject is novel, and the music of a high order.

Evergreen mountains of life. Song.

Dr. Lighthill. 30

A sweet, pure religious song, breathing the fresh air of the mountains of life. A valuable addition to the list of sacred songs.

Author Lloyd's medley, or Song of many Songs. 30

A new stringing together of song titles in amusing combinations. While the wit in these medleys is not very deep, they are good things to sing to entertain a merry company.

Crackman's song in "Rosedale." E. D. M. 30

Interesting to those who have heard the play, which has had, and perhaps is still having a "great run."

#### Instrumental Music.

The Captain. Transcribed for the piano.

J. W. Turner. 60

Agreeable variations of the popular air. They are of easy, medium difficulty, and excellent for learners.

Faust Polka. F. Wallerstein. 75

In Wallerstein's brilliant style.

Lauterbach waltz. H. Kleber. 30

Sultan's grand march. J. Petri. 30

Two good compositions, not difficult, and of the very useful class so much needed by teachers of music for their young pupils.

Dreams of the forest. Song without words.

Sidney Smith. 50

Of medium difficulty, and fine for practice.

Religious meditation for the Piano and Violin, (or Organ).

J. Eichberg. 30

This, being for two instruments, cannot be perfectly described before hearing it. But the composer's well known ability and taste, assure us of a piece of sterling merit.

Addio, (adieu). Nocturne. Robt. Sipp. 40

Shadowy and soothing in character.

#### Books.

HAYDN'S 8th MASS. IN B FLAT. Cloth, 80 cts.

Paper, 60 cts.

This is one of the shortest of the Masses, and of the same general character as the others. The Benedictus is in the form of a Treble solo, and with its graceful melody contrasts well with the harmonic effects of the choruses. The Mass will be found to be rather easy, and not at all beyond the reach of choirs.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 608.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1864.

VOL. XXIV. No. 9.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Half a dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

II. ANTONIO SALIERI.

(Continued from page 206.)

While enjoying the success of his "Grotto of Trofonius," Salieri had another cause of high satisfaction in the reception which the printed score of "*Les Danaïdes*" met with from the musical world, and its renewed success in Paris. C. F. Cramer wrote him, from Kiel, that "he recognized throughout the score the harmonious and feeling composer of the Enchantress Armida, but at the same time one who was able with as rapid as unflinching a flight to rise above his own peculiar style and follow the path of Gluck, as the true and worthy heir of his mantle." Bailli du-Roullet wrote him from Paris, that the *Danaïdes* had again been put upon the stage, was listened to with delight, and applauded to the echo; that the splendid success of its first course was nothing to the present, and one heard but a universal cry of "What a magnificent Opera!" and, at the same time he besought Salieri to inform Gluck that his "*Alceste*" roused a higher enthusiasm with each repetition.

When Salieri returned from his first Parisian visit he brought with him, as we have seen, two texts which the Academy of Music had entrusted to him for composition: "*Tarare*," by Beaumarchais, and "*Les Horaces*" after Corneille, by Guillard. The former, after careful examination, he sent back to its author, with remarks and request for certain changes. Bailli du-Roullet, in a letter to Salieri at this time, says: "Yesterday I called on Beaumarchais; he has received your two letters, is captivated with them, finds them full of sense and genius, and is fully determined to meet your wishes. He told me that these letters had greatly increased the respect which he feels for you, and strengthened the opinion even, which he already held of your genius and merits." Beaumarchais, having revised his text, sent it back, and Salieri devoted to it and "*Les Horaces*" the hours, which his duties as first Chapelmaster of the Italian Opera left him free, as he says, in his own notes:

"*Con grandissimo piacere, perchè il genere ragionato (il solo veramente rispettabile) a Parigi viene, generalmente parlando, sempre meglio eseguito e più gustato che altrove.*" ("With the greatest pleasure, because the rational form of music (the only one really respectable), generally speaking, is always better executed and more thoroughly enjoyed in Paris than anywhere else").

Joseph in Vienna enjoyed the light Opera Buffa, and it was cheap. Maria Antoinette enjoyed the grand-spectacle, and her husband spent immense sums upon it. Joseph was economical, Louis profuse. Joseph died amid the universal tears of his people. Louis and his wife lost their heads amidst the universal curses of theirs. At all events that lavishness of expense gave Salieri

the opportunity of exerting his talents and genius in a higher field, than Vienna opened to him since the death of Maria Theresa.

"In the spring of 1786," says Mosel, and no means is at hand for determining the date more exactly (which one would be glad to have precisely fixed, because of its bearing upon the "Mozart and Figaro question"), Salieri was invited to bring these two operas as soon as possible to Paris. Obtaining leave of absence from Joseph, he made his preparations for the journey at once. Before his departure he took a tender leave of Gluck, to whom he was mainly indebted for the fame and profit to which he was going; for with all his talents it is very doubtful if, without Gluck's recommendation, he would ever have reached the honors which had already crowned him and were awaiting him in France. Gluck, whose mother tongue was "Czech," or Bohemian, expressed himself with some difficulty in German, and still more so in Italian and French; and this was increased in his last years by the effects of his partial paralytic condition. He was apt to mix the three languages together in his conversation, and his parting words to his favorite protégé ran as follows:

"*Ainsi—mon cher ami—lei parte domani per Parigi—Je vous souhaite—di cuore un bon voyage—Sie gehen in eine Stadt, wo man schätzt—die fremden Künstler—e lei si farà onore—ich zweifle nicht,*" and, embracing him, he added: "*ci scriva, mais bien souvent.*"

(But, my dear friend, you are going away to Paris to-morrow, I wish you—pleasant journey from my heart—you are going to a city where they value—foreign artists—and you will do yourself honor—I have no doubt;" and, embracing him, added: "write to me, and very often.")

Noteworthy is it, adds Mosel, that Salieri has recorded these words,—he who was himself in the habit in conversation of mixing the same three languages in like manner.

The first produced of his two works in Paris was "*Les Horaces*," which was most favorably received by singers and orchestra at the rehearsal, and at the performance was—damned! As the score (according to Mosel, I know nothing about it) shows so many beauties as to place the work among the finest of its class, for melody, novelty of forms, beauty of the accompaniment, and adaptation to the sentiments of the text, the fall of "*Les Horaces et les Curiaces*" must have been owing to extraneous circumstances; and a concatenation of odd and unlucky accidents did actually occur sufficient to produce the effect, with the volatile, jest loving Parisian audience. Salieri was advised to entrust the important part of the high priest to a young man of noble person, and a powerful resonant voice, but who had hitherto only sung minor parts. As a preventive against singing false he was in the habit of practising his parts at home at a pianoforte tuned half a tone above the orchestra.

\* Whether anything on this point is contained in the Grimm correspondence or in that of Beaumarchais, I have not time to go to the library to examine.

At the rehearsals he had sung exceedingly well; but at the performance, on reaching the recitative, "*Le Senat rassemble sous ces voûtes sacrées*," which closes the first act, notwithstanding the preceding *ritornel* of the orchestra, he struck in half a tone too high, as he had used himself to do at home. The act thus far had been a success, but this musical effect had been too much for the audience, and a burst of laughter greeted the singer from all parts of the house. The poor fellow, lost his self-command, and, though he found his pitch, sang the long scene through with an uncertain voice, the result being that the curtain fell upon a cold audience. The effect upon Salieri, who sat with certain friends in a box, (the composer not being allowed in this theatre to conduct his own work) may be imagined. They hoped, however, that the other two acts would be listened to more attentively, and that the opera might end with the applause with which it had in fact begun. During the progress of the second act the parterre became stiller and more attentive. Salieri was again of good courage. The scene of the finale is the field in which the Horatii and the Curiatii are to meet in mortal combat: and upon their appearance, the people, who knew of the friendly relations between the families, in their surprise at seeing them thus opposed to each other, were to shout, "*Les Horaces! Les Curiaces!*" Salieri had thought it best to have these words delivered without accompaniment and *ad libitum*. But at the moment one of the chorus singers, whether by mistake or for the sake of the joke, who knows? dwelt upon the syllable "Cu" (queue) in such a manner as to raise a laugh, destroy the illusion, and cause the curtain to fall upon an unsympathizing audience.

The third act passed off without gaining upon the feelings of the audience, and the exhibition of the historical fact of the murder of his sister by the only survivor of the three Horaces, brought out strong marks of disapproval.

Of course all was corrected for the next performance—the high priest sang in tune, the chorist shortened his "Cu," and the sister committed suicide,—but the opera was discredited, and after three or four performances was withdrawn.

"The result of a theatrical performance," says Salieri, commenting upon his ill success in this case, "notwithstanding all the merit, a work may possess, is never to be known beforehand; but, still, it cannot be a matter of indifference to an author, unless he be a presumptuous fool."

Besides the misfortunes, which had attended the first performance of this work, various imperfections in the text had doubtless their effect upon its success; to Salieri and his music it would be unjust to attribute its failure.

Salieri was soon comforted for this piece of ill fortune; and he soon forgot it, except when the *Curiaces* came to mind as a curious and laughable jest played by chance at his expense. He was more than comforted, he was triumphant, for Beaumarchais' "*Tarare*," with his music, was

an almost unexampled success. I have not been able, out of the authorities at hand, to fix the date of the unsuccessful work; but "*Tarare*" "was given," says Mosel, "soon after its fall," and the first production of this was on June 8, 1787. This is Poiset's date, as well as that given in Beaumarchais' works. Mosel gives June 7.

That the two works were given with but a very short interval between, is the idea conveyed by Mosel here, but can hardly be reconciled to what has previously been said of the composer's departure from Vienna in the spring of the preceding year. It is a point of little importance except in its bearing upon the discussion of the relations between Salieri and Mozart previously given. Gerber dates "*Les Horaces et les Curiaces*," 1786. Poiset does not mention it; but his work is only a sketch of Parisian musical history, and his list of operas contains only the successful ones. In this list he gives the following dates of works performed at this time in the Grand Opera:—

1786. August 29. *La Toison d'or*, text, Desriau; music, Vogel.

1787. February 1. *Oedipe à Colone*, text, Guillard; music, Sacchini.

1787. June 8. *Tarare*, text, Beaumarchais; music, Salieri.

There seems to be no room for doubt that Mosel's "soon after" must be taken *cum grano*, and that "*Les Horaces*" was produced in the autumn of 1786; else where could the performers have found time for its study and rehearsal? Or may it possibly have even preceded the "*Toison d'or*?"

"An analysis of the beauties of *Tarare*," says Mosel, "would fill a book; in general it must be said that the judgment, genius, fire, the never-failing support of the action through the music, the interludes so perfectly depicting every various sentiment of the recitatives, the perfect characterization of the persons of the drama, the truth of expression in all the vocal music, and the joining all these parts into one perfect whole, raises this opera to an enduring model of its class." "Should it strike any one as strange, that in the French opera the number of cavatinas is so large, while that of the airs is so small, let him understand," continues Mosel, "that the French (at least on the grand stage of their National Opera) demand, not a 'concert of which the drama is a pretext,' as the Abbé Amand so happily says, but a musical drama; hence no more music than serves to increase the beauty of the poem, enhance the effect of the acting, and strengthen the impression of the whole; grand airs are permitted only where their introduction will not retard the rapid progress of the action, nor jar with the feeling of the moment, but rather intensify it. Hence they require no vocal virtuosos for the performance of these works, but actors skilled in declamatory song; and mark the difference between the French and Italian opera singers by calling the former *Acteurs chantants*, the latter *Chanteurs*."

It must not be forgotten that Mosel wrote forty years ago, and that his remarks would hardly apply to the Grand Opera of Paris since that period.

At the close of the triumphant first performance of *Tarare*, both poet and composer were called for by the audience. Beaumarchais excused himself on the ground that he was but a dilettant in poetry; but two of the leading sing-

ers led Salieri forward to receive the most gratifying proofs of the general satisfaction.

This splendid result determined the directors to revive "*Les Horaces*," it being the opinion of the best judges that its fall was owing to non-essential and accidental circumstances, which might easily be avoided; and Guillard and Salieri discussed and fixed upon the necessary alterations to be made in the text. But the political state of Paris, as the composer learned it in the coffee-houses and wherever he had opportunity to learn the condition of public opinion, rendered him anxious to be again in the peaceful circle at home; and this desire was stronger than his craving for fame and profit, which a successful reproduction of the unlucky work would certainly have brought him.

He took leave of Paris, therefore, promising the Directors to compose at home and forward to them the new music made necessary by the alterations decided upon. But the Revolution broke out, and this plan broke down. So there was an end to "*Les Horaces*."

Shortly before leaving Paris, Salieri went out one afternoon from his lodgings in Beaumarchais' house to make some calls, intending to spend the evening in a private concert. The latter being put off, instead of accepting the invitation of a friend to pass the evening with him in some other place, an inexplicable feeling led him to return to his lodgings, where he found his servant on the floor at the point of death, suffocated by the fumes of charcoal. The man's life was thus by merest accident saved. Had not the gentleman who was to have given the concert been taken ill, Henry would have died.

The Duke of Aremburg invited Salieri to visit him at Brussels; whether this invitation was accepted Mosel cannot determine; but that he left Paris before the middle of September is clear from his having received a letter from Beaumarchais, dated the 18th of that month; and other circumstances seem to prove that he was back in Vienna as early as July.

His first work there was the composition of "*Le jugement dernier*," a cantata, text by Chevalier Roger, for the Société d'Apollon at Paris, which had applied to him for something expressly composed for its concerts. Count d'Ogny—probably the president of the Society—to whom Salieri dedicated the work, caused the story to be circulated before the performance, that it was a joint production of Gluck and Salieri. The object was to stop the mouth of certain critics, who swore by Gluck, and who thus were led to declare sublime, much that they otherwise would have found at the best mediocre. After a distinguished success had crowned the work, the Count published the following "correction" in the Parisian journals:

"A public statement, based upon erroneous information, has been made that the music of the Cantata, *Le jugement dernier*, is by Gluck and Salieri. It is by Salieri alone. It is no more than just to secure to this skilful composer the fame and merit of having created a work, so beautiful and so judiciously conceived in all its parts. In the subject of this Cantata great difficulties had to be overcome; the greatest was, doubtless, that of introducing the Divine Lawgiver as actually speaking. M. Salieri, however, solved this problem to the extraordinary satisfaction of every auditor. The moment, in which

the presence of God in all his majesty was announced, excited a feeling of awe; the music of the righteous and of the damned produced the highest effect; in a word, this work, as original as it is splendid, raises the fame of Salieri to a still higher degree." Then follow praises of Riget, the conductor, of the vocalists and the orchestra.

De Gouve, whether with more politeness or truth, who can now decide? wrote from Paris that this Cantata, in spite of the Italians, who decried it, "had turned the heads of all the world;" that Riget, who conducted, had been so excited by it as to become ill; and that Gossec could not get over his astonishment at the successful manner in which Salieri had made the Saviour speak!

Count d'Ogny wrote in a similar strain and accompanied his warmest thanks with the information, that the Cantata had been twice given in the Concert Olympique and twice in the Concert Spirituelle, each time with the same splendid result; and that he had intended to send him a golden snuff-box, but owing to the trouble of forwarding such presents into foreign lands, he was now on the point of sending him, instead, 600 francs.

Roger, author of the text, wrote him in relation to the production of the work in the Concert Spirituel:

"A subject so imposing as that of the Last Judgment, and a fame like that of the composer of *Tarare* and the *Danaises*, awakened in the mind of the public the idea of something astounding and beyond the reach, so to speak, of art. Where the expectations are raised so high it is seldom that the greatest work can satisfy them; nor did you receive the full meed of that applause which you merited. The work was listened to with the closest attention. The introduction, which seemed to me in the Concert Olympique rather tame, left on this occasion nothing to be desired, as the effect was heightened by a moderate use of the great drum. The choruses are finely grouped together, and reflect the sense of the words perfectly. I had intended an occasional interruption of them by short recitatives, but now feel that these recitatives gain breadth and effect by being chorally treated. Your accompaniment to the strophe '*Prends pitié de notre misère*' is something entirely new. As I wrote: I supposed I was giving you a subject similar to that of '*Avec les decrets*,' etc., in *Tarare*. You have shown me, however, that to genius new founts are ever opening and that it never repeats itself. The chorus '*Revi! funeste*' seems to me to be of perfect beauty. The passage '*O montagnes, écrasez-vous*!' during which thunder announces the coming of the Saviour, produced a great effect, an effect truly appalling. You have given the sentences of the Supreme Judge with an indescribably enchanting effect, one which is felt equally by the skilled and the unskilled in music. The first question of Gossec, when he heard that the '*Last Judgment*' was to be performed, was: '*Is Christ introduced as speaking?*' Yes. 'Then,' replied he, 'it is impossible that the work can succeed. I have refused to compose that subject, because I felt the impossibility of giving the Son of God any adequate language.' Since hearing your work, Gossec's opinion has changed completely, and what before seemed to him an unavoidable rock of offence, has become the princi-

pal subject of his admiration in your work. I come now to the double chorus, which closes the Cantata. It is beyond my comprehension, why it is less prominent than it should be; the contrast is well managed, the different emotions correctly expressed: perhaps the continuous effect of the two preceding numbers weakens that of this, which in fact leaves the auditor too cold at the point where he should be excited with delight by the song of the blessed, and awe at that of the damned. A musician, of well-known talents, was of opinion that the choruses are too soon interwoven in one; he would have preferred to hear the contrasting themes first given separately. You better than any one else can judge of the value of this remark. I must here also confess something to you which is too generally felt to be passed over in silence. The signal at which all created beings start again into life seemed by no means imposing enough; it is not in sufficient contrast to the general tone of the rest of the composition. Be it that the orchestra too soon covers the trumpet blasts with its accords, or that the related key of D minor follows that of F too naturally, instead of this passage having a bold, unexpected modulation, as if independent of all rules, the only surprise in it was to hear the words sung, "*Quel signal effrayant!*" ('What a frightful signal!'), when in fact no one was at all frightened. This, sir, is the only fault in your Oratorio, which, except in this, I hold to be a master-piece; a fault, which would at once have been mended, had you been present at the performance."

Mosel adds: "Although the too sharply expressed criticism upon the finale of this Cantata is not entirely without foundation, still, as a whole, it belongs to the very best works of Salieri, and would never fail of producing its intended effect, when performed in the true spirit of the composition. To give a greater chance of usefulness, before the close of the composer's life, the text was carefully translated into German, and Salieri himself adapted it to the music."

I find no record of its performance since.

While engaged in the composition of this work, to be precise, on the 11th November, 1787, Salieri called one day upon Gluck, to discuss with him the question how he should introduce Christ as speaking. He asked the old master, if he could approve his plan of writing the part in high tenor, on the ground that the work was for Paris, where that voice, with the clef and under the name of contralto, was in common use, while it, moreover, was more penetrating than any other. Gluck justified his intention, and added, half in jest and half in earnest: "I shall in a short time be able to inform you with certainty from the other world in what clef the Saviour speaks." On the 15th, four days afterward, another attack of apoplexy closed Gluck's life.

The distress of Salieri at the loss of Gluck was to some extent assuaged by the reports of his own increasing fame which reached him from Paris.

Blumendorf, a member of the Austrian Legation in that city, wrote him, December 1787, that *Tarare* had already been given twenty-four times with the same applause, and would be kept on the stage until Easter.

Rauquit-Lieutard informed him that fans and snuff-boxes "*a la Tarare*" were for sale in the shops, and that 4,500 livres, his share in the profits of the opera, were already on deposit for him.

(To be Continued.)

### The Forty-First Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine.\*

On the 15th, 16th, and 17th of May, the Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday of Whitsun week, was celebrated, favored by the most magnificent weather, the forty-first Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine, in the New Cursaal, at Aix-la-Chapelle, and in the gardens belonging to it, gardens admirably adapted for social gatherings. Aix-la-Chapelle, within whose walls the Festival was held for the twelfth time, always enjoyed a very excellent reputation in musical matters, but it has now placed these on a better footing than ever; for instance, thanks to the energy of the musical director, Herr Franz Wüllner, it has always had, during the winter, a series of concerts, among the best in the Rhenish provinces. It thus possesses in the Town-Orchestra, and the various Associations for mixed and male chorus singing, an excellent stock of materials as a foundation for the Festivals of the Lower Rhine.

Strengthened by the addition of singers, male and female, from the neighboring towns, and of first-rate instrumentalists, the chorus numbered, on this occasion, 122 sopranos; 96 contraltos (of which 13 were boys' voices); 98 tenors, and 135 basses, making a total of 292 voices. The orchestra consisted of 52 violins; 18 tenors; 17 violoncellos; 12 double-basses; 29 wind instruments; 1 kettle drummer, and 1 organist—making in all 130 performers. If to these numbers we add the six soloists, and the two conductors, there were 589 persons engaged in the proceedings. The vocal solos were entrusted to Mad. Louise Dustmann, from Vienna (first soprano); Mlle. Philippine von Edelsberg, from Munich (second soprano); Mlle. Francisca Schreck, from Bonn (contralto); Dr. Gunz, from Hanover (tenor); and Herr Carl Hill, from Frankfort-on-the-Maine (bass). Herr Joseph Joachim, from Hanover, greatly increased the attractions of the third evening's amusements by his solo performances on the violin. The conductors were Herr Julius Rietz, Royal Capellmeister, from Dresden, and Herr Franz Wüllner, Musik-Director of the town of Aix-la-Chapelle. The organ—from the manufactory of Ibach Brothers, Barmen—was played by Herr Ferdinand Breuning, of Cologne. There were some most distinguished musicians in the orchestra.

On the first day, Herr Franz Lachner's *Suite*, No. 2, for orchestra, and Handel's oratorio of *Belshazzar* were performed.

The above symphonic work by F. Lachner consists of five movements; a kind of prelude in slow time, with an appended fugue, an Andante, Menuetto, Intermezzo, and Gigue.

When the old forms of instrumental music are filled with such pithy matter, so rich in fancy, as Lachner has written for his first *Suite* in D, and for this second one in E minor, we have no objection to their revival, which is, under the circumstances, a genuine instance of revivification. This cannot be asserted of every re-introduction of old art forms.—The *Suite* offers one advantage to the composer: there are many forms of modern music, in its present more advanced state, which the *Suite* does not exclude from its separate movements. This, for instance, is true of the Adagio, Menuetto, Scherzo, and Variations. The composer may likewise allow himself great freedom in their arrangement, for the *Suite* requires only a series of pieces connected in an agreeably varied manner, while the Sonata-form of the Symphony is more exacting in its demands for the connection and uniform character of a work as a whole. The *Suite*, which was developed in the 17th century, originally consisted of nothing more than a series of characteristic dances, differing in rhythm and time, and written in one and the same key. Between these dances, an air (aria or romance, as Andante) might be interpolated, and a prelude—a fantasia or kind of overture—might precede them. The *Suite* may have exercised some influence upon the conformation of the Symphony. At any rate, there is a probability that it was the *Suite* which suggested to Joseph Haydn, the creator of the Symphony, the introduction of the Menuetto into the latter, while he developed the rest of the form out of the *Sinfonia* which the Italians used to place before their Operas. Dilettanti may make themselves acquainted with the form of the *Suite* from the *Suiten für Clavier*, by Johann Sebastian and Ern. Bach, of which there are several editions now accessible to them.

In the form of the *Suite*, as expanded by him in conformity with the present state of music, Franz Lachner has, it appears to us, found his peculiar vocation as an instrumental composer. Not only do we place his two works of this kind unconditionally higher than his Symphonies, but we consider them

\* From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*, as translated in the *London Musical World*.

much more important, and possessed of far greater vitality than many orchestral works of modern composers. While, in the first and last movement of No. 2., he once more displays, in the most brilliant fashion, his great contrapuntal skill; in the Andante he develops a beautifully melodious song; in the trio of the Menuetto, a new and wonderfully fine effect with the shakes on the violins, and, in the Intermezzo, a pleasingly humorous charm; in short, the *Suite* fixes the attention of the audience from beginning to end. It was most admirably executed, and received with rapturous applause after each movement.

The performance of Handel's *Belshazzar* at Aix-la-Chapelle will most certainly mark an epoch in the history of the adoption of Handel's music in Germany, for it brought out, in a most surprising manner, the beauties of the work, while, by enthusiastic outbursts of unanimous applause, the whole audience surrounded it with a halo of glory which will not soon grow dim. The Committee deserve the warmest thanks of all Handel's admirers, for having selected this oratorio for the Festival, and for having it performed according to the original score, to which Herr F. Wüllner added a supplementary organ part, filled up with artistic skill.

We must, therefore, attribute the success of the performance at Aix-la-Chapelle only partially to the restoration of the original score, and consider it due principally to the effect of the genuine Handelian inward power, and to the beauty of the musical composition, which was, perhaps, on this occasion, first esteemed at its real value by the public in Germany.

The subject of the oratorio is the destruction of the Babylonian empire and its last sovereign, Belshazzar, through the conquest of Babylon by Cyrus and the Persians. Very skilfully interwoven with the story is the account of the mysterious writing on the wall of the luxurious king's banqueting-hall, together with the interpretation of that writing by the Prophet Daniel, and the delivery of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity. Besides Belshazzar (tenor) and Cyrus (contralto), we have in the drama Gobrias (bass), whose son the king has killed, and who has fled to Cyrus, in the Persian camp; the Prophet Daniel (contralto); and Nitocris (soprano), Belshazzar's mother. The choruses are sung by Persians, Babylonians and Israelites.

Handel composed this oratorio in London, after the summer season of 1744, during which he had given twelve concerts and produced *Semele* and *Joseph* for the first time. He then undertook to give a course of sixteen winter concerts; he had intended to give four-and-twenty, but, from want of sufficient attendance, was unable to carry out his purpose, because, as Schelcher informs us, "the ladies of the aristocracy were against him," and "injured him by balls and tea parties which they gave on the days of the concerts." During these sixteen concerts, *Belshazzar* was first executed on the 27th March, 1745, and twice repeated; at the other concerts, Handel gave *Deborah*, *Semele*, *Hercules*, *Samson*, *Joseph* and *The Messiah* twice each, and *Saul* once. The composition of the work dates, consequently, from the master's best oratorio period.

Here, as in every other instance, it is the strongly-marked character and grandeur of the choruses which touch and carry us away more than aught else. They are so popularly intelligible that none of them fail to produce an instantaneous and deep impression, even the fugues which conclude two of them (we would refer the reader only to the chromatically descending theme of the fugue of the final chorus in Part I.: "Whichever way he turns, on his devoted head swift falls the thunderbolt"), with all the originality and power of their motives, being so clear as immediately to produce a striking effect. Other numbers, less polyphonic, inspire us partly by their freshness and unusual coloring, as is the case with the festive choruses of the Babylonians, including more particularly the madly boisterous hymn of the revellers to the god Sesach, partly by their religious fervor and intensity of feeling, as is the case with the chorus of the Israelites: "*Zurück, O Fürst, nimm dies Geth!*" and then, again, by a wonderful and magnificent fullness of tone, as in the final chorus of the Second Part.

As already remarked, Herr Wüllner's task of instrumental arrangement was confined chiefly to the organ part, though, in many of the choruses, clarinets, bassoons, and, where Handel had joined trumpets to them, horns were added. Moreover, Belshazzar's three airs, and the wild drinking Sesach chorus of the Babylonians, were newly and fully scored, the organ being, properly, as we think, left out. According to the feelings of the present day, we cannot consider the organ appropriate to the purport of such words. In the final chorus, too, from the "Anthem," the organ was strengthened by the full band, with trumpets and kettle-drums, as Handel originally added only two violins and an oboe.

That this arrangement must have produced a far different, and far more imposing effect than the mutilated version of Mosel will be at once evident to every one.

All the choruses were sung with precision, vigor, and spirit, while the introduction of the organ frequently produced that wonderfully dashing combined tone, in which it is scarcely possible to distinguish the chorus, orchestra, or organ, because they are all blended with each other. Every chorus, without exception, evoked loud applause, the more brilliant ones calling forth a perfect storm of it, certainly an indisputable proof of the impression produced upon the mass of the hearers. Among the musicians present there was only one opinion as to the value of the oratorio, with which most of them were previously unacquainted.

There are, also, many admirable pieces among the vocal solo parts. The contralto part of Cyrus is that most richly endowed; the account of the dream, and the two airs are fine, and were given by Mlle. von Edelsberg in a magnificent mezzo-soprano. Full of genius and most admirable is the treatment of the scene where Daniel reads and explains the mysterious writing, especially when rendered so movingly as Mlle. Shreck rendered it; the same is true of her air: "O heil'ger Wahrheit Quell' und Grund!" In the brightest contrast to these are Bolshazzar's recitative and air, sung by Herr Gunz with great finish of execution, and dashing exuberance, while Herr Hill's sonorous bass voice and fine style did full justice to the two airs of Gobrias, and the recitative of the Messenger, who, in the Third Part, brings the Queen the news of the taking of the city. The soprano part (the Queen) is not so brilliant as similar parts in other oratorios by Handel; the best number in it is the grand recitative and the following air in E minor, which begins the work. It was, however, omitted by Mosel, as well as by Gervinus in his translation of the text, but restored by Herr Wüllner for this performance. Mad. Dustmann sang it very beautifully, but, despite her great talent and splendid organ, was unable to make very much of the part as a whole, for it is one of the weakest in the work. Seconded by Gluck, Beethoven, and Weber, she brilliantly compensated herself for this, however, on the second and third day.

(To be concluded.)

### Meyerbeer.

(Extracts from "Spiridon's" letters to the *Evening Gazette*.)

#### THE "ACCURSED DESIRE OF SUCCESS."

I do not know whether I succeeded in exhibiting clearly before Meyerbeer's ardent ambition to attain great musical fame. He thought of nothing else. He lived for nothing else. Although he was the master of an estate which yielded \$120,000 annual income, he lived like a man who was dependent upon his daily labor for his daily bread. He had the paternal mansion at Berlin, but the honors were paid by his wife and daughters. He lived in a little chamber in the garret with no furniture but a piano, scores, a table, an inkstand and music paper. He studied music to the very last day of his life, that he might wrest even from the most unsuccessful work a light to warn him from shoals, if no flower, whose color and perfume might increase the charms of his next work. He went to hear Mona. Berlioz's *Les Troyens* night after night for five nights, to discover some beauties or to learn some new method of commanding instruments or massing voices. He studied Mlle. Adeline Patti attentively; he said: "I shall have something for her one of these days." When he obtained a new idea (and the opera must be wretched indeed which does not suggest some thought to a man of reflection) he would return home and labor on it till he had polished it into a sterling coin. "Meyerbeer daily mires himself more, unfortunately, in his wretched routine. What a magnificent flower he has withered! What did we not hope of him! O *accursed desire of success!* I am now studying his opera *Margherita d'Anjou*. He writes the third opera of the Carnival of Venice, and promises to come to Berlin in April. I don't believe him. He is ashamed of himself in our company." I quote this letter of Carl Von Weber for the phrase which I have italicized. It exhibits the fever which heated Meyerbeer's blood all his life. To command success he lived aloof from his family (although he tenderly loved them,) he deserted his comfortable mansion for the hardships of life in furnished lodgings; he knew no recreation but labor. Do not construe these words into reproaches. I applaud him for his constancy to ambition and to that "longing after immortality" which is quite unknown in these days when nobody has longing for anything but the treasures of gold and silver. I honor him for his disregard of comfort, which would prompt him to travel from one end of

Europe to the other to hear a new opera or a new singer.

#### OTHER INFIRMITIES.

Meyerbeer was excessively sensitive about his age. He would resent any hint that he was among the old men of Europe, as a gentleman would resent an imputation on his honor. This was no new weakness. He seems to have felt ashamed that, while Auber had written his sparkling works before a beard was on his chin, and Rossini had won immortality ere he reached manhood, and Bellini had died not yet thirty, Germany's great composer should be forty-one years old before the world acknowledged him a *maestro*. Numerous have been the biographies of Meyerbeer which have appeared; some of them were written under his very eye, upon notes furnished by himself, and were corrected by him,—all these biographies assert that he was born in 1794. When he died it became necessary to look into his papers; among them his certificate of birth was found, which showed him to have been born in 1790. Four years is a sensible slice of life.

Another weakness of Meyerbeer was that he could not bear the sight of a musk-melon; he fainted when one came near him. Scribe ordered an artist to decorate his dining-room; the unlucky painter placed a musk-melon among the fruit which adorned the room. Scribe was out of town; upon his return he discovered the melon and ordered its immediate removal, solely because he never could get Meyerbeer to dine with him if that fruit was visible.

Meyerbeer had more decorations of orders of nobility than any man, not of royal blood, living. He had at least thirty. Mons. Alex. Dumas is said to have been rather jealous of him, because he, the former, had only nine, and on one occasion he exclaimed when he saw Meyerbeer enter a drawing-room: "Ah! there comes the Maestro with his cavalry."

Mons. Offenbach tells this anecdote of Meyerbeer and his decorations:—"I never saw Meyerbeer covered with all his decorations except on one occasion. It was at Berlin. The Queen of Prussia having desired that I should be presented to her, Meyerbeer was good enough to carry me to Court. When he called for me, he was so dazzling that I pretended for some minutes not to see him, concealed as he was under a profusion of *grands, cordons, crachats* and *colliers*. One of Meyerbeer's friends, perhaps one of his family (for they are very ambitious people), prompted him, about the time the King of Prussia conferred letters patent of nobility upon Alex. von Humboldt, to sue for the same honor. Meyerbeer at once consented, but the King declined granting the prayer as something out of his power, the Prussian law formally interdicting nobility to Jews."

#### HOW HE BOUGHT UP THE PARISIAN CRITICS.

One of the most striking—let me say most painful—instances of Meyerbeer's morbid sensibility to criticism is to be found in his bearing to the musical critics of the Paris newspapers. It ought to humiliate them to the earth; but this relation is so common here, I do not believe that anybody among the Paris press writers consider it objectionable. Before Meyerbeer brings out a new opera or revives an opera which has been for some months off the play-bills, he invites the leading musical critics to dine with him at the *Trois Frères*, where he gives them the most sumptuous entertainment the head cook can imagine. How can a fellow of decent feeling write harshly of a man who has been pouring the choicest vintages of France and the most delicate titbits of sea, air, forest, orchard and garden down one's throat? Try it. You will find the thing impossible. Parker and his brethren are your only real pease-makers! This custom is deplorable, for it sensibly militates against the independence and truth of the Press. But this was not the worst act of Meyerbeer. *There were few musical critics in Paris, who were not in receipt of annual pensions from Meyerbeer.* These pensions were no trifling gratuities, but solid pensions of several hundred dollars, and in one or two instances they exceeded a thousand dollars annually. There were critics here who had been in receipt of large pensions from him since 1831. Meyerbeer did not content himself with paying them pensions and good dinners, he also made it a point of duty to give them costly presents on their name-days and on New Year's Day. Meyerbeer used to defend this custom, by saying that he did not lay these gentlemen under obligations, he was the person obliged, and he could not see any objections to his giving evidence of his gratitude to them for the substantial service they had rendered him. The habit was unpardonable, and was solely due to what Carl Von Weber called the "accursed desire of success." Meyerbeer was guilty, too, of carrying politeness to obsequiousness. However, this was absolutely necessary in this city. What a book could be written on the meanness of life in Paris! The

theme, perhaps, is too delicate to be handled. Meyerbeer knew them all, and he stood in fear even of an empty ink-horn.

#### HIS DAILY ROUTINE IN PARIS.

Meyerbeer lived and died in furnished lodgings at No. 2 Rue Montaigne. He rose at five or six o'clock, labored until half-past nine, when he would go to breakfast. He would return at half-past ten and work until two, when he would take a hack and drive to the Boulevard des Italiens, which he would leisurely walk down until he reached the Rue Richelieu, down which he would turn and go to Brandus's music shop, which is two or three doors from the Boulevard. Here he would go into the back room, where there was a sofa, on which he would stretch him and sleep until half-past three. Brandus's servant had positive orders to wake him at half-past three. Then Meyerbeer would receive people. He received everybody who wanted to see him on business at Brandus's after half-past three. He never received anybody at his house. This indeed is the rule here. People who are obliged to receive persons have an appointed reception evening once a week or twice a month; the labors of the day are over, and as the infliction comes only once a week, an ordinary dose of resignation will enable most men to bear it quite patiently. Those who escape this periodical pillory reckon upon official receptions for meeting their acquaintances, and as these are held three or four times a week, there is no necessity for supplementing them with visits. Indeed there is no such thing as visiting in Paris among the people who work. They meet at dinners and at receptions, and in this way manage to save a great deal of time. If you are an eminent surgeon, with letters of introduction to some surgeon here, he receives you at his hospital and does you the honors of his amphitheatre. If you are an eminent literary man, with letters to some person of distinction in the same station of life, he will send you his card by a servant and get somebody to invite you to a reception. If you are a painter, you will be invited to the Paris painter's studio, where you will find the artist surrounded by his pictures and his friends and generally a half dozen ladies. People here never receive *chez eux*, (I can't apply home to these French abodes); few of them invite strangers to dinner. They assemble on petty Rialtos just as trades-people were wont to do at Venice. At five or six o'clock he would dine at his restaurant or dine out, and after he put on evening dress he was a man of the world, ready to chat with anybody, not averse from figuring at any reception, and prone to spend the evening at the Grand Opera (his favorite place was a black hole above the chandelier! he always said this was the very best place in the house to hear music. Poor old William Rufus Blake's favorite story of his trip to Paris was his night at the opera, when the house was so full, there was't room left anywhere but—poor old Blake how horrified he used to look when he got to this "but!"), or the Italian Opera or the Theatre Lyrique. He rarely went to the Opera Comique; he liked port wine, not claret.

#### HIS DELICATE REGARD FOR POORER ARTISTS.

Mons. Meyerbeer was upon one occasion rather upbraided for the simplicity of his life here. He replied: "I am less a rich man than an artist, and it is one of my satisfactions to be able to say that I might have supported myself by my music from the time I was seven years old. I have at Berlin an establishment suited with my circumstances of fortune. I am averse from throwing my brethren of Paris into the shade by living like a rich amateur of music. I ask no premium for my works, and if I receive the author's copyright accorded by law, I do so to avoid the reproach of working underprice out of disdain for profits flowing from the stage."

## Music Abroad.

### London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The Meyerbeer operas occupied the middle of May, and then Gounod's *Faust* came up again, with Mario as Faust, and a new Gretchen, Mlle. Pauline Lucca, from Berlin, Mme. Nantier-Didié as Siebel, M. Faure as Méphistophélès, and Graziani as Valentine. Quite a French cast of *Faust*! Of the new Gretchen the *Times* says:—

At Berlin it is notorious that Mlle. Pauline Lucca's "Gretchen" is prized the most; which considering that, with one exception among those we have seen, it bears the faintest resemblance to the idea that unanimously obtains of Goethe's fascinating heroine, would seem to warrant investigation. But



to fathom the German mind requires an unrestricted extent of line. The mere fact of the popularity of M. Gounod's work, so subversive in many respects of the real intentions of the great poetical epic of Germany is sufficiently unaccountable. Let us not, therefore, feel surprised that the frantic worship of the French *Faust* which prevails in the capital of the Hohenzollern should be accompanied by an equally frantic worship of the most French of possible Margarets. That Mlle. Lucca's impersonation of Margaret is thoroughly French must be clear to every observer familiar with the histrionic characteristics of our pleasant and nearest neighbors. It is not merely that she discards the physical head-dress which traditionally points to Margaret as a flaxen-haired beauty; she discards alike what may be termed the moral head-dress, and bears the front of Margaret erect and fearless, instead of down-cast and timid as we have been wont to recognize it. Her boldness, the result no doubt of intimate conviction, has been the secret of her triumph; and certainly her general delineation of the character is piquant and attractive no less than original. We are aware that, as the late illustrious Meyerbeer, with the Prussian connoisseurs in a body, preferred the impetuous Margaret of Mlle. Lucca, so M. Gounod, composer of the opera of *Faust*, preferred the sonnambulist Margaret of Madame Carvalho, which is no more like the true German ideal than the other; while the "juste milieu," to employ an admissible commonplace, is among ourselves allowed to have been realized by Mlle. Tietjens, who avoids both the morbid French sentiment of the latter and the extreme French sprightliness (uncommon in a German (*pur sang*) of the former. With regard to Mlle. Lucca's performance generally we must at present be content to say, that it is adorned with beauties as it is spotted by defects, the latter in a great measure traceable to the inconvenience of singing a trying and difficult part in a language to which she is comparatively a stranger, and partly to a very natural anxiety about the issue of so arduous an undertaking.

Another performance of *William Tell*, with Herr Schmidt as Walter; another resumption of *Les Huguenots*, Mlle. Fricci taking the place of Lucca indisposed; another charming sonnambulation of "Amina" Patti; and a repetition of Lucca's Margaret, filled a week; and the month of May closed with "the immortal Barber," (Patti, Mario, Ronconi, and a new Bartolo, Signor Scalese, much admired, followed by a *divertissement* called *L'île Enchantée*, to which pretty music had been written by young Arthur Sullivan, the Leipsic graduate, whose music to the "Tempest" excited so much interest; Salvini was the *danseuse*.

Of course *Don Giovanni* had to take its turn; no London season is complete without it. Donna Anna, Mlle. Fricci; Zerlina, Patti; Elvira, Mdme. Raderdorff; Don Juan, Faure; Leporello, Scalese; Masetto, Ronconi; Commendatore, Herr Schmidt. A novelty of the season was Flotow's *Stradella* (which had, however, been produced at Drury Lane in 1846, in English). This time, in Italian, it does not seem to have made a great impression. The *Times* thinks it inferior, musically, to *Martha*, "better suited to the atmosphere of the Bouffes Parisiens than to that of the Royal Italian Opera," and never except in one passage, rising above the level of "the suburban." It was the German tenor Wachtel's last appearance. Mlle. Battu was the Leonora; and the two tenors were "wonderfully well" represented by Ciampi and Ronconi.

The sudden return of Mlle. Lucca to the Continent, on account of her health, obliged manager -ye, still playing on the popular *Faust* string, to bring forward a new Margaret in the person of "little Patti." The *Times*, the *Star*, and all the journals, exhaust the superlatives of admiration, all shouting: "We have found the ideal Gretchen of Goethe at last!" But they have not exhausted all the Gretchens quite; we have a couple over here, Kellogg and Frederici, yet in reserve for Mr. Bull; but he must first behave more decently and cease making friends with pirates!

On Saturday, June 11, Rossini's *Otello* was revived, with Tamberlik as the Moor, a rôle always identified with him in London Opera. Graziani played Iago, and Mlle. Lagrua, Desdemona. Tamberlik revived the old *furor* by his "C sharp" in the duet with

Iago. *Faust*, *Otello*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and *Don Giovanni*, took their turns again, and then came the agreeable surprise of Mlle. Desirée Artot in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, to make up for the disappearance of Lucca. She is a great *bravura* singer. Musically her Maria (says the *Times*) is "remarkable for dash and brilliancy—though in the expressive parts, such as the leave-taking of the regiment, she rather inclines to the over-elaborately pathetic."—Another round of *Faust* ("Oh that Gretchen!" "Oh that Adelina!" "Oh that Mario!"), and *La Figlia* and *Il Barbiere* and *Don Giovanni* (Didié replacing overworked Patti in the last two), brings us through June at Covent Garden.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The events of the last week of May were the *rentrée* of Mme. Trebelli, and Signor Gardoni, the appearance of Signor Frizzi, and the performance of *Lucia*, *Il Barbiere* and the *Huguenots*. In the last, Tietjens was Valentine; Trebelli, Urban; Mlle. Liebhart, Margaret; Junca, Marcel; Giuglini, Raoul; Santley, Nevers. The rich voice and fluent execution of Trebelli were heard again with delight in *Una voce* and the rest of the sparkling music of Rossini. June opened with *Faust* (Tietjens Margaret), *Falstaff*, *Faust*, *Trovatore*, *Huguenots*, and nothing new. The programme of the next week only varied the order of the first; and then came something new (to the Londoners), and again it came from Germany,—whence the Italian Opera seems to draw most of its principal singers of late—in the person of one of the favorite *prime donne* of the Royal Opera of Berlin, Mme. Harriers-Wippem, who made her debut in the part of Alice in *Robert-le-Diable*. Did we not ourselves hear her repeatedly in Berlin, a few years since, not only in Opera, but in the beautiful part of Schumann's "Peri," and can we not easily credit what we now read in the *Musical World*?

Madame Wippem is young, and blessed with a really splendid voice. In her first air—"Vanne, disce al figlio!"—the freshness of her tone, her firm delivery of the notes, her extreme earnestness, and her unquestionable feeling, at once produced an impression so favorable that her success may be said to have been decided from that moment. This impression grew stronger and stronger as the opera went on. In the third act (nearly the whole of the second was omitted) her execution of the delicious romance, "nel lasciarsi la Normandia," created a positive "furor." And no wonder; the voice had a "ring" in it which spoke of youth and unabused resources; the expression was frank and unaffected; while a certain *cadenza*—beginning on a high note, and terminated by a descending scale, neatly and freshly "lanced" (launched?)—took the audience by surprise, and the result was a rapturous encore. The air was repeated, with the high note and the descending scale; the audience were again enchanted, and the singer again applauded. In the picturesque and splendidly dramatic duet with Bertram (M. Junca), which immediately follows, Madame Harriers-Wippem shone not only as a singer, but as an actress into the bargain. The rush to the cross for refuge, when surprised at the apparition of the most incomprehensible of fiends, was forcible and natural at the same time, and the semblance of terror throughout extremely well put on. This duet (in which Junca's acting as Bertram was very good) won another success for Madame Wippem; and yet another was the impressive trio "Lo sguardo immobile" (unaccompanied), when the sudden appearance of Robert, her foster brother, relieves Alice of all mere physical anxiety. Here the strong, fresh, and resonant high notes of the new *soprano* told with wonderful effect. The trio was altogether well done, Signor Gardoni being thoroughly at home in the music of Robert, which used to be one of his best parts, and Signor Junca being more than ever careful and correct. From this point Alice has nothing to do until the last act, the culminating point of which is the magnificent trio where the designs of Bertram are foiled, Robert saved, and Alice, the zealous and loving instrument of his preservation, triumphant. That Madame Harriers-Wippem is an acquisition, and a valuable acquisition, to Mr. Mapleson's company is undoubted.

Next followed a benefit of Arditi, the conductor, when (in the words of the *Orchestra*) "an operatic

hot-pot was served up, the dishes consisting of cuts from *Trovatore*, *Lucia*, *Favorita*, etc., etc. Another new name is Mlle. Grossi, a contralto, with a voice (according to the *Times*) "almost without parallel since Alboni first enchanted London in 1847," and good promise as an artist. She presented herself as Nancy, with Mlle. Volpini as Martha,—she also with much praise.

But the event of the season, with which our latest files are ringing, was the appearance of Mlle. Tietjens for the first time in *Fidelio*. The *Times* says:

The new *Fidelio* seemed inspired, and fairly electrified her audience. On the whole we cannot remember a more striking exhibition. The success of Mlle. Tietjens was by far the most brilliant she has achieved in England, and one of the most genuine ever achieved on the operatic boards. At the end of the magnificent quartet, when the devoted Leonora, physically exhausted by her almost superhuman efforts, clings, as though for protection, to him whose guardian angel she has been, and gives utterance to the fulness of her love in rapturous accents—the finest piece of dramatic music in existence—the house rang with cheers as loud and prolonged as they were thoroughly spontaneous; and at the termination of the scene, as the curtain fell, Mlle. Tietjens was thrice summoned before the lamps, the applause each time being more vociferous, till, when she stepped forward the last time, unaccompanied, it was positively deafening. Never was a crowd in a theatre more excited.

Mlle. Liebhart, as might be expected from a German and a practised musician to boot, is a really excellent Marcellina, alike valuable in the charming little air allotted to the Jailor's daughter (Act. 1), and in the concerted music, to which—no less than Signor Bettini, a careful Jacquino—she is an important auxiliary. Junca acts the character of the rough though kindly Jailor extremely well; Signor Gassier is, without any exception that we can call to mind, the very best representative of the arduous and not over-grateful part of Pizarro since the famous Staudigl; Dr. Gunz (from Hanover) has the genuine traditions of the state-prisoner, Florestan, Leonora's husband, and Pizarro's victim; and last, not least, Mr. Santley merits unqualified praise, both for his artistic feeling in accepting the small part of the Minister and for the admirable manner in which he sings the music. His orchestra is pretty nearly irreplaceable, from the overture to the end; and his chorus gives every promise of the same excellence.

MUSICAL SOCIETIES.—The seventh Philharmonic Concert had for programme the Overtures to *Eury-anthe* and *Nozze di Figaro*; Beethoven's Heroic Symphony; Beethoven's Piano Concerto in G, played by Pauer; Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, by Wieniawski; and singing by Trebelli. The eight and last Concert was the most brilliant of all, and offered a new Concerto by Joachim, and a new Symphony by Sterndale Bennett. The following account of it is from the *Telegraph*:

The violin concerto exhibits a welcome advance on all Herr Joachim's former compositions. It is much more free, spontaneous, and genial than the so-called "Hungarian" concerto, and indeed than anything which has yet fallen from the pen. The slow movement, for instance, the impressive moving theme of which is for the lowest notes of the instrument, is, from beginning to end, a clear unbroken stream of melody; the subjects again of the opening movement are charmingly fresh, while the final allegro is full of fire and spirit. The conduct of each movement is masterly in the extreme, and the orchestration, never obtrusive, well serves its appointed purpose of imparting additional meaning and intensity to the thoughts which inspired the composer's brain. Of the manner in which Herr Joachim interpreted his own composition it would seem superfluous to speak, but the splendid richness and fulness of the tone which he produced from the "fourth string," in the *andante*, and the wonderful ease with which he triumphed over all the difficulties of the concluding movement, are specially worthy of remark. Herr Joachim was covered with the heartiest applause at the conclusion of each movement, and the concerto, which, for the want of any title, we must specify by the key in which it opens, as that in G major, will always be welcome when it can be adequately rendered. The second novelty was no less successful than the first. Professor Sterndale Bennett's "symphony," or "orchestral piece," as it has been indifferently styled, consists of three movements only. The opening allegro is a long and elaborately developed

composition; the various subjects, all uniformly graceful in themselves, being worked up with extraordinary skill, and the movement is invested with more grandeur than we can call to mind in any of Dr. Bennett's former works. The minuet, if we are not mistaken, has already been heard in the Cambridge Installation Ode, but its delicate and piquant playfulness, set off as it is by exquisite instrumentation, and admirably contrasted with the highly original trio entirely for brass instruments, must instantly commend itself to every listener. The *rondo allegro* that concludes the symphony, if perhaps less original than the preceding movements, exhibits as thorough a mastery over all the resources of the musician's art. We trust that the symphony will be soon repeated; and if Dr. Bennett thinks fit to add to it a slow movement, amateurs will be all the more gratified. In any case, they must hail with delight the reawakening of the bright inventive genius which for so many years was suffered to lie dormant. A. M. Hartvigson, a Danish pianist, made his *début*, and played Mendelssohn's serenade and rondo, "*Gioioso*," with considerable delicacy. Miss Louisa Pyne sang with her never-failing taste and skill, "*Lascia ch'io piango*" from "*Rinaldo*," and the principal air from "*The Crown Diamonds*." Dr. Gunz introduced a noble air, "*Misero! O sogno*," written by Mozart for the celebrated tenor Adamberger, in 1783, and very little known. The concert was opened by Beethoven's symphony in C, the first of the mighty series; while the Jubilee Overture brought the fifty-second season of the old-established society to a glorious conclusion.

The "*New Philharmonic*" has also closed its 13th season. The instrumental pieces of the 5th and last concert were Beethoven's C minor Symphony; Weber's *Concert-Stück*, played by Mme. Arabella Goddard; Spohr's Dramatic Concerto, played by Lauterbach; Overtures to *Athalie*, and *Siege of Corinth*.

The "Musical Society of London," Alfred Mellon conductor, opened its fourth and last concert with an original Symphony, in A minor, by a young Englishman, John Francis Barnet, of which the *Orchestra* speaks in the highest terms (as well as of a Quintet and parts of an Oratorio by the same composer). Beethoven's *Eroica* opened the second part. Joachim played Spohr's Dramatic Concerto; Mme. Dustmann sang the great scena from *Fidelio*; and there were two overtures: Mendelssohn's *Meeresstille, &c.*, and Mozart's *Zauberflöte*.—This Society, at a previous concert, had brought out a new Symphony by Mr. Silas, which was warmly commended.

Of Oratorio performances during the past month we notice only one of Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* by the National Choral Society. But there have been some great juvenile choral exhibitions; for instance:

The annual gathering of 4,000 Charity Children from the different metropolitan schools, took place on the 9th ult., under the dome of St. Paul's. The appearance of the children, with their banners symmetrically arranged, is one of the prettiest sights of the season; and on this occasion the area was completely filled with a fashionable audience. The musical arrangements, under the direction of Mr. Goss, the organist of the cathedral, assisted by Mr. George Cooper (of St. Sepulchre's and Christ Church), were more than usually satisfactory. The extraordinary effect created by the sounds, albeit somewhat untutored issuing from 4,000 little throats, in such well-known compositions as the "Old Hundredth" and the "Hallelujah," is one which has already struck with wonder many distinguished visitors whom curiosity has led to this annual festival; and we are now glad to find, for the sake of musical progress, that some innovation is likely to be made upon the time-honored selection usually performed. Mendelssohn's sublime *Chorale*, "Sleepers wake," is now substituted for the 113th Psalm, "Ye saints and servants of the Lord;" and we see no reason why music especially written for this occasion should not replace some, which good as it is of its kind, may be said, without irreverence to any of the old church writers, to have had its day. We have men now living who can write—the respected organist of the cathedral himself, for example—and how could their talent be better employed than in showing that Dr. William Boyce and Dr. Crotch have no right to hold an exclusive and perpetual patent in "*Te Deums*" and "*Jubilates*?" *Noello's Times*.

The Annual Choral Festival of the Metropolitan schools came off on Wednesday, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, when, although the price of admission was raised to half a crown, nearly 20,000 were present. After deducting season tickets and the friends of the children who had free access, some 12,000 visitors may be supposed to have paid. The children numbered about 5,000, and, if all these had sung, the effect must have been extraordinary. In two or three instances only, "*Rule, Britannia*," and "*God save the Queen*," for examples, the volume of sound was singular. The programme was divided into two parts, one devoted to sacred, the other to secular music. The choir sang better in the last, their powers being occasionally overtaken by the sacred pieces, especially Luther's "*Great God! what do I hear and see*," and the *chorale* from Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* "We praise thy name, O Lord!" They were, however, encoined in the Russian hymn, "*Hark, the vesper hymn is stealing*," and the chorus, "*Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord*." Encores were also awarded to Mr. Martin's part-song, "*Softly shines the pleasant morn*," and the "*Echo Chorus*," from Locke's music to *Macbeth*, both of which were very effectively rendered. The echoes in the *Macbeth* chorus were from the Shakespeare House, directly fronting the Handel orchestra.—*Mus. World*.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 23, 1864.

### Mendelssohn's Organ Sonatas.

These six Sonatas have been so often played on our great Organ during the year past, and are so likely to recur repeatedly, that we shall, perhaps, do a service to the *habitués* of the Organ Concerts by reproducing here the brief characterizations of them by a distinguished German organist, A. G. Ritter, which we translated several years ago. Such reading comes more timely now, since the great Organ has prepared the reader. Any intelligent analysis, however brief and sketchy, of such compositions, aids the listener to identify and keep in mind the leading points, the themes, and follow out the entire development of each piece with more interest. Mendelssohn, as all his music shows to the initiated, and as almost every page of the last volume of his remarkable "*Letters*" shows to every one, was deeply smitten with the love of Bach, and penetrated with the spirit of that greatest master, not only of the Organ, but of all sacred music. In his Oratorios and Psalms, his "*St. Paul*" especially, he builds much after the model of Bach's Passion music. Even his peculiarly fantastic vein, his Fairy music, bears an obvious affinity to certain delicate and playful fancies in some of the lighter works of Bach, his *Suites*, *Partitas*, *Preludes*, etc., for the piano or *Clavier*.

It was of course an inward necessity, as well as a consequence of such culture, that Mendelssohn, with all his other musical gifts, should be an organist,—doubtless one of the most remarkable since Bach,—standing by no means at so serene, sublime, impersonal a height,—as far from him perhaps, as the best of modern architecture from those marvellous old Gothic cathedrals, that seem not made with hands, thrilling with life as you look at them, and conversing always of the Infinite,—with quite as much of the romantic as of the religious in his genius, and plenty of the self-conscious mood of the nineteenth century in all he does,—yet deriving most of his science and much of his inspiration from the old master. In communion with the Organ and with Bach, whether in playing him directly, or in improvisations after drinking at that fountain, the young

Felix seems to have spent many of his happiest hours. Read those fresh, delightful letters from Switzerland; how inevitably in his rambles he gets at the village organs, striking to them by as strong an instinct as the duck to the water. What a treat it must have been to hear him improvise! doubtless one of the very few who have had the real poetic gift of improvising since Bach and Handel. Think of that last time in his life, in his last visit to Switzerland, weary and sick now, as he was fresh and buoyant when he wrote the "*Letters*,"—that time, described by Mr. Chorley, when he stumbled upon a solitary village on the Lake of Brienz, finding the church door open, and the organ open, and "nobody to prevent him."

A peasant boy was presently found willing, for a few *batzen*, to blow the bellows as long as Mendelssohn liked; and he sat down, I have since learned, for the last time that he ever sat down to an organ, for the pleasure of his three auditors. It seems to me now as if he never could have played more nobly. After one or two movements by Sebastian Bach, he began an improvisation in C minor, which took the canonical form of a prelude and fugue; his fancy kindling as he went on, and his face lit up by that serene and elevated smile, the highest and most beautiful of its many expressions, which all who knew him must remember, while he drew forth those long and rich chains of sound which "bring all heaven before the eyes," as old Milton sang.

I feel, when I think of this organ playing, as if I had taken leave of the greatest music forever; since, in that exercise of his art, the amount of science he would bring was animated by a radiant fancy, often dispensed with on like occasions; the want of which is supposed to be disguised by the glory of the sound, and the skilful intertexture of the parts. More perfectly, every genial sympathy, every sense of calm practical approval, could not be gratified. There was the true, gracious, gifted man, old in experience, but young in the quickness of his sensibilities, to be heard; that day, it seems to me, more remarkably than ever. He was giving and receiving pleasure without parade; and from a store which had never been fuller of the highest thoughts and the richest fancies. Such things must come to an end: but they are never to be forgotten.

Mendelssohn's published Organ compositions were not numerous. Three Preludes and Fugues, op. 37, and these six Sonatas, op. 65, are all. The Sonatas are not after the type of the piano-forte Sonata, nor do they follow the set form of Bach's "*Trio Sonatas*," which carry through three parts for two manuals and pedals as distinctly as if a violin, viola and violoncello were conversing together. They resemble Bach in the frequent introduction of *Chorale* tunes, with fanciful (not in a bad sense) variation and accompaniment, in the tendency to fugue, and the polyphonic spirit generally,—at times more like Bach's "*Choral Vorspiele*," than like his Sonatas. They resemble the modern Piano Sonata in their variety of mood and movement, their impassioned and dramatic episodes, their fiery impatience, fragments of recitative, romantic character; only their form is far more free, more like improvisation by one a master of the contrapuntal art, who has absorbed into his own culture, and assimilated, all the genial music that has been produced from Bach's time down to him. And now for Herr Ritter's analyses.

"Sonata No. 1 (*Allegro moderato e serioso*, F minor, common time,) begins with full, strong chords, of a general and introductory character, which lead in the eleventh measure into a principal thought, which bears such an expressive stamp of character as to justify the epithet *speaking*. It is the sad complaint of a soul oppressed, sounding out in tones ever louder and more anxious, as the dreaded fate draws near.

Then, after a close in C minor, there resounds a chorale-like sentence, borne on angel voices. It brings comfort from the heavenly heights. To be sure, it is interrupted, now for a shorter, now for a longer time, by the more and more warmly wrought leading theme; to be sure, there is a tone of complaint even in itself; but soon the song of consolation rings out at a victorious height, far above all earthly sorrow. In soft chords, and then borne on by the mighty stream of the full organ tone, it closes the first part. Still it is no jubilant song of triumph. The minor third reminds us of the painful conflict just endured. It is only in the following *Adagio* (A flat major, 3-8 time,) and in the Recitative, which forms the transition to the last movement, that the heart finds rest. Complaint is silent. In tones as glad as mortal breast can feel, exults the redeemed (*Allegro assai vivace.*) Flashing, fiery chords resound in animated motion, borne on the roaring flood of bass. And as the heart, filled with lofty joy, strives in vain in its first enthusiasm after definite expression, and only finds the right words when it is more calm; so the chords at first sweep vaguely to and fro, but gradually gain in connection and in grouping, till they finally compass the jubilant melody, which now sounds on and on, below, above, and leads at last into the full, luminous F major chord with the Third above. Here is the proper conclusion of the whole. The *arpeggi* which now follow, filling four measures and not entirely suited to the organ, are to be considered an appendix.

"The second Sonata opens with an introduction in C minor, (*Grave*, 4-4,) which leads, through a long organ-point upon the Dominant, into an *Adagio*, also in C minor. Here the thoughtful player has an opportunity to employ the different Manuals to advantage. The *Adagio*, with a characteristic and discriminating treatment of the several key-boards, (including the Pedal,) forms an orchestra-like movement. The melody, played by the right hand on the second Manual, is delivered by the wind instruments; the violins, accompanying in flowing, song-like passages, are represented on the first Manual by the left hand; finally, the basses—the Pedal—indicate the ground-tones *pizzicato*. \* \* \* To an *Allegro maestoso e vivace*, (3-4 time) which, with all its musical beauty, to our feeling borders somewhat on the secular, succeeds a dignified, simple, and yet artistically developed Fugue, which brings the piece back to the true ground.

"The third Sonata, next to the first our favorite, and bearing in its poetic tendency a certain resemblance to the first, raises itself, supported by an interwoven chorale as if by a verbal text, to a truly dramatic expression; but for this very reason it presents the greatest technical difficulties, since, of necessity, just where the idea of the creative artist is so clear and definite, admitting of no shade of modification, the interpreting artist must hit exactly the right point if he would seize the true intention. In bright chords, a full and swelling movement opens the Sonata, expressive of calm and joyful trust. A short solo passage of the same import is answered by the full choir in the still brighter and more flashing F sharp major, till the whole leads back through the Dominant into the prevailing key, and closes the brief movement. This is immediately followed by a movement in A minor, marked *Un poco meno forte*. This truly Mendelssohnian theme:



maintains, by the twice recurring *superfluous Fourth*, just the right hostile, soul-disturbing expression, to be set against the Chorale afterwards delivered by the Pedal: *Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu dir*. ("In deep distress I cry to Thee"). Whether the leading character of the theme above noticed, being more suited for stringed instruments, can also find its fitting representation on our present organs, is a question which

the player has to solve in view of the mechanical structure of said organs. With the direction: *Da questa parte fino a Maggiore poco a poco più animato e più forte*, there enters an accompaniment to the Chorale in sixteenths instead of in quavers, as before. Finally, to the ever-increasing movement the Pedal too is added, after it has held out for a long time the concluding tone of the *Canto fermo* in an organ-point. While the Manuals repeat the main progression of the theme in full chords and in the highest registers, it burrows down in wild and thundering passages into the depths, to rise again from the ground-tone of E, through the tones, F, G sharp, B, d, f, g sharp, b, to the high d. Gentler and gentler it sinks gradually down from there and leads back again to the first movement, in A major, which, except some few but very effective and significant changes, (for example, in the fifth and sixth measures,) is repeated almost literally. The *Andante tranquillo* which now follows, also and with propriety in A major, closes the whole like a silent, deep-felt prayer of gratitude."

This third Sonata is the one which was played by Mr. Lang at the inauguration of the Great Organ, and several times since. Only, for the sake of more contrast as the piece goes on, and a somewhat more Sonata-like character, Mr. Lang has commonly played the *Andante tranquillo* between the opening movement and the impassioned one beginning with the theme above quoted.—We reserve the last three Sonatas to our next number.

ORGAN CONCERTS.—The Great Organ makes the only music of these hot and dry midsummer days. And what do we want better? What can be more grateful and refreshing, more tranquillizing to the weary spirit, than to retreat to the cool shade of the Music Hall, at mid-day, on a Wednesday or a Saturday, leaving the city's turmoil behind you, and letting the grand aspect and the grander music of the great instrument fill you with heavenly peace, conjuring away for at least one hour the ever-haunting, heavy consciousness of war? These delightful "noonings," cheered not by the slender reed of Tityrus or Meliboeus, but by the melodies of swains far more inspired, like Bach and Handel, Mendelssohn and Beethoven,—are they not a city privilege which one might almost leave seashore and mountains to enjoy?

For the last month there have been two Concerts every week, and this will be the rule throughout the summer. Mr. THAYER has officiated the most frequently, with very varied programmes. Last Wednesday he played Bach's great G minor Fugue again. On another occasion, one of Bach's Choral *Vorspiele*: "Christ unser Herr," and a Pastoral and Fugue in G (one of the three Preludes and Fugues) by Mendelssohn. Also the *Andante* of the Pastoral Symphony (Beethoven), which did not seem the right thing for the Organ, the flowing accompaniment not getting just the right accent and shading.—Mr. WILCOX played July 9. Overture to *Samson*, with fine contrast of stops; *Andante* by Hummel; Wely's brilliant *Offertoire* in G again,—which seemed to take such possession of him this time, that you traced it through the first part of his pleasant improvisation afterwards; Kullak's *Pastoral*,—a pretty play of high flute and reed stops; and *Hallelujah* from Handel's *Saul*.

An excellent Concert was that of Mrs. FRODOCK (Wednesday, 13th). She opened with Bach's *Pasacaglia*, which no one but Mr. Paine had before attempted, and she brought its sustained breadth and grandeur steadily and firmly. Also the entire first Sonata of Mendelssohn (see preceding article), which never impressed us as so grand before. Mrs. F. also "improvised" in free style quite as successfully as

any of our organists. Other pieces, to show the stops and humor the audience, were an *Offertoire* in D by Batiste, and the march from *Tannhäuser* in stirring trumpet tones.

Mr. LANG took his turn last Saturday, playing once more that deep, full, inexhaustible Fantasia by Bach in G; transcriptions of the *Egmont* overture, the *Nocturne* from "Midsummer Night's Dream," the *Gloria* from Mozart's third Mass (with a rather striking extempore prelude), and Beethoven's *Hallelujah* chorus. The last sounded better than we have before heard it on the organ; and yet that trumpet-like theme does not come out with clearness. Mr. L. also improvised acceptably; and altogether his concert seemed to give great pleasure.

We go to press too early to notice now the concert of Mr. G. W. MORGAN, of New York, on Thursday evening. Mr. Morgan also will preside at to-day's "nooning."

Next Saturday, July 30th, there will be a rare opportunity of hearing Mr. PAINE. His selection will be of the choicest. Four pieces by Bach (new ones all), viz: two more of the Choral *Vorspiele* (one in six-part harmony), Trio Sonata in C minor, and Prelude in E flat; also another composition by Thiele, a new *Offertoire* by the organist himself, &c.

COMMENCEMENT AT HARVARD.—Two of the young men on Wednesday had musical subjects for their "parts." Mr. Marshall Monroe Cutter, of Cambridge, delivered an essay on "Musical Form;" and Mr. Francis German, of Worcester, a Disquisition on "Felix Mendelssohn."

We understand that our townsman, Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG, is preparing Schumann's "Pilgrimage of the Rose" for public performance, with orchestra and chorus, in the autumn.

The Rev. Edward Hale's church at the south end, is to have a new organ, built by the Messrs. Hook, at a cost of about \$12,000, and Mr. B. J. Lang is to be the organist. This will probably surpass any church organ in the city. The Organ of the Music Hall is creating a demand for really noble organs all around us.

THE OPERA SEASON this fall, says the *Transcript*, promises to be one of uncommon brilliancy. Many of the singers will be new to our audiences, and two young ladies are now studying music in New York with a view of making their debut upon the operatic stage this season. Maretzek has engaged a fresh orchestra. He will play at the New York Academy from early in September to late in December, and then will come to Boston for five or six weeks, the Germans returning to New York in the meantime. The *Evening Post* has the following statement in regard to the arrangements for the coming campaigns:

"The German opera troupe will, it is said, open at the Academy of Music in September, Mr. Grover, of the Washington Theatre, being interested in the enterprise, while it is possible that a second German company, under Carl Anschutz, will play at the new Stadt Theatre in the Bowery.

"Early in October, the Academy Germans, like migrating birds, will fly southward to sing in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington; and Max Maretzek will occupy the field in Irving place. The tenor of the company will be Signor Maximilian—not the Mexican Emperor of that name, but an Italian artist who calls himself Maximilian, at least while on the stage."

JENNY LIND'S DEBUT.—The Queen received her with marked attention. The Dowager Queen invited her to visit her Majesty in private. Invitations, which she was as unwilling as unable to accept, were showered on her by the English nobility. The late Duke of Wellington was most sedulous in his demonstrations of respect and admiration, and on one occasion invited her to his country seat, promising that "music should form no topic of the conversation." But amid all the honors they lavished on her, the shy *prima donna* invariably preferred the intimacy of her choice private circle, and was glad to flee the flattering incense sought to be bestowed upon her, by escaping to the country house of the kind friend who had first welcomed her in London. There she would heartily enjoy a ride, or rural ramble; and anon, seated among wild ferns and shaded by ancient beech-trees, she would study her new parts, the score

laid open upon her lap. Every anecdote which transpired abroad, every detail which could be caught up, eagerly seized upon as it was by the "outside" public, contributed to throw a romantic halo about the name of the favorite *prima donna*.—*Reminiscences of the Opera.* By Benjamin Lumley.

**A MUSICAL DEBUT.**—Under the title of "Musical and Personal Recollections," Mr. HENRY PHILLIPS has published an interesting volume in England, from which we take his account of his first appearance.

"After much discussion it was agreed that I should appear, as the bills say, positively for one night only, and sing the 'Bay of Biscay' in character. Posters appeared, the small bills were enclosed to the visitors at the hotels, and my name was consequently in wide circulation. I felt an importance suddenly growing upon me. I was no longer a lad, but becoming a very great man. The evening had arrived when an unexpected difficulty presented itself—what was to be done for a sailor's jacket? The wardrobe boasted of but one, and that would have enveloped my whole person. There was no time to be lost, however, as the play was nearly over. A thought struck the ingenious tailor of the establishment; he would sew the little tail of my jacket up behind, which certainly would create a hump, but I must be careful, he said, not to turn round and show the hump to the audience. All was submitted to, and I was sewed up. The play over, there I stood in a state of nervous excitement, painted and plumed for the task. The scene was set—an open sea, painted on the back of some other scene, where the wood-work was more prominent than the water, and unmistakable evidences of a street door appeared in the middle of the ocean. All was ready; tinkle went the bell; up went the curtain, and the glorious orchestra, which consisted of two fiddles and a German flute, struck up the symphony. As I strutted on in the midst of a flash of lightning—which electric effect was produced by a candle and a large pepper box filled with the dangerous elements, while somebody shook something behind the scenes with the intention of inducing weak-minded people to believe it was thunder—my reception was very flattering, a storm of applause before the curtain seemed to strike awe into the storm behind, and I began my theme—'Loud roared the dreadful thunder;' pointing my finger toward the left hand side of the stage, as if the storm came from that direction—which unfortunately it did not—it was a little oversight. At the termination I was again loudly applauded, the whole company shook hands with me, all the ladies kissed me; and, in fact, I was the great lion of the evening. Thus I made my first effort in public, and laid the foundation-stone of my future fame."

**THE ORPHEONISTS.** Under this head, the *Pioneer* (New York) has the following:

Some years ago, a system of singing schools was established in Paris, designed to extend to the poorer classes of the community the advantages of gratuitous instruction in music. The scheme succeeded, and a large choral society was the result. Workmen and their children found in the new enterprise a more instructive and agreeable disposition of their leisure evenings than was afforded by the *estaminet* or the cheap theatre; and last year, the Orpheonists were more prominently brought into public notice by an excursion they made from Paris to the London Crystal Palace, where they gave a highly successful concert.

The Orpheonist system has been imported to this country, and tried here by Mr. Charles Jerome Hopkins, an accomplished organist, an ambitious composer, and a musician of untiring industry and energy. A couple of years ago, Mr. Hopkins was appointed organist of St. Ann's Church in Brooklyn, Long Island, and proceeded at once to form a choir from the Sunday-school and congregation, to act as a supporting chorus to the regular quartet of singers who had hitherto occupied the organ loft. The effort was successful, and "St. Ann's Choral Society," as the choir thus increased was called, gave several very acceptable "public rehearsals,"—in fact, concerts—at the church.

Encouraged by this, Mr. Hopkins decided to open free schools for such boys as wished to learn to sing church music; and for nearly two years he has kept up this institution with varying success. In an amusing circular he issued a few weeks ago, on the occasion of his closing concert for the season, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, he stated that he had carried on these schools at a heavy personal loss, being obliged to pay out of his own pocket all the expenses, while the public carefully abstained from attending the few concerts he gave to enable him to

carry through the undertaking. Besides this, he had great difficulty to find a room in which to hold his classes, for the trustees and sextons of churches were so much afraid that the boys would damage their property, that they refused to allow the use of their Sunday-school or lecture rooms, "and for five weeks," says Mr. Hopkins, "we literally had to hold our meetings in the open air without a roof to cover us!" It may, however, be fairly presumed that at these out-door gatherings very little singing was done, and very little musical instruction given.

Mr. Hopkins recently closed his season with a concert given at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, at which a number of the boys sang a variety of choral selections, while artists, vocal and instrumental, engaged for the occasion, performed the solos. Next September, the classes will be resumed, and all boys of musical taste, disposed to conduct themselves properly, will have the opportunity of obtaining gratuitous instruction in vocal music. Mr. Hopkins works energetically to carry out his "Orpheon" scheme; but whether he is the man to make it a permanent success, or whether some imitator, with more tact and skill at managing children, will adopt his idea and carry it out in successful competition with the original experimenter, remains to be seen.

### A Parisian Critic.

Lately died and was buried in Paris, a great critic of music and the drama, P. A. FIORENTINO, who was fifty-seven years old when he died. He it was who raised the French Feuilleton to its present position; and foreigner though he was, he possessed an influence, acquired through a perfect mastery of the language, which pointed him out as first critic of France. His mind was an admixture of Italian liveliness, French wit, cosmopolitan intellect, and a shrewdness which did not place him above the charge of mercenariness, nor exempt him from that of speculation. He had an unusual facility of expressing himself, and wielded satire occasionally to cruel purpose. Speculation was his great rock, and on this his honor has often split; yet Fiorentino pursued his calling with an effrontery which savored of cynicism.—struck out for himself a theory, which he regarded as the justest in the world. "My feuilletons," said he, "create for a number of singers, comedians, virtuosi and dancers, salaries of twenty, thirty, or a hundred thousand francs a year; and I, who make their fame and fortune, shall content myself with five hundred or a thousand francs a month," which by the way he did not; for he left a fortune behind him amounting to 600,000 francs.

As often as this corruptibility of his was discovered—and this often happened when cases more than usually glaring were brought to light—he retired, from the *Constitutionnel*, in which his name appeared at the foot of articles, and remained on the staff of the *Moniteur*, in which he wrote under an assumed name, retaining, however, his influence over the artists. And this he ever preserved to such an extent, that, dead and powerless, he was still regarded as had he been a man of honor, of untainted probity, of spotless reproach. When the poor spirit had fled, and he lay there, who nevermore should build up artistic fortunes of a hundred thousand francs nor enjoy his own six hundred thousand, they stood around the grave, they who had known him alive, as they knew their own venal selves, and gravely told his virtues. And Theophile Gautier, honorable and excellent among French feuilletonists, stood up amongst them, and spoke of his art, the critical art, in serious and truthful fashion, thus:

"Ah, it is difficult, this task, which one holds for so simple! The strongest succumb to it. One needs to have the body of an athlete, a ready, indefatigable, ever watchful spirit. To be witty on a certain day, without bearing thought on the sadnesses, the weaknesses, the sorrows of life; to be witty in the cause of everything and of nothing, despite the absence or the emptiness of subject; to be always wary of one's self lest one offends another; what difficulty! To improvise on some theme accidentally dropped from a theatre, to possess erudition in readiness for any subject, to dress the silly piece in a charming report without destroying its character; thorough knowledge of the repertory and the personages of art; to touch with courtesy the player's vanity, which is yet more sensitive than that of the poet; to remember nothing of one's own life, one's own time, one's own trouble; to run from the furthest end of the town on the first call of an idea; ever to meddle with the fame of others, and never with one's own; to be the trumpet, when one might be the lyre; to combine the activities of the man of business with the work of the student; to strew countless leaves to the wind, which might amount to the honor of a book; this is the frivolous work, which, no one of the public doubts it, is done in play."—*Orchestra.*

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Soldier lay on the tented field. (The Soldier's dream.) H. S. Thompson. 30

One of Thompson's graceful ballads, with a very sweet melody, and a chorus at the close.

If on the meads. (Sch' ich die weite grüne au.) F. Gumbert. 30

One of the German gems, with English and German words.

Sitting lonely, ever lonely. Ballad. Elis Philp. 40

This ballad has the recommendation of having been sung in public by Miss Adelaide Phillips. The poetry is beautiful, and the music smooth and appropriate, and not too high for a mezzo soprano voice.

I dreamt I was a child again. Song. J. L. Hatton. 30

A sweet home song, with "Father" and "Mother," and the other names that "make music in the heart" is it.

Fountain and the glen. Song. F. W. Crouch. 30

A pleasing, romantic song, from a good composer.

### Instrumental Music.

The Tempest of the heart. (Il balenel suo sorriso). Op. 1501. Ch. Grobe. 50

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Love-lighted eyes. (Liebesblicke). Bluettes pour piano. T. Oesten. 40

A very sweet "song without words," of medium difficulty, and fits easily to the fingers.

Dew drop schottische. A. P. Lighthill. 30

Unpretending, pretty and easy.

Waken my injured honor. (Vieni la mia vendetta), "Lucretia," arr. by C. Grobe. Op. 1502. 50

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It is singular, that two of our musical veterans, both English born, and both distinguished organists, should have given publicity to their collections of manuscripts about the same time, and each book containing the results of about twenty years of service. They are two noble collections, and worthy of being in the library of every choir in the country. The present one has the advantage of being edited and extended by Dr. Tuckerman.

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 609.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 6, 1864.

VOL. XXIV. No. 10.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Half a dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

II. ANTONIO SALIERI.

[Continued from page 275.]

Du Buisson—was this the chevalier of that name, who was aide de camp of Baron de Kalb. at the battle of Camden in our Revolution?—had made a French translation of Salieri's "*Scuola de' gelosi*," and was now laboring to have it brought out in Paris, while at the same time the Versailles operatic company was rehearsing the "*Grotte de Trofonio*." Du Buisson had also written a text, "*Bellerophon*," for him, which however Salieri never composed.

Arnault wrote him that he had made the changes suggested by him in his "*Sappho*" and had read it to the Committee of the Opera, and that no remark had been made upon it. While he, "a second Pygmalion" expressed his impatience to have "this his Galatea soon made alive by the master's music," he also wrote that the Italian company in Paris were preparing to bring out two of his operas—which ones, however, he had forgotten. Du Roger wrote him of the production of Paisiello's "*King Theodore in Venice*," criticizing it very severely, as Beaumarchais had done in September. The latter had written to Salieri: "It is impossible, without sighing over the fall of the Italian composers, to see the musical art so degraded. There is no common sense in it;" and now Du Roger says he cannot conceive how Moline can have prevailed upon the directors to bring out a work so opposed to the principles of the Grand Opera. He goes on to speak of the continued success of "*Tarare*," and takes occasion to say: "Without intending mere compliment to you, it requires no small faculty to be able with such a subject to fix our attention through three full hours; it would have been much simply to have escaped being tedious. Let me set it as a task to all the Italian composers who have been or still are; they would never effect it with all their melody. Gluck and you have gained us a great advantage over them."

"DON GIOVANNI," BY MOZART; "L' ARBORE DI DIANA," BY MARTIN; AND "AXUR, RE D' ORMUS," BY SALIERI.

"About the time that Mozart returned [from Prague, after bringing out *Don Giovanni* there,] to Vienna, died Gluck. Perhaps the success of *Don Giovanni* in Prague had its effect in inducing Emperor Joseph to keep Mozart in Vienna, who had earnestly thought of emigrating to London, by appointing him chamber musician, by patent of Dec. 7, 1787. Probably the production of *Don Giovanni* would have benefitted him, but for the present that was not to be thought of." Salieri had, in June 1787, brought out his opera *Tarare* in Paris, in which Beaumarchais had not only by means of a plot exciting and full of action, of splendid decorations and costumes, sought to work upon the public, but also through

political and philosophical doctrine, as where, for instance, in the strange allegorical prologue he makes the Genius of Fire and Nature sing:

Morte!, qui que tu sois, prince, brahme ou soldat,  
Homme, ta grandeur sur la terre  
N' appartient point a' ton état;  
Elle est toute à ton caractère.

"The audience was at first somewhat puzzled and found the music much weaker than that of the *Danaïdes*, produced three years before; but the splendor of the performance and no doubt also the singular mingling of hetero-geneous elements, which the course of events at that time produced, had a great effect and made the piece "draw."

"The Emperor Joseph, whom the music greatly pleased, ordered Da Ponte to make an Italian translation, and that the opera should be given in Vienna at the celebration of the marriage of Archduke Francis and princess Elizabeth of Wurtemberg. This Italian opera, "*Azur*," retained the plot in its principal incidents, but both in respect of text and music was completely changed. All the political and philosophical elements were excluded, and those of intrigue and sentiment in the action were reformed in the regular routine of the Italian opera. Da Ponte again showed his great skill, while Salieri evidently found here a more congenial field [than when composing the French original], and engaged in the work of rewriting the music without reluctance. As he was making every possible effort to eclipse the splendid success which Martin's "*Arbore di Diana*" had had in the autumn, he could not be willing to risk any dangerous competitor before the production of his work. "*L' amor costante*" of Cimarosa had no success and was not a dangerous rival, but Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, most favorably heralded by the enthusiasm of the Prague public, threatened again to revive the hardly silenced applause which *Figaro* had called out."

The above is from Jahn's Mozart, IV, 305-6. Passing over what Jahn adds about the production and success of "*Azur*," and its popularity in all Germany, I translate the following bitter sentences against Salieri.

"It was now advisable to allow the favorable disposition of the public [toward Salieri] to strengthen itself and not be drawn in any other direction through the production of any great work. Therefore *Don Giovanni* must not be allowed performance; Mozart might produce dances for the amusement of the Viennese," &c. &c. "But Joseph II, who was pleased with the success *Don Giovanni* in Prague, had ordered its production, and so at last the work had to be undertaken. On the 7th May, 1788, *Don Giovanni* was given and was unsuccessful."—But only at first, for as it was repeated at short intervals, May 7, 9, 12, 23, 26, 30, June 16, 23, July 6, 11, 21, 31, the Viennese were forced "to chew upon it," as Mozart said to Da Ponte, and soon found it to their taste.

I have not the assurance to decide that Jahn here does injustice to Salieri. No man has so studied the history of Mozart as that writer; no man's judgment is so weighty in all questions relating to him—and yet it is impossible for me to see this matter in the same light. In justice to Jahn, I have here given complete what he says to the point in question. That which makes me hesitate to accept his view is three-fold—a consideration of the dates of production,—the words of Da Ponte, and the narrative of Salieri himself.

The new Italian operas of 1787-88, were:

1787. April 9. L' inganno amoroso. Guglielmi  
May 7. Le trame deluse. . . . . Paisiello  
" 25. Lo stravagante Inglese. Bianchi  
June 22. Il Bertoldo. . . . . Pitichio  
July 28. Le due Contesse. . . . . Paisiello  
Oct. 1. L' arbore di Diana. . . . . Martin  
Nov. 13. L' Amor costante. . . . . Cimarosa  
1788. Jan. 8. Axur, d' Ref Ormus. . . . . Salieri  
April 21. La Modiste. . . . . Paisiello  
May 7. Don Giovanni. . . . . Mozart  
June 2. Le gelosie fortunate. . . . . Anfossi  
July 15. Gli amanti canuti. . . . . —  
Aug. 10. Il fanatico burlesco. . . . . Cimarosa  
Sept. 10. Il Talismano. . . . . Salieri  
Nov. 14. Il Pazzo per forza. . . . . Weigl

Thus in 1787, seven new operas, either written for Vienna or brought thither from the theatres in Italy, were studied and brought out; and in the next year eight; the first of which, however, belonged in composition, study and rehearsal to the former year. One has but to reflect, that *Don Giovanni* was not written for Vienna, while *L' Arbore di Diana* and *Azur* were, and that too by command of the Emperor, and that the latter was ordered for an occasion the date of which was not yet fixed and which, for aught Salieri could know, might have come several weeks earlier—to see that the operatic company was fully occupied, without adding to its labors the sublime score of the greatest of all operas! It certainly does seem to me that Jahn has followed prejudice rather than judgment in the above given strictures upon Salieri. Had Salieri been Mozart's most intimate friend, could he have brought out an opera written for Prague and first given there October 29, one day earlier than it really was given? Could he have interrupted the studies of the actors upon a work, which by the command of his master he was furnishing to them, as we shall see, in vocal score alone, from want of time to add the instrumentation?

Let us turn to Da Ponte—whose reminiscences, written thirty years afterward, four thousand miles away from all means of correcting lapses of memory, are often confused in order of time and sometimes mistaken in facts—but which in this case are easily corrected when necessary.

Da Ponte, having wasted time in writing "*Il filosofo punito*" for Righini, "*Il Bertoldo*" for Pitoichi, and a new text to an old opera of Brunati, all of which failed, was thus admonished, as he tells us, by the Emperor: "Da Ponte, write only for Mozart, Martini and Salieri, but never

again have anything to do with such paltry, ignorant people as these. Casti was craftier than you—he wrote no operas but for a Paisiello or a Salieri.”

“I now thought it time,” says the old poet, “to awaken my poetic vein again, which seemed to me quite dried up, when attempting to write for Righini and Pitichio. The three above named kapellmeisters, Mozart, Martini [Vicent Martin], and Salieri, gave me the opportunity for this, for at the same time they each demanded an opera of me, and I hoped not only to gain from all three amends for my previous failures, but even an addition to the small theatrical reputation which I had already gained. I reflected whether I might not satisfy all three at the same time,—whether I might not write three operas at once. Salieri demanded no original drama. He had written the opera *Tarare* for Paris, and now desired to re-write it both in character and music as an Italian drama; therefore he called upon me for a free translation. Mozart and Martini left me free choice in the subject; I chose for the former *Don Giovanni*, which pleased him to an extraordinary degree, and for the latter *Il Arbore di Diana*.” \* \* \* \*

“On the first day, what with the Tokay, Seville snuff, coffee, the servant’s bell, and the young nurse [a beautiful but frail damsel of seventeen, with whom the poet was at first only paternally in love], the first two scenes of *Don Giovanni*, two others of the *Arbore di Diana*, and more than half of the first act of *Tarare*, a title which I had changed into *Azur*, *Re d’Ormus*, were finished. The next morning I took these scenes to the three composers, who could hardly believe what they saw and read with their own eyes; and in sixty-three days the first two operas were finished, and more than two thirds of the other. The *Arbore di Diana* was the first which was produced (Oct. 1). It enjoyed the happiest reception, one which was at least as good as that of the ‘*Cosa rara*.’” \* \* \* \*

“Immediately after the first performance, I was obliged to journey to Prague, where Mozart’s *Don Giovanni* was to be given for the first time, upon the arrival of the Princess of Tuscany in that city. I remained there eight days, to instruct the actors, who were to appear in the work; but before the performance, I was forced to return to Vienna, by a most urgent letter of Salieri, in which he wrote me—whether truly or not I shall not decide—that the ‘*Azur*,’ by imperial command, was to be immediately produced on occasion of the marriage of Archduke Francis, and that the Emperor himself had ordered him to recall me. I returned, therefore, as soon as possible, travelling day and night,”—and in two or three days was again in Vienna, where in two days more, he says, the *Azur* on his part was perfected. By this account, then, Salieri received the remainder of his text just as *Don Giovanni* was appearing upon the stage in Prague (Oct. 29).

There seems to be no reason whatever to doubt the truth of this story of Da Ponte, and, taking it in connection with other fixed dates, the combination enables us to fix pretty conclusively the time of Salieri’s return from Paris and the beginning of the *Azur*.

Da Ponte’s *Il Bertoldo*, with Pitichio’s music, failed June 22; and this event preceded the conception of the *Don Giovanni* and the *Arbore di*

*Diana*. Mozart was ready in September to journey to Prague, that he might finish his composition in communication with his singers; and Martin had his opera ready for rehearsal early enough to secure its performance on October 1. The writing of these two texts by Da Ponte was finished in sixty-three days; allowing then four weeks for the study of the *Arbore*, we are able to fix upon the beginning of July, 1787, as the date of the conception of three of the most popular operas of that time—one of them of all time; a date, too, which allows Salieri some four weeks between the production of his *Tarare* in Paris June 8, and his reappearance in Vienna.

(To be Continued.)

### Mr. Lumley’s “Reminiscences.”

Mr. Lumley has given us a very pleasant book, (*Reminiscences of the Opera*), a little too reticent perhaps, and too much swelled out with allusions to operas and ballets which the public remember as well as he does, but readable, full of anecdotes, and fair to a point defeated managers are seldom able to attain. The most unfair annoyance inflicted by an artist never rouses his temper; the *veille garde*, the organized conspiracy of dancers, dancers’ friends, and singers, which almost ruined the theatre, elicits only a moderate censure, and even Lord Ward, who sold him up, is let off with the remark that he became unexpectedly a harsh creditor. In short, Mr. Lumley writes like a gentleman, in one or two instances perhaps in too gentlemanly a tone. He might have omitted all mention of Lola Montez, for example, but he scarcely expects us to believe that he terminated her engagement after the first night because “true Spaniards indignantly refused to acknowledge the impostor as an exponent of their national dance,” and this although she “would have drawn large sums of money to the treasury.” The popular explanation that Lola was a little too “piquante,” and “provocative” even for the ballet, that Mr. Lumley sacrificed money to caste, may not be true, but his own account is just a little highflown. He does not give the public either quite so much information as to the pecuniary history of the opera as he might have done; we cannot even guess from his pages what “success” and “failure” mean in the dialect of impresarios; but there is ample food for those who like light reading nevertheless, and he explains to us pretty clearly the temptations which induce a man to become a manager, the difficulties of the position, and the aggregate of conditions required to make a fortune out of the experiment.

Mr. Lumley himself was a lawyer, and his first connection with operatic management arose from his being consulted professionally by M. Laporte, then lessee of Her Majesty’s, and the man who made of the opera-house the rendezvous of the aristocracy—the scene where every box was a drawing-room and Pops’ Alley the most attractive of London clubs. He was in training for the bar, and his acuteness so interested M. Laporte, of whom he speaks in the warmest terms, that he at last offered him a partnership. Mr. Lumley, fascinated by a life which seems to interest those drawn into it as the dreary life of courts, where “all one can hope is to diversify *l’ennui*,” interests courtiers, consented, and was thenceforward plunged in a sea of difficulties, pecuniary and personal, which lasted, at short intervals, until his final downfall. The theatre was trammelled by all manner of leases, debts, contracts, and pecuniary obligations, and the management by a combination among the artists. This cabal consisted of the best singers, the best dancers, and the singers’ and dancers’ lovers and admirers outside, with Grisi for revolutionary queen. The clique dictated to the unhappy manager what artists to engage and what operas to choose, and on one occasion raised a furious row because Tamburini had not been engaged. In vain did M. Laporte promise concessions, in vain did the frightened dancing girls stand for

an hour in their prettiest attitudes waiting to begin; the omnibus boxes had been filled with men eager for a row, the music could not be heard, the respectable portion of the audience left the house, and at last the rioters, headed by a Prince of the Blood, jumped upon the stage. Nobody was prepared to kick the Prince of the Blood or hand him over to a policeman, and the curtain fell upon Mohockism open and triumphant. Mr. Lumley, when on Laporte’s sudden death he gained the reins of power into his own hands, had not the “cabal” to meet, but he had other difficulties as serious; but then he understood governing,—was in his way a little Napoleon. He had a grand talent for silence, used to adopt a policy of reserve which, as he says, gained for him the name of “*Le Mysterieux*,” but which succeeded, and he had a trick of refusing to interfere in matters out of his own department, which was wonderfully effective. When he did interfere it was either by a *coup d’état*, as by the dismissal of Lola, or by some small but most able exercise of address. He wanted one year to have a grand sensation ballet, and having at command the four best dancers who ever lived, Taglioni, Cerito, Carlotta Grisi, and Lucille Grahn, thought he could manage it. Perrot, the ballet master, composed a *pas de quatre* with all the art of which he was capable, and then the difficulties began. “Material obstacles were easily overcome. When it was feared that Carlotta Grisi would not be able to leave Paris in time to rehearse and appear for the occasion, a vessel was chartered from the Steam Navigation Company to wait the sylph at a moment’s notice across the Channel; a special train was engaged and ready at Dover; relays of horses were in waiting to aid the flight of a *dansuse* all the way from Paris to Calais.”

When it was necessary to display energy, Mr. Lumley had it at command. When his prima donna Grisi suddenly declared she could not sing because of her approaching confinement, he dashed off to Rome, caught Madame Frezzolini, and returned in time for the London season. In no instance was he ever fairly beaten, though to the end of his career he was embarrassed by the pressure put upon him, sometimes from courtiers using the Queen’s name, sometimes from the great people who simply as great people claimed a right of interference. Miss Edwards was forced on him under the name of Signora Favanti, and one royal duchess wrote to him that his management had not given her unalloyed satisfaction! But the worst were the friends of the artistes, of some of whom Mr. Lumley gives an amusing account:—

“Part of my troubles, certainly, arose from the repeated exigencies of the great in name and position, and some few of the more influential of the subscribers. Demands for changes in the performance, for the suppression of this opera or the repetition of that, to suit the convenience of one great person or another, for the purpose of serving a singer’s interest or for the gratification of a passing fancy,—all these were constant thorns in the side of a manager who was only desirous to conciliate all his patrons. When to such annoyances are added the unreasonable requirements and caprices of artists, with their angry expostulation relative to the position of boxes given, and “explosions,” in which Mademoiselle Cerito, for instance, was continually indulging, it may be easily conceived how that difficulties should habitually occur. Many of these were caused by a set of people (called by the Italians ‘*procoli*’) consisting of the fathers, mothers, aunts, or other relatives, real or fictitious, of the artistes. These hangers-on consider their ‘vocation gone’ if they do not ‘stir up the waters.’ The ‘*Père Cerito*’ was a notable specimen of the genus. He considered his own presence at the theatre as necessary as that of his daughter. In lauding her choice ‘effects’ he would invariably speak collectively, and say, for instance, ‘*Nous avons dansé magnifiquement ce soir*.’”

Letters used to shower on him complaining of this, that, and the other favoritism or want of

favor, and sometimes the manager was compelled to conciliate a dancer supported by a clique outside with as much tact and judgment as would have been required to administer a state. The dancers seem to have been more explosive than the singers, perhaps from the immense prominence given to the ballet. Mr. Lumley evidently believed that prosperity lay in his artistes' legs rather than their throats, and mourns almost pathetically over the decline of the "choreographic art,"—the old ballet, which told a long story, and bored the loungers who came to look at pretty women in pretty attitudes almost to death.

The truth is the opera-house is a state, and it is in this fact that the attraction of management to men like Lumley consists. The great of the world under the hereditary system find their lives *ennuyant*, and try to make them interesting by turning pleasure into business, use as much "influence" to secure the engagement of a new singer as to pass a Parliamentary vote, intrigue for the favor of a clever dancer more anxiously than for that of a monarch. The manager is therefore a person of high importance to a high circle, finds himself socially courted like a duke, the companion, and for many purposes the equal, of princes. The pecuniary result of a good season is pleasant, but it is the social result which tempts. Peers were bowing before Mr. Lumley during his reign, he was considered at Court almost a benefactor for bringing over Jenny Lind,—a bishop rang Cathedral bells for her on her entrance into his city,—Metternich wrote to him as "*Mon cher Lumley*,"—ambassadors made a State affair of the engagement of a troupe of Viennese ballet-children, the most indefensible act in Mr. Lumley's career,—and he tells an amusing anecdote of Cavour, full of that sense of being himself a politician, to which we have alluded.

"Nothing could exceed the kindness shown to me on this as on all occasions by my friend Sir James Hudson, the English Minister. It was during this short visit to Turin that I was introduced to the great Italian statesman Cavour, at the spontaneous solicitation of that minister. I was taken by Sir James Hudson into Cavour's box at the theatre, where I talked for some time with him. By chance, on leaving Turin, I met Count Cavour at the railway station. The statesman invited me to travel in the official carriage provided as far as our directions went together. In the course of conversation I remarked that the necessity of talking was one of the inconveniences of constitutional governments, and that, in my own little sphere, I should dislike very much to explain my views on all occasions. Cavour replied quickly, '*On ne s'explique pas, on répond seulement*.' He was then on his way to some place where he had promised to be godfather to the child of one of the government officials. On his return from his further expedition I was frequently summoned to conferences with the statesman, from which it seemed at one time probable that important results to my own advantage might have followed."

His *fétes* at his private residence at Fulham were the events of the season. "They were thronged by persons of distinction of both sexes, as well as by 'notabilities,' dramatic, artistic, and literary, both foreign and English: the present Emperor of the French among the rest. Invitations to these gay 'réunions' were eagerly sought," Jenny Lind and the Duchess of Bedford in one pavilion attracting the whole London "world." Mr. Lumley bore himself well among these personages; but to succeed in his *rôle* a man must have something more than governing ability, tact and appreciation of the public. He wants the fortune of an old noble or a great linendraper, and Mr. Lumley had it not. He was always compelled to rely on the aid of some "patron," or association of patrons; the patrons took out their money in control, and at last a quarrel with Lord Ward brought him to operative ruin. Into the details of this quarrel it is unnecessary to enter, suffice it to say that the Peer had the power of cancelling the lease, and that, contrary to Mr. Lumley's expectations, he insisted on having his money like any untitled person

without artistic instincts. Mr. Lumley therefore retired, happy, he says, in the recollections, certainly happy in the temper which, after such a downfall, could support him in writing this most genial book.—*English paper.*

### The Forty-First Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine.

(Concluded.)

The second evening of the Festival boasted of a programme in which shone the names of Bach, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn Bartholdy, names which are the just pride of the German people, and to do honor to which is peculiarly the object of those large gatherings of artists rendered possible by Musical Festivals alone.

After the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*—magnificently executed by the stringed quartet, though the connecting passages for the wood wind instruments might have been somewhat softer—came Johann Sebastian Bach's "Magnificat" in D major, for vocal solos, five-part chorus, full band, and organ, for the first time, as far as we know, at any of our festivals, and with such large numbers. It is a magnificent creation, which on the whole, when executed with perfect precision and plenty of voices, as it was on the present occasion, produces the powerful impression Bach's wonderful polyphony always does. The difficult work had been well got up by Herr Wüllner, who conducted it with great vigor and certainty, the execution of it leaving nothing to be desired. In the arrangement of the score, the conductor partially followed the version published by Robert Franz. There is one thing certainly which merits our thanks and deserves to be imitated; that is, that the greatness of the immortal German master, before whom all succeeding musicians have bowed and still bow, is rendered at our Musical Festivals more appreciable than ever, as these Festivals supply the means of performing his works in a manner worthy of them. That the public has become more fitted to receive them by the frequent repetitions, during the last few years, in the Rhenish Provinces, of the grand *Passions-Musiken*, was demonstrated by the impression that "Magnificat" produced upon the audience at Aix-la-Chapelle.

Bach's "Magnificat" was followed by scenes from Gluck's *Iphigenie in Tauris*. A sharper musical contrast can scarcely be imagined. In both productions, the words are the foundation of the music; but while, in the former instance, they work up the music only to a certain state of feeling, while the music then raises itself, with all the resources of its art—independent of words—as regards contrapuntal and thoroughly polyphonic composition, to the labyrinthian tone-passages peculiar to itself, and in which only knowledge and intelligence are able to follow the clue of Ariadne which runs through them, Music, in the latter instance, makes it her task and pride to absorb into her own domain every sensation, expressed by words, of the human heart, every position in which certain individuals appear during the course of their life, giving them again in tone, and, by means of melody and harmony apparently artless, connecting herself most closely with the poetry. There is no doubt that this second composition has more affinity with our feelings and views, as developed since the end of the last century, and produces a deeper effect upon us than the former; nay, more, it might visibly be proved that even the height attained by our absolute music—instrumental music—is based upon the development of applied, that is, vocal, music, since it has gone on including more and more within its domain the expression of human emotions and passions of all degrees, so that the music of Beethoven's Symphonies may not unjustly be called dramatic.

It is well known that Gluck conceived more clearly than any one else the task of music as the sanctifying supporter of poetry, and he was assisted in his resolution to accomplish this task, in conformity with his conception, by the qualities natural to him: strength of character, truthfulness of conviction, and musical talent of a kind completely adapted to the realization of his ideal. The *Iphigenie auf Tauris* is his last great dramatic, and also, his most magnificent work.\* He was sixty-five years of age when he wrote it to a fine text by Guillard, which far surpassed the previous texts set to music by Traetta and Piccini. It was played for the first time in Paris, on the 18th March, 1779, though most of it was composed in Vienna, and, while his former operas had gradually to win the sympathy and favor of the pub-

\* It is true that, after this *Iphigenie*, Gluck composed, to please a Baron von Techudi, an opera called *Echo und Narcisse*, but it was performed only once, and his dramatic career, properly speaking, closed with the *Iphigenie auf Tauris*.

lic amid the party struggles, which are so well known, success, in the case of *Iphigenie auf Tauris*, was decided, general, and above all opposition. Even Grimm, the great critic, and an opponent of Gluck, was converted. "I do not know," he writes, "whether what we heard is song. Perhaps it is something far better; I forget the opera and find myself in the midst of a Greek tragedy."

On the 2nd April, 1782, that is to say, three years after its first performance, the opera was represented in Paris for the one hundred and fifty-first time; on which occasion it drew 15,125 livres. The first performance of it with German words in Vienna took place on the 23d October, 1781, and in Berlin on the 24th February, 1795. In the nineteenth century it has sought refuge in Germany, the true home of its music, and to the Berlin Opera-house is due the merit of having become its principal, and for a long time only, asylum; Paris is dead for it, and it was not till within the last few years that it was again produced at other theatres in Germany besides Berlin, with the sister work, *Iphigenie in Aulis*. On the Rhine, the Ducal theatres at Darmstadt and Carlsruhe\* are probably the only ones which once more present their audiences with operas by Gluck. We are, therefore, bound, not merely to justify but also to praise the fact that these masterpieces, which stand alone in their way, are taken up at the Musical Festivals of the Lower Rhine, and that the public are at least enabled, by a series of scenes, to form an opinion of the wonderful effect produced by dramatic works, which they have not the privilege of seeing performed upon the stage. The effect these works would produce, even now, after the lapse of nearly a hundred years—nay, which they would produce more especially at the present time—provided the fitting artists could be found to play them, was again proved by the very profound impression once more created at Aix-la-Chapelle, on the present occasion, by a few scenes from the *Iphigenie auf Tauris*, merely in the concert-room, and without the slightest assistance from the resources of the stage.

But what an *Iphigenie* was Madame Louise Dustmann! With what skill she understood how to fill our hearts with the warmest compassion for the tragical fate of the unhappy maiden, who, having been once snatched from instant death, is obliged for years to devote her life to the most horrible tuition, and sees her only consolation, her only hope of seeing her brother come to redeem her, annihilated by the false report emanating from Orestes of that brother's death! There stood the wonderfully-gifted lady, without any of those accessories, which, by means of the eye, bring the illusion on the stage nearer the truth; she had naught save her voice and her soul, with which she felt the deep woe of Diana's unfortunate priestess; but that was sufficient to captivate, with a strange charm, the ears of the audience, to move their hearts, and to render Mad. Dustmann herself a sublime priestess of her art. Since Mad. Milder-Hauptmann, whom we were fortunate enough to hear, we never heard such an *Iphigenie*, and to her, too, would Goethe have had to dedicate the verses which he sent to the first-named lady:

"Das unschuldvolle, fromme Spiel  
Das edlen Beifall sich errungen,  
Erreichte doch ein höheres Ziel,  
Von Gluck betont, von Dir gesungen."

Herr Hill sang most admirably, with his fine voice and correct, expressive, dramatic elocution, the recitative and air of Orestes. In a similarly satisfactory manner, the choruses, especially the two-part ones of the Priestesses, completed the picture of which they form the background.

The following were the pieces selected: From the first act—the overture which carries us into the midst of the storm that hurls the ship of Orestes on the inhospitable shore, and the fairy of which calls forth the appeal of *Iphigenie* and the Chorus to the incensed gods; then the narrative of the dream, the following chorus, the air to Diana (why was the recitative: "*Ach, arme Pelopiden!*" furnishing by its conclusion, "*Nein, länger hoff' ich nicht!*" the motive of the air, omitted) and the next chorus; as the succeeding number we had the scene of Orestes with the chorus of the Eumenides; as the third, the dialogue between *Iphigenie* and Orestes, and *Iphigenie's* magnificent air, "*O laßt mich tiefgebeugte weinen!*" with the choruses belonging to it. For the sake of fully rounding off the selection, we should have liked to have, also, the addition of the short recitative in which *Iphigenie* summons the Priestesses to the sacrifice for the manes of Orestes, who is supposed to be dead, as well as the wonderful sacrificial chorus itself. It is true, however, that the close connection of the whole would have been broken by the long-continued applause which followed *Iphigenie's* grand air.

\* *Iphigenie in Aulis* was produced at Carlsruhe on the 9th September, 1863, in honor of the Grand Duke's birthday; and at Darmstadt in last March.

After these scenes of Gluck's, Mendelssohn's setting of the 114th Psalm was subjected to a severe ordeal, but, thanks to its grand double-choral form, and the admirable manner in which it was executed, it produced its effect as a genuine masterpiece.

Concerning the performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony we need say no more than that it was so perfect as to leave nothing to be desired. In achieving this result, the orchestra, chorus, and the admirable singing of the soloists—by whom all the notes, however much the latter were written in instrumental fashion, were given with the utmost clearness—combined with the excellent and fiery conducting of Herr Rietz, to create among the audience an enthusiasm evoked at Musical Festivals only by the most successful performance. Herr Rietz's reading and conducting merit very high praise.

The third evening of the Festival was, as usual, devoted principally to solo displays. The latter were on this occasion enclosed in a framework consisting of the grand Concert Overture of Julius Rietz, which thus celebrated the twenty-fifth year of its existence, and the brilliant execution of which enabled the audience to pay the composer and conductor a well merited ovation; the *Egmont* overture by Beethoven; Bach's choruses: "*Sicut locutus est*" and "*Gloria*;" and the concluding chorus from Handel's *Belshazzar*. In the way of vocal pieces, we heard Agatha's grand scene from *Der Freischütz*, as well as songs by Schubert and Mendelssohn, sung by Mad. Dustmann; an aria from *Costa fan Tutte*, by Mlle. von Edelsberg; Belmonte's second air from *Die Entführung*, and songs by Schumann and Schubert, by Herr Gunz; and the air "*Gott sei mir gnädig*" from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, sung by Herr Hill. All these pieces were received with universal applause, fully deserved by the artistic zeal of the various singers. Herr Gunz, especially, sang Belmonte's air with a softness and warmth of expression which rendered Mozart's melodies in a genuinely Mozartean manner, while Mad. Dustmann once more proved what a rich treasure of the most magnificent music there is in Agatha's air, with which she fairly entranced every one.

Instrumental music had only one representative, but that one was Joseph Joachim, who played his own clever "Violin-concerto, composed in the Hungarian style"; a charming "Adagio" by Spohr, together with a "Prelude" and "Fugue" in D minor, with that artistic finish which is truly unique in its way, for, in it, all the marvels effected by the executant's magical skill disappear before the noble and original intellect characterizing the style of this great artist.

### Jenny Lind's Scruples.

Little by little, during the winter, rumors had crept abroad, and had even found a place in the public papers that Jenny Lind had fallen under the influence of an adviser, highly placed in the hierarchy of the church, who had used all his powers of eloquence to persuade the singer that, out of respect to herself and to religion, she was bound to quit the stage. Many of the better judging would not credit the report that a bishop, whilst enjoying a reputation for liberality and tolerance, had endeavored to detach the artist from the stage, instead of encouraging her to remain in a sphere wherein her bright example might continue a purifying influence. Nevertheless, the belief gained ground that, from whatever sources they proceeded, powerful influences were at work upon the mind of the young lady to induce her to abandon the stage forever, as a profession incompatible with true religious feeling, and even with moral propriety. Whatever exaggeration there may possibly have been in these rumors, it is more than probable that some foundation for them did really exist. Vacillating as the young singer was known to be, there must have been a painful struggle in her mind relative to the advice offered her to abandon her profession. [This "advice," I have since learned from undoubted authority, was not proffered to Mademoiselle Lind in reference to any dislike of her profession. The estimable prelate here alluded to was induced to believe that Jenny Lind, though desiring earnestly to quit the stage, felt compelled to remain from a sense of obligation towards her director, whom she had, perhaps unwisely, encouraged to expect that she would stand by him for another season. The kind counsels of the bishop and his respected family went solely to the point of sustaining the young singer's own decision, supposing it to be truly taken by her, against the importunity of her theatrical friends and "confidantes."] At one time she resolved to submit to this influence, at another she seemed unhappy at the thought of extinguishing what had been the hope and aim of her girlhood, the ambition and pride of her womanhood. Thus all was indecision—all perplexity. One day the

wavering lady declared she would abide by the counsel of a valued friend, who advised her on no account to relinquish her career; and on the next she would recall her promise, and let it be announced that she "could not come." Friends of long date and long acquired sympathies urged her not to give way to counsels founded on mistaken views of her interests, or to take a step which she would eventually regret. Affectionate solicitude endeavored to steady her mind, evidently harassed and torn by remonstrances of varied character. Her state of indecision was as injurious to her own peace, as it was perplexing and distressing to her manager. The public prints which had hitherto made regretful and painful allusions to the supposed religious influences in high quarters brought to bear upon the susceptible temperament of the Swedish singer, in order to induce her to relinquish the stage, as a profession, (now about the month of February), began to team with hints respecting influences of a more direct nature exercised upon the young lady to the same intent. Soon it was positively asserted by these indiscreet chroniclers, that she was engaged, and would shortly be married to a young gentleman of good family, related to an eminent banker. Little by little the rumor spread that it was the intended bridegroom whose religious scruples had induced the *prima donna* to express her desire of leaving the stage forever. Some of the principal organs of the press evinced much indignation at the slur thrown upon a whole profession; some loudly remonstrated with the wavering singer; some with gentle words urged the fallacy of her quitting a profession which "could neither contaminate her nor degrade her either morally or socially." That her mind was in a state of harassing perplexity there can be no doubt. At last it was publicly announced that the "Swedish Nightingale" would again sing in public, but in concerts only, and that those concerts were to be held in Exeter Hall. Exeter Hall! Was I, then, to be entirely thrown over? In this state of affairs, subscribers who had looked for Jenny Lind as the main attraction of the forthcoming season, naturally held back. Even the Court remained undecided. No box was to be taken for Her Majesty the Queen until it was known whether the favorite *prima donna* was, or was not, to appear upon the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre; or, at all events, until a definite programme could be issued. Now, it was impossible for a director, while all was yet in abeyance, to put forward to the public an official prospectus of the season, by which the future fortunes of the theatre were to stand or fall. I could do no more than send out a written circular to the Court, the principal subscribers, and the press, detailing what my arrangements might probably or possibly be. Many of the principal frequenters of the theatre held on by the manager "through thick and thin." Many more looked on and waited, and asked, "Is Jenny Lind to act?"—*Reminiscences of the Opera.* By Benjamin Lumley.

### Robin Adair.

Those who have heard Herr Habelmann sing the air of "Robin Adair" in the opera of *La Dame Blanche*, will be interested in the following article from the London *Notes and Queries* concerning its origin and the history of its hero:

E. K. J. is most decidedly in error, both as regards the hero, nature, and date of "Robin Adair," which in no sense of the phrase can be called "a drinking song," or as showing "the warmth of that friendship which subsisted between that gentleman (what gentleman?) and his friends;" but is merely a sentimental, sorrowful lament of a lady for the absence of her lover.

Robert Adair, the hero of the song, was well known in the London fashionable circles of the last century by the sobriquet of the "Fortunate Irishman;" but his parentage and the exact place of his birth are unknown. He was brought up as a surgeon, but "his detection in an early amour drove him precipitately from Dublin," to push his fortunes in England. Scarcely had he crossed the Channel when the chain of lucky events, that ultimately led him to fame and fortune, commenced. Near Holyhead, perceiving a carriage overturned, he ran to render assistance. The sole occupant of this vehicle was a "lady of fashion well known in polite circles," who received Adair's attentions with thanks; and, being lightly hurt, and hearing that he was a surgeon, requested him to travel with her in her carriage to London. On their arrival in the metropolis she presented him with a fee of one hundred guineas, and gave him a general invitation to her house. In after life Adair used to say that it was not so much the amount of this fee, but the time it was given,

that was of service to him, as he was then almost destitute. But the invitation to her house was a still greater service, for there he met the person who decided his fate in life. This was Lady Caroline Keppel, daughter of the second Earl of Albemarle, and of Lady Anne Lennox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond. Forgetting her high lineage, Lady Caroline, at the first sight of the Irish surgeon, fell desperately in love with him; and her emotions were so sudden and so violent as to attract the general attention of the company. Adair, perceiving his advantage, lost no time in pursuing it; while the Albemarle and Richmond families were dismayed at the prospect of such a terrible *mesalliance*. Every means were tried to induce the young lady to alter her mind, but without effect. Adair's biographer tells us that "amusements, a long journey, an advantageous offer, and other common modes of shaking off what was considered by the family as an improper match, were alternately tried, but in vain; the health of Lady Caroline was evidently impaired, and the family at last confessed, with a good sense, that reflects honor on their understandings, as well as their hearts, that it was possible to prevent, but never to dissolve an attachment; and that marriage was the honorable, and indeed the only alternative that could secure her happiness and life."

When Lady Caroline was taken by her friends from London to Bath, that she might be separated from her lover, she wrote, it is said, the song of "Robin Adair," and set it to a plaintive Irish tune that she had heard him sing. Whether written by Lady Caroline or not, the song is simply expressive of her feelings at the time, and as it completely corroborates the circumstances just related, which were the town-talk of the period, though now little more than family tradition, there can be no doubt that they were the origin of the song, the words of which, as originally written, are the following:

#### "ROBIN ADAIR."

"What's this dull town to me?  
Robin's not near;  
He whom I wish to see,  
Wish for to hear.  
Where's all the joy and mirth,  
Made life a Heaven on earth?  
Oh! they're all fled with thee,  
Robin Adair!  
What made the assembly shine?  
Robin Adair!  
What made the ball so fine?  
Robin was there!  
What, when the play was o'er,  
What made my heart so sore?  
Oh! it was parting with  
Robin Adair!  
But now thou art far from me,  
Robin Adair!  
But now I never see  
Robin Adair!  
Yet he I love so well  
Still in my heart shall dwell,  
Oh! can I ne'er forget  
Robin Adair!"

Immediately after his marriage with Lady Caroline,\* Adair was appointed Inspector General of Military Hospitals, and subsequently, becoming a favorite of George III., he was made Surgeon-General, King's Sergeant-Surgeon, and Surgeon of Chelsea Hospital. Very fortunate men have seldom many friends, but Adair, by declining a baronetcy that was offered to him by the king for surgical attendance on the Duke of Gloucester, actually acquired considerable popularity before his death, which took place when he was nearly four score years of age, in 1790. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" of that year there are verses "On the Death of Robert Adair, Esq., late Surgeon-General, by J. Crane, M. D.," who, it is to be hoped, was a much better physician than a poet.

Lady Caroline Adair's married life was short but happy. She died of consumption, after giving birth to three children, one of them a son. On her death-bed she requested Adair to wear mourning for her as long as he lived; which he scrupulously did, save on the king's and queen's birthdays, when his duty to his sovereign required him to appear at Court in full dress. If this injunction respecting mourning were to prevent Adair marrying again, it had the desired effect; he did not marry a second time, though he had many offers. But I am trenching on the scandalous chronicles of the last century, and must stop. Suffice it to say, Adair seems to have been a universal favorite among both women and men; even Pope Ganganelli conceived a strong friendship for him when he visited Rome. Adair's only son by Lady Keppel served his country with distinction as a diplomatist, and died in 1855, aged ninety-two years, then being the Right Honorable Sir Robert Adair, G. C. B., the last surviving politi-

\* In "The Grand Magazine of Universal Intelligence" for 1778, the marriage is thus announced: "February 22d Robert Adair, Esq., to the Right Honorable the Lady Caroline Keppel."



cal and private friend of his distinguished relative, Charles James Fox. His memory, though not generally known, has been also enshrined in a popular piece of poetry, for, being expressly educated for the diplomatic service at the University of Göttingen, Canning satirized him in "The Rovers" as Rogero, the unfortunate student-lover of "Sweet Matilda Pottingen." WILLIAM PINKERTON.

**JENNY LIND IN PARIS.**—The dinner party at the Embassy was a small one, no other company being invited except Mr. and Mrs. G——, Mademoiselle Lind, Madame Catalani and her daughter, and one English gentleman, a well-known amateur of the opera; the secretary of the Embassy, and a sister of the Ambassador being also present. After dinner, the weather being warm, the party strolled in a garden attached to the Embassy—Catalani and Jenny Lind talking much together. In the evening some little embarrassment arose about asking Jenny Lind to sing, because no one ever refuses a request made by the representative of majesty, the Marchioness considerably forebore to place the young Swede in a position of difficulty. But Catalani, who was burning with curiosity to hear Jenny Lind sing, perceived that there was some hesitation, went up to the "Nightingale," and asked her with grace and earnestness to oblige the company with a song, adding, "C'est la vieille Catalani qui desire vous entendre chanter, avant de mourir!" Such an appeal from such a person overcame all Jenny's habitual dislike to sing in private society. She sat down to the piano, and after a few bars of prelude gave her incomparable "Non credea mirarti," playing the accompaniment herself.—*Lumley's Reminiscences.*

#### M. Fiorentino.

(Correspondence of the Evening Gazette.)

Mons. Fiorentino is dead. Mons. Dumas's prediction of his poverty in Paris was contradicted by fate. After Mons. Fiorentino became associated with Mons. Dumas he never knew what it was to want money, and he left an estate of 600,000*fr.* although he lived expensively. It is true that during the last few years of his life his pen brought him a great deal of money. He received \$100 for his weekly contribution to *Le Moniteur*, and \$100 for his weekly contribution to *La France* (each was an article, to the first on the music, to the second on the music and drama of the week, which would occupy about three columns in your paper); these two papers gave him \$10,400 a year. He was chief editor of *L'Entrée*, which brought him in \$1000 a year (it is simply the play bill of all the theatres in Paris, with analyses of new pieces and theatrical news). But it has not been long since he received this annual income; his fortune was drawn from other and less licit sources. He levied black mail with a ferocity unknown even in this capital of black mail. Everybody connected with the lyric theatres was squeezed by his relentless hand. This story is told: Some fifteen years ago Mons. Amedée Achard, the well known novelist, attacked him in a *feuilleton* for this same habit of levying black mail. The attack was made in such direct, unequivocal terms that Mons. Fiorentino could not pass it unnoticed. He challenged Mons. Amedée Achard. The latter was doubtful whether he could meet a man with so blemished a reputation and referred the matter to men experienced in duelling. They decided that he could not refuse satisfaction. Mons. Fiorentino was exceedingly anxious to kill Mons. Achard and he was, of course, leading such a Bedouin life, a practised master of pistol and sword. He regarded the pistol the surest weapon and proposed it. The seconds discarded it and selected the small sword. Mons. Fiorentino made desperate assaults upon his adversary and finally put in a thrust in the latter's breast. How he missed his heart Providence alone can tell! Mons. Achard fell apparently dead, and was in bed for a year afterwards. This duel and the circumstances which led to it roused the attention of the Literary Men's Association, to which they both belonged. An investigation was ordered. One of the first persons visited to discover what grounds of reason, if any, existed for the alleged levy of black mail, was Mlle. Albani (she was then unmarried and at the height of her reputation). It happened that Mlle. Albani was not at home and the hearth was guarded by her mother, an old woman whose loquacious, impetuous character was that of the Italian Nurse which Shakespeare has so admirably delineated in *Romeo and Juliet*. She did not speak French; the committee did not speak Italian. All she caught in the enquiry was the name "Mons. Fiorentino." The moment she heard it, she flew into a violent passion, seized a broomstick and belabored their shoulders, screaming in Italian: "Canaglia! Didn't we give you 1000*fr.* last week, and a golden bracelet set with precious stones last

month, and d'y'e, canaglia that ye and him who sent ye here are, d'y'e suppose there is no end to our purse? Off with ye! Off with ye! Canaglia! Banditi! that ye are!" The committee fled quite satisfied with the evidence! Mlle. Albani's mother took them for emissaries of Mons. Fiorentino, who had come for a new instalment of black mail!

Mons. Fiorentino was expelled from the society, and for some time he hung under quite a cloud; but this disreputable affair did not prevent him from levying black mail. Far otherwise. He was at this time attached to a petty newspaper, *Le Corsaire*, where he might ruin as many reputations as he pleased, and most persons purchased his silence or his praise. Two persons alone refused to grant him pensions: Mmes. Albani and Mons. and Mme. Mario (Mme. Grisi is, as you know, Mme. Mario). To the last hour of his life he attacked them. Mons. Meyerbeer paid him a large pension with government punctuality. The managers of the Italian, Lyrique, and Opera Comique paid him considerable sums annually, and as for the costly presents he received there was no end to them. The "stars" made him presents at the beginning of the season, on New Year's Day, and at the end of the season. Maiden artists to our boards gave him valuable presents or money before they made their bow. I am afraid to tell you what sums of money I have heard he annually received, lest you may think I had the traveler's long how in hand. He was a man of rare talents, and might on the broad, straight road of honor have attained an enviable place here. Mons. Sainte Beuve has repeatedly said that few foreigners or Frenchmen ever attained his command over the language of his country. His knowledge of music was extraordinary. There were few composers and no singers in Europe for the last thirty years with whom he was not well acquainted. Malibran and Pauline Viardot were his playmates, Lablache knew him well before he quitted Naples. I do not know whether he was trained to any profession; but after he turned his attention to literature, he cultivated letters with the greatest assiduity. He left, as I have said, 600,000*fr.* behind him. He bequeathed 400,000*fr.* to his only child, Marcel Fiorentino della Rovere—a baby not quite a year old, and, though not born in lawful wedlock, "recognized" for his son. He bequeathed 200,000*fr.* to the child's mother, Mlle. Nelly, a very pretty actress who was formerly attached to the Porte St. Martin Theatre, and for whom Mons. Fiorentino made those attacks on this theatre, which led to his rupture with *Le Constitutionnel*. The will has been opposed by his family, who, as soon as the breath left his body, turned Mlle. Nelly and child out of doors, and had seals placed upon everything he possessed. They reckoned upon an abundant quarry—he left them nothing. He was all his life generous to them; he supported his father, and left him an annuity of 5000*fr.*; his father preceded him a month in the grave. He supported a brother until the latter died, and to the day of his death supported another brother, who is still confined in a private lunatic asylum near town. It seems that there are some weak points in the will and his executor—who is Mons. Jules Favre—has advised Mlle. Nelly to effect a compromise. Mons. Fiorentino was ill only two days. He died of gout in the heart. He was but 55 years old.

SPERIDION.

### Music Abroad.

**LEIPSIK.** The correspondent of the *Orchestra*, July 9th, pays a just compliment to a most faithful, single-hearted laborer in the cause of great classical choral music.

One of the most meritorious of the Leipzig musical societies is the Riedelscher Verein, which derives its name from its founder and conductor, Herr Riedel, who received his musical education in the Leipzig Conservatorium; his society devotes itself principally to the study of oratorio and church music, from the earliest to the most modern times. Herr Riedel's exertions have been beyond all praise; he has shunned neither labor nor expense, and is now rewarded by being at the head of one of the best mixed choruses in Leipzig. There is one point, however, in which, in common with most German societies, there is room for improvement—a more intelligent conception of Handel's works.

Last week's concert of the Riedelscher Verein had, as usual, an interesting programme. Marcello's Psalms are no easy task; the employment of but a single voice in a long composition of this nature, runs the risk of being monotonous to modern ears, especially where there is not much change of feeling

throughout the psalm. Frau von Milde's delivery of the xxxix. Psalm shows that although the voice has lost some of its freshness, the purity and expressiveness of her style are remarkable, and make it a real pleasure to listen to such a performance. Some Russian church music was very interesting; the oldest specimen produced in this concert dates from about the middle of the eleventh century; its melody is said to have been brought into Russia by the Byzantine bishops who ruled the church under Wladimir the Holy and Jaroslaw the Great; about a century later the Russian native composers became productive, and began to modify the traditional melodies, and to give them a certain national character. Collections of these "Antiphons" were made in Kiev, Nowgorod, and Czeringow. Of the Kiev collection we had also a specimen. The turn which forms the cadence at the close of each phrase is very peculiar and quaint. Both this and the first Antiphon were given as harmonized by M. Lamakin, director of the Scheremetew Orchestra. These ancient forms seem to have continued for some time, till at last the Italian influence made itself felt, at first refining, but ultimately denationalizing and degrading the Church service. Bortujánsky, from 1779 to 1825, director of the choir of the Court Church at St. Petersburg, set himself to restore the ancient forms, but at the same time, like a wise Conservative, bringing these forms into harmony with the progress of modern music. A "Cherubim hymn" of his, which was also sung, shows how successful he was. It would be doing good service to make excavations among this Russian music; there are many treasures in it worth disinterring. A cantata by Bach, for soprano and bass, with accompaniment for small orchestra (for this performance arranged for the organ), with obligato violin, excellently played by Herr Röntgen, was new to me. Bach's majesty is most shown in his choral works, where the old giant has room to display all his mighty strength. In the present cantata, "*Ach Gott, wie manches Herzleid*," divided into five numbers, in the first and fifth numbers the subject, a choral, is sung as a *cantus firmus* by the soprano; while the bass (in the last number the violin is also added), revels around it in elaborate counterpoint. The other numbers are given as solos; in one of these, No. 3, the violin has again a very important part. From the great formalist to the great revolutionist! And yet upon this occasion "revolutionist" would be an unjust epithet to apply to Dr. Liszt, whose "heattitudes" for baritone solo with chorus (published by Kahnt, Leipzig) would do honor to any composer. There is nothing *outré* here, none of those atrocious discords and progressions in which the composer delights to revel; the rich sonority of some of the vocal combinations is magnificent. Herr von Milde's singing of the solo part was excellent. The text being in Latin, there would be no difficulty in bringing this work before an English audience. There were also compositions by other living composers—the Herren Herzog, Müller-Hartung, and Franz—all of more or less merit; but I have not space to speak of them now. Some variety was given to the concert by the organ performances of Herr Thomas, but neither as a composer nor as a player was he altogether satisfactory; his style is too "choppy." The organ of St. Thomas's Church is a very inferior instrument; Bach's church ought to have a better one.

In this week's number of the *Signale*, Dr. Hauptmann calls attention to the issue of the posthumous works of the late Herr Burgmüller by the publishing house of Fr. Kistner. This composer died in 1836, at the early age of twenty-six; the latter years of his life were passed in great suffering. Mendelssohn and Schumann thought much of him. An overture and a string quartet of his, which I heard last year in the Gewandhaus, are of great merit. Besides the overture, a pianoforte concerto and two symphonies have already been published, and other works are about to follow. It would be worth while for English concert directors to look up these works.

**VIENNA.** Little in Viennese operatic circles, but the "*Domestic War*" of Schubert at the Hofoperntheatre and Gluck's "*Iphigenia*," which is to be put on the stage during July. Imperial-Royal Court-piano-manufacturer Herr Friedrich Ehrbar, is about to undertake a journey in order to add some notes to the publication of a great work of his, "*The History of the Piano*."

The schoolmasters have held a "Liedertafel of the Schubert bund." They have always been among the most faithful friends of "Franz Musica;" they carry the magic of song into the farthestmost provinces. In what village or lonely hamlet is there not a schoolmaster who does not represent the whole art in his own person. He scrapes upon the fiddle, strums upon the piano, teaches the flute, and, every Sunday, plays the organ, to the glory of God.

This privileged trade in music has obtained a certain additional amount of celebrity since the time that Schubert, the son of a schoolmaster, lived in the Lichtenthal, where he composed and even kept school himself. As most persons know, he was really schoolmaster at the village school in the Lichtenthal for a year, not, however, from liking for the profession, or from necessity, but in order, under the protection of the schoolmaster's name, to be relieved from serving as a soldier. The chorus of Schoolmasters have deemed it advisable to make some reference in their title to this fact, and so they have called themselves the *Schubertbund*, or Schubert Association.

**COLOGNE.** A pastoral letter of the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne throws us back to the middle ages. Seven centuries ago, says the letter, Friedrich Barbarossa, having conquered Milan, gave the bodies of the "Three Kings" which had been preserved there, to Archbishop Reinhold of Cologne, who on the 23d July, 1164, entered Cologne with the precious relics, since which time they, with the bones of St. Ursula and her 11,000 virgins, have been the palladium of the city. The archbishop summons the faithful to a grand religious festival which is to commemorate the 700th anniversary of the reception of the "Three Kings," and which will last from the 23d to the 30th July. Whatever we may think of the object, there can be no doubt that it will afford a rich display of ecclesiastical pomp, in which music will take its part, in the glorious cathedral, the interior of which is at length completed.

**MANNHEIM.** Rehearsal is busy in Mannheim for the production of Richard Wurst's opera "*Vineta*," in July. Hitherto operatic proceedings there have comprised Fr. Stehle's appearances from Munich, who has been performing in Gounod's "*Faust*," in "*Le Nozze*," as *Rose Friquet* in "*The Hermit's Bell*," (*Glöckchen des Eremiten*) and in "*La Figlia*." After the effect produced by Carlotta Patti, the Mannheimers appreciated Fr. Stehle the more; for Mannheim, it would seem, took the oppositionary side in the Continental schism touching Carlotta's merits, and Stehle, being free from vocal coquetry and unspoiled by the advertising weakness of Ullmanity, was welcomed in Mannheim. The success of Schneider, from Rotterdam, is historical but unimportant.

**MUNICH.**—The following are the programmes of the Concerts of the musical Academy this season, under the direction of Herr Lachner, and which, having been interrupted by the death of the king, were not brought to a termination until the 13th May:—

*First Concert:*—A major Symphony, Beethoven; Soprano Air, with *obligato* clarinet accompaniment from Spohr's *Faust*; Violin Concerto, by Lafont; two Vocal Quartets, by Mendelssohn; Taubert's overture to *Tausend und eine Nacht*.—*Second Concert:* Suite in E minor, No. 2, by Franz Lachner; Aria, by Rossini; B minor Concerto by Hummel; two Songs by Franz Schubert and Esser; Mendelssohn's Overture to *Athalie*.—*Third Concert:* A Symphony in C major, by J. Haydn; Duet from Spohr's *Jessonda*; Symphonie Concertante, for violin and tenor, by Mozart; three Songs (one by Franz Lachner and two by Schumann); Violoncello-Concerto, by Lintner; Overture to *Les Abencerrages*, by Cherubini.—*Fourth Concert:* Mozart's A major Symphony; Two Trios for female voices, by Franz Lachner; Romance for the Violin (op. 40) by Beethoven; "Columbus" a Symphony, by J. J. Abert.—*Fifth Concert:* Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; the 63d Psalm, by Franz Lachner; Suite for Stringed Band, by J. S. Bach; two Duets for female voices, by Weber; "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," by Mendelssohn.

**FLORENCE.**—The Lower-Rhine *Musikzeitung* has an article on "German Music in Italy"—limited for the most part to chamber music. The writer says:

We have already directed attention in these columns to the fact that, considering the predominant partiality of the Italians for singing, and the widely diffused taste for popular melody more especially, we must regard it as a remarkable sign of modern times that chamber music is beginning to make its way in a country which, it is true, has produced such violinists as Corelli, Tartini, and Paganini, as well as several eminent pianists, but has hitherto appreciated and admired the violin and piano simply as solo instruments, and the most distinguished masters of the latter as mere solo virtuosos.

The Quartet Association of Florence is, therefore, deserving of the highest praise. It has been in existence for three years, and, despite of want of sympathy and prejudice, besides opposition on the part

of musical *Italianissimi*, an opposition actually connected with political hostility and partiality proceeding from the latter, has, by perseverance and devotion to art, brought matters to so high a pitch, that its meetings are numerous attended and deeply appreciated. We have received the following information from Florence respecting its last meeting:—

On the 26th of May, the third year of the Quartet Association was brought to a characteristic conclusion by a "Mendelssohn Festival," which was hailed with genuine enthusiasm. Yet it was not one of the master's oratorios or symphonies which met with this success, but a performance of some of his chamber music, for the propagation of which the Association has already done so much.

The programme for the occasion comprised only such pieces as had produced the greatest impression at the previous morning concerts. The pieces were: the Violin Quartet in B flat major, the pianoforte Quartet in F minor, and the Ottet for Stringed Instruments. The performance was marvellously good. The young violinist Papini, who is only eighteen years of age, astounded the audience, and has already eclipsed every other violinist in Florence. Signor Jandelli, violoncellist; Signor Sasso, second violinist; Signori Chiostrì and Matrolini, violists, greatly distinguished themselves. "But what shall we say of the execution of the Ottet?" asks the number of the musical paper *Il Boccherini* (edited by Signor Basevi) now lying before us. "This colossal composition was played with astounding magnificence by the eight excellent artists. All the movements of this master-work were rendered with the most conscientious fidelity characteristic of real artists, and the tumultuous applause they evoked was unanimous. This meeting will be long remembered by all those who attended it. How highly desirable it would be if professional musicians, as well as teachers and students of music, would no longer close their minds to the conviction that it is no loss of time to listen to such music, and that it is far more advantageous and profitable to become acquainted with, and learn how to appreciate the beauties it contains, and to form one's taste by them, than to employ one's leisure in composing romances, polkas and other productions of an ephemeral nature."

"All which," says a correspondent of the *London Musical World*, "may sound very new and æsthetic in Florentine ears, but is simply a string of truisms to Englishmen."—And not to them alone.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 6, 1864.

### Public School Festival.

The seventy-first annual festival of the Public Schools of Boston was held on Tuesday afternoon, July 26, at the Boston Music Hall. It was mainly a musical festival, after the pattern established a few years since, and still continually improved upon, under the auspices of the musical branch of the School Committee,—especially of its enthusiastic and devoted chairman, Dr. J. B. UPHAM. This gentleman was the originator of the plan; and to his ingenuity and unwearied supervision even to the smallest details, of selecting and organizing the singers, making them available to Mr. ZERRAEN's drill, and seating them so admirably, this most beautiful of the periodical occasions of our city is due.

It is but a short time since the children were brought together in the same tuneful manner for the special purpose of welcoming our Russian guests. That experience opportunely served as a rehearsal for the present, the programme being largely, though not entirely, the same. The *coup d'œil* was more beautiful than ever; the 1200 children rising tier on tier each side of the Great Organ to the upper gallery,—boys in the rear and centre like grey seeds or stamens in a huge flower,—girls in lily white, variegated with gay colored scarfs and ribbons, forming the wide-spread petals, while the multitude of fairy little restless

fans fluttered like so many curious butterflies. In the centre, front, stood the orchestra; behind them sat Mr. LANG at the Organ, and in front the Conductor waved his baton. The perfect order, unity and quiet with which the numerous squads and companies of children, issuing from mysterious recesses in all parts of the building, filed into their places at various heights of the great pyramid, was perhaps the most remarkable thing in the whole spectacle; it was like a *fugue*, or any polyphonous composition, to the eye.

The singing we thought better on the whole than ever before. First came the Lord's Prayer, to a Gregorian chant, in unison, by the whole. More ritual than music about this. The "Star-Spangled Banner" was sung very effectively. The grandest pieces were Luther's Choral: "A strong castle is our Lord," and Handel's "Hallelujah" Chorus. The latter was much more impressive than we had expected of children's voices, without the tenors and basses; but here, as in other pieces, the great Organ came in for an admirable solution of that problem, supplying all the bass desired. On its great sea of harmony you can float the largest chorus of child voices with full safety. Softer and sweeter pieces were the "Chorus of Angels" from Costa's "Eli," sung by pupils of the Girls' High and Normal School, with such precision and delicacy that it had to be repeated, and the "Prayer" in *Der Freyschütz* "in muted tones," that is *hummed* with closed lips,—a repetition of a very curious and pleasing effect.—In the intervals of the music addresses were made by several leading citizens; the medal scholars (of two years, some 500 in number), were marshalled round the hall to the front of the stage, where each was introduced to Mayor Lincoln and was presented with an elegant bouquet of flowers; and the exercises closed with the singing of "Old Hundred" and a benediction by the chaplain of the day. The only thing that seemed superfluous, inducing uneasiness, was the speech-making, although the speeches were all short and good. But what need of them at all?

### Mendelssohn's Organ Sonatas.

The analysis in the Leipzig *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, which we commenced translating in our last, proceeds as follows:

"The first movement of the Fourth Sonata (in B flat major, *Allegro con brio*, 4-4,) consists for the most part in the elaboration of a rather orchestral than organ-like principal theme, accompanied partly by single strokes in full chords, partly by a running motive in semi-quavers, introduced at the very outset. Well as this movement in itself is worked up, and little as it falls short of the effect sought by massive organ music, still it seems to lack the breath that quickens and warms up the hearer. But for this we are fully compensated by the *Adagio religioso*, which again makes admirable use of the alternate Manuals, and by the *Allegretto*, 6-8 time, into which it leads, and which is as charming and as tender as only Sebastian Bach's *Pastorella* can be. A middle voice executes upon the first Manual the ductile accompaniment, written in fleeting semi-quaver figures; the Pedal marks the ground-tone in single crotchets, separated by pauses. The melody, in F major, lies at first in the upper voice, and is also played on the first Manual; then there enters a counter-theme, situated in the

tenor and performed upon the second Manual, of a wonderful, romantic expression in its more sombre minor coloring. At last both voices unite in continuous and unbroken companionship, and so the movement ends as a duet. An energetic, skilfully wrought Finale of considerable compass closes this Sonata.

"No. 5 is introduced by an earnest, devotional Chorale, whose perhaps rather artificial closing turns are as remarkable in a harmonic point of view as they are suited to the organ. In the orchestral manner again, but not the less organ-like, is conceived the following somewhat gloomy and constrained *Andante con moto*, in B minor, with its *pizzicato* basses, and which finds a fresh and glad solution in the appended *Allegro maestoso* in D major. The tempo of this Finale must indeed be fiery, but it cannot be taken too fast without compromising its effect upon the organ, which does not admit of very great rapidity in the somewhat piano-like triplet figures here employed.

"The Sixth Sonata contains, besides the plain Chorale: 'Our Father who art in Heaven,' several variations of the same, a fugue upon a theme taken from the *Canto fermo*, and lastly, a Finale, *Andante*, D major, 6-8 time. The Chorale, which belongs to the Dorian mode, is here treated throughout in D minor. The first variation is like so many written by Bach; for three voices, each of which pursues its own self-determined course, entirely characteristic and distinct from that of the others. In the second variation the Pedal has a figured bass in triplets, while the Manual bears the simple Chorale in full harmony. In the third the tenor takes the melody; the Pedal, in a short, fragmentary manner, accompanies the right hand, whose movement is now short and broken, now more or less bound, for the most part duet-wise, in Thirds and Sixths. The two treatments of the Chorale which now follow, in the first of which the Pedal executes the *Canto fermo*, while in the second it is divided among the several upper voices, have for their accompaniment a figure in broken chords, whose so extended use we cannot altogether like. On the other hand, the Fugue, which follows, with its spirited and lively rhythm, and in its dignified and simple keeping, brings us back to the right ground. With this we would have gladly ended the Sonata. Truly beautiful, full of childlike piety and devotion as the following *Andante* (Finale) in itself is, and much as we recognize the deep significance which the composer meant to give to this movement in this place, yet it seems to us, in its ever modern, although noble coloring, to contrast too strongly with the antique Chorale of Luther, which, as treated in this Sonata, tells far better than the one incorporated in the third. It does not seem to set the right seal on the whole as the concluding piece.

"And so we close our notice of a work in many respects so new and so peculiar. It commends a great wealth of things excellent and beautiful, and must surely have a weighty influence on our present organ literature, which cherishes the traditional forms more than it does the ancient spirit."

#### Organ Concerts.

Mr. GEORGE W. MORGAN, of New York, gave a performance on the Music Hall Organ, on Thursday evening, July 21. It had been announced in several

newspapers that this concert was especially designed "to test the powers" of the great instrument, and the programme was made up accordingly. What this might mean, 'twere difficult to say, seeing that "the powers of the instrument," to our unenlightened way of thinking, seemed to have been pretty satisfactorily "tested" by every organist and every programme thus far, including Mr. Morgan himself. And as to Mr. Morgan's present programme, every organ piece in it but two had been played on the great organ repeatedly before, and the two exceptions were not at all exceptional in character or claims upon the organ's powers. However, Mr. Morgan has certain requisites of a fine organist in a remarkable degree. In prompt, free, sure delivery of passages, whether for full organ or a few stops; in a certain dash and animation with which he starts off and carries through the broader, grander movements: in clever knack of instrumentation (by couplings and contrasts of stops), and in various masteries of "effect," he is unsurpassed among our organists. Of his artistic tone, as illustrated in his programmes, in his variations, transcriptions, &c., and in the sacrifices which he seems to us sometimes too willingly to make to momentary effect, we cannot speak so highly. If now and then he chooses a work of Bach, it is a work of minor importance, like that Fugue in D, which doubtless belongs to Bach's apprentice days, and sounds as if written for a finger exercise; how thin and empty compared with the great fugues, toccatas, &c., into which the master has put all himself! The "St. Ann's" fugue, as the English call it, because in its first theme you may recognize some of the intervals of the church tune so called, is more important; but still not one of the most interesting, not one of the most characteristic of Bach's fugues; chiefly remarkable among the others for consisting of several movements with change of time; a good solid work, yet not one to account for whose origin we need a Sebastian Bach. This piece opened the concert referred to, and Mr. Morgan played it clearly, firmly, altogether well.

His transcription of movements (*Adagio ma non troppo*, *Minuetto* and *Trio*), from a Symphony (No. 21), by Haydn, struck us as the most successful of all his renderings of that kind. The piece admitted of it, the involution of the parts not being too polyphonic; and so nice was the choice of stops, so clear the reading, that it afforded us a very life-like and genial portrait of a Haydn symphony. The other new piece, *Prelude and Fugue No. 3*, by Mendelssohn, was large, full, and satisfying. This, if we remember rightly, was one of several instances in which good taste might quarrel with a trick which this organist has of lengthening out the final sub-bass tone without rhyme or reason, as if that pipe, and not the composer's idea, were the thing to call attention to.

Of the *Battiste Offertoire* in F minor (dedicated to Morgan); the Overture to "Tell"; the "Pastoral" by Kullak (so often played, and really one of the best of the pretty things); the March from the *Prophete*, and "National Airs," it would hardly be worth the while, if it were possible, to say anything new. We all know Mr. Morgan's mastery in such things. In execution he has one rare merit, above all the organists, perhaps—especially in playing the full organ—that of not dragging behind the time, starting off briskly and decidedly and making you feel the movement.

Mr. Morgan had the vocal assistance of Mr. F. A. CHASE, basso of Grace Church, New York, who sang Callcott's "Last Man," quite a declamatory piece, with such a musical, sonorous organ, such chaste style, such life and expression as to excite the enthusiastic applause of an audience unusually large. In response he sung a sentimental ballad, and afterwards another, the "Jewish Maiden," by Kücken, with equal acceptance. A more classical and earnest audience would have better relished somewhat different selections.

Mr. MORGAN played again at the regular noon-

day concert of the following Saturday, with this programme.

1. Fugue, in D. . . . . J. S. Bach
2. War March, (Athalie). . . . . Mendelssohn
3. Larghetto, (Second Symphony). . . . . Beethoven
4. Overture, (Freyshuts.) Transcribed. . . . . Weber
5. March, (Tannhauser). . . . . Wagner
6. Improvisation on National Melodies. . . . . Morgan

On Wednesday, July 27, Mr. WILLCOX played, as follows:

1. Short Prelude and Fugue in E minor. . . . . Bach
2. Offertoire in C minor. . . . . Wely
3. Gloria, from Mass in G. . . . . Weber
4. Offertoire in D minor. . . . . Battiste
5. Improvisation, introducing Vox Humana. . . . .
6. Chorus. "Achieved is the glorious work". . . . . Haydn

The richest programme, and to an intelligent, serious audience, most interesting organ concert of the season, was that of Mr. J. K. PAINE, last Saturday. And it was encouraging to see an audience so large, and such good listeners.

1. Variations on the Chorale. "In greatest need I cry to Thee. . . . . Bach  
(For the Full Organ, in six part harmony and with double pedals.)
2. Sonata in D. No. 6. . . . . Mendelssohn  
1—Andante. 2—Andante con moto. 3—Allegro maestoso.
3. Offertoire in B minor. No. 2. . . . . Paine
4. Toccata in E flat minor. . . . . Thiele
5. Choral Variation. "O, weep for thy great sins". . . . . Bach
6. Trio Sonata in C minor. . . . . Bach  
1—Vivace. 2—Largo. 3—Allegro.
7. Grand Prelude in E flat. . . . . Bach

Here was a plentiful provision of the best. Possibly a little too much of a good thing,—that was the only fault. It exceeded the hour. We suspect that the omission of the *Toccata* by Thiele would have improved the effect of the whole. That is a very long, crowded, roaring movement for full organ without a moment's relief, nor are we quite sure that its inspiration is not too much of the *bravura* character. An immensely difficult, astounding piece, but not so very edifying, to judge from that one hearing. At all events the concert contained meat enough without that. And there are too many long stretches of full organ for right enjoyment thereof all in one hour. The ear and nerves become fatigued with the excessive strain, when so prolonged; and yet there is nothing so grand, so inspiring, so fit to roll out the great thoughts of a man like Bach, when largely given but with a little more relief.

The first piece, variations on the Chorale: "Aus tiefer Noth," was inexpressibly grand and satisfying. Its richly involved six-part harmony would reward long study; but the effect, æsthetic and spiritual, is felt at once, only deepening with repetition. This was all given with full organ, but it was short, and it was while the senses were fresh. The Mendelssohn Sonata is one which has been played here less frequently than the others, but a very fine one; a little want of evenness in time suggested the question whether the different degrees of remoteness of different choirs of pipes does not sometimes prevent the sounds from reaching the ear precisely at the same instant. Mr. Paine's *Offertoire*, a new one, has at least the merit of being in a serious, religious vein, and not after the operatic, showy, Verdi-ish French offerings by that name which have been so liberally contributed to these Organ concerts. It is moreover a pleasing, clearly connected, contrapuntal piece of writing, with only perhaps a little too much repetition here and there of form and phrase without addition to the meaning.

The second Choral Variation of Bach is one of the sweetest and loveliest of the tribe. The Trio Sonata is even more interesting than that in E flat; there certainly is no lack of variety or individual charm in its movements, and we think no piece could have been more enjoyable to the audience at large. It is by frequent hearing of a few such pieces, together with a few of the grander kind, like the *Toccata* in E, the *Fugue* in G minor, &c., that the ear and heart of the public may best be educated to a true appreciation of Sebastian Bach. The Grand Prelude in E flat is a splendid composition and was splendidly played; but this too was new, and being mainly for full Organ, after so much of full organ, and so long a programme, did not make all the impression that it might have done under other circumstances. To students of Bach, like ourselves (if on the strength chiefly of "loving much" we may dare call ourselves so), the hearing of so many new pieces was an opportunity by no means to be missed. It is only in view of educating an audience, or public for such music, that we question whether it was altogether wise to give so large a dose of the new and best at once. But then such an organist and Bachist as Mr. Paine seems seldom to get a chance of late. We hope it will not again be so long before he takes his turn.

**MUSICAL THEORY.**—The diffusion of a knowledge of musical theory among us is desirable beyond measure, as it is by that means alone that the art of music may become something more than a mere amusement or superficial accomplishment. Let this science be studied as universally as the science of any other language, and the result would soon appear in such a general refinement of taste and judgment that the musical trash which now attracts so strongly the popular attention, would speedily give place to noble and genuine works of art which would excite a far more earnest and heartfelt enjoyment.

It is with much pleasure that we see by the advertisement of Mr. OLIVER, Principal of the "Mendelssohn Musical Institute," that he will give opportunity to all who desire it, to make a separate study of the *Theory of Music*, in its broadest sense, and in the most thorough manner; and, what is quite as desirable to many, upon very reasonable terms, that it may be within the means of all. From our knowledge of Mr. Oliver, and from his pupils who are enthusiastic in their delight in this branch of their study, we are satisfied that it is presented in a very attractive and interesting manner, and the pleasure of attending such classes, will, we have no doubt, be equal to the profit gained by the instructions.

**NEW YORK.**—In spite of dog days they have been giving English Opera at the Olympic Theatre. Balfe's "Rose of Castile" was played all last week. We take a few sentences from a criticism in the *Tribune* of July 30:

"An operatic company singing and sweating in a theatre with the thermometer near ninety is the pursuit of Apollo under difficulties. So, accordingly, Madame Borchard succumbed by the close of the first act of *Rose of Castile*, on Wednesday evening, overcome by rehearsal fatigues and the weather; and the audience was invited to go away by the stage manager, getting admission checks for Thursday night. On the latter night the entertainment was resumed from the commencement, and played spite of the mercury till the end.

The music of *Rose of Castile* is by Mr. Balfe. It is called an opera in English parlance—and even "a grand opera" in the bills—but strictly speaking, according to the Italian meaning of the term *opera*, it is not one, but simply a musical drama, more than half being spoken dialogue.

The objections to the introduction of speaking into a so-called opera are numerous, but the chief are that the breaks between the singing and speaking are horribly nasty and disagreeable; as no voice, not even the best, can stand such clips and cadences as occur between the sustentations of the singing voice and the gobbling-up of words in the required manner for English consonants and all the world of elision with which our language abounds. Another reason is that vocalists after singing declaim badly, and after declamation are apt to sing badly. Another is that if a singer be gifted with a fine voice and good method and style, and is a stick of an actor, his acting is much overlooked while singing, but not overlooked at all when acting—and hence he subsides from an artist into a bore. Another reason is the dreary rubbish which constitutes about nineteen-twentieths of the dialogue of the so-called English opera.

*Rose of Castile* is a drama the merit of which lies with Mr. Balfe's music. The libretto is good for nothing. Plot there is none.

It is a pity that a man of the quickness and resources of Mr. Balfe has to waste them on such words. It is a pity, too, that the publishers' interests in England should reduce what ought to be opera to certain ballads with occasionally a concerted piece, dislocated by a quantity of dreary bulk between each piece. That music under such apologies for opera can succeed in establishing a critical love for lyrical art is impossible.

There are several charmingly-written pieces in this work; but the school does not admit of the scope or elaboration of the grand opera, or carry away the auditor with the *défilé* of the scene.

The rehearsals were inadequate. Some singing was out of tune and some acting astray.

Among the artists new to our boards we have had occasion to mention several times Mr. Campbell. He has a baritone of extraordinary power, and all he needs is more familiarity with the stage. Mr. Castle has a tone of *grazia* which is much liked and approved by the audience. Another debutante showing distinct talent is Miss Meyers. This young lady under proper drilling has the stuff for an artist. We do not deem it necessary to criticize further—and may merely mention that the English or American Company at the Olympic Theatre are to close this week, according to announcement."

**GERMAN OPERA.**—The company under the management of Mr. Grover, and the musical direction of Carl Anschütz, achieved such success last season, as to make it clearly for the interest of Art and all concerned, that such a capital nucleus should be kept together at all hazards, drawing to itself new elements, so as to take the field with irresistible prestige next autumn, and make German opera henceforth an established institution in this country,—equal in outward position to Italian Opera, and much more than equal in intrinsic musical importance. This troupe left Boston last May with the promise to return to us before next winter—perhaps as early as September. But meanwhile the newspapers have had ominous hints of a division of the company, of Anschütz, with Formes and others, seceding and setting up a lyrical confederacy by themselves, while Grover has an agent in Europe gathering up new artists. The latter part of the statement is well, but the former were disastrous if true. Fortunately it is not true; these Germans feel that in union there is strength. Mr. Grover's company, we are assured, will maintain its integrity, with Anschütz as conductor, and with the addition of several new artists, especially the much needed baritone. Johannsen the charming Frederici, the tenors Habelmann and Himmer, Mephisto-Falstaff-Hermanns, and all are pretty certain to revisit us, and at an early date taking the start of Maretzke.

**ITALIAN OPERA.**—For some time the papers have been full of manifold guesses, rumors and announcements of Maretzke's new troupe for next season. These have taken a more definitive shape at last in the *New York Times* of Aug. 2, as follows:

Briefly, his company, up to the present time, is as follows: *Prima Donnas*, Carlotta Carozzi-Zucchi and Elvira Brambilla. These are sopranos; the first dramatic and powerful, the second lyric and tender. *Prima Donnas Contraltos*, Mmilles. Gebelle and Morensi, the latter a New York favorite, who was last season with Mr. Grau. *Tenors*, Signor Massimiliani and Signor Lotti. *Basso*, Signor Susini. *Baritone*, Signor Bellini. Fortune has favored Mr. Maretzke in the matter of a tenor. The gentleman is already here, and we learn from excellent authority that his voice is of surpassing excellence and grandeur. So far from being an unworthy successor of Signor Mazcollini, it is hinted, with an irreverence which nothing but the infinite truth can justify, that he far excels that fine artist. Not having heard the new tenor we may be permitted to display a lofty and conspicuous discretion by not speaking of his merits. The weather being warm, however, we cannot help uttering a feeble explanation of surprise at the strange coincidence, that whilst Mazcollini should go to a bad Maximilian, a good Massimiliani should come to us, and in an abject way we think this augurs well for the future of Fourteenth street if not of Mexico.

The ladies are known to Fame, who speaks well of them. Mlle. Zucchi has sung at three of the principal opera houses of Europe, and always with success. Mr. Maretzke endeavored to engage this lady two years ago, but was unable to do so. He has now the satisfaction of paying her two thousand five hundred dollars per month in gold, which, in its picturesque but fickle equivalent, will be (say to-day at 6 A. M.) equivalent to \$6475. Brambilla will probably "strike" for a higher salary after the first season, for the poor girl only receives (say to-day at 6 A. M.) \$4144 per month.

Every one will be glad to welcome Susini back to the New York stage. He is one of the best basses we have ever had in this country, and has now no superior. The same pleasure will be manifested at the re-entrée of Bellini—an admirable baritone. Of the younger kind, M. Maretzke has undoubtedly selected the two best in Mde. Morensi and Signora Lotti. It would be difficult, indeed, to find fresher voices in any theatre of Europe. Other engagements are yet in an embryonic state.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Baby, sleep, shadows creep. Cradle song of the Soldier's wife. Theo. H. Barker. 30  
A simple lullaby, rendered touching by the allusion to the father, camping "far away beside the river."

The Mermaid. (He was a Prince with golden hair). C. A. Shaw. 30  
A pretty fragment of some old legend, commemorating the love of a water-nymph for a handsome prince, who, all unconscious of the eyes that watched him from the waves, thought to espouse a young lady whose residence was on the dry land.

Ruler's daughter. Sacred song. Mrs. M. S. B. Dana. 30  
Simple and beautiful. Mrs. Dana's songs are among the best of our sacred, easy lyrics.

Sister, thou art now an angel. Song. S. O. Spencer. 30  
A simple home ballad, pleasant to sing "in memoriam" by those who have lost a sister.

Here upon my vessel's deck. (Sulla poppa). "Prison d'Edinburgh." 35  
This includes the favorite melody of Ricci's waltz, and has both Italian and English words, the latter a translation of the former.

The Post Horn. Song. F. Schubert. 30  
A German song of classic merit, with words in the original and in English.

#### Instrumental Music.

Wilt thou not love me? (M'aimerez vous autant?). Poesie pour Piano. D. Krug. 40  
A piece that may be safely recommended. Very melodious and tasteful, and not difficult.

Mountain stream. Morceau for piano. S. Smith. 60  
Of medium difficulty, with music conveying the idea of a sprightly torrent, dancing down from the hills.

The dream after the ball. Fantasia. H. C. Lumbye. 30  
A lady, returning from the ball, might, naturally enough, dream over the incidents of the preceding hours of pleasure; and the fantasia contains just a dream; a brilliant melange of ball-melodies, with additional music appropriate to the train of happy memories.

Helter skelter galop. James Cassidy. 30  
As the name indicates, a hurry scurry of notes, that would serve as a march for a crowd rushing to a steamboat landing, when the boat is just ready to be off.

#### Books.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL TRUMPET.—A new collection of Hymns and Tunes, Chants and Anthems, and a Cantata, "The origin of the Seasons," by W. O. & H. S. Perkins. Boards 35  
Paper 30

Another contribution to Sabbath musical literature, in the shape of about a hundred and twenty new songs, containing quite a variety of subjects, and most of them very spirited. The cantata at the end is pretty, and may be just the thing for your next S. S. anniversary.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 610.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 20, 1864.

VOL. XXIV. No. 11.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Half a dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

II. ANTONIO SALIERI.

(Continued from page 282.)

Mosel gives us the history of *Azur* from Salieri's own papers. The composer and poet began their labor as a mere translation—obeying in this Joseph's order. Three or four mornings they had wrought thus in company, but with little satisfaction in their work, as both doubted the possibility of its success in Vienna. "The music," says Salieri, "being composed for the French singing actors, was everywhere too wanting in melodies for the Italian acting singers. When the poet was satisfied with his verses, the music—to use the expression of Gluck—tasted too much of translation; and when, to satisfy my ear, the text was adapted to the finished music, Da Ponte was displeased with his poetry. In my anxiety lest we both should labor in vain, I chose rather to compose a new music to the same subject. I therefore asked the poet to plan a poem on the basis of the French original, but suited to the Italian Opera Company, and to arrange the various vocal pieces in concurrence with me, while as to the versification he should follow his own taste: I would see to the rest." Da Ponte accepted the proposition. They began anew. Poet and composer went hand in hand. When a musical idea in the *Tarare* could be used, Salieri adopted it; when this was not the case, he composed the music afresh. A rheumatic disease of his knee compelled Salieri for some three weeks to keep his room, and thus, by relieving him from all his duties in the theatre, enabled him to devote his whole time to the *Azur* and hasten its completion. As another means of gaining time, he composed the scenes as Da Ponte brought them, one by one, at first for the voices and the instrumental bass, and sent them in this condition to the copyist, that they might be put the sooner into the hands of the vocalists. Joseph, learning that three acts were already finished, not knowing however in what manner the composer had wrought, but supposing a mere translation of the French text had been made by the poet and adapted to the music by Salieri—desired to have what was ready in his usual afternoon concerts. He had the manuscript brought him from the copyist and the usual musicians called together. They soon noticed that the scores contained nothing but the vocal parts, with here and there a *ritornel* as a hint for the accompaniment, and that the rest of the staves for the instrumentation were vacant. They mentioned this to Joseph, who replied: "That's no matter; we have the printed score of the French opera; the instruments can be played out of that, and the others can sing with me, at the pianoforte, out of the Italian manuscript."

So each took his place. The Emperor, sitting at the pianoforte, began. "Act 1. Scene 1,

"The French opera begins with a prologue," was the reply.

"That they have probably omitted in the translation," answered Joseph; "turn to the first scene."

"Here," said the musicians, "it begins with a dialogue in recitative."

"In my copy," returned the monarch, "the opera begins with a duet, which serves as an introduction, followed by an air and then by a short duet."

"In our score," said the musicians, "there is nothing of all that to be found."

Nearly two hours were spent in examining and comparing, without finding anything that was exactly the same in the two scores; and the fruit of all their pains was at last the discovery occasionally of a similar musical thought, which, however, was generally in another key and introduced in an entirely different connection with the others. At last Joseph exclaimed, laughing: "It is enough to make one crazy! What in the world have the two been about! Go to Salieri," turning to Kreibitz, "and tell him of the pretty comedy we have been playing." Kreibitz [or Kreibitz] came the same evening to the composer, told him the story, and added that the Emperor was not satisfied with the alterations he had undertaken. A day or two later Salieri was able to go again to the palace. As soon as Joseph saw him, he began: "I am glad to see you well again. Day before yesterday you brought us almost to despair with your music. Tell me though, why you have so completely changed your French music?"

Upon Salieri's explaining (as above given) the reasons for this, not only were they deemed sufficient, but Joseph, after the performance, "praised the work and gave the composer an imperial reward for the pains he had taken."

The haste with which Da Ponte had been recalled from Prague before the production of *Don Giovanni*—an order which as salaried Court Poet he could not disobey—proved unnecessary. The marriage ceremony of the Archduke Francis was to be performed by his uncle, Maximilian Francis, the young Elector and Archbishop of Cologne; but he did not leave Bonn until the 11th of December ('87), and was nine days on the way. Then came the Christmas holidays, so that the wedding was put off until January 6th, 1788,—and of course with it the production of *Azur*. When given, it proved in its new form as splendid a success in Vienna as it had been in Paris in its old. It was given twenty-nine times during the year, notwithstanding—as shown by the list above given—seven other new Italian operas were studied and brought out by Nov. 14th—the second of them being *Don Giovanni*. A sufficient reason why Mozart's opera did not immediately follow the *Azur* may also be found in the taste of Joseph for the pure opera buffa—which taste was gratified by the production of Paisiello's "*La Modiste*"—not to mention the inhumanity, it might almost be called, of demand-

ing of the troupe the study and rehearsal of Mozart's mighty score immediately after the great labor of bringing out Salieri's greatest work.

*Azur* immediately went the round of the Italian opera houses in Germany, and in a poor translation was, within some two years, on all the principal national stages also. It was one, if not the last, of the operas in which Ludwig van Beethoven, viola player in the Bonn orchestra, could have performed his part before leaving his native city forever.

The story told by Kriebitz to Salieri of the attempted rehearsal in Joseph's music-room of the unfinished music of *Azur* is fully borne out by the long parallel which Mosel gives of the *Tarare* and the *Azur*. The overture and an aria or two are about all that is unchanged. The critic, who in the *Berlin Mus. Wochenblatt* (Oct., 1791), says, after the performance of *Azur* at Potsdam: "Still a large portion of the music composed for the French text remains,"—should inform us what he understands by the term "a large portion." He, however, praises the work very highly indeed. "On the whole," he concludes, "this music produces an effect which can only be felt, and admits not of description; and it might properly be reckoned among the very best of its class, if it was not here and there a little too rhapsodical."

Mosel says: "The opera *Azur* not only shares all these combined excellences, [those mentioned above as distinguishing *Tarare*], but surpasses them in this, that, without diminishing any one of them, the melody is still more prominent, captivating and penetrating than in *Tarare*. It may therefore be boldly affirmed, that *Azur* is the most excellent of all serious Italian operas—Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito* included—that is, be it carefully remarked, as a dramatic tone-work, and not as a vocal composition in the wider sense of the term."

In April, 1788, old Bono died, at the age of seventy-eight, and Salieri was appointed his successor as Imperial Royal Chapelmaster—a place to which he was certainly entitled, and of which he was worthy, if long and successful service as director and composer could give him a title or render him worthy. If this appointment was made directly after Bono's decease, the patent must have been ready some time previously, as the Emperor left Vienna February 29th for the camp, in the war against the Turks, and did not see his capital again until the 5th of December. His office gave him two hundred ducats (\$1250?) more salary (according to Gerber), but added much to his labors, for he had now the direction not only of the Opera, but also of the sacred music in the palace chapel.

If the patent, as I suspect, was dated in April, we have the significant fact that his first duty as chief Chapelmaster was to bring out Mozart's *Don Giovanni*—for *La Modiste*, by Paisiello, was already rehearsed, so as to be produced April 21st—and that at this very time he had himself finished a new opera, "*Cublai*," text by Casti,

which he had not power nor influence enough to put upon the stage—neither then nor at any subsequent period.

Another sentence from Jahn (IV. 307), immediately following what has been above cited in relation to the production of *Don Giovanni*, belongs here, and is as follows: "But Joseph II., who was much pleased with the success of *Don Giovanni* in Prague, had commanded the performance [of it in Vienna], and so at last it had to be taken in hand." If Salieri and his partisans were the cause that Mozart's opera had not been given previously, during the Emperor's presence in Vienna, is it not a very curious circumstance, that now, when at the head of the Italian theatre, Salieri, with the aid of his allies, was unable, in the absence of the monarch, to suppress it entirely and produce his own new work in its stead? Fourteen times during Joseph's absence *Don Giovanni* was performed, and once (Dec. 15th) after his return. But whether he—mostly confined to his bed as he was—ever heard that opera, is a point I am unable to determine.

And here, I think, the close of our discussions of the relations between Mozart and Salieri—save a fact or two which will come in their proper places—is reached. I cannot, however, dismiss the matter without a farther remark or two.

1. Mozart writes to his father in July, 1783, [see Nissen, 474-5; Holmes, 239-40 (Am. Ed.)]; Jahn III., 276-7] that, having composed a rondo for the tenor Adamberger to introduce into Anfossi's opera, "*Il Curioso Indiscreto*," Salieri, at a rehearsal, took the singer aside and told him that Count Rosenberg [general manager] would not like it if he introduced an air, and as a friend advised him not to do it; and that in consequence of this "tour," or trick, the rondo was omitted. Of the bare fact in this case there can be no question. True, it rests upon Mozart's letter alone; but he was a man of truth. It should, however, not be forgotten that on this occasion the German songstress, Lange, sister of Mozart's wife—who did introduce two arias—and Adamberger, the German tenor, made their first appearance on the Italian stage, thus invading a territory which had belonged almost exclusively to the Italians. It was the most natural thing in the world that the Italians, young Salieri and all, should make common cause in the work of keeping the Italian opera in their own hands, and not allowing the Germans from the Kärnthnerthor to drive them from the stage of the Burg. It was equally natural that Mozart should put the worst construction upon the affair, and suppose that Salieri was the "head and front" of the offence of not allowing him opportunity to exhibit the talents he was conscious of possessing.

2. Mozart's suspicions of Salieri seem to have had their origin in an occurrence soon after his settlement in Vienna, in 1781. The Princess of Wurtemberg, the bride of Archduke Francis, had come to Vienna to have the advantages of the capital in completing her education, and Mozart applied through Archduke Maximilian (afterward Elector of Cologne) for the position of her music teacher. Maximilian, says Jahn (III., 49), "applied at once to the Princess \* \* \*, but received the answer that if it depended upon her she should have chosen him; but the Em-

peror—'with him there is nothing but Salieri!' writes Mozart, fretfully—had proposed Salieri for the sake of her singing, whom she therefore must take, for which she was very sorry."

Knowing as we do the relations between Joseph and Salieri, and the latter's very great talents and acquirements in the vocal art, is it possible to conceive that the Emperor should pass him by and give the appointment to the young emigrant from Salzburg? But that the next year Mozart could not obtain the place of teacher of the piano-forte to the Princess, owing to the opposition of Salieri, seems to be the fact, and one which is to the discredit of the Italian.

Finally. Da Ponte nowhere hints at any misunderstanding between the two composers, nor at any efforts of Salieri to hinder the production of either *Figaro* or *Don Giovanni*. Yet he, Da Ponte, was a friend and even protégé, as well as countryman, of Salieri; and it certainly would not have been difficult for the Imperial Royal Court Chapelmaster to have exerted some decisive influence upon his countryman, the Imperial Royal Court Poet, and to have hindered him from giving Mozart two such splendid subjects for the exhibition of his talents, as those two greatest of Italian operas.

And now let a few lines from Holmes (227-8), of which the reader may believe as much as he pleases, or his judgment will let him, conclude this matter.

"The most active and inveterate against Mozart of all the Italian clique was Salieri. This composer, whose talents were just sufficient to enable him to live in some estimation, was a creature of Gluck's. Salieri had been with that master in Paris [a mistake], and to him Gluck confided the libretto of his opera [mistake No. 2] of the '*Danaïdes*,' the work with which he intended to close his own labors, when an attack of apoplexy made him suddenly cease writing and consult the preservation of his health in retirement."

Then in a note Holmes adds:—

"Salieri imitated the style of Gluck in his *Tarare* and other works, which are now, according to the usual fate of imitations, forgotten. As this composer has long been notorious for his animosity against Mozart, some personal description may not be unwelcome. The mother of the celebrated Signora Storace, who saw him repeatedly in Vienna, described him as a little man, with an animated countenance and peculiarly fine eyes, and his appearance altogether strongly reminded her of Garrick."

These passages from Holmes remind one of St. Paul's words: "For I hear them record that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge."

NOTE.—Würzbach, in his *Austrian Biographic Lexicon*, Art. "Joseph II.," gives the following dates:—

- 1788. Jan. 6. Marriage of Archduke Francis.
- Feb. 9. War declared against the Turks.
- " 29. Emperor's departure for the army.
- March 14. His arrival at Semlin.
- April 24. Taking of Sabacs.
- Aug. 7. Turkish invasion of the Banat.
- " 27. Taking of Dubicza.
- Sept. 20. Retreat from Caransches.
- " 29. Taking of Chocsim.
- Oct. 3. Taking of Novi.
- Dec. 5. Joseph's return to Vienna.

I have consulted several authorities, all of which confirm the absence of Joseph through all this season. What is to be said, then, to Da Ponte's story, in form following:—

"The Emperor sent for me [after his return from Prague] and, while he overwhelmed me with the most flattering expressions, made me a present of another hundred ducats and said he had a great desire soon to hear *Don Giovanni*. Mozart came back and gave his score instantly to the copyists, who hastened to write out the parts, because the Emperor was soon to leave Vienna. The Opera came to performance—and shall I say it?—*Don Juan did not please!* Everybody, except Mozart, thought it defective. Additions were made, entire airs were changed, it was again brought out—and the *Don Giovanni* did not please! And what said the Emperor thereto? 'The opera is exquisite—is divine—perhaps better even than the *Figaro*, but it is no meat for the teeth of my Viennese.' I told Mozart this expression, who answered me with perfect calmness, 'Time must be given them to chew upon it.' He did not deceive himself. By his advice I caused it to be often repeated, and with each performance the applause increased," &c., &c.

It is impossible to think that Da Ponte invented this story; was there, then, a private performance in the winter? How can the story be reconciled to the fact that Joseph was not in Vienna at the public production of *Don Giovanni*? The most rational hypothesis is, that Da Ponte, writing after thirty years had elapsed, supposed a remark, really made in the Emperor's afternoon concert over the score, to have been made after the public performance of *Don Giovanni* in the theatre.

(To be Continued.)

### The Musical Library in the British Museum.

(From the Athenæum.)

It appears surprising, indeed, that the English nation does not yet possess a musical library adequate to the greatness, wealth and musical taste of the people. True, there is in the British Museum a musical library, the catalogue of which comprises one hundred and five thick folio volumes. But any one expecting to find in this library the necessary aids to the study of some particular branch of music, is sure to be disappointed. The plan observed in the construction of the catalogue is the same as that of the New General Catalogue of the Library in the British Museum. The titles of the works are written on slips of paper and fastened, at a considerable distance from each other, down the pages, so that space is reserved for future entries. The musical catalogue contains only two entries upon the one side of a leaf and three upon the other. Each volume has about one hundred and eight leaves. The whole catalogue, therefore, contains about 56,700 titles of musical compositions and literary productions on the subject of music. The Museum possesses besides a collection of musical compositions and treatises in manuscript, of which a small catalogue was printed in the year 1842. It contains about 250 different works, some of which are valuable. These facts are probably known to many of your readers; still I think it necessary to notice them briefly, in order to guard against the possibility of the following observations being misunderstood.

Even a hasty inspection of the written catalogue must convince any one that it contains principally entries of compositions possessing no musical value whatever. Every quadrille, ballad and polka, which has been published in England during the last fifty years, appears to have a place here, and occupies just as ample space as Gluck's "*Alceste*" or Burney's "*History of Music*." This is perhaps unavoidable. If works of merit only were to find admission, who would be competent to draw the line between these and such as ought to be rejected? In no other art, perhaps, do the opinions of connoisseurs respecting the merit of any work differ so much as in music. Since music appeals more directly and more exclusively to the heart than other arts, its beauties are less capable of demonstration, and, in fact, do not exist for those who have no feeling for them. There are even at the present day musicians who cannot appreciate the compositions of Sebastian Bach. Forkel, an

enthusiastic admirer of S. Bach, as well as a learned and conscientious musician, has written a long dissertation, in which he endeavors to prove that Gluck's operas are execrable (*vide* "Musikalisch-Kritische Bibliothek," Band II). Again, among the adherents of a certain modern school, despising distinctness of form and melody, may be found men who speak with enthusiasm of the masterworks of Handel, Gluck and Mozart. Besides, it must be borne in mind that even our classical composers have now and then produced works of inferior merit, which are nevertheless interesting, inasmuch as they afford us an insight into the gradual development of their powers. In short, in a musical library for the use of a whole nation, every musical composition which has been published ought necessarily to be included. In the Musical Library of the British Museum it unfortunately happens, however, that those works especially are wanting which are almost universally acknowledged to be the most important. Indeed, it would require far less space to enumerate the works of this kind which it contains, than those which it does not, but ought to contain. One or two instances in confirmation of this assertion must suffice. Should the musical student resort to the Museum for the purpose of ascertaining the means by which Weber has produced the beautiful and justly renowned instrumental effects in "Der Freischütz," he will find himself disappointed. The score of this admirable opera, although published in Berlin more than twenty years ago, is still wanting in the library. Among Gluck's operas he will search in vain for the scores of *Iphigenie in Tauris* and *Armida*. Neither will he find the scores of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, *Figaro*, *Entführung aus dem Serail*; nor those of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, *Egmont*, &c. Bach and Handel will in course of time be amply represented, as the Museum subscribes to the German Bach and Handel Societies. The Handel Society proposes to issue regularly two works in every year, and to publish about sixty works in all, so that, if no unforeseen obstacles intervene, this publication will be completed within a period of about thirty years. Thus, in the beginning of the next century the student may hope to find in the British Museum the works of Bach, Handel, and, perhaps, also of Beethoven, of which Brietkopf and Härtel in Leipzig, are issuing a complete edition. But, is it advisable to withhold from the present generation the use of the most important compositions of the great masters, because a future generation is likely to have them in a set with less important ones?

Again, the student must be prepared for a disappointment should he have to consult any of our standard scientific works on music. To note only one instance: Mattheson, the well-known contemporary and friend of Handel, has written, it is said, a greater number of works relating to the theory and history of music than the number of years he lived, and he died at the venerable age of eighty-three. There are, according to the musical catalogue, only four of his works in the British Museum, and of these only one is generally classed by judges among the most important productions of his pen. However, there may be more works relating to the science of music in the library than would appear from the catalogue of music. Several have evidently been entered in the New General Catalogue. I find this to be the case, for instance, with some recent German publications—as Spohr's Autobiography, the interesting treatises on Acoustics and on the construction of Musical Instruments, by Zämmner and Helmholtz, and some similar works. Would it not be advisable to have all the books relating to music entered in the musical catalogue? Even the most important dissertations on musical subjects, which are found in various scientific works, might, with great advantage, be noticed in this catalogue. I shall mention only the essays in the "Asiatic Researches," in the works of Sir W. Jones and Sir W. Ouseley, in "Description de l'Égypte," and in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

Thus much respecting the present condition of the Musical Library in the British Museum. Allow me now to submit a few suggestions as to how a National Musical Library ought to be constituted in order best to answer its purpose. Premising that it must be formed with as much regard to the convenience of those who resort to it for reference, as of those who are engaged in a continued study of some particular branch of music, the following classes of works ought to form the basis of its constitution.

1. *The score of the Classical Operas, Oratorios, and similar Vocal Compositions with Orchestral Accompaniment.*—Many of these scores have not appeared in print, but are obtainable in carefully revised manuscript copies.

2. *The scores of Symphonies, Overtures, and similar Orchestral Compositions.*—The editions which have been revised by the composers themselves are the

most desirable. The same remark applies to the scores of operas, oratorios, &c.

3. *Vocal Music in Score.*—The sacred compositions "Alla Capella," and the madrigals of the old Flemish, Italian and other continental schools, as well as those of the celebrated old English composers. The choruses of the Greek Church in Russia, &c.

4. *Quartets, Quintets, and similar Compositions in Score.*—The study of these works of our great masters is so essential to the musician, that especial care should be taken to secure the best editions. The classical trios for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, and some other compositions of this kind, have recently been published in score. These editions are greatly preferable to those in which the part for each instrument is only printed separately. The same remark applies to the concertos of Mozart, Beethoven, and other masters, which have recently been published with the orchestral accompaniment in score.

5. *Sonatas, Fantasias, Fugues, &c.*—Of all the classical works composed for a single instrument, the original editions, generally revised by the composers themselves, are indispensable. Besides these, the most important subsequent editions of the same works would be required. Beethoven's pianoforte sonatas, for instance, have been re-edited by Czerny, Moscheles, Hallé, and other eminent performers. It is highly interesting and instructive, to examine and to compare the readings of these musicians, which differ in many points from each other.

6. *Arrangements.*—Those of operas, oratorios, masses, and other elaborate vocal compositions, with orchestral accompaniment, must necessarily be confined to the instrumental portion, otherwise they are useless either for study or reference. Those arrangements are greatly preferable which have been made by the composers themselves, or under their superintendence.

7. *National Music.*—All the collections of national songs and dances which have been published in different countries. The advantage which the musician might derive from a careful study of these, is not yet so fully appreciated as it deserves, but it would, probably, soon be better understood if these treasures were made more easily accessible.

8. *Books of Instruction for Vocal and Instrumental Practice.*—The best schools for every instrument, as well as for the voice, which have been published in different countries and languages.

9. *Works on the Theory and History of Music.*—All the standard works ought to be found in the library, not only in the language in which they were originally written, but also in the translations, if any such exist. Many of the latter are valuable on account of the interesting explanations and other additions by the translators. This is, for instance, the case with some English books which have been translated into German; as "Brown's Dissertation on the Rise, Union and Power of Music," translated by Eichenburg; "Handel's Life," by Mainwaring, translated by Mattheson; besides several others.—Perhaps I need scarcely add that the biographies of celebrated musicians ought also to be included among the most desirable requisites.

10. *Works on Sciences intimately connected with the Theory of Music.*—Treatises on Acoustics, on the construction of Musical Instruments, on Aesthetics, &c.

11. *Musical Journals.*—All the principal ones published in different countries and languages. To these might advantageously be added the most important literary journals containing critical and other dissertations on music.

12. *Dictionaries, Catalogues, &c.*—The English language possesses no musical dictionary, technical, biographical, or bibliographical, of importance, similar to the French and German works by Fétis, Schilling, Gerber, Rousseau and others, which are indispensable for the library. With these may be classed the very useful works on the Literature of Music, by Forkel, Lichtenthal, and Becker, as well as Hoffmeister's comprehensive "Handbuch der musikalischen Literatur." The collection of catalogues should comprise all those of the principal public musical libraries on the Continent, as well as in England; those of large and valuable private libraries, several of which have appeared in print,—as, for instance, Kieselwetter's "Sammlung alter Musik," Becker's "Tonwerke des XVI. und XVII. Jahrhunderts," and others; those of the principal music-publishers, and those of important libraries which have been disposed of at public auctions.

I think it unnecessary to extend this list any further, as it will suffice to indicate the plan which, in my opinion, ought to be pursued in the formation of a National Musical Library. I shall therefore only observe further, that there are, besides the above mentioned, several kinds of works which can scarcely be considered as of secondary importance,—such as musical travels, novels, and entertaining as well

as instructive musical essays; librettos of operas and the poetry of other elaborate vocal compositions; drawings illustrating the construction of musical instruments,—as, for instance, of the most celebrated organs, of the various improvements in the pianoforte, &c.; engravings from the best portraits of celebrated musicians; and faithful sketches from sculptures and paintings of nations of antiquity in which musical instruments and performances are represented.

There remains yet another point which requires a moment's consideration. I allude to the daily increasing difficulty of forming such a Library as I have just planned. The interest in the study of classical works relating to music is evidently no longer confined to classical musicians, but is rapidly spreading among amateurs and men of science. Their libraries now absorb many of the old and scarce works which formerly were almost exclusively in the hands of the musicians. Moreover, the English Colonies have already drawn upon our limited supply of the old standard works, and there is every reason to suppose that the demand for them will continue to increase. Many of these works have evidently been published in an edition of only a small number of copies. Still it is not likely that they will be republished. In a few instances, where a new edition has been made, it has not apparently affected the price of the original edition, because the latter is justly considered preferable. I will give one instance: the new edition of Hawkins's "History of Music" has not lessened the value of the first edition. Indeed, the price of the first edition is still, as formerly, on a par with the price of Burney's History, of which no new edition has been published. About ten years ago it was possible to obtain the scores of old classical operas, and other works of the kind, at the average rate of 10s. per volume; now they fetch double the price, and there is every probability that they will become every year more expensive. Indeed, whatever may be the intrinsic value of any such work, the circumstance of its being old and scarce seems sufficient, at least in England, to ensure it a high price. I have it from good authority, that at the recent sale of the library of the late Professor Taylor, some old works of authors who have never enjoyed a high reputation as musicians, were sold for about as many pounds as they cost their former owner shillings. A book of songs, published in the reign of Henry the Eighth, entitled "Bassus," was (as noticed in the *Athenaeum*, No. 1886) recently sold at auction for the sum of eighty pounds. The suggestion of your correspondent that it consists of the bass part only of a work (*vide Athenaeum*, No. 1888) is undoubtedly correct. This work, or rather part of a work, has been purchased for the Library of the British Museum. It appears to consist of a compilation of different composers, similar to the "Chansons Musicales à quatre parties de plusieurs auteurs," of which a series of volumes was published in Paris at the beginning of the sixteenth century. It may, however, be valuable on account of the poetry, or at least on account of the words; musically, a bass part alone can have no value. If the next eighty pounds which the authorities of the British Museum are disposed to spend for the benefit of the Musical Library were laid out in the purchase of the scores of the important works of Mozart, Beethoven, Gluck, Weber and others, which are wanting, a decided step would be made towards the improvement of the Library. The most practicable method, undoubtedly, would be to procure the old and scarce works from the Continent, where the prices have not yet risen to the same extent as in England. Sale-Catalogues of second-hand works on music are regularly published in Leipzig, Berlin and other towns, and are easily obtainable in London. Whatever requires to be done in this matter, ought evidently to be done soon. The well-known kindness of the officers of the British Museum is a sufficient guarantee that any well-founded suggestion for the improvement of the Musical Library would be received by them with proper consideration. But as the question is, or ought to be, of public interest, a public discussion of it seems to give it the best chance of being perfectly taken up.

#### "Mirella."

The production of M. Charles Gounod's latest opera, "Mirella," Italianized into "Mirella," at Her Majesty's Theatre, has been an utter failure. Everything was done to ensure a success which the work itself, it was hoped, would be sufficient to command. With the incomparable Tietjens as *Mirella*, Giuglini as *Vincent*, Santley as *Ourrias*, Reboux, fresh from the Parisian representations, as *Vincenette*, and Trobelli as *Taven*, with an important subsidiary cast; with the opera itself carefully cut down and the wear-

some remorse of *Ourrias* at the Rhone, and the absurd *chœur des cadavres* cut out; with the scenery, and, lastly, with a perfect orchestra under the leadership of one of M. Gounod's greatest admirers; with all these advantages—advantages which the work never had in Paris to a like degree,—*Mireille* is a total failure. When we say this, we do not for an instant attribute the ill success of *Mireille* to the composer.

M. Gounod has in *Mireille* split for the fifth or sixth time upon the rock of a weak libretto. And here again we must make a reservation, due not only to M. Gounod's collaborators, but due likewise to the critical importance to the great lyrical craft of the reason why and wherefore *Mireille* has proved flat and ineffective. When we say that Gounod has suffered repeatedly from weak libretti, we mean that, in a dramatic point of view—the prime light in which every opera should be judged—they are powerless and insufficient. Poetry many of them have—*Mireille* especially—but most of our composers soon learn that a poetical libretto is not the safest vehicle to which they can entrust the safety and welfare of their most precious thoughts. M. Gounod has a hankering after pure poetry; that is perfectly evident; and where his librettist has given him a story with the requisite graces of imagination thrown over its outline, M. Gounod has apparently been content. In one illustrious example—that of *Faust*—he was fortunate enough to get poetry *plus* plot—the perfection, in fact, of a libretto, and we all know the charming lyric that resulted. But in every other of his operas recently, Gounod has been singularly unfortunate, or rather singularly consistent in setting a poem, not a play. We can quite understand, for example, how a man of Gounod's delicately poetical organization came to set such an adumbration of a play as *Mireille* is. To begin with, the story is Provençal and pastoral, with pretty episodes in the early acts of mulberry picking and harvesting; and M. Gounod's genius lies essentially in pastoral writing, delighting to charge his pictures with quaint figures, and their quainter modes of expression. Next, there is plenty of the neutral tint in the *Mireille* canvases, against which M. Gounod delights to work in his full-colored rustics, such as the *Val d'Enfer* and the Desert of the Crau; and lastly the opera closes in with a blaze of religious contrast, organ pealing, priests promenading, girls singing. Then, the thin thread of story itself is at least a silken one. The simple Provençal girl's truth and fidelity, leading her through wildernesses in search of her lover, dead or dying, is a pretty speciality for the heroine of a story, if not an opera; the tenor, a rustic, comes out nicely in opposition to the rough and brutal bull-fighter who wants to rob him of *Mireille*; and the remorse of *Ourrias* himself (which it has been thought, and rightly, not advisable to limn any more) at the ghastly bridge of sighs over the Rhone, the Charon, the corpses, the drowning cry of the murderer, all have the true poetical tinge; whilst the *dénouement* at the trying place, where *Mireille* drags her weary limbs to find her lover living whom she thought dead, is in strict romantic taste.

All this is very pretty to tell or to be told. Put upon the stage and expanded into five, or even into four acts, the Provençal legend loses all its charm, and becomes an uninteresting play. The first acts, if they contain little situation, are extremely pleasing from the opposite grouping and singing together of villagers, whilst there is story enough in the jealousy of *Ourrias*, the dawning love of *Mireille*, and the family quarrel which terminates the second act, to interest the listener not only in the music as music, but in its purpose as a lyrical exponent of feeling and expression. Act third, the meeting between *Ourrias* and *Vincent*, disenchants the mind at once. Santley, himself, who has the divine spark sufficiently strong to electrify most dead bodies, failed to make the scene tell, and when Giuglini's concluding phrases (the old *pianissimo* cadence with the upturned eyes which people like) were applauded, the compliment was for the tact of the actor, not for the composer. Act fourth, the wild, beautiful, but arid desert of the Crau, develops still more forcibly the lamentable weakness of the drama. A goatherd comes on and jodels a quaint pastoral, and then goes off. Neither the goatherd nor his song has anything whatever to do with the action of the piece, and the young person is never seen again. *Mireille* then appears, and on the conclusion of her *scena* down comes the curtain. Act fourth, by bringing *Mireille* and *Vincent* together, and giving occasion for a chorus of priests, &c., affords a chance for a sort of *finale*, but in reality there is only one *finale*, that to the second act already mentioned.

Now, no music in the world could make a "book" such as this interesting. Nor is M. Gounod's setting an exception. We again admit the genius, the inspiration that shines in every scene; but we do so, the more strongly to point out the absolute depend-

ence of a composer on dramatic situation and dramatic effect for a successful opera. It is time M. Gounod of all people should learn and act upon this fact in lyrical composition. To go no further back from *Mireille*, than his *Rhine de Saba*, a much more powerful work than the former in every way, what was it but the ridiculous impressing of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba into his service, that has marred the representation of that work?—*Orchestra*.

### An Inanimate Artist.

We have been favored with a view of an invention, which, if ever perfected, promises to inflict a heavy blow on the community of paid artists. The Anthropoglossos has for some time occupied a prominent position on the walls of the town; that mysterious Greek word has awakened curiosity enough to make the inventor's fortune, but that people are satisfied with being curious. A hand circular stating that the Anthropoglossos was now in perfect voice and in a condition to sing several popular melodies, we took occasion to inspect the invention at the place of exhibition, St. James's Hall.

There is no doubt that the figure is mechanical, and that it sings of its own unaided powers. More than this, that it pronounces with wonderful distinctness. The sibilants alone are rather hazy, and are half lisped and half suppressed, as is not uncommon in animate society. In singing Mr. Brinley Richard's immortal hymn, for example, the Anthropoglossos gives the refrain as we have heard many artists of real life render it. "God bleh the Prin of Wale" is not so indistinct as to prevent one applauding the wonderful *sostenuto* at the end of the figure's song. In form the Anthropoglossos is not prepossessing. He has a very large head of that intellectual type seen in hairdressers' windows, but the expression is heightened by the slightest cast in his eyes. His hair is thin; but he wears a promising beard and moustache. His mouth is stuffed with a large funnel, through which the notes proceed. Beneath the head is a glass case, through which you see a cylinder in motion, and a couple of valves, which operate like bellows, and serve as lungs. The pulmonary organs (so to speak) are visible to the audience; the bronchial organs, which produce the actual words, are concealed inside the head. You see how the wind is carried from the bellows up two tubes into the head; but how articulation is effected, is a mystery it would be difficult to explain.

The whole figure is suspended by a chain from a temporary rafter in the upper part of the room. It touches nothing which has any connection with below. On entering the hall, we thought the sounds were ventriloquial, but closer examination undeceived us; for on going up to the figure, the notes could plainly be heard proceeding from the funnel.

The Anthropoglossos sings half-a-dozen popular songs from a varied selection. While we were there, he gave us "Polly Perkins," "Annie Lytle," "A Gipsy's Life," "God Bless the Prince of Wales," and the National Anthem. The words were distinctly pronounced with the exception of the *s* and *sh*, which were indistinct; and the voice is between a tenor and a baritone, though very weak and plaintive. We have heard the same sort of voice a dozen times in the street. The most curious of this automaton's capacities is that he can get up a song in *any language*, if you give him about six hours. His accent is distinctly a cockney one; he turns his *a*'s into *i*'s, and his *o*'s into *ou*'s; but he is warranted to sing a song in pure French, German or Italian, and in six hours. Could any of our more expensive artists do more?

We confess to being afraid of the Anthropoglossos. He possesses too many advantages over his animate brethren in art. He is cheaper to keep; he is less distracting; he is more to be relied on, for he never takes a cold. Consider how adaptable he is to an artistic tour: requiring, as he does, neither first-class carriage nor hotel accommodation. No; in the interests of the profession, we protest against the Anthropoglossos, who, if his voice only grow a little more powerful, may prove a formidable rival to many a costly pet of the public.—*Orchestra (London)*.

THE ANTHROPOGLOSSOS.—The room in St. James's-hall, long enlivened by the Christy's Minstrels, is now devoted to a singular exhibition, bearing for its title the singular word printed above.

Entering the room the spectator finds his attention attracted by a large waxen head, bearing no slight resemblance to the late M. Jullien, with something like a silver funnel stuck into its mouth. This head does not stand on a pedestal, but is sustained by gilded chains suspended from the ceiling. At the first glance it might be taken for a very idealized "Aunt Sally," but on closer inspection the spectator will perceive below the bust a small glass case containing some sort of mechanical apparatus. To

an aperture in this case the exhibitor applies a key, and after a winding-up process has been duly accomplished, a pair of little bellows are seen to work, and the sound of a human voice, singing the music and words of a song, quite as distinctly as any flesh and blood vocalist, issues from the mouth of the head. Six songs, terminating with "God Save the Queen," constitute the entire entertainment. Two other heads, likewise with funnels in their mouths, may be observed at the back of the room, but these are not yet brought into active operation. When their musical education is complete we may possibly be favored with duets and trios.

If we remember right, it was Alexander the Great who played the lyre with such wondrous skill as to elicit from his father the remark that the performance was too good for a future King. In the same manner, notwithstanding the assurance that the loss of "Polly Perkins" and the fascination of the "dark girl dressed in blue" are celebrated "by means of the nicest and most exquisitely arranged mechanism," we cannot help remarking that the articulation is almost too unexceptionable for a machine. There is nothing wooden or metallic, or squeaky or hitchy, in the whole performance, but the lyric effusions go off as glibly as though some artist at the Music Hall were singing them through one of those pipes that form a communication between the principal's parlor and the clerk's room in a merchant's countinghouse. Hence we fear wicked Pyrrhonists will arise who will doubt the connection between the winding-up of the machine and the utterance of the melodies. Of course, they will be altogether wrong, but the presence of a voice less decidedly human would have incalculably increased the facility of refuting them.

However, the sceptic and the believer will both agree that the exhibition is extremely ingenious. The head is not large enough to contain any human performer, nor does it communicate in any visible manner with any remote source of sound. There it hangs, in chains, in a state of defiant insulation, and if you will not believe that its voice proceeds from the little bellows it challenges you to point out another origin.

To most persons of the present generation the "Anthropoglossos" will, we think, be an absolute novelty, but the older among us will, perhaps, recollect that at a time when the name of Madame Tussaud was unknown in London there was, on the southern side of Fleet street, a collection of wax figures, ostensibly belonging to one Mrs. Salmon. In one of the rooms of the edifice that contained this collection was the so-called "Invisible Girl," a small suspended box, from which issued a voice that answered questions and sang songs. Whether the old "Invisible Girl" was similar in principle to the "Anthropoglossos" we cannot say.—*London Times*.

## Music Abroad.

ST. PETERSBURG. A correspondent of the *London Musical World* encloses the programmes of all the concerts given by the Musical Society of Russia during the past season. They are full of piquancy and novelty, as well as of tried gold, and may furnish some hints to our own concert-givers. At any rate, a perusal of the list may amuse our readers.

*First Concert:* Music to *Munfred*; Schumann; Overture, *Les Girondistes*—Litolff; Cavatina, *Faust*, Gounod; Concerto, Violin—Ferdinand David; "Romances," Pianoforte, Gurileff; Symphony (A major), Beethoven.

*Second Concert:* Overture, *Les deux Journées*—Cherubini; "Symphonetic Poem," *Orpheus*—Liszt; Fragments from the opera of *Orpheus*—Gluck; Concerto, Piano (F minor), Chopin; Symphony (A minor)—Mendelssohn.

*Third Concert:* Overture and Fragments from the Opera; *Russlan and Ludmilla*—Glinka; Serenade (D major, first movement for full band)—J. Brahms; Air, *Titus*—Mozart; Symphony (D major)—Haydn; "Nachthelle"—Franz Schubert; Chorus, Men's Voices (Orchestral accompaniment by Singer)—Franz Schubert; Overture, No. 3, *Leonore*—Beethoven.

*Fourth Concert:* Overture to a Tragedy—Bargiel; Concert Air—Mendelssohn; Concerto (C minor), Pianoforte, Beethoven; "Hundredth Psalm," Handel; Symphony (B flat major)—Schumann.

*Fifth Concert:* Overture and Fragments from *Oberon*—C. M. von Weber; Overture, *Hafiz*, L. Ehler; Concerto, Violoncello (MS.), Davidoff; Two Choruses "a capella" ("Tenebræ factæ sunt," Haydn, and "Ave verum," Mozart); Symphony (C major), Schumann.

*Sixth Concert:* Theme and Variations from the



*Suite*, Franz Lachner; *Air*, Don Juan, Mozart; Concerto (D minor), Pianoforte—Mendelssohn; "Romances, Piano"—Glinka; Fragments from "Missa Solemnis"—Beethoven; Symphony (G minor)—Mozart.

*Seventh Concert*: Overture, "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt"—Mendelssohn; Chorus, "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt"—Beethoven; Concerto (F sharp minor), Violin, Ernst; Serenade, Women's Voices, Franz Schubert; "Passacaglia" (scored by Esser), J. S. Bach; Two Choruses *a capella* ("Tenebræ factæ sunt," Haydn; "Crucifixus," for eight voices, Lotti); Symphony (C minor), Beethoven.

*Eighth Concert*: Symphony (C minor), Spohr; Fragments from *Lelio*, Berlioz; Concerto, Piano, Schumann; *Air*, *Life for the Czar*, Glinka; Overture (C major, Op. 124), Beethoven.

*Ninth Concert*: Overture, *Faust*, Wagner; Chorus, *Isis*, Lulli; Chorus, *Cantor et Polux*, Rameau; Overture, *Der Söldner*, Vietinghoff; *Kui*; Concerto, Clarinet, Weber; Chorus, *Die Zauberflöte*, Mozart; Symphony (D minor), Schumann.

*Tenth Concert*: Overture, *Hamlet*, N. W. Gade; "Nachtlid," Chorus and Orchestra, Schumann; Ballet, from the opera, *Der Dämon*, Vietinghoff; *Aria* "Ah, Perfido," Beethoven; Concerto, Piano (E flat major), Liszt; Symphony No. 9 ("Choral"), Beethoven.

So much for the Musical Society, over the doings of which Herr Antoh Rubinstein presides with so much spirit. The programmes of the Quartet performances are quite as varied and interesting in their way:

*First Evening*: Quartet (C major, Haydn; Sonata (in A), Pianoforte, Op. 101, Beethoven; Quartet (A minor), Mendelssohn.

*Second Evening*: Quartet (E flat major), Beethoven; Sonata, Pianoforte, Op. 109, Beethoven; Quartet (D minor), Franz Schubert.

*Third Evening*: Quartet (C minor), Beethoven; Sonata, Pianoforte, Op. 110, Beethoven; Quartet (A minor), Schumann.

*Fourth Evening*: Quartet (C major), Haydn; Sonata, Pianoforte, Op. 111, Beethoven; Quartet (F minor), Beethoven.

Besides all this, it appears that the Society got up three *Mutines* for Mad. Schumann, in which that lady played compositions by Schumann, Beethoven, Chopin, etc.

Two hundred and sixty-three pupils have entered the Conservatory this year. Branch Societies have, also, been opened at Kieff and Charkoff. The Branch Society of Moscow seems to have greatly distinguished itself during the past twelvemonth. Three grand concerts, held in the Riding School, attracted altogether no less than 12,000 auditors. The object of these performances was to afford the poorer classes, by means of reduced prices of admission, a chance of hearing really good music. So none can say that the "divine art" does not progress in Russia. Nor will anyone refuse to give the credit, which is his due in this movement, to Herr Anton Rubinstein, with whom is frequently associated in the good work in which he is engaged, the celebrated violinist, M. Henri Wieniawski.

**WEIMAR.** The theatre was closed on the 26th ult., with Meyerbeer's ever fresh opera, *Robert le Diable*. According to report it will re-open on the 16th September next, with Goethe's *Egmont*. The operas recently given have been Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* (a very flat performance, owing principally to the evident indisposition of Madame von Milde); *Rienzi* (twice); *Der Freyschütz*; *Der Fliegende Holländer*; *Lohengrin* (a weak performance, especially as far as the band was concerned); *Die Kindische Sralnixe* (after Kauer's *Donauschützen*); *La Juive*; *Martha*; and *Il Trovatore*. Mendelssohn's *Elijah* has been admirably executed at *Eisenach*, under the direction of Professor Muller-Hartung. The celebrated Salsung church-choir, formed on the model of that at the cathedral, Berlin, lately gave a concert in the Town-church. The following was the programme: "O, Roma nobilis" (hymn of the 8th century); "Panis angelicus," by Palestrina; "Lux æterna," by Jomelli; "Exultate Deo," by Scarlatti; chorale, "Jesu, meine Freude," by Sebastian Bach; "Tantum ergo," by Cherubini; Prayer for three-part Boy's Chorus, by Hauptmann; and the Eightieth Psalm, by Dr. Emil Naumann. With the exception of a few trifling deficiencies, the performance was excellent, and the advanced state of the choir, which is under the protection of the Crown-Prince of Meiningen, does the greatest credit to its conductor, Herr Müller.

**LEIPZIG.**—The King of Saxony has conferred the Cross of the Albrecht Order on Professor Moscheles, "in consideration of his services to the art of

music in general, and to the Conservatorium of Music at Leipzig in particular."

Herr Blaseman has resigned the Kapellmeistership of the Euterpe Concerts, refusing, it is said, to submit to the force to which he was subjected by a section of the Directors, headed by Dr. Brendel, the principal apostle of the New German School, who were always trying to bring before the public works of the most "advanced" description. Herr von Bernuth, Director of the Sing-Academie and the Dilettanti Orchestra Verein, has been appointed to the vacant place; but he wisely insisted upon the remodelling of the Direction before he would accept the office. It is, perhaps, from Spartan principles, good that these advanced works should sometimes be heard, for nothing should be condemned without a hearing, but to make them the main part of a concert is more than an ordinary mortal can endure.

**DRESDEN.**—The correspondent of the *Orchestra* July 2, writes:

The theatre at Dresden was reopened on Tuesday. The first three operas selected may well be called representative—*The Huguenots*, *Tannhäuser*, *Don Juan*. The performance of the *Huguenots* was especially dedicated to Meyerbeer's memory. The appearance of the theatre is much improved and brightened by the renovation. There are few theatres where so artistic an atmosphere prevails as at Dresden. The principal artists, both dramatic and operatic, may be better at one time than at another; but the whole effect is always good; even down to the stage footmen there is an air of refinement and completeness that might put to shame institutions of larger resources. The orchestra is splendid; the string instruments all proceed from one maker, as is the case, I believe, with the wood and brass. The homogeneity of tone which thus arises is peculiarly rich and sweet. Since Dr. Rietz has been at the head of the orchestra, it has made the nearest approach to perfection. In place of the late machinist, Herr Hänel, whose death was hastened by the burns he received in rescuing Frau Bürde-Ney from imminent peril, Herr Brandt of Darmstadt has been appointed. This gentleman is a master in his craft, and is the only machinist who has yet ventured to put upon the stage the perilous Foundry-Scene of Gounod's *Queen of Sheba*.

**CARLSRUHE.**—A grand demonstration of musical "latter day saints," or "men of the future," seems to be the meaning of the following announcement:

In the last week but one of August the great musical *fête* of the General German Musical Association takes place in Karlsruhe. It is to last four days and is to consist of four grand concerts, the direction of which has been undertaken by Dr. Hans von Bülow. Liszt and Wagner are in Karlsruhe for the purpose of preparing the way, and the musical society looks forward with great interest to August.

#### London.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—The principal novelty of the past month or two in the operatic world has been the production of Gounod's latest work, "*Mireille*," done into Italian as "*Mirelia*." The fine powers of Titiens, Trebelli, Giuglini, Santley, Junca, Gassier, &c., could not save it from a failure, although it was allowed several trials. A fuller account will be found on another page. The *Times*, however, thinks, in spite of its defects, that it improves upon acquaintance, and adds:

It is not another *Faust*, but that merely proves the author's versatility, the subject having nothing whatever in common with *Faust*, while the music, it may be stated without reserve, is in every sense happy and effective. *Mireille* shares two peculiarities with *Faust*. It does not contain a single example of elaborate writing, a single example either of grand *morceau d'ensemble* (to employ an untranslatable compound), or of the grand *finale*, in which the most famous dramatic composers, from Mozart to Rossini, have delighted to exhibit their strength. On the other hand, an individuality of style which, in spite of occasional resemblances to Auber and occasional imitations of Meyerbeer, reveals the fact that M. Gounod's music is M. Gounod's and no one else's; an individuality, of which, seeing how few living composers can boast anything of the sort, the accomplished French musician has a right to be proud, is apparent in *Mireille*, just as it is apparent in *Faust* and *La Reine de Saba*, the unsuccessful predecessor of that singularly popular work; but further, we repeat there is nothing in common between M. Gounod's last opera and his

last but two. That *Faust* should be immediately understood and its worth acknowledged, not alone in Paris and London, but wherever it has been performed, while *Mireille* in Paris was laid aside after twenty-four representations, is solely attributable to their respective books.

On Monday (18th), beginning of the "cheap nights," *Faust*. Tuesday (*Mireille*, 7th time). Thursday *Il Trovatore*, Mdlle. Grossi as Azucena, the rest as before, Mad. Harriers-Wippen having thrown up the part of Leonora (which, however, fell safely into the arms of Mdlle. Tietjens) at the eleventh hour.

On the 23d, Weber's *Oberon* was produced with the following cast:

*Rezia*, Mdlle. Titiens; *Puck*, Mdlle. Grossi; *Fatima*, Mdlle. Trebelli; *Mermaid*, Mdlle. Volpini; *Schernasmi*, Mr. Santley; *Babehan*, Signor Gassier; *Oberon*, Signor Bettini; and *Sir Huon*, Signor Gardoni (his first appearance in that character). It bears us out in what we have often urged, referring to the all-importance of a good libretto, that even Weber's music cannot insure the success of an opera like *Oberon*, or render its revival anything but risky. With the present cast the music, great as it is, could not fail to be suitably given, and spectacular display was also brought in to create additional effect. The artists concerned did the utmost justice to the composer; Mdlle. Tietjens was simply magnificent in the music of *Rezia*, and exerted all her powers in the great scena, "Ocean, thou mighty monster! Mdlle. Grossi created a sensation as *Puck*; Mdlle. Trebelli received two encores; Mdlle. Volpini sang "The Mermaid" sweetly and well. Signor Gardoni was deficient in force, but his performance was artistic, and he received a merited encore in the grand scena. Signori Bettini and Gassier and Mr. Santley were hardly fitly placed; in respect of their merits, which are great; for the last two especially filled very small parts. Band and chorus were admirable, and the opera was splendidly mounted; it was in short a kaleidoscope of beautiful effects; effects of scenery and pictorial illusions, effects of fairies, and nymphs and dancing girls, effects of brilliant costume and strange wild music. But this book is singularly undramatic, and not all Mr. Mapleson's care of detail could blind the critical eye to the fact.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—Meanwhile, at the rival theatre—to go back to the first week of July—Mlle. Artot has been singing exquisitely in *La Traviata*, with Naudin, the French tenor, and Graziani; and "little Patti," Mario, Ronconi and Faure were such a four as one may seldom hear in *L'Elisir d'Amore* (the *Orchestra*, having exhausted all its vocabulary of praise, is forced to say of Patti, that "she looked, acted, and sang as Pattiistically as ever"). Gounod's *Faust*, too, still comes up at intervals.

Second week of July. No change. *L'Elisir* again, followed by the ballet *L'Île Enchantée*, with young Arthur Sullivan's music; *Don Giovanni*, with Patti as Zerlina; *Traviata* again (Mlle. Artot "reminded us of the Bosio—elegant, lady-like, almost pure—with the good taste of leaving out the cough and physical misery of the last act as commonly interpreted"), and *La Prophète*, with Tamberlik and Nantier Didiée.

On the 23d, Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* (first produced in London in 1855, with Bosio, Gardoni, Lablache and Formes) was revived. The *Times*, at great length, re-analyzes and re-glorifies the opera, and of the singers says:

Madame Carvalho's highly finished execution, invariably good taste, and thoroughly artistic training were doubly welcome. Mdlle. Brunetti (pupil of M. Duprez), who appeared as Gilda (*Rigoletto*), four years ago, at Her Majesty's Theatre, has wonderfully improved since then; and as representative of the agreeable and by no means unimportant character of Prascovia her co-operation is really valuable. To Signor Ciampi was assigned an unenviable task. Whoever had seen the late Lablache as the Cossack soldier would be disinclined to look with charitable eyes on any successor (except, perchance, Ronconi). Nevertheless, Signor Ciampi did his very best to be humorous, and had evidently well studied his music. Signor Naudin played Danilowits (Signor Gardoni's part in 1855); Signor Neri Beraldi, Savoronsky (formerly allotted to Signor Lucchesi); and the two vivandieres again wore the features of Madame Rudersdorff and Mdlle. Jenny Bauer, upon whom the passage of nine years has seemingly exercised but little influence, physical or otherwise. The remaining small parts were more or less efficiently represented.

A few nights later Mme. Grisi (Mons. Tonson come again!) appeared as *Norma* at the manager's benefit; "house crowded, every number encored;" what is Grisi but the personification of *Enore!*

The London English Opera Company will begin its season in October next with Benedict's "Lily of Killarney," with Madame Lemmens Sherrington as the heroine, Mr. Santley as *Danny Mann*, and an American tenor as *Miles-na-Coppaleen*. The first new opera is to be "Helvelyn," music by Macfarren, composer of "Robin Hood."

Carlotta Patti is to be the vocal star at Alfred Mellon's coming promenade concerts at the Royal Italian Opera.

Arabella Goddard is engaged for the next Birmingham festival where she is to play Mendelssohn's second concerto (in D), which has never been heard there since the composer played it himself in 1840.

Another of the *Athenæum's* wry faces about Schumann:

At Mr. Ella's Seventh Concert of the *Musical Union* were to be heard Schumann's *equinoctial* Piano Forte Quintet, and the equally indissoluble stringed Quintet of Mendelssohn, Op. 87, indisputable in right of its *andante scherzando* and its superb *adagio e lento*. In the latter the composer rises very near to the height of Beethoven's sublimity. M. Leschetizki was the pianist.

MR. HALLÉ'S RECITALS. The eighth and last recital of the season took place on Tuesday last week. The following was the programme:

Sonata in E flat, Op. 29, No. 3	Beethoven
Prelude, Sarabande, Bourrée 1. and II. and Gigue from "Suite Anglaise" in A minor (first time)	Bach
17 "Variations Serieuses" in D minor, Op. 84 (first time)	Mendelssohn
Sonata in F minor, Op. 90.	Beethoven
Study, in D flat, Op. 90, No. 15.	Heller
"Moment Musical," in F minor, Op. 94, No. 3.	Schubert
Impromptu, in A flat, Op. 29.	Chopin
Scenes Carnavalesques (by general desire).	Schumann

These delightful mornings with this accomplished pianist have come to an end, but they will stand out in memory clearly and vividly from the musical chaos out of which we are now getting. It is one of the most precious events in our musical season in town; this annual visit of Mr. Hallé. *Vale Preceptor!—Orchestra, July 9.*

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 20, 1864.

### Harmony and Melody.

1. HARMONY is the heart, the main spring and origin of music. Harmony is the elder sister, rather say the parent of Melody. Harmony is first, as Love is; Melody is derived from it, as Intelligence is derived from Love. It is a common notion that Melody is the essential element of expression in Music, that melody is the gift of genius, the inspired part, the soul of every composition; and that Harmony is but an artificial scientific accompaniment, which makes the thing more complex and refined, but yet might be dispensed with. But the contrary is the fact. Harmony is founded purely in nature, her immediate offspring. The vibrations of a tone generate first the tones which harmonize with it. Each sound naturally accompanies itself with the other notes of its accord. You have but to listen to the sound of a bell, or the string of an instrument tuned to any note, to become aware of its Third and Fifth in higher octaves, forming the perfect *Common Chord*. In horns and trumpets these harmonic intervals yield themselves spontaneously as you blow harder. They are the natural scale of all such instruments.

This *natural* or harmonic scale of tones produced in this way is very different from the *Melodic* scale. It ascends by *Thirds*, the most

pleasing consonant intervals. Melody results from dissonance, from the introduction or interpolation between these harmonic Thirds of the tones which do not accord with them, simply because they differ less in pitch. Melody deals with smaller intervals, and constructs its scale in a more finely graduated ascending progression, wherein each sound is succeeded by the one whose pitch is least above its own. Now the concord between two notes is to a certain point inversely as their distances; those which are immediately contiguous to each other will not harmonize.

Harmony, therefore, classes by agreement and affinity; Melody classes by differences and antipathies, which it arranges into beautiful and complete series. Harmony is the expansion of the *One*; Melody is the escape from unity, the tendency to individuality and variety. Harmony is fixed and constant; Melody is discursive. Harmony gives *all in one*; Melody gives *one after another*, and would straightway run off into utter forgetfulness of its first starting-point, did not the centripetal law of harmony lurking behind, though unperceived, recall its steps and round its course into a graceful orbit. So all thought is prompted by a sentiment and must be true to that, or what consistency is there after all in all its logic? Harmony, then, is the combining, unitary tendency in music; it constitutes the atmosphere of the picture; and determines its whole sphere of sentiment. It is the pervading spirit of the composition, whether song, or symphony or chorus. If it is not expressed in the way of an actual accompaniment, still the truly musical hearer feels it to be understood and implied, as the invisible ground-work of the air or tune.

2. MELODY, on the contrary (which of course implies Rhythm) is the unfolding and spreading out of harmonies or chords into orderly sequence, connecting the wide consonant intervals by intermediate sounds, which can only bear to be heard in succession, (excepting of course those cases in which discord is desirable as preparation for harmony). It is the restless and progressive tendency, which wearies of the richest, grandest and completest effect of simultaneous concord, and stimulates each part or voice to detach itself and move along. It would be taking steps continually; it denies or qualifies what was last asserted and takes a new position, passes into a tone that bears no necessary affinity to the first, and through this to another equally discordant with the second, but agreeing with the first.

Her first work, therefore, is to construct a scale of tones through which she may range. Remember, Harmony is secretly at the bottom of this scale, though Melody seems to make it of herself. She (Melody) graduates the sounds into a regular series of Seven, corresponding to the seven colors of the rainbow; and through the whole range of audible sounds this peculiar series of Seven repeats itself, higher or lower, in such wise that the same degrees or steps in these series correspond and form accords of perfect identity. Each of the seven notes derives its character from its relation to the Key-note or Tonic of the Scale or Series; and the Diatonic scale itself, so called, is but the unfolding in graduated sequence of what is implied in one tone. Presently it appears that each of these seven may become in turn a Key-note, and may be unfolded into its

scale or series of seven in a similar manner. But the intervals between the seven notes are not of equal width; two of them are only half-steps: to form a new scale therefore, based on a new tone, new notes must be introduced. Hence the origin of the Five Semi-tones, the Flats and Sharps, which are the *transitional* element, by whose mediation only can there be any modulation into new keys or scales. These, ranged in gradual progression amongst the original Seven, give us a new series of Twelve, or what is termed the Chromatic Scale.

Harmony creates combinations therefore, while Melody creates Series. Harmony attracts, melts, blends into one; Melody distributes, bound however in her distributions by the nature of Harmony, which generates all her tones, and which says: "Of the infinitely various shades of tone imaginable between any two given degrees of pitch, thou shalt use only *these* tones and no others, *these* which are of such fixed proportionate distances from each other, that their very differences may help to enrich my harmony."

Now mark the intimate connection between Melody and Discord. Discords (so long as no sounds enter which do not belong to the true scale) are not only tolerable in composition, but they even enrich and enliven the effects of Harmony. *The discordant element always is thrust in by the movements of Melody.* When what should be successive becomes simultaneous, there is temporary discord. Hold back a note that should move on, so that it finds itself in the midst of a new chord, and a certain jar of dissonance ensues. So if a note of a coming chord is anticipated while the last chord continues to sound. In fact discord, (such as is legitimate in music, that is, such as does not borrow any sounds outside of the given scale or series) is merely the confounding of tenses, Present, Past and Future. As the full ranks advance, a member of one falls back into the rank behind his own, or overtakes the one before. Have we not states of feeling much analogous to this? and is not the momentary dissonance of the co-presence of two states of consciousness, the meeting but not blending of a past state with the present, followed as it always soon is by a happy resolution, one of the richest experiences? Our passions have their laws of concord, discord and modulation too, by which their music grows so rich and complex.

### Great Organ Record.

Since our last paper went to press—that is, from Aug 3 to Aug. 17 inclusive—there have been not less than eight Organ Concerts in the Boston Music Hall: namely, five of the regular noon-ings, and three evening entertainments by Mr. G. W. MORGAN, of New York. The latter we would have gladly heard, or portions of them; but we had no musical ardor strong enough in those dog-days to snatch us from the cool embraces of suburban breezes. We must content ourselves with setting down his programmes.

#### Thursday eve. Aug. 4.

- |   |           |
|---|-----------|
| 1. Introduction and Fugue.                  | Morgan    |
| 2. Adagio, Minuetto and Trio. (Sym. No. 4). | Momart    |
| 3. Solo, Basso. Fairest Maiden.             | Werner    |
| Mr. Chase.                                  |           |
| 4. Movement from P. Forte Lessons.          | Handel    |
| 5. Overture: "Prometheus."                  | Beethoven |

#### PART II.

- |  |             |
|--|-------------|
| 1. Overture. (Stradella.) Transcribed.       | Piotow.     |
| 2. Nocturno.                                 | E. Schumann |
| 3. Solo, Basso. Grave Digger.                | Kalliwoda   |
| Mr. Chase.                                   |             |
| 4. Andante and Allegro. (Over. William Tell. | Rossini     |

#### Tuesday eve. Aug. 9.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1. Grand Fugue and Chorus, "He led them through |  |
|---|--|

- the deep, and the waters overwhelm'd them." (Israel in Egypt.) Handel  
 2. Aria, "On mighty pens." (Creation.) Haydn  
 3. Poco Adagio. (Sym. No. 4.) Mrs. Mozart. Mozart  
 4. Solo. "The last man." (By request.) Mr. Chase. Calcott

## PART II.

1. Overture. "Die Zauberflöte." Mozart  
 2. Aria. "O mio Fernando." Donizetti  
 3. Prelude and Fugue in G min. Mrs. Mozart. Mendelssohn  
 4. Ballad. "Rock'd in the cradle of the deep." Knight  
 5. Overture. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" Mendelssohn

## Sunday eve. Aug. 14.

1. Grand Fugue and Chorus "He led them through the deep, and the waters overwhelm'd them." (By request) Handel  
 2. Air. Basso. "Pro Pectus." Mr. Chase. Bach  
 3. a. Fugue in G minor. Mr. Chase. Battiste  
 4. Solo, Soprano. "Hear ye Israel" (Elijah). Mendelssohn  
 5. Prelude and Fugue in D min. Mrs. Mozart. Mendelssohn  
 6. Duet. "Gracful Consort." (Creation.) Haydn  
 Mrs. Mozart and Mr. Chase.

## PART II.

1. Organ Duet. Andante, Minuet and Trio, from Surprise Symphony. Haydn  
 2. Song. "O ye tears." Messrs. Thayer and Morgan. Abt  
 3. Vivace, from Sym. (No. 21). Mr. Chase. Haydn  
 4. Song. "Consider the Lilies." Mrs. Mozart. Topliff  
 5. Overture. (By request). Rossini

Mr. Morgan's popularity does not wear out, and his audiences, we are told, were larger than the average. The hearty good nature of the man is attractive, and also—it is but fair to say it—in spite of all the dash and bravura of his playing, his real modesty. The fine bass voice and easy, natural delivery of Mr. CHASE appear to have left a most favorable impression; but we would fain couple with any mention of the Great Organ either a nobler list of songs, or none. And what has "O mio Fernando" to do outside of a theatre, or an Italian operatic medley concert? In front of that great instrument such things seem like masquerading in a church, and remind one of Scott's "Abbot of Unreason" and his crew before the altar of the monastery. But Mrs. MOZART's selections were not all, nor mostly of this kind; those from the "Creation" and "Elijah" were of the best; and we are glad to learn that they showed her beautiful soprano voice and execution greatly improved, and realizing the fine promise of her former residence in Boston. Mr. THAYER's contribution to that Sunday concert was singular—or, more properly speaking, ambiguous; a Fugue of Bach, a great one, followed by a Battiste *Offertoire*! Verily a fantastical tail-piece. Such frivolities are certainly in bad taste.

We come now to the regular noon-day concerts. Mr. LANG was organist on Wednesday, Aug. 3, and this was his programme, which we were compelled to lose:

1. Overture to "Alexander's Feast." Handel  
 2. Fest. Fantasia, on a theme from "Creation." Koehler  
 3. Nocturne, from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Mendelssohn  
 4. Overture to "Le pardon de Ploermel." (Transcription). Meyerbeer  
 5. Improvisation.  
 6. Fugue on B. A. C. H. Schumann

MR. LANG played again last Saturday (13th), one of the most happily varied and agreeable of the mixed programmes of the season:

1. Prelude and Fugue (Piano-Forte). No. 31. Bach  
 2. Overture: "Midsummer Night's Dream." Mendelssohn  
 3. Berceuse. Lang  
 4. Overture to "Le pardon de Ploermel." Meyerbeer  
 5. Improvisation.  
 6. Chorus. "Be not afraid." "Elijah." Mendelssohn

The selection of that Prelude and Fugue from the "Well-tempered Clavichord" seemed to us not a bad idea. It is the one in E flat major in Book II. The Prelude is singularly piquant, fresh, vivacious; and the Fugue one of the most pronounced and clear, one of the best we know for forming the uncultivated ear for fugue. And both seemed to lose nothing, but rather

to gain by being transferred to the Organ. The Prelude especially was sketched to a charm, in fresh, bright colors; gay foreground to the broad, dark blue mountain sweep of fugue (full organ) rolling away on the horizon. Mr. Lang's "Cradle piece" was but a breath, fine-drawn and delicate, truly melodious. Such breezy pine-tree murmurs are surpassingly rendered by the Dolce in the Swell of this instrument. The overture to Meyerbeer's romantic pastoral opera surprised us by its effectiveness on the organ; we felt the poetry of it more than we have done in the opera house.

Mr. MORGAN's stay in town was happily available for Saturday noon (Aug. 6), when he presented an interesting selection, as follows:

1. Preludium in B min. Bach  
 2. Communion in A min. (Dedicated to G. W. Morgan) Battiste  
 3. Prelude and Fugue in D min. Mendelssohn  
 4. Duet. "Andantino Grazioso from Sym." (Op. 51). Gade  
 Mr. E. A. Kelly and Geo. W. Morgan.  
 5. Air, with Var'ns Extempore. Morgan  
 6. Vivace, from Sym. (No. 21).

In the first number of this programme Mr. Morgan for once refuted our observation that he never plays the more important works of Bach. The Prelude in B minor is one of the great works. The Mendelssohn Prelude and Fugue it was good again to hear, and played so unexceptionably. The movement from Gade's Symphony was beautifully done by the two organists; Mr. KELLEY is from Providence. Mr. Morgan showed much skill and variety in his variations on an air, although one or two of them appeared to us *outré* and more illustrative of certain organ stops, and certain facility of feet and fingers, than of the musical theme itself.

Mr. THAYER has played the last two Wednesday noons, as follows:

## Aug. 10.

1. Prayer and March, from "Moses in Egypt." Rossini  
 2. Grand *Offertoire*, in C. W. E. Thayer  
 3. Passacaglia. Bach  
 4. Le Priere, for Bassoon. W. E. Thayer  
 5. Passacaglia. Handel  
 6. *Offertoire*, for Vox humana. Battiste  
 7. Overture to "Faust." (Transcribed, 1st time). Gounod  
 8. Wedding March, from "Huguenots." Meyerbeer

## Aug. 17.

1. Marche *Offertoire*. Battiste  
 2. Overture to "Faust." Gounod  
 3. Double Fugue, in B flat. Handel  
 4. *Offertoire*, for Vox humana. Eugene Thayer  
 5. Passacaglia. Handel  
 6. Larghetto, from 2nd Symphony. Beethoven  
 7. Concert *Offertoire*, in C. Eugene Thayer  
 8. Transcription, from "Semiramide." Rossini

Mr. Thayer is enterprising. He not only tries his hand at all the others do, but he explores new fields. We wish they were all as fruitful ones as this last which he has entered, which really yields new and important matter for these concerts. We mean the purely organ works of Handel. Strange to say, we have now for the first time any work of Handel originally written for the organ; hitherto it has been only choruses, arias, and overtures from the oratorios, or some variations from a *Suite* for the piano. It was interesting, too, to hear a *Passacaglia* by Handel in the same hour with the great one by Bach, which cannot become too familiar. Handel's has none of the sublimity or breadth and depth of that; it is a much lighter effort, genial and graceful, a series of charming variations on a naive half sad melody. The organist did well to repeat it. The Double Fugue is clear, bright, positive, Handelian, not of so deep an inspiration or of art so wonderful as Bach's great ones; but where, outside of Bach, shall we go for better? We trust Mr. T. will continue to work this vein; not discontinuing the pure gold of Bach, however, which is needful for comparison. The "Overture" (Introduction rather) to Gounod's "Faust" reveals its qualities quite clearly on the organ.

These Organ "noonings" seem to grow more popular. The many strangers passing through our city take advantage of them. One is struck by the

number of new faces each time, as well as by the intelligent, attentive aspect of the company. A certain nucleus of *habitués* one seldom misses.

To-day Mr. LANG will play, and almost exclusively from Mendelssohn.

We call the attention of those who desire instruction in the cultivation of the voice, to the card of Mrs. FORD on our first page. She is a pupil of Sig. Bendelari.

OXFORD, OHIO.—We have before us the programme of the tenth annual Examinations and Commencement exercises of the Female College in this place, occupying the entire last week in June. Music seems to have enlivened each hour of the seven days' exercises. Many of the pieces, performed by the pupils, with or without their teacher, Mr. KARL MERZ, indicate sound classical intentions; for instance Beethoven: Sonata, op. 49; 5th Symphony, 1st movement, for 4 hands; Quintet, op. 16, 4 hands; Sonata, op. 7; Scherzo of 7th Symphony; Mozart: Sonata in C, 4 hands; also pieces by Chopin, Mendelssohn, Schubert, &c., partly vocal and partly instrumental. These are mixed with things by Wagner, Verdi, Kuhe, Meyerbeer and others. Music as a science also had its hour in the examinations, under the heads of "Thorough Bass" and "Musical Compositions." The "Grand Finale" at Commencement is entitled "Miriam's Song of Triumph," chorus and solos by K. Merz. Older colleges might take some hints from this.

WORCESTER Co. (South).—The following is dated Whitinsville, Aug. 8th.

MR. EDITOR:—I send you the programmes of several Organ Concerts given during the summer in our village, on a fine two-bank Organ in our church, hoping you will give them a place in your Journal, in justice to a really fine organist, a hard worker, ambitious to excel; and above all, an estimable young man, Mr. H. B. DANFORTH. N.

## July 4.

- |                                     |           |
|-------------------------------------|-----------|
| Selections from Faust.              | Gounod    |
| <i>Offertoire</i> in E Minor Op. 7. | Battiste  |
| Fantasia: "Mazurka."                | Anber     |
| Fantasia Fugue (A Minor).           | Rink      |
| National airs, with variations.     |           |
| Flute Concerto.                     | Rink      |
| March, "Le Prophete."               | Meyerbeer |
| <i>Offertoire</i> , Op. 28.         | Battiste  |

## July 16.

- |  |             |
|--|-------------|
| Fugue in G minor                         | Bach        |
| Adagio and Maestoso, from Sonata, No. 2. | Mendelssohn |
| Fantasia in A minor.                     | Mozart      |
| Overture, to "Martha."                   | Flotow      |
| <i>Offertoire</i> in D minor, Op. 8.     | Battiste    |
| Andante from the Quintet in D.           | Mozart      |
| <i>Offertoire</i> in A minor, Op. 20.    | Battiste    |
| American Hymn with variations.           | Rink        |

## July 23.

- |                               |         |
|-------------------------------|---------|
| Toccata and Fugue in D minor. | Bach    |
| Benedictus, 12th Mass.        | Mozart  |
| Overture to "Oberon."         | Weber   |
| Tantum Ergo.                  | Rossini |
| <i>Offertoire</i> in G.       | Wely    |
| Fugue in A minor.             | Mozart  |
| Overture to "William Tell."   | Rossini |
| Hallelujah Chorus.            | Handel  |

The last descendant of the great old Belgian composer, LASSUS (or Orlando Lasso, or Roland de Latre), died recently, at the age of eighty-two years, at Munich, where he had exercised his profession of organist. With him one of the most brilliant names in the musical art of the sixteenth century—in fact those of Palestrina and LASSUS are the two greatest before Bach and Handel—has become extinct. Orlando Lasso spent the latter portion of his life in Munich, where the musical traveller, passing down the stately street over against the royal palace, has a pleasant surprise in coming upon his statue, by the side of that of Gluck,—not the least interesting among the many monuments of Bavaria.

DEATH OF MRS. WOOD.—No singer, (Jenny Lind alone excepted), is probably remembered with more interest, here in America, than Mrs. Wood (formerly Miss Paton), the original *Sonnambula* on this side of the water, and one of the most charming of all Eng-

lish singers. Indeed the first true operatic enthusiasm of Boston dates from her. The *London Telegraph* of July 25th thus notices her death:

This once celebrated vocalist expired on Thursday last, at Bulcliffe Hall, Bretton West, near Wakefield, where she had resided for the last twelve months. Mrs. Wood had retired from public life for many years, and devoted her talents to the teaching of music at Leeds. It was at the national theatres, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, that Mrs. Wood, as Miss Paton, first won her great fame as a vocalist, and gained a hold upon the admiration of the public which never ceased until her final retirement from the stage. Her repertoire, when her fame became established, extended through the whole range of English opera, in which there was scarcely a piece which she did not adorn by her attractive vocalization and dramatic talent. It was in the zenith of her reputation as a vocalist that she was married to Lord Wm. Lennox. The union, however, did not prove a happy one, and no very long time elapsed before a separation, followed by a divorce, took place. She subsequently married Mr. Wood, himself a vocalist of considerable talent. As Mrs. Wood she continued to maintain the high position she had achieved as the first of English female vocalists, gradually contracting her public engagements, however, until she finally retired from the stage and took up her residence at Wakefield, where she lived for several years. She afterwards removed to Leeds, where, as already stated, she occupied the position of a teacher of music.

**DEATH OF M. ZELGER.**—The death of that very excellent and popular artist, M. Zelger, who for nearly a dozen years held the post of *primo braso* at the Royal Italian Opera, is announced in the French and Belgian papers. M. Zelger died at Ghent after a long and painful illness, supposed to be brought on by a poisoning of the blood caused by the use of white lead. It is said that some three years since M. Zelger, having to perform the part of Walter in *Guillaume Tell* at Covent Garden, and having to whiten his moustache and beard, made use of a new composition which in the course of the night brought on a violent fit of vomiting, which was succeeded by a long lethargy. From that time his health was never completely restored, and he sank in all probability a victim to his imprudence or heedlessness. M. Zelger had been honorably known in England previous to his connection with the Royal Italian Opera, and came over in 1846 as one of the Belgian company, with M. and Madame Laborde, M. Massol, &c., &c. Although hardly entitled to be called a first class artist, his fine voice, correct style of singing, and imposing appearance, made him a great acquisition at the Covent Garden Opera; and indeed it has been found no easy matter to fill up the void he has left in such parts as Walter in *Guillaume Tell*, Baldassare in *La Favorita*, Oroveso in *Norma*, the Doctor in *La Traviata*, and the Sheriff in *Martha*.

**RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.** Malibran, the famous singer and actress, tells the following amusing anecdote of herself; "Not long since I was playing *Desdemona* at the Paris opera-house for my benefit, and the stage was covered with bouquets. It was the very first time that flowers had been thrown upon the Paris stage, and I never beheld any more lovely; but you see I was obliged to die, and it was a great pity, for under the circumstances, I couldn't pick them up. *Otello* had to die also, and the man was *bête* enough to prepare to stab himself just where he must fall on at least half a dozen of the best. This was more than I could endure, so, although I was quite dead at the time, I exclaimed in a low voice, 'Take care of my flowers! take care of my flowers!' Louis Philippe was in a side box that night and heard me; and so the next day I had a magnificent present of exotics from St. Cloud, with a polite message, signifying that his majesty, observing my posthumous love of floriculture, begged my acceptance of the accompanying tribute."

**DRAGONETTI**, the celebrated performer on the double bass, used to keep a large number of children's dolls at his lodgings for his amusement. When he travelled he usually took a black one with him, which he called his wife, and he used to dance it at his carriage window when he passed through any little village.

**MARETZEK** intends to produce during the coming season Gounod's new opera of "Mirella;" also, Verdi's "La Forza del Destino," and, perhaps, Nicolai's opera of the "Templar." The last-named work is based on Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Ivanhoe," which has been used also by Marschner in his "Templar and Jewess."

The project of establishing an opera house at Saratoga is regarded with so much favor that the frequenters of Saratoga have subscribed liberally for its support.

F. W. Jahns, music director to the king of Prussia, is about to edit a "Chronological List, with Explanations, of the Entire Works of Carl Maria Von Weber," and appeals to all the admirers of the composer who may possess manuscripts or autographs of Weber, to aid him by entrusting him for a short time with the same.

**TITIENS** has received a present from the fashionable subscribers to Her Majesty's Theatre, including dukes, marquises and others. The presentation was at the residence of the prima donna, and included a magnificent diamond bracelet and pair of diamond earrings of the richest and costliest design, with an appropriate inscription, recording the occasion of the gift and the names of the donors, engraved on velvet.

**SONFRA**, the Italian composer, living in London, is at work on his new opera, "Leah."

A London critic calls **GRISI** the Queen Dowager, **ADELINA PATTI** the Queen Regnant, and **MARIO** the King of the Realm of Song.

On the 21st of August will be inaugurated at Pesaro the statue of **ROSSINI**. At the theatre will be given ten representations of "William Tell." Mercadante has composed for the occasion a hymn for four hundred voices, which will be sung while the statue is uncovering.

**CRICKET MUSIC.**—Music being now introduced (to the great relief of the ladies) at our grand Cricket Matches, *Mr. Punch* is induced to publish the list of pieces which, at his suggestion, were performed during the Harrow and Eaton match, and the fitness whereof was the subject of complimentary remark by the Princess of Wales.

Invitation to the Ball, "Batti, batti;" "Maiden Over! Over with me;" Favorite Catch, "Home! Sweet Home;" Cricket on the Heath Quadrilles, "On a Bat's back do I fly;" "Proudly and Wide;" "O, Mother, he's come to the Wicket;" "Good bye, sweetheart, good Bye."

The *Athenaeum* understands that "an English version of Bach's Christmas Oratorio has been prepared for that singularly select body of musicians, the Bach Society, by Miss Johnson; who also rendered, fairly well, the text of the Passions-Music into English. The success of the last public performance of that interesting work by the Society in question, and its utter silence since, reminds us of nothing so much as of the proceedings of *Dorcas Fyssh*, in Hood's Quaker's 'Conversations.' Having craved permission to ask whether speech might be allowed, she was answered in the affirmative. 'Whereupon she held her peace.'

**NEW YORK.**—The *Atlas* has the following items of intelligence:

We understand that a Historic Concert will be given within the walls of Old Trinity somewhere about the first week in October, which will be made the occasion of the opening of the new and pleasant chancel organ. We are informed that Dr. Cutler is making great preparations for the event. Dr. Vinton will give an historical lecture illustrating the rise and progress of music from the earliest date. The compositions to be performed will consist of selections from the oldest masters, illustrative of the different epochs in music.

A splendid musical festival is indicated, to take place at Jones' Wood on Monday, the 29th of August, under the auspices of Carl Anschutz and Carl Formes. It is to be called the "Haydn Festival," and the principal feature will be the performance of the "Creation" of that great master, with a strength of instrumentation and chorus likely to stamp the event as the inauguration of a new character of festival on this continent.

**ROSSINI**, it is said, improvised an elegy in memory of **MEYERBEER**, while the funeral procession of the latter passed his window.

#### STANZAS FROM THE GERMAN.

My heart, I bid thee answer—  
How are love's marvels wrought?—  
"Two hearts to one pulse beating,  
Two spirits to one thought."  
And tell me how love cometh?  
"It comes—unsought—unsent!"  
And tell me how love goeth?  
"That was not love that went!"

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

She is sleeping, sweetly sleeping. *Bernard Covert*. 30  
In memory of "Gentle Carrie," who sleeps beneath the "dark Magnolia tree."

The Alabama and the Kearsarge. Song. *F. Wilder*. 30  
Descriptive of the great naval combat, with a "hurrah" for Yankee tars.

Bear this gently to my mother. Ballad.  
*J. W. Turner*. 30

A greeting of the dying soldier to his friends at home. We have now many songs of this nature, and it is sad to know that they are in unison with the feelings of so many wounded hearts.

The Stirrup Cup. Song. *Arditi*. 30

A song of high character, and sweet, but peculiar melody, containing the farewell of a knight to his lady, ere he "mounts, and rides away," after the "last saraband" has been "danced in the hall."

Selections from *W. C. Levy's* operetta, *Fanchette*. A collection of neat songs and duets, among which are:

How sad all nature seems to be. Song. 30  
and

Look, this is joy, how gaily bright. Song. 30  
The latter is a musical interpretation of the language of flowers, and is extremely graceful; the first is plaintive, but pleasing.

#### Instrumental Music.

Social Pastime. A selection of popular melodies for the Violin, with Piano accompaniment. By *S. Winner*.

No. 1. Smith's march. 35

This will be found to be a capital collection of easy pieces for violin and piano. In Smith's march, both accompaniments and melody have no difficulty for common performers.

Horse Guards Quadrille, Lancers. *J. C. Knight*. 40  
Dance lovers will welcome this arrangement, by a favorite musician of the Lancers' Quadrille.

Carol polka. *L. B. Whitney*. 30  
A sparkling and pretty production. May be classed among the really good polkas.

Evening Bells. Galop. *J. P. Clarke*. 50  
Mr. Clarke is well known as one of those English composers who has the rare talent of making music, at once very simple, and full of melody. "Evening bells" ring here quite pleasantly.

#### Books.

New School of Velocity. Bks 1 and 2. *L. Köhler* ea. \$1.50

Special Studies. (Velocity), in Two Books. *L. Köhler*. \$1.50

Köhler's studies for beginners have been already noticed. The Special Studies are for students quite advanced, who wish to conquer the technical difficulties of concert music, and the exercises are admirably adapted to this end. They will commend themselves at once to any practical teacher who examines the book.

The New School of Velocity, is about on a level with Czerny's excellent studies, being about as difficult as they, and about as good. A teacher with a number of pupils will doubtless find occasion when he will wish to substitute this one for the other.

**MUSIC BY MAIL.**—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 611.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 3, 1864.

VOL. XXIV. No. 12.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Half a dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

II. ANTONIO SALIERI.

[Continued from page 290.]

Salieri, who hardly ever knew a day's sickness until some seventy years of age, has left us one little picture of his family life, at the time he was confined to his bed with the rheumatic trouble in his knee before mentioned, January, 1788.

[Here is again a date which does not well correspond to the story of the composition of *Azur*, as given before; but Mosel had a happy talent for mixing dates, as his sketch of Salieri's life in several places abundantly shows.]

"My wife," says the composer, "usually sat with two of my daughters, working at a table by my bedside; my son was busy at my writing desk with his studies; two younger daughters were in the next room knitting and in charge of the three youngest girls, who played with their dolls; I lay in bed and, in the intervals of reading and thinking, enjoyed this, for me, exquisite sight. At seven o'clock my wife and children performed aloud their evening devotions, and then again proceeded with their various employments. At a later hour my son took his seat at the piano-forte, and, if either of his sisters wished it, he would play a waltz, and the girls danced in merry round. At nine o'clock came my wife and a maid to steam or smoke my lame leg, or whatever else the physician had ordered; one of the oldest girls then brought me my soup, and half an hour later, came wife, son, and my seven daughters,—she giving me a kiss, the others kissing my hand, to wish me a good night. How pleasantly in this wise flew the evenings! How quickening to the heart of a fond husband and father is such an enjoyment!"

Poor Salieri! wife, son, and three daughters went before him to the grave; the loss of his only son was especially bitter, and one he often mourned over in his latter years.

Perhaps nowhere, better than here, can a word be introduced upon Salieri's love of nature. In this regard he was like Beethoven, with, however, a characteristic difference. Beethoven delighted in long rambles over the hills and in the deep vallies among the mountains, which approach within a few miles of the capital. Unmarried and unconfined by any official or family duties, he could indulge this taste—in his case rising to the strength of a passion—to its fullest extent. Salieri, tied by his duties as Chapel-master and enjoying the sweets of a happy family life, had his favorite walks near the city, on the broad, flat island of the Danube, which, at its upper end, is called the Brigittenau; which, immediately opposite the city, is partially covered with the suburb, Leopoldstadt, with its fine public garden called the Augarten; and which then spreads away for some miles, in the public grounds known as the Prater. ("So jolly as in the Prater," says Mephistopheles to Faust.)

Beethoven's stormy nature delighted in mountains and woods; Salieri's gentler feelings found play in the broad, green spaces and scattered groves of the plain. Beethoven delighted in looking down from the heights; Salieri in contemplating the heights themselves from below. Let him tell the story of his three favorite trees.

"Many years ago. I had selected three noble trees, standing apart, for my favorites, under whose cool shade I passed many a happy hour in reading, composing, and reflection. One of them stands in the Prater, the second in the Augarten, and the third in the Brigittenau. The view from the first embraced to the right an arm of the Danube, and wooded islands beyond; to the left broad reaches of greensward adorned with wild-rose bushes and handsome groups of young trees; while in front the eye looked across plains and vallies away to the Leopold's and Kahlen-Bergs, crowned with romantic old cloisters.

"The second of my trees was in the Augarten, thickly surrounded with bushes various in sort and size, between which I could see at a distance the people as they strolled through the various avenues. From the third tree, I saw to the right hills and valleys—abodes of men; to the left thick woods; in front the river and a superb view of the city and its suburbs. How many happy hours lived I under these three majestic trees! The dreadful hurricane of 1807 caused them, it may be said, to disappear; that in the Prater and that in the Brigittenau, spite of their size, were, with a thousand others, torn up by the roots; that in the Augarten split down to within a man's height of the ground. Two days after that raging storm I saw and shuddered at the terrible devastation. True, there were still pleasant spots enough left in those lovely groves; but, as I was so accustomed on every first of May to spend at least half an hour under my favorite trees—yes, even in winter time, and especially in March and April, to visit them, that I might enjoy the first signs of their reviving vegetation—so even now I often go, and not without a melancholy feeling, to visit the spots where they stood, and note with pleasure that from the roots of the first two new sprouts are shooting, and from the trunk of the third new branches are springing, which, if not healing, are to some extent hiding the mutilation."

And here—like Cid Hamet Ben Engeli—J. F. Edler von Mosel, composer, critic, historian, and Imperial Royal Librarian, breaks forth into an exclamation in manner and form following, to wit:

"And a man like this, who found such pure joy in the presence of his family; who possessed such a warm feeling for the beauties of nature; who—as we have seen—saved the life of his servant through a truly paternal care,—not a servant long proved and faithful found, but one engaged but temporarily; who cherished the feeling of gratitude for favors received, even to the borders of the grave;—such a man his enemies (and what extraordinary man is free from them?)

had the impudence to pretend was guilty of the meanest and most hideous crime against one of his brethren in art—against Mozart—and this, too, on no other ground for so shameful a slander, than not even fault-finding with that great master's compositions, but only silence upon their preëminent beauties; a silence, which, even if it may have had its origin in jealousy of the fame of a rival—of which the noblest artist cannot fully divest himself,—still could never have been any ground for giving so deadly a thrust in his last days at the fame of a man in every respect honorable and virtuous."

That in the matter of Salieri's expressing his ill opinion of Mozart's dramatic music by silence alone, Mosel is here wrong, the reader has already seen; but as to the rest, this burst of feeling is creditable to him, and well grounded.

But, to return to the narrative and to the year 1788.

We have seen that the year began for Salieri with the production of his amazingly popular *Azur*, and that, while producing (as Chapel-master) new works by Paisiello and Mozart during the spring, he finished the composition of Abbate Casti's "*Cublai*"—a heroic, comic opera.

"This opera," says Mosel, "has hitherto (1827) nowhere been given, and its performance might perhaps meet with difficulties on any stage, because of its somewhat doubtful subject, which is treated by the poet rather with biting satire than with good-natured wit. The music, without standing in the front rank of Salieri's works as a whole, has yet in parts much that is meritorious."

The reader may perhaps remember that in 1779, from kindness to a composer named Russ, whom various circumstances deprived of the opportunity of bringing out the opera ordered of him for the opening of a new theatre in Milan, Salieri had voluntarily given up to him the composition of the second act of "*Il Talismano*," and that the work proved a success. After the "*Cublai*," the composer turned his attention to this Milan work, and wrote new music to the second act. Three new operas had been brought out under his direction [see the list before given] since the *Don Giovanni*, but with so little success as to call for "*Il Talismano*" on the 10th Sept.\*

"This opera pleased sufficiently," says the modest composer. Truth, however, requires the expression 'very greatly,' and it fully deserved its success." (Mosel.) It was given nine times before the end of the year. "Noteworthy is it that in this work Salieri for the first time employed clarinets, and the fundamental bass plays a more important part than in most of his earlier productions. The text ranks in the better class of Italian comic operas—the number of which is not large—having the same subject with that well known drama to which Carl Maria von Weber wrote such pleasing music—*Preciosa*." (Mosel.) Salieri's appointment as first Chapel-master has been noticed. Mosel's record, confused as to dates, is as follows:

\* Mosel's confusion of the dates of Salieri's labors in 1787-8 in this account rectified by means of the Vienna Theatre Calendar and Dr. Sonnleithner's MS. Catalogue.

"In the same year Salieri was given the position of the deceased Bono, I. R. Chapelmaster, by which the direction of the chapel and chamber music of the court and the opera came into his hands, for which last function, however, he drew a separate salary. The chamber concerts began already at that time to be less frequent, and on account of the increasing ill health of the monarch soon ceased entirely.

"Austria, allied with Russia, took the field against the Turks. Joseph II., in spite of his feeble health, departed for the camp (Feb. 29, 1788.) To celebrate his return, Salieri prepared himself with a new Mass and a *Te Deum*; but the monarch, after his return (Dec. 5), was almost constantly confined to his bed by the long and painful sickness which was destined to put so early an end to a life, so dear to millions of men, and the *Te Deum* did not take place."

Meantime another opera, "*Il Pastor fido*," text by Da Ponte, was in Salieri's hands, and came to performance on the 11th of February, 1789. The text was bad and the music not remarkable—the result nothing to boast of. "*Il Turco in Italia*," music by Seidelmann, came upon the stage April 28; "*I due supposti Conti*" and "*I due Baroni*," both composed by Cimarosa, respectively on May 12 and Sept. 6; after which, the first new opera was "*La Cifra*," of which the text was a remodeling by Da Ponte of "*La Dama Pastorella*," composed by Salieri in Rome in 1780, and the music almost entirely new.

Da Ponte merely remarks that these two operas "formed no very brilliant point in Salieri's fame," though the latter appears to have been a success.

If, however, this year (1789), with its multiplied duties and cares, and probably anxiety and grief at the condition of Joseph's health, did not add much to the composer's fame at home, he had testimonials in abundance of the spread and increase of his reputation abroad.

Mazzala wrote him from Dresden of the immense success of *Azur* on that stage, and besought him to compose a text, "*Il Poeta ridicolo*," after an English piece,—which, however, came to nothing.

La Salle, Secretary of the Academy of Music at Paris, offered a text, "*Le Troubadour*," (by an author not named)—which also came to nothing. And Du Roger wrote him about a four act text, which his description shows was but a Frenchifying of Shakespeare's "*Tempest*."

Matteo Liverati informed him that his *Il Talismano* had been given in Potsdam in honor of the Princess of Orange.

From a pretty wide examination of the annual reports of the principal German theatres of those days, I draw the conclusion that, in the original Italian or in German translations, the more important works of Salieri were far more popular and much oftener given than those of Mozart; while the *Grotto di Trofonio* was at the least as much performed as Mozart's "*Entführung*." Indeed, Paisiello's "*Barbier di Sevilla*" had then a similar relation to Mozart's *Figaro's Hochzeit*, in regard to the frequency of performance, which Rossini's "*Barbier*" has in our day. In other words, as, with the exception of the *Entführung*, Mozart's operas were less to the taste of the monarch and the public in Vienna than those of Salieri: so it was all through Germany. Whatever the appreciative few may have thought of

"Figaro's Marriage" and "Don Giovanni," to the general operatic public Salieri was certainly the greatest of then living composers! This seems hardly possible to us in 1864, but it was so; and while it shows how little reason Salieri had to treat his rival ungenerously, it accounts satisfactorily for the bitterness of his remarks upon that rival's music, when thirty years later it was to be heard on every operatic stage, while his was forgotten!

Thus in 1789 the composer, in his fortieth year, had attained all the objects to which a musician could look as the aims of his ambition. He was Imperial Royal Chapelmaster of the Emperor of Germany; his combined salaries made him comparatively rich; his successes at Paris gave him not only fame but a steady income from the Grand Opera; his works were given everywhere and were considered standard pieces; from all sides came orders for new works, the then most distinguished operatic poets wishing to have their texts put into his hands; he was already the great teacher of operatic composition, and but a few years later numbered Beethoven among his pupils.

(To be Continued.)

### A Night in Florence.

BY HEINRICH HEINE.\*

In the ante-room, Maximilian met the Doctor, who was drawing on his black gloves. "I am in a great hurry," were his words; until Signora Maria fell into a light slumber, a few minutes ago, she had not slept a wink all day. I need not caution you to avoid disturbing her by noise of any kind. When she awakes she must not on any account be permitted to converse. She may not move, nor stir, nor speak. Mental exertion alone may save her. Let me prevail upon you to tell her some of your odd stories, so that she may lie still and listen."

"Do not fear, Doctor," answered Maximilian, with a melancholy smile. "I have become an expert tattler and shall not suffer her to get a word in edgewise. I will tell her enough fantastic stuff --- but, tell me, how long may she live?"

"I am in a great hurry," the Doctor said and disappeared.

Black Deborah, with her acute ear, had recognized Maximilian's step and gently opened the door for him. When he motioned to her, she glided out of the room, leaving him alone with his friend. A single lamp shed a flickering twilight through the chamber, now and then, throwing half fearful, half searching gleams upon the face of the sick woman who, clad in a white muslin dress, lay upon the green damask sofa. Whenever the lamp shed its pale rays over her face, he trembled—"My God!"—he muttered—"What is this? what recollections does this awaken?—Yes, now I remember, the white picture with the green background; yes, now.

At that moment the patient awoke. As from the depths of a dream, her mild, blue eyes gazed at him imploringly, beseechingly. "What were you thinking, Maximilian?" she asked with that sad, soft voice of the consumptive, in which we seem to hear the lisping of an infant, the twittering of a bird and the death rattle of a human being. "What were you thinking of, just then, Maximilian?" she repeated, whilst she raised herself so quickly that her long curls played about her head like frightened golden serpents.

\* Translated for this Journal by S. J. Searan.

"For God's sake!" exclaimed Maximilian, as he gently pushed her back upon the sofa; "you must lie still and not talk. I will tell you all my thoughts, all my feelings, and, in fact, even more than I know."

"Truly" he continued, "I can scarcely recall my thoughts and feelings. Dim pictures of my childhood passed through my brain. I was thinking of my mother's castle, of its deserted garden and of the beautiful statue that lay there in the green grass. I said my mother's castle, but do not, I beg of you, imagine that it was a lordly and magnificent one. I always speak of it in that way, and my father was wont to say my castle with a peculiar expression and a strange smile. Long after that, when I was already twelve years old and travelled to the castle with my mother, I discovered why he used to smile at the mention of it. It was my first journey. We rode the whole day through a dense forest, (I shall never forget how dark it was) and, towards evening, we stopped before a large meadow from which a cross bar separated us. We had been waiting nearly half an hour when the boy came out of the neighboring hut and removed the bar in order to admit us. I say the boy, because that is what the aged Martha always called her forty-year old nephew. In order to receive us with becoming dignity, he had donned his departed uncle's old suit and had left us waiting outside while he beat a little of the dust out of it. If there had been time enough, he would have put on stockings. As it was, there was but little contrast between his long red legs and his flaming scarlet coat. Whether he wore pantaloons under it I do not now remember. When Johann, our servant, who had often heard of the castle in which his departed master had dwelt, saw the little, rickety, tumble-down building to which the boy conducted us, his features betrayed his astonishment. He was, however, almost confounded with wonder when mother told him to bring in the bed. How could he have dreamed that there were no beds in the castle? He had either forgotten mother's orders to bring them, or had regarded them as unnecessary.

The little one-story house had, in its best days, boasted of but five rooms, and presented a sorrowful picture of desolation. The furniture was broken, the hangings were torn, and, in many spots, the flooring was removed. There was not one whole pane of glass left. On every hand were the traces of the reckless and riotous soldiers who had at one time been quartered there. "Billeting always amused itself with us," said the boy with a bashful smile. Mother signified her wish to be left alone, and, while Johann and the boy were engaged with each other, I went to look at the garden. There, again, was a most sorrowful picture of destruction. Some of the trees were riven; others lay there dismantled, with mocking parasites climbing over their fallen branches. Box-bushes, here and there, showed where paths had once been. There were statues, also, of which the most were headless and even the best preserved, noseless. I still remember a Diana, the lower half of whose body oddly enough, was covered with dark ivy, and a goddess of plenty, out of whose cornucopia there issued naught but rank weeds. The wrath of time and of man had spared but one statue; and even that had been thrown from its pedestal and was lying in the high grass. There it lay, unin-

jured—a marble goddess, with pure, lovely features and finely chiselled, noble bosom, shining forth from the high grass, like a Grecian revelation. I was almost frightened when I first beheld it; the spectacle filled me with a strange feeling of oppression and fear, while inexplicable timidity prevented me from looking long at the beautiful sight.

When I returned to my mother, she was standing by the window in deep thought, her head resting on her right hand and tears flowing down her cheeks. I had never before seen her weep so bitterly. She embraced me with tender concern and begged me to forgive her because Johann's carelessness had deprived me of a bed. "Old Martha," she said, "is very sick and cannot give her bed to you; Johann may, however, arrange the carriage cushions so that you can sleep on them, and can cover you with his cloak. I shall sleep here on the straw; this is the bed chamber of my blessed father; things once looked better here. And now leave me to myself." And she wept yet more bitterly than at first.

What with the strange couch and the excitement, I could not sleep. The moonlight streamed in through the broken panes as if to entice me out into the clear summer evening. I tossed from right to left, closed my eyes and opened them again, without being able to banish the recollection of the beautiful statue out in the grass. I could not account for the bashfulness that overcame me when I beheld it, and felt vexed because of my childishness. "To-morrow," I muttered, "I will kiss thee, beautiful face of marble! on the corner of thy beautiful mouth, where the lips join and fade away into the lovely dimple." Wondrous impatience consumed me. I lost all control over the wondrous impulse and sprang from my couch, exclaiming: "What odds! This very night will I kiss thee, lovely creature!" Fearful that my mother might hear my footsteps, I went out as quickly as possible. This was easily done because, though a great coat of arms surmounted the door-frame, there were no doors. Not a sound was heard. All lay quiet and solemn, bathed in the gentle moonlight. The shadows of the trees looked as though they were nailed to the ground. As I approached the lovely goddess, lying motionless on the grass, I almost feared that, by the slightest sound, I might awaken her. Her beautiful limbs seemed locked in a deep sleep rather than chained by some marble god. I bent over her, in order to admire her perfect features—shuddering fear held me back, while boyish desire impelled me towards her; my heart beat as though I were about committing a murder; and at last I kissed the lovely goddess with greater warmth, affection and wildness than I have ever kissed at any time in my life. Nor have I ever forgotten the sweet, shuddering sensation that flowed through my soul while my lips pressed the cold marble ones. And let me tell you, Maria, while I stood there looking at you, you reminded me of the white statue in the green grass. Had you slept longer, my lips had not withstood—

"Max! Max!" she cried with deep feeling; you are horrible! You know that a kiss from your lips—

"Oh! don't say a word. I know you would find anything like that horrible. You need not look at me so imploringly. I do not misinterpret your emotions, though their cause remains a mystery to me. I have never been permitted to press my lips against yours—"

Without allowing him to finish the sentence, she seized his hand and covered it with passionate kisses. Then, smiling, she said: "Pray, tell me more about your loves. How long did you adore the marble statue that you kissed in the garden of the castle?"

"We left there the next day, answered Maximilian. "I never saw the beautiful statue again. But it filled my heart for nearly four years and awakened a strange passion for statuary, that has clung to me ever since. It was but this morning that I again felt its force. After leaving the Laurentian Library, I found myself, scarcely knowing how I got there, in the chapel where Italy's noblest race slumbers in peace on the bed of jewels it prepared for its couch. During an entire hour, I remained lost in contemplation of a female statue, the powerful physique of which betrayed the force and boldness of Michael Angelo, while the whole figure seemed enveloped in an atmosphere of ethereal sweetness rarely looked for in the works of that master. It seemed as though the spirit of dreamland, with all its peaceful bliss, lay buried in that marble figure: as if graceful rest dwelt in its beautifully proportioned limbs and gentle moonlight flowed through its veins. It was Night by Michel Angelo Buonarrotti. Ah! how gladly would I sleep the sleep eternal in the arms of such a Night!"

"Paintings of women never interested me as much as statues. Once, only, have I been in love with a painting. It was a beautiful Madonna, whose acquaintance I formed in a church at Cologne on the Rhine. I suddenly became a zealous church-goer and my soul was soon absorbed in the mysticism of the Catholic religion. Like a Spanish cavalier, I would gladly have fought every day for the Immaculate Conception of Mary the Queen of the Angels and most beautiful Lady of Heaven or Earth! At that time, I felt an interest in all the members of the holy family, and never passed a picture of Saint Joseph without lifting my hat in the most friendly manner. That did not last very long, however; for as soon as I made the acquaintance of a Grecian nymph, in a gallery of the antique, I left the Madonna incontinently and without the least ceremony."

"And were you never in love with any but sculptured or painted women?" asked Maria, with a suppressed laugh.

"Oh! yes! I have loved dead women," answered Maximilian, while his face became shrouded with an expression of great seriousness. He did not observe that his words had caused Maria to start with terror, and continued:

"Yes, strange to say, I once fell in love with a maiden, seven years after her death. When first I became acquainted with little Mlle. Very, she pleased me exceedingly. During the three days I passed in her company, I was delighted with every word and action of that wonderful and charming creature; yet my heart remained innocent of love. Nor was I deeply affected, a few months later, when I learned that she had died of nervous fever. I forgot her entirely, and did not, I am sure, think of her for years. Full seven years had passed, when I found myself at Potsdam, whither I had repaired in order to spend the summer in undisturbed solitude. I associated with no one. My only companions were the statues in the garden of *Sans Souci*. One day, while there, I suddenly recollected certain fea-

tures and a peculiarly lovely voice and manner, without being able to remember the person to whom they belonged. There is nothing more tormenting than such rummaging among old memories, and when little Very's face came up to me a few days afterwards, it was with surprise and delight that I recollected it as the lovely and forgotten image which had so agitated me. The discovery made me as happy as one who has unexpectedly recovered a most intimate friend. Gradually the faded tints became life-like, and, at last, the sweet little creature stood before me incarnate—smiling, pouting, and more witty than ever. After that it seemed as if the lovely image would never desert me. It filled my soul; wherever I went, or strayed, it was at my side, speaking to me, laughing with me; always gentle, but never over-affectionate. Day by day, as the image gained in substantiality, I became the more enchanted by it. It is easy to summon spirits, but difficult to send them back into the dark void whence they come. They look at one so imploringly, and one's heart pleads for them so powerfully —. And thus, as I could not destroy my chains, I fell in love with little Very, when she had been dead for seven years. For six months I lived at Potsdam, absorbed by my passion. During that time, I was more careful than ever before to avoid all contact with those around me, and felt annoyed and embarrassed when any one chanced to brush against me in the street. I cherished an engrossing dread of all objects, similar, perhaps, to that felt by the wandering spirits of the dead; for it is said that when they meet us living creatures, their fright is equal to that of human beings on meeting a spectre. A traveller whom I dared not avoid, happened to pass through Potsdam at that period. I allude to my brother. His presence and his remarks about recent events in every-day life, seemed to awaken me from a dream, and I started with fright when I realized how long I had buried myself in frightful solitude. I had not even noticed the change of the seasons, and I gazed with astonishment upon the trees already in the garb of autumn and long since leafless. I bade a hasty adieu to Potsdam and little Very, repaired to another town, whither affairs of importance called me, and where, through my straitened circumstances and other influences, I was soon thrust back into the actual world."

"Good heavens!" said Maximilian, while his lip quivered with a smile of pain. "Good heavens! how the live women I used to meet at that time tortured me—affectionately, I mean—with their pouting and caressing, their petty jealousies and constant sighs. To what lots of balls they made me trot with them;—what quantities of scandal I was mixed up in;—what delight in lying;—what deceitful kisses—what poisoned flowers! Those women succeeded in destroying all the happiness and affection of which I was capable, and, for a while, I became a woman-hater. My condition resembled that of a certain officer of the French army, who, during the Russian campaign, had, with great difficulty, been rescued from the icy caverns of Beresina, and who, ever since that time, entertains such an aversion for anything frozen, that he will not even suffer Tortoni's sweetest and most excellent ices to be brought near him. Yes, the Beresina of love through which I had passed caused me to look with feelings of disgust upon

the finest ladies, angelic women and damsels like vanilla-herbet.

"Do not despise the women, I beg of you," said Maria. "Those cant phrases, affected by all men, are worn out. When you look for happiness, you must needs seek woman after all."

"Oh!" sighed Maximilian, "that is all very true. But women, alas! have but one way in which to make us happy, while they have thirty thousand ways of making us miserable."

"My dear friend," answered Maria, while she bit her lips to hide a smile, "I speak of the union of two kindred souls. Have you never enjoyed such bliss? Ah! but I see that you blush—, so pray continue, Max."

"Truly, Maria, I am almost boyishly bashful when about to confess to you the blessed love that once made me unutterably happy. I have not yet lost my recollection of it, and my soul often flees to its cool shades when the suffocating dust and the burning heat of the life around me become insupportable. However, of this inamorata I cannot give you a correct idea. She was so ethereal that in dreams alone could she reveal herself to me. You, I trust, are free from prejudice against dreams. Those nocturnal phenomena possess as much reality as the coarser images of the day, upon which we can place our hands and with which we oftentimes soil our fingers. Yes, in dreams I saw the lovely being who made me happier than aught else in this world ever did. I cannot tell you much regarding her general appearance, nor can I describe her features minutely. Hers was a face that I had never before seen and never saw afterwards. I can remember this much: it was neither florid nor pale, but softly sallow, and as transparent as crystal. The charm of that face lay neither in regularity of features nor in interesting mobility; its character lay rather in its enchanting, fascinating, and almost appalling truthfulness. Full of conscious love and graceful goodness, it was more like a soul than a face, and, on that account, I have never been able fully to recall its outward form. The eyes were as soft as flowers. The lips were pale, but gracefully curved. She wore a *prigmoir* of blue silk and naught besides. Her neck and feet were uncovered, and her graceful proportions peered forth stealthily through her soft, thin dress. I cannot recall what we used to say to one another. I only know that we were affianced, and, frank, happy, and confiding as we were, we chatted like cheerful bride and bridegroom, or brother and sister. At other times, we ceased to speak, and gazed into each other's eyes, living ages in that happy contemplation.

(To be continued.)

### Robert Schumann and Clara Wieck.\*

Robert Schumann's residence in Leipzig, having proved so important in many respects for German music, deserves our particular consideration. Robert Schumann, born at Zwickau, on the 8th June, 1810, was the youngest son of August Schumann, a bookseller. He took his first lessons in the art—on the piano to wit—from Herr Kunsch, Bachelor of Arts, and teacher, at that period, in the Lyceum of the above town. "The empire of tone soon filled the boy's soul; its magic"—as Joseph von Wasielowski expresses himself in his admirable biography entitled *Robert Schumann*—"quickly loosened the bonds of his spirit, and, at the same time, exercised such a power upon his youthful and excited mind, that, of his own accord, and without any knowledge of the

\* From a work entitled, *Zur Geschichte des Theaters und der Musik in Leipzig*, by Dr. Emil Kneschke. (F. Fleischer, Leipzig.)

theory of general bass, he even attempted original productions. The earliest of these, consisting of small dances, were written as far back as between his seventh and eighth year. The gift of extemporizing, too, was simultaneously manifested in a degree commensurate with the manual proficiency he had attained." With regard to the last point, we read, among other things, in a biographical sketch published in the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* (series for 1840): "It is related that, even when a boy, Schumann possessed a particular partiality and gift for painting feelings and characteristic traits in tone; nay, more: he is said to have been able to sketch so precisely and comically the various dispositions of his playfellows who stood around him at the piano, that they would burst out laughing at the excellence of their portraits."

It would lead us too far were we to attempt to follow further the process pursued in its development by Schumann's talent, during the days of his boyhood and of his youth, however interesting the subject is of itself. His various acts, frequently highly amusing, and frequently even touching, while he was growing up in his father's house, have all, probably, been mentioned and collected, in a reverential spirit, by Wasielowski, and therefore, it must suffice for us again to refer to that writer's book, which has been our guide in the present chapter.

In March, 1828, Schumann went to the University of Leipzig to study law. Of the many acquaintances he formed in our town, there was not one which proved more important for him than that with Friedrich Wieck, concerning whom it may here be advisable to give a few biographical facts. He was born on the 18th August, 1785, at Pretsch, a small town near Wittenberg. At an early age he manifested a partiality for music, but, on account of his parents' poverty, was unable to satisfy it. By the help of kind patrons, he was subsequently enabled to attend the Torgau Gymnasium. On leaving that institution, he proceeded, in 1803, to the High School at Wittenberg, as a student of theology. Here at last, having several musical acquaintances, he found an opportunity of indulging his ruling passion, and tried his hand at four or five instruments, such as the harp, the piano, the violin, the horn, and the double-bass, simultaneously. He received, at that period, some half dozen piano-forte lessons from Herr Milchmayer, the Musical Director, living in Torgau, and this was the only instruction he ever had in his who's life. The student years in Wittenberg were followed by his residence, as private tutor, in a noble family, at Zingst, near Querfurt, but his sojourn ended, for some reasons not quite clear, by his leaving secretly and at night. He next accepted a similar appointment in the house of Herr von M., at Bielitz, not far from Bautzen. But here, too, as well as in several other families, he did not remain long. At last, a nervous affection compelled him to abandon his old profession entirely. He now went to Leipzig for the purpose of consulting Hahnemann. He remained in the town, and founded a musical circulating library. He also gave piano-forte lessons, at first according to Logier's system, and then according to one of his own: "based upon rational views, and gradually improved by a keen and delicate faculty of observation." Wieck has been called not unjustly "a horn piano-forte teacher." At Easter, 1840, he quitted Leipzig, and settled in Dresden, where he is still engaged as actively as ever in the exercise of his profession.

Schumann, who had then scarcely made his acquaintance, begged, like others, Wieck to give him piano-forte lessons. He took some, though indeed only a very limited number. As early as February, 1829, Wieck was compelled, from want of time, to leave off giving these lessons. But even had such not been the case, our friend could not have learned much more of him, because, soon afterwards he quitted Leipzig for a lengthened period, to go and study at the University of Heidelberg. Here, again, Schumann entered himself as a student of law, though during his stay at the University he became clearly conscious that he was not born for learning but for art. The notion of changing his career took firm possession of him. He opened his mind to his mother—his father was already dead—and appealed to Friedrich Wieck to decide the matter. Wieck pronounced altogether in his favor. On this, Schumann's family offered no further objection, and at Michaelmas, 1830, Schumann returned to Leipzig, resolved to live entirely for music, and educate himself further in it under Wieck. In order to be near him, Schumann even took a lodging in Wieck's own residence, in the Grimmaische Strasse.

The earnestness, however, with which he immediately devoted himself to an artistic career, in order to make rapid progress, was attended, unfortunately, in one respect, with very disastrous consequences. In

order to give his right hand the greatest possible mobility and quickness, he made experiments with string, always tying up one finger, and keeping it in the air, so as to render it independent of the others not thus raised. By so doing, he stretched the sinews of the hand immoderately, and the consequence was that it became completely crippled. He thus saw himself disappointed in the hope of ever being a piano-forte virtuoso, and so, "driven to it almost inevitably by fate, he at length entered upon that ground in which the seed of creative power slumbering within him sprouted forth, and grew up till it gradually became a tree full of blossoms and of fruit, though, alas, ultimately withered at the top: he devoted himself entirely to composition." (See Wasielowski.)

At that period, Heinrich Dorn (now Royal Capellmeister in Berlin) was Musical Director at the theatre, then a Theatre Royal, Leipzig. Schumann applied to him for theoretical instruction, and how thankful he was to the end of his life for that instruction, which really first opened to him the inward nature of art, appears from letters which the two men subsequently wrote each other. For a few years our friend's principal occupation was composition; what he composed may be seen on reference to Wasielowski's book. We may here remark that the first movement of a still unknown and unfinished symphony, in G minor, for orchestra, was destined to be the first work by Schumann publicly played, which was at a concert given by Clara Wieck, then thirteen years old, on the 18th November, 1832, at Zwickau, the composer's native town. The composer himself was present, and, unobserved by any one, heard the performance from a modest hiding place. By the way, for the sake of change, he spent the entire winter of 1832-33 once more at home, and did not return to Leipzig before the March of the year last named.

He now gave up his lodging in Wieck's house, not because he had ceased to be on an intimate footing with Wieck, but only to move into an idyllic and tranquil summer retreat in "Riedel's Garden, which he animated not only in the day time with his music, but frequently, on mild nights, with his acquaintances. He did this sometimes in a humorous, and, it must be confessed, rather fast manner." In September, however, he quitted these quarters, and hired a lodging on the fourth floor of Helfer's house, in the Burgstrasse. Here he was destined to be thrown into a state of most serious and violent mental agitation, foreshadowing his future fate. A sister-in-law of his died, and the intelligence of the fact, coming upon him unexpectedly, produced a profound impression which, on one particular night, attained so great a height as nearly to result in suicide. With reference to this there is the following entry in his diary: "The fearful night of October 17th."

(To be continued.)

## Music Abroad.

### London.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA brought its season to a close with four performances of *L'Étoile du Nord* in the last week of July. We have already made note of the performances from week to week. The *Times* pronounces it the most brilliant and prosperous season since 1851.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE also finished its regular season about the same time, followed by a series of extra nights in August at reduced prices. The operas of the first week were *Oberon*, *Mirella*, *Faust*, *Trovatore* and *Lucrezia Borgia*; of the second and last week, *Lucia*, *Lucrezia*, *Faust*, &c.

Mr. Mapleson's season (says the *Athenæum*) is understood to have been a less fruitful one than Mr. Gye's; it may be owing to his comparatively smaller experience,—it may be owing to the hampered conditions of Her Majesty's Theatre, it may be owing to the constitution of his company and the cast of his operas. Mdlle. Tietjens has still a superb *soprano* voice; but it is too much to expect that she should bear the weight of a theatre on her shoulders; and yet, obviously, every lady who has had a chance of dividing duties with her, as last year Mdlle. Artot, this year Madame Harriers-Wippen, has been produced as charily as possible. Strange policy this of discouraging new artists, who by giving rest would adjourn the waning time of the elder ones! Signor Giuglini stands less well with his public than he did; his style cloyes. Mr. Santley has made further progress in every one's good graces. Of the rest of Mr. Mapleson's company there is no great need to speak, save to tell that the doleful heaviness of M. Junca



deprived one of the manager's novelties, the carefully pretty opera of "Falstaff," of its main prop, and thus damaged its chance of success. The revival of "Fidelio" produced its usual sensation.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL is the last great theme of talk, and especially the three new works composed for it by English musicians, if we may count Costa one. The *Orchestra*, (Aug. 6) gives a pleasant account of the rehearsals thereof at Hanover Square Rooms:

The appearance of the Queen's Concert Room was unusually interesting on Monday. The entire area was filled with the members of Mr. Costa's band—the finest body of instrumentalists in Europe. Everywhere, amongst the serried ranks of wind and strings, you could pick out the well-known face of a capital solo player, content for the nonce to sink his individuality, and assist in the wonderful ensemble of harmony Mr. Costa's orchestra can produce. On the platform the artists of the day were seated, charting to each other; RUDERSDORFF, full of animation and the confidence of a hundred triumphs in oratorio; SAINTON-DOLBY, calm and self-possessed in the knowledge of her great school; MISS PALMER, veiled and nicely got up in morning dress; SANTLEY, baritone, and scrutinizing the far end of the orchestra through his eye-glass; CUMMINGS, impressed with his rising talents, and their responsibility. Add to the artists Mr. OLIVER MASON, the portly and gentlemanly managing director from Birmingham, handing up ladies politely to the orchestra, and throwing salutations about recklessly; Mr. COSTA turning over his score; Mr. CHORLEY, from the *Athenaeum*, in watchful somnolence in his chair; and a handful of friends and amateurs who are sprinkled at the back of the platform, and you can realize the appearance of the orchestra. Later on, Mr. SIMS REEVE turns up in resplendent raiment and the glossiest of hats, makes a feint of wishing to stop down below, but finally ascends and takes his place on the platform. And lastly, ADELINA PATTI, in a neat cuir-colored dress and white bonnet, trips up the stair, and adds her dark, intelligent face to the little ring, where so much enchantment in the way of vocal music is going to be done. In the gallery at the far end of the room, and just above the trombones and Mr. CHIFF's drums, a score of ladies are seated by invitation to hear the performance, and lounging darkly behind them are men critical, and men professional, and men curious—all present, likewise, by the kind invitation of Mr. Mason.

Punctually at noon, the appointed hour, Mr. Costa with his broad, benevolent face and dapper appearance, is visible full front at his desk, *baton* in hand—the band ceases the agreeable caterwauling which is seemingly indispensable for getting in tune—Mr. STIMPSON settles down to a wee harmonium, which, by a pleasant fiction, represents the Birmingham great organ. Mr. SANTLEY looks at his opening bars, and, after a few magic waves from Costa, the Overture to "Naaman" commences. It is, of course, premature to speak critically of a work of the importance of "Naaman" after a cursory hearing at rehearsal. Suffice it to speak of it at present in the most general manner, and to give our readers a notion of the libretto and the distribution of the musical numbers. The argument drawn up by Mr. BARTHOLOMEW (author of the books of "Elijah" and "Eli") states that the incidents are taken from the 2nd, 4th, 5th and 6th chapters of the Second Book of Kings, beginning with the translation of ELIJAH to heaven, as witnessed by ELISHA and the Sons of the Prophets. There are the miracles of the multiplication of the widow's oil; the promise to the Shumanite of a son; the triumphal arrival of NAAMAN, and the application to ELISHA at the suggestion of the Jewish captive maiden ADAM, and the healing of the waters. In the second part is the failure of GEHAZI to work the cure of the child of the Shumanite, followed by a Sanctus of angels, the reanimation of the dead child by ELISHA, the relation by the boy of his hearing the angels sing in heaven, the effect of the miracle on NAAMAN when narrated to him by ADAM, the bathing in the Jordan, the restoration of NAAMAN and his becoming one of the elect, and the Hallelujah glorification at the close. The setting comprises some 44 numbers, including two elaborate marches, two choral finales of magnitude, fugues and chorus, duets, trios, quartets, a quintet, and solo for tenor, bass, soprano and contralto.

It will thus be seen that the book in many respects closely trenches on the incidents of the "Elijah," but not so much as to make comparison inevitable or prejudicial. There can be no doubt that "Naaman" is a great work, far broader, and, essentially, more dramatic, although possessing the same characteristics of melody and treatment, than the "Eli." The scoring is indeed wonderful. Costa touches all the in-

struments of his large orchestra in his score as delicately as if they were one—art, experience, time, can do nothing more perfect in the instrumenting of a work than Mr. Costa has achieved in "Naaman." The other astonishing feature of the rehearsal was the perfect reading of the score at sight by the orchestra. It was marvellous. Here and there, Mr. Costa stopped them; not for any practical error, but for the enhancing a particular effect—and, from end to end of the oratorio, every thought and every note was picked up and interpreted with a readiness and intelligence that have no parallel in Europe. As regards Adeline Patti, she will be a success in oratorio. When her style is chastened a little, to consist with the popular notion of oratorio-singing, her pure and sympathetic voice and perfect culture will do all the rest.

On Tuesday Mr. H. SMART's "Bride of Dunkerron," and Mr. SULLIVAN's "Kenilworth" were rehearsed, conducted by the composers respectively. The libretto of Mr. Smart's cantata is written by Mr. Frederick Enoch, and is Undinish in its plot. We give the argument:—The Lord of Dunkerron, who has become enamored of a sea-maiden, seeks her for his bride: she has not the power to quit her element, and he follows her to her spirit-home: the sea-maiden leaves him that she may obtain the sea-king's sanction to the union; but he, with the storm-spirits, has already doomed her to death, for loving one of mortal birth,—and she reappears to her lover only to announce her fate: he, for his temerity, is driven from the spirit-land, and cast back by the tempest to the shores of the upper-world. The sea-spirits lament the loss of the maiden,—the sea-ferries the death of their master. This tradition, the scene of which is the ruined castle of Dunkerron, on the coast of Kerry, has been the subject of a ballad by Crofton Croker, the catastrophe in which, however, is deviated from in the present version.

This cantata will advance Mr. Henry Smart's fame as a composer of the highest acquirements. The story and its treatment are essentially dramatic, and the scoring is brilliant. The singers are Mme. Rudersdorff, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Weiss.

Mr. Chorley has written an elegant and scholarly libretto on the subject of Queen Elizabeth's visit to the princely Leicester at Kenilworth, and Mr. Arthur Sullivan has succeeded in infusing into his music much picturesque and local coloring. The artists, who will sing in this cantata are Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Palmer, Signor Mario, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Cummings.

Both of the cantatas were considered to be genuine successes.

In the same paper we find the arrangements for the Festival, as follows:

The triennial meeting in the Town-hall of Birmingham, in aid of the funds of the General Hospital, is fixed for the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th of September. The Earl of Lichfield is the president, which signifies that he will enjoy the exclusive privilege of extending encores to such pieces in the sacred works as he may deem worthy of repetition. The outline of the performances stands thus:—On Tuesday, the 6th of September, Mendelssohn's "Paul" will be revived—an oratorio unaccountably superseded by the subsequent work of the composer, "Elijah," but quite equal to, and, according to the notions of many good judges, superior even to the last named oratorio. On Wednesday will be produced Costa's sacred oratorio "Naaman," composed expressly for this festival. On Thursday morning will be given Handel's "Messiah;" and on Friday, the last morning, Beethoven's "Mount of Olives" will be given, as also Mozart's Mass in C, and Handel's "Solomon;" the latter, of course, compressed. Instead of the ball, which usually terminated the festival, a much more appropriate winding up will be the execution of Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

As regards the evening performances, the scheme will comprise interesting novelties as well as attractive variety:—On Tuesday night will be the first performance of a cantata, by Mr. Henry Smart. ("The Bride of Dunkerron,") one of our cleverest English composers. On Wednesday the concert will include Mendelssohn's "Lobpreisung." On Thursday the new cantata, "Kenilworth," by the rising young composer, Mr. A. S. Sullivan, will be performed for the first time.

The solo performers engaged on this occasion are Madame Arabella Goddard and M. Sainton. The former will play two concertos; the one Mendelssohn's in D minor, which he once performed at a festival in Birmingham; and we believe the other will be Weber's Concert Stück. Madame Goddard and M. Sainton will play a duet for piano-forte and violin.

Mr. Stimpson is the organist, and Mr. Costa, as usual, conductor. The band will comprise picked players, of whom 106 are stringed instruments,

namely, 28 first violins, 26 second violins, 18 violas, 17 violoncellos, and 17 double basses. The wood, brass, and percussion number 31; the flutes, oboes, clarionets, and bassoons being doubled.

The principal vocalists are Adeline Patti and Tietjens, Madame Rudersdorff, and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, soprani; Madame Sainton-Dolby and Miss Palmer, contralti; Mr. Sims Reeve, Mr. Cummings, and Mario, tenori; Santley and Weiss, bassi.

The chorus will muster 94 soprani, 29 contralti, 58 alti, 87 tenori, and 88 bassi—total, 356; which, with band, will be close upon an effective of 500 executants, all carefully selected.

## Paris.

A letter of the New York *Tribune's* special correspondent (August 5) contains interesting information about the opera houses, Meyerbeer, &c., from which we cull the following:

The new Opera house, when completed, will cost the State about 25 million francs—more than all the primary schools of all France [one-third of whose adult males this day cannot read or sign their names, 600,000 of whose girls and boys do not go to school at all] cost the State in any one year. But it will be the perfectest theatre in every respect but external architecture, in the world. A commission of very first-class men in science and art, has just been instituted by Government, whose function it is to study all questions relating to the rise, beauties, safety, and comfort of the house in all its parts and purposes, and of the arriving, seeing, hearing, and departing public—to find and devise practical applications of the solutions to their questions.

At the old Opera in the Rue Lepelletier there has been a little emeute, a struggle, a revolution, in which the manager has triumphed, and *crinoline* has been suppressed!

For any reader of Paris newspapers, or the Paris correspondence of any foreign journal, to pass from the Grand Opera to Meyerbeer is no transition—only continuation. *L'Africaine*, alias *Vasco de Gama*, the Paris correspondent's faithfullest, fertilest theme of paragraphs any time these ten years, was bodily brought from Berlin to the Director of the Opera last Wednesday week; the very partition complete in every musical note, and enriched with notes literary by the hands of the great composer, that anticipate and furnish variations for avoiding or overcoming all possible difficulties in the execution and putting on the stage of what the Master seems to have considered his masterpiece. Rossini's homage to his German brother in genius, improvised, it is said, under the inspiration of profound respect and emotion, as Meyerbeer's funeral procession passed under his windows, is soon to be published.

Among the honors paid to Meyerbeer dead, not the slightest is, a very lively performance now in preparation at Vienna. The story goes, at least, that it will be a parody in advance on the *Africaine*. The scene is a virgin forest in America, where *L'Africaine* has sought refuge from the pursuit of opera managers and musical publishers; but where, hardly having time to bewail in an *adagio* her long course of imprisonment in the portfolio of the author of her days, she is fallen upon by an armed band of managers and publishers, &c., &c.

I mentioned at the time of it, some six months or so ago, an imperial decree granting "liberty to the theatres," which was to take effect on the first of the then following, now last past, first July. This liberty of the theatres—defined, qualified, and restrained by the sixty articles of a voluminous ordinance of police published in the last days of June—amounts briefly to this: any dramatic production can hereafter be performed at any theatre; that is, theatres hitherto restricted to a particular kind of performance (say, for instance, like the Ambigu, to melodrama and vaudevilles), may now present classic comedy and tragedy if they choose.

But of the half dozen or more, new theatres, the really new one is the little Italian opera of the Rue Cadet, this is to be a *Buffa*, a real Italian *Buffa*, giving to Parisians for the first time what the habitués of the Italian opera of Paris, London, St. Petersburg, Madrid, New York, or Havana never seen and heard, except very rarely and then very imperfectly, the light, fantastic, charming, graceful, super-comic but not gross, *Buffa* not *Buffon*, Neapolitan, and other specially national Italian fancy and humor set to music, played, sung, and danced.

GOUVON is said to be occupied in writing incidental music, on an unusually grand scale, for a new play by M. Legouvé, in which Madame Ristori will ap-

pear at the Théâtre Lyrique. He is also re-writing the last two acts of "Mirella."

M. SCUDO, the musical critic of *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, has been attacked with a very severe affection of the brain. His friends had for some time remarked in him a certain exaltation, which caused them great anxiety.

The GRAND OPERA keeps on re-producing the eight or ten pieces of the same old repertoire. For the past month or two nothing but *Les Huguenots*, *La Juive*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Le Conte d'Ory*, *La Favorite*, and *Le Trouvère* (Travatore), with Mlle. Sax, Mlle. Wertheimer, M. Morère (tenor), and M. Faure (basso), as the leading singers. For novelty a fascinating new ballet, called "*Nemee*," is having a great run.

The other Opera houses are closed. But the Opera Comique was to re-open about the end of August with *Lara* and *L'Eclair*. Among the novelties announced for the coming season are: "*Le Capitaine Henriot*," text by Sardou, music by Gevaert, to be interpreted by Coudere, Achard, Ponchard, Crosti, Prilleux; Mmes. Galli-Marié, Bella, Colus;—"Tout est bien qui finit bien" (All's well that ends well), text by Carré and Hadot, music by Felicien David, singers: Montaubry, Gourdin; Mmes. Cico, Girard, Révilly, Tual and Casimir;—"Le Trésor de Pierrot," text by Cormon and Trianon, music by Eugène Gautier, singers: Montaubry, Potel, Nathan; Mmes. Monroe and Tual;—besides which, a fourth new opera, music by Bazin.

Of the annual Concours of the Conservatoire Impérial de Musique the correspondent of the *Orchestra* says:

In former years those competitions were always of real interest, but this year they have greatly fallen off. The competitors have been very far from attaining that point of excellence which characterized them in previous years; but whose fault this is, it is difficult to say—the professors' or the pupils'. Without saying that there is a decline in the study or progress of music generally, we may venture to say that the jury was somewhat puzzled, in certain branches at least, in the presentation of awards. The pupils did not possess this year that so-called *feu sacré* for their art, the want of which rendered the Concours so cold and so devoid of interest; nevertheless, some clever pupils have been duly appreciated in several branches, and, no doubt, next year every one will do his best and endeavor to spare the school that little disappointment.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 3, 1864.

**CHANGE OF TERMS.** In common with all the other periodicals and journals, dailies, weeklies, semi-monthlies, &c., and for the same reason, namely the greatly increased cost of paper (three times what it was before the war), and of all the elements that go to the making up of a journal, DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC is compelled to raise its price. We too, have an additional reason for this step. The case of an Art journal is exceptional; it appeals to a limited patronage, to a class interested in its speciality. Yet in spite of this, our paper has been furnished at a rate much too small to remunerate its publishers or give a decent living to its editor. We are continually assured by our subscribers that our terms were ridiculously low, and that every real reader of a high-toned musical paper would as willingly pay two or three dollars for it as only one. We intend to give them a trial.

From this time, therefore, the price of the Journal to all new or renewing subscribers will be *two dollars* per annum. Of course all our existing contracts with subscribers will be fulfilled at the old rates. Price of single copies *ten cents*.

### Apropos of "Mus. Doc."

Several of our Colleges, as we see by the reports of their "Commencement" exercises, have seen fit this year to confer for the first time the honorary degree of *Doctor in Music*. Quite a batch of "Mus. Docs" are now afloat in the community. It is to be feared that the title will become too common, like that of "Professor," which so many singing-school masters and psalm-book makers have conferred upon themselves. And naturally for some time it must mean about as little. The musical Doctorate hails exclusively from English Universities and from the Church of England. There are no Mus. Docs. in Germany, land of the great musicians. German Universities, wishing to honor men like Mendelssohn, Schumann, Liszt, and others, and to put a certain seal of academic sanction on their eminence as men, men of large culture and humanity, have conferred on them the degree, not of Doctor in Music, but of Doctor in Philosophy, in Arts, or what not, just as our Harvard and Yale compliment eminent men with the degree of L.L. D., though they may never have opened a law book in their lives. But at Oxford and old Cambridge the title carries with it a meaning; it implies authority, on the strength of satisfactory examination and approval, to teach, by lesson or example, in this speciality, the art of music. Before a University can confer such authority, it must first be an authority itself; it must have its musical department, its musical foundations, musical scholars and professors, its experts capable of judging. The Doctorate in Music, therefore, is preceded by a first or Baccalaureate degree. The conditions of the two degrees are correctly stated in a recent number of the *Pioneer* as follows:

A person desirous of becoming a *Bachelor in Music* (Mus. B.) must enter his name in some college of the University of Cambridge, and be admitted as a member (otherwise he cannot proceed to any degree whatever); he must satisfy the Professor of Music, on actual examination, as to his proficiency in the art, and must compose a solemn piece of music, for five voices, with orchestral accompaniment, and cause the same, at his own expense, to be performed, at the appointment of the Vice Chancellor, before the university.

For the degree of *Doctor in Music*, (Mus. Doc.) a much more extended composition is required, written in eight parts, for voices, with full orchestral accompaniments, to be performed before the university, at the expense of the candidate. This expense must be pretty large, as the performers must be paid for rehearsals, and for all expenses of their visit to the university.

In this way Dr. EDWARD HODGES, late organist of Trinity Church in New York, formerly of Bristol, England, received the Doctor's degree at Cambridge; and Mr. Havergal, in his "History of the Old Hundredth Psalm Tune" tells us what sort of an exercise he wrote for it;

In the year 1825, Dr. Edward Hodges, formerly of Bristol, and now, to our national loss, of New York, introduced the tune, as a tenor part, in a splendid chorus, which formed a portion of a most elaborate anthem for his Doctor's degree at Cambridge. The tune formed a stately contrast to the more quickly moving subject, which in all the ingenuity of fugal counterpoint, was careering beneath and above it. The Doctor was heard, very characteristically, to say, that he just wanted fifty parish-clerks to take up the tune "lustily, and with a good courage," when the point came for beginning it in the chorus.

Here in America we have at last the title; but it is purely honorary; it costs no examinations, no doctoral exercise. It first appeared among us about ten years ago. And here again we quote the *Pioneer*:

No American, as far as we know, has received either of these degrees, "in course." Indeed the majority of those who would be ambitious of the honor, would be apt to flinch at some of the requisitions.

The archbishop of Canterbury has the prerogative of conferring the degree of Doctor in Music on persons not of English birth, without any special examination or performance of music. The only such doctorate worn by a native American is that very gracefully "sporting" by Dr. S. P. Tuckerman of Boston. This was conferred in this manner by the archbishop, at the personal request of one of our recent ministers at the court of St. James. Dr. Lowell Mason was thus decorated by the New York City University.

This last named instance, the first example (we believe) by an American College, occurred in 1855. It has not been imitated until this present summer, when we read that the Catholic College at Georgetown has conferred the "Mus. Doc." upon J. H. WILLCOX, organist at the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Boston; that Columbia College has passed the same compliment upon H. S. CUTLER, successor of Dr. Hodges at Trinity Church; and Yale College upon GUSTAVE J. STOECKEL, musical instructor in that institution. All these gentlemen, doubtless, are musically accomplished in their several ways, and we would not detract from their just honors. But we think too highly of them, both as musicians and as men of sense, to believe that they themselves attach much value to the title. Indeed, when we consider what our Universities and Colleges are in respect to the science and the art of Music, it is difficult to regard these ceremonial edicts seriously. In the first place what University is there in the land, which is at all competent to judge of anybody's claims to such an honor? What College has a musical department, above the rudimental condition of a common singing school, or includes a recognized class of educated musicians, musical scholars, Masters, or even Bachelors, in this one among the Arts? Notoriety, popularity, mere outward professional success among a people not particularly musical, or among the music-lovers of a certain class or church, is sure to decide each case, in the lack of any power to put it to the true test. How many of these "Doctors" have ever grappled successfully, or at all, with such problems in musical composition as the Doctor's exercise required in England? And again, without meaning to disparage the musical attainments of either of the gentlemen above named, who doubts that superior musicians to any of them exist in most of our principal cities, whom no one ever thought of Doctoring, and that precisely the most accomplished would be the very last to wish to wear such a title?

We should not have touched upon this theme at all, were it not that it suggests another more important. On one account we hail this action of the colleges as a good sign (although it is at least a comfort to think that good old Alma Mater Harvard does not as yet let herself be betrayed into any such solemn nonsense). It is a sign that Music, and musical character are at last beginning to be respected in our seats of learning. Things go very much by "respectability" in this world. When the Colleges show that they believe in Music, it will not be long before society at large, the merchants and the practical rulers and providers of this world, will begin to believe also: and nothing but that general belief is wanted to ensure donations and endowments of music in our

colleges or in noble institutions of its own, Conservatories, &c., on as generous a scale as other sciences are now endowed. It seems to us a seasonable moment to repeat here some hints which we threw out several years ago. Now that we have got so many Musical Doctors among us, these hints will perhaps be listened to more than they were at that time.

We trust it will not be many years longer before our Universities shall embrace Musical Professorships in their learned Faculties. Rich would-be benefactors may do as much good to posterity by endowing schools of Art, as by endowing schools of Literature, Theology or Science. Nay, an amply endowed permanent provision of the highest kind of orchestral concerts, oratorios, &c., in a city like New York or Boston, lifting these things far above the fluctuating patronage of half-cultivated publics, and so keeping the standard always classical and high, and ruling out all clap-trap and mere fashion, were as useful and as noble a disposition of a millionaire's abundance, as the bequest of a like fund for any sort of a new professorship at Yale or Harvard. Can Greek or Latin, Algebra or Logic, do more to refine, to humanize and elevate society, than a deep, intimate love and understanding of the great tone-creations of the inspired masters? Can Homer or Virgil quicken the human soul more than Beethoven? And is it any extravagance of fancy to suggest that Handel's "Messiah" may have done as much good in the world as Dr. Paley's Ethics?

These are hints which we think it behoves the fathers and wise men, the "men of eminent gravity" of our community to consider. Until recently the worth of Music, as one of the great means of intellectual, emotional and social culture, has been little known or dreamed of in this busy land, save by a few isolated enthusiasts, or small groups of such. But now there are thousands who will not hesitate to ascribe much of their best culture, much that is most precious and most soul-supporting in life's fever and perplexity, to Music; thousands who feel a debt of gratitude to it as deep as any feel to Plato and the great philosophers and poets, or to all the lights of literature and science; thousands who need not look upon that noble statue of Beethoven in the Music Hall, to feel that there is as great and noble sphere for the devotion of a man's intellectual and spiritual energies in Music, pursued as an Art, as there can be in any honored occupation. Now if this were as widely and generally believed, as it is unquestionably true, Music would be as liberally and variously endowed in Colleges and Universities, in lyceums and concert halls and lyrical temples and Conservatoires in every city and large town, as any of the branches of scholastic culture have been from of old.

There is no lack of schools and colleges. There is no lack of funds, by subscription or bequest, for any needed number of professorships in any old or modern literature, in any branch of Physics or of Metaphysics. There is wealth enough, and the wealthy take a patriotic pride in these things. Whatsoever is expended upon public education is accounted well spent. It is among the glories of the merchants of Boston, as a class, that no subscription for a new observatory or telescope, or for the founding or strengthening of a scientific or a literary professorship, with a live man to fill it, is ever suffered to fall to the ground among them. Whose are the names borne by so many of the best foundations in our Alma Mater? They are the names of public-spirited, far-seeing, prosperous merchants, who saw the value of education to the coming generations, and who felt it a duty which they owed to their children and their country, to open, out of their material abundance, permanent fountains of such education in its several branches. Every month brings report of some munificent donation or bequest of this sort. Yet never, so far do we hear of anybody in his will bequeathing fifty or even ten thousand dollars for the endowment of any thing musical. And why? Simply because the conviction of

the usefulness of such an object has not acquired the sanction of society at large, has not become public opinion. Those having the means and will to benefit posterity, bestow their wealth, as others have done before them, upon certain old-fashioned, respectable, conventional good objects. Few seek out new and equally needed ways of doing good. Here is a wealthy and eccentric old bachelor, who has original notions and refined tastes of his own, among which perhaps a passionate devotion to good music, to indulge which he thinks it little to appear strange and visionary to his neighbors all his life. He believes in music; believes in it enthusiastically, extravagantly; cherishes it in his quiet way as the divine fire of his life; yet it is a hundred to one that when he comes to make his will, he will bestow all he has upon some conventional old form of charity, upon a hospital, a Greek professorship, a chapel, or what not, without its once occurring to him, inasmuch as it never has been done, that it is quite practicable, and would be an extremely useful thing for him to open a perennial fountain of that divine Art he so loves to those that shall come after him. But wait a few years; let Music become as widely prized and honored, as now Greek and Hebrew are, and here and there a dying millionaire will begin to think he has a debt to Music too, among his responsibilities for the true culture of posterity. We do not despair of this. No one who knows and feels the social worth of music, can despair of it. If it have such worth, it must ere long be generally felt, and then subscriptions, donations and bequests will come as naturally for this good object as for any other.

Two ways have occurred as worthy. One is to give St. Cecilia her chair among the fair and venerable "humanities" in our old universities. Another way, and one which would result in even more practical good, would be to endow a large permanent Orchestra, under wise and strict conditions, for the frequent public performance in any city of the really great classical compositions of the masters,—or still better a CONSERVATORY, which should embrace this among all the branches of a complete provision for musical instruction and example.

### Church Music.

"TRINITY COLLECTION of Church Music; containing all the Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Chants, &c., used in Trinity Church, New York, or in either of its three Chapels. By EDWARD HODGES, Mus. Doc. of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, England. With valuable additions by the Editor, S. PARKMAN TUCKERMAN, Mus. Doc., Organist and Director of Music in St. Paul's Church, Boston." (Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.)

Such is the title in full of one of the last and most important collections of Psalmody,—a clear, distinguished, generous looking volume of 240 pages, in large form, which to the eye at least appears to promise something better than the common crowded, tile-shaped and plebeian psalm-books, so numerous that one might fancy the whole land—not heaven, we hope, if we are to go there—paved with them. And really we think it is better than the most. Dr. Hodges was distinguished as a learned musician of the English Church school before he came to this country. Read what is said of him in the preceding article. The collection, now for the first time published, includes all the music in these forms used during his twenty years' directorship in Trinity Church. The larger pieces at the end of the book are confined to a very few occasional pieces, anthems, &c., good of their kind. The chants of course relate more to ritual than to music, and require no comment. The book therefore is essentially a Psalm Book. It contains 277 Psalm tunes and chorals (some of the number being various arrangements, as to harmony, of the same tune). Less than half of these are marked as belonging to the "Trinity Church Collection." This we set down to the credit of Dr. Hodges, as one rare merit at the outset. If he limited his range of this plain, short, set class of tunes

to hardly more than a hundred, he showed a good sense by no means prevalent in our church choirs, where endless variety of the same sort of thing only serves to aggravate the monotony.

About twenty tunes are of Dr. Hodges' own composition; good solid pieces of harmony, with a melody of some character for the most part, although sometimes a little dry and commonplace, but never maudlin sentimental or operatic. All is dignified, in keeping with the service.

The rest are drawn from various sources. First a goodly number, really the best, of the solid old tunes such as never die, like Old Hundred, York, St. Ann's, Mear, Dundee, &c.; a few old Moravian chorals; but the larger half from old English composers; a few, and but a few, made out of instrumental works, Masses, Oratorios, &c., of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, and the like. Very many of all these are harmonized by Dr. Hodges; and his harmony impresses us as chaste, clear, dignified, with easy movement of the parts, and (what we may say indeed of the whole book) with no nonsense in it. You find, at least, none of those childish, sentimental, sweetish duet passages in thirds, which have formed so much of the staple of New England psalm-books, and which were wont to tickle foolish ears in church. His harmony, too, is more free than most books from those empty reiterations of the same chord, and of the same cadence at the end of nearly every line of the hymn, which lends a senseless, lazy, routine character, or want of character, to so much that comes out of the mill of the "psalm-smiths." Yet we have to notice, that in here and there an instance, his study of free movement of parts, or of expression of the verbal sense, has led him into progressions that are hard and chords that trench too sharply on the discordant. Thus for the words "Peace, troubled soul" he takes a Russian melody, ("Middleton," No. 155), and harmonizes it in the key of D, beginning on the word *Peace* with the chord of A on the tonic D for Bass, followed by the clear chord of D on the next syllable. The tune "Mozart," No. 256, illustrates the usual rashness of trying to chip out a psalm tune from a *Dona nobis*, or other long movement of a Mass; to shape it to an end, he is obliged to tack on an empty phrase, which is so much dead wood and never grew with the green growth of Mozart's original composition.—It ends the tune mechanically, but does not end the musical thought. But most of the arrangements from such sources are credited to Walter's "Manual of Church Music," and are done with remarkable symmetry and clearness. We notice, by the way, that Dr. Hodges has used the "Joy" Hymn in Beethoven's Symphony for one of his subjects; with questionable result, for to us it seems not church-like, while the real religion undeniable in it as it stands in the Symphony seems lost by such transplanting. But tastes may differ.

The copious additions made by Dr. Tuckerman are mostly of kindred style and character with the nucleus of the book above described, having the same merits, while they open a somewhat wider range of variety. One feature of very marked, important value he has added, which alone should bespeak favor to his editorship. We mean the introduction of some half dozen of the Lutheran Chorals, precisely as they are harmonized by BACH. One of these, "Jesu, King of Glory (*Jesu, meine Freude*)" is given with two of Bach's arrangements, for four and five voices. We can see no earthly reason, and certainly no spiritual one, why capable choirs, in all our churches, should not learn and sing these things in this way. No musical soul can get once familiar with them, without finding their charm, their edifying depth and tenderness and beauty unspeakably superior to our common humdrum style of psalm tune. Much of this charm lies in the choral melodies themselves, the mere *plain chant*; but far more of it resides in the skill, the art, the *genius* with which Bach has harmonized them, making them truly *polyphonic* compositions. Bach has also harmonized "Old Hundred," with a changed rhythm to be sure, and with a running figurative bass. It would have been well to give it in this book, if only as a curiosity, together with the three arrangements of the grand old tune with which it opens.

Our readers will bear witness that we have seldom found so much to say in favor of a Psalm-book!

WORCESTER, MASS. The "Heart of the Commonwealth" is in a flutter of hopeful anticipation of the arrival of the new great Organ (next largest in this country to that of the Boston Music Hall) which is now nearly completed at the manufactory of the Messrs. Hook Brothers. Mechanics Hall is ready for its reception, and portions of the work are daily expected. There are rumors that the opening concert will be given almost wholly by organists of Boston and New York; to which some of the Worcester papers, sensibly enough, demur, asking: Have we not organists, and good ones, of our own? Do we not claim Thayer among our Worcester boys? and have we not also B. D. Allen, musician of modest sterling worth, and Stearns, and others?

Mme. ANNA BISHOP and her daughter are singing in the Canadian towns.—Miss CAROLINE RICHINGS and company are, or have been until lately, giving English opera in San Francisco, such pieces as "The Enchantress," "Bohemian Girl," &c. There have also been some Italian Opera nights at the same theatre (Maguire's), with Miss Richings, Sig. Bianchi and others in *La Traviata* and the like.—Dr. James Pech, who was for some time Conductor and Musical Director of the English Opera at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, is now making arrangements for a short season of English opera at Montreal. Particular attention, we hear, will be paid to the orchestral and choral departments.

Mrs. WOOD (LADY LENNOX). Mr. Fry, of the *Tribune*, thus recalls the artistic career of the once famous English singer recently deceased:

Mrs. Wood was the most eminent *cantatrice* that ever appeared on the English stage. She was, up to nearly the time when Von Weber was known in London, some thirty-five or forty years ago, chiefly occupied with concert-singing and parts in the little musical dramas that passed by the name of operas. Her success in *Der Freischütz*, along with Mr. Braham, was followed by an invitation to the illustrious composer to visit England and write an opera for Drury-Lane. He came and occupied himself with some eighteen months' preliminary studies, and produced *Oberon*, and then died and received the honors of a distinguished funeral in London. The opera of *Oberon* did not prove a success, however, even with Mrs. Wood, notwithstanding the fine music. The overture alone is worth more than some operas. The fault lay in the poor libretto—words unfitted for music, and scenes of supernatural rubbish, instead of direct dealings with the humorous passions. Mrs. Wood, at that time, was in the fullness of her musical power, and was gifted with a physique and a volume of voice not second to Grisi. She came to this country some where about thirty-four or five. The impression made was not equal at first to the expectations formed of her exalted reputation. The fault was not hers, but arose from the feebleness or inefficiency of the dramatic situations. It was not until Mrs. Wood appeared in a wretched translation of the *Sonnambula* that her supremacy was felt. Her levil singing was not of the first order; her enunciation of words was not distinct in the tamer passages, which, however, was often a gain, considering the trash verbally she had to deal with; but in the chamber scene, where extreme passion and a very heroic one of despair are needed, attended with profuse action of gesticulation, she was probably never equalled. We have never seen any one to compare with her. The present generation does not know what *La Sonnambula* musico-dramatically is on the stage.

On her third visit to this country Mrs. Wood played *Norma*, in 1842, in Philadelphia. It was especially translated for her, and was the first sumptuously illustrated drama, musical or otherwise, ever put on the stage in this country. She had immense success in it, but circumstances called her back to Europe suddenly, and she never appeared in it in New York. In the flaming wrath and denunciations of the Druidess, she was on a plane with Madame Grisi, and the *mise en scène* of the American performance contrasted so magnificently with the poverties of the *Italiens* at Paris that some travellers who had seen Mrs. Wood in this country were sorely disappointed with the opera abroad. Here the stage setting was as miniature painting; there it was a dabb. Mr. Joseph Wood was a very fine tenor, and his retirement from the stage left a hiatus much to be regretted.

One of GLUCK's less known operas, "*Paris and Helen*," had been republished in Leipzig.

FLOROW has just finished a new opera in two acts and three tableaux, entitled "*Natda*." M. Saint-Georges is the librettist. It is to be brought out in St. Petersburg.

The Grand Duchess Helena of Russia has presented to the Mozarteum at Salzburg a volume of music containing a few pages of piano-forte exercise, written by Mozart's father, but towards the end of the book there are some ten or twelve pages in the hand of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart himself. They date from the years 1762, 1763, and comprise five compositions hitherto unknown, namely: 1. Allegro, C major, composed in Brussels, 14th October, 1763; 2. Minuette, D major, composed the 30th November, 1763, in Paris; 3. Air, F major, composed 16th July, 1762; 4. Minuette Sketch, composed 11th May, 1762; and lastly, 5—which seems to be the movement of a study or sonata, of the same period.

Two volumes of a new *Geschichte der Musik* (History of Music), by Ambros, have appeared in Germany. The first volume treats of the ancient music. Volume II contains.

The first period of the new Christian World and Christian Art. The Gregorian System and its promulgation. The Time of the Carolingians. Hucbold of St. Arnand and the Organus. Guido of Arezzo and the Solmisatio. The Troubadours and Minstrels. The "Minnesanger." The People-Song. In the second part of the same volume the author considers: The development of Four-Part Singing. The *Discantus* and *Fauxbourdon*. *Musica mensuralis* and the Counterpoint. The first School of the Netherlands. William Dufay. Antonius Burnois, as well as many explanatory remarks and musical supplements. In the third volume Mr. Ambros will treat the time of 1450—1600 (from Okeghem to Palestrina). The fourth volume will contain: The Musical Renaissance. The origin of Monody, of the Opera, of the modern system of Music. The golden time of Secular Music.

The first volume of L. Nohl's "Beethoven" has been published by H. Markgraf in Vienna. It contains "Beethoven's Youth," 1770-1792. The second volume, "Beethoven's Manhood," 1793-1814, will be ready in the course of this year; then will follow "Beethoven's Last Years," 1815-1827, to conclude with "Beethoven's Works." The whole work will be rather extensive, as the first volume already contains 442 pages. This volume gives some new information about the youth of Beethoven as well as about the circumstances under which he was living, and which were of great influence upon him. The volume is divided into three parts. The first, headed "Dreaming," 1770-84, has six chapters with the following titles: Lower Rhine Country. *Ancien Regime*, Maximilian Frederick, Family and Teacher, School and Education, Literature and Theatre. The second book, "Dawning," 1784-87, gives us four chapters: Maximilian Francis, Music in Austria, The Visit in Vienna, At Mozart's. The third book, "Awakening," 1787-94, contains four chapters: Studies, The School of the Composer, Exercises, Revolution, On to Vienna. The conclusion is made up by "Sources, Testimonials and Remarks."

Adolph Sax, the great brass instrument maker, has just completed a new saxotromba, which, it is confidently asserted, will be the most perfect instrument of the kind ever invented.

A Turkophone can be heard at Alfred Mellon's promenade concerts in London; and a real live Turk, Ali Ben Soualle by name, plays upon the Turkophone.

In Sala's new story, "Quite Alone," there is a musical character—one Sir Timotheus O'Boy—who is said to have nine of Father Schmidt's organs at his country seat in Devonshire, and the original anvil beaten by the Harmonious Blacksmith in his smoking-room in London.

Viardot has been singing in "Norma" at Carlsruhe, and is expected to sing in English opera in London, in Chorley's version of Gluck's "Orpheus."

Ulmann has reorganized for the coming season his concert troupe, so as to include Carlotta Patti, Jaell, the pianist; Vieuxtemps, the violinist; Steffens, violoncellist; Ferrari, baritone; Vivier, the horn-player; and Godeffroid, the harpist. All these artists will appear in a series of concerts at Berlin next winter.

William Vincent Wallace has been engaged to edit the music for the London *Musical Monthly Magazine*.

## Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

### LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

If ever I should marry. Comic Song.

Howard Paine. 30

Miss Amelia Gushington here describes her ideal of a husband.

Ye pretty birds. In F. for Soprano. F. Gumbert. 30

A fine German song, already a great favorite.

When they come marching home. Song.

W. Kittredge. 30

One of the simple ballads for the "million," some thousands of whom will hear Mr. K. sing it, as he is a great traveller. Those who do not have this good fortune, are informed that the melody is easy and "taking," and that the piece is in the spirit of "When Johnny comes marching home."

The Lost Chord. Song.

Wm. Herz. 30

A beautiful thought well expressed. An organist is allowing his hands to wander over the keys, almost without his volition, and accidentally produces a harmony of great beauty, which he afterwards endeavors in vain to recall.

The Unhappy Man. Comic Song. W. Kittredge. 30

Good to make the boys laugh.

Angels of Paradise. (Anges du Paradis.)

"Mireille." 30

One of the songs from Gounod's new opera, about which European critics differ, as to its general merit, but all agree that it has much fine music. The opera is of a "pastoral" character, and the present song is that in which Vincent, the lover of Mireille, calls on heaven to protect the gentle maid, who is on her way to a distant charmer, crossing the arid, sultry desert tract of Crau.

### Instrumental Music.

Martha. Fantasia Brillante. E. Katterer. 75

One of the most brilliant, and perhaps the prettiest fantasia on Martha ever published. It is rather difficult, and a capital show piece for advanced players.

Merry Wives of Windsor. Galop.

Victor Colline. 30

Quite brilliant and easy.

Ghost's Galop.

Frank Musgrave. 30

Quiet, bright and easy, with a sort of comic effect when rightly played.

Bow Bells Polka.

Frank Musgrave. 30

Simple and musical. Good for learners.

Orphan's Prayer. Piano Solo. T. Badarzewska. 35

By the composer of the Malden's prayer. His compositions are favorites with every one.

### Books.

THE TRUMPET OF FREEDOM.

45

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 612.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 17, 1864.

VOL. XXIV. No. 13.

## A Night in Florence.

BY EDWIN HENRE.

[Continued from page 300.]

ITALIAN ART AND FEMALE BEAUTY.—MUSIC.  
—ROSSINI.—BELLINI.—PAGANINI.

"I cannot remember what awakened me from that dream, and, for a long time afterwards, I revelled in the vivid recollections of that blissful love. Long afterwards did I seem to imbibe unheard-of delights. My languishing heart seemed filled with happiness and my emotions were flooded with joy. I remained thus happy and cheerful, though I never afterward saw the beloved of my dream. Had I not lived ages while contemplating her? And then she knew my love of variety too well to forget that I abhor repetitions."

"Truly," said Maria, "you are *un homme à bonne fortune*. — But tell me, was Mlle. Laurence a statue, or a painting? a corpse, or a dream?"

"A union of all, perhaps," answered Maximilian, in an earnest tone.

"I might have imagined, my dear friend, that *inamorata* to have been of rather doubtful composition. When will you tell me about her?"

"To-morrow. I am tired now, and the story is a long one. I have just returned from the opera and the music is yet ringing in my ears."

"I believe you attend the opera frequently, and that you go there to see, rather than to hear."

"You are right, Maria: I go to the opera in order to observe the faces of the beautiful Italian ladies. Truly, they are beautiful enough outside of the theatre, and, in their fine ideal features, the student of history might easily trace the influence of the plastic arts on the *physique* of the Italian race. Nature seems to have taken back the capital she once lent to the artist, and behold, how charmingly the interest has increased it! To-day nature copies the master-pieces of which she erst furnished the models. The sense of the beautiful pervades the entire nation, and, where once the body wrought upon the mind, the mind now acts upon the body. It is not without results that the bridegroom pays his devotions to lovely altar-pieces, beautiful madonnas whose image fills his soul, while the bride cherishes in her ardent fancy the picture of some handsome saint. The magnificent race to which such elective affinities have given birth, is yet more beautiful than the sunny skies that, like a frame of rays, encompass the generous soil on which it blooms. The men do not interest me unless they be painted or sculptured. Therefore I leave it to you, Maria, to grow enthusiastic over the handsome, lithe Italians with fierce, black beards, aristocratic noses, and mild, arch eyes. The Lombards are said to be the handsomest of men. I have never investigated that branch of the subject; as regards the Lombardines I have reflected seriously, and have really found them as beautiful as fame makes them. They must have been

handsome as long ago as the middle ages. Do you not know that the fame of the beautiful Milanese was the secret cause of the Italian campaign of Francis I.? The courtly monarch must have been curious to know whether the kinsfolk of his spiritual nurses were really as beautiful as he had heard they were. — Poor rogue! at Pavia he was made to suffer for his curiosity.

But how much more beautiful are the Italian women when music illumines their faces. I say *illumines*, because the effects of music on the faces of the handsome women, as I observed them at the opera, resemble those remarkable effects of light and shade noticeable in statues when seen by torchlight. At such times those marble figures reveal to us, with alarming truthfulness, the spirit that dwells within them and the secrets they mutely preserve. In the same manner, you can read the characters of the beautiful Italian women you see at the opera. It is then that the varying melodies awaken emotions, recollections, desire, and hatred, which betray themselves by the movement of their features, their blushes, their pallor, and even through their eyes. He who knows how, can then read many sweet and interesting things in their beautiful faces; — stories, strange as the tales of Boccaccio; emotions, tender as Petrarch's sonnets; moods, wild as Ariosto's measures; sometimes frightful treachery or majestic fury as poetical as the Inferno of the great Dante. It is worth one's while to gaze up into the boxes. If the men were only less violent in expressing their admiration! The crazy noise of the Italian theatre often becomes intolerable. But music, after all, is the soul, the civilization, the national trait of this people. Though other lands may boast of as great musical celebrities, there is no other musical race. In Italy, music is not represented by certain individuals, but by the whole population. Music is here the distinguishing national trait. With us, in the north, things are quite different; — here a certain man, call him Mozart or Meyerbeer, is the embodiment of music. And further, if you will carefully examine the works that the northern musicians have given us, you will find them full of the sunshine and orange breezes of Italy, and will admit that they seem more like the property of beautiful Italy, the home of music, than of our Germany. Yes, even though her great *maestri* descend into the tomb, or, if living, are silent: even if BELLINI dies and ROSSINI is mute, Italy will ever remain the home of music."

"Truly," observed Maria, "ROSSINI preserves his silence strictly. If I am not mistaken, he has done nothing for the last ten years."

"That, I presume, is a joke of his. He wishes to prove that his title, 'The Swan of Pesaro,' is quite inappropriate. While swans do not sing until they are about to die, ROSSINI ceased to sing before he attained the meridian of life. And it is well that he did so, for he has thus proved himself a genius. An artist who has mere talent, retains the desire to exercise it as long as life

lasts. Spurred on by ambition, he feels that he is constantly improving, and strives to reach the highest pinnacle of art. But the genius, having already attained the highest, is content, looks down upon the world and petty ambition, and returns to his home; — just as Shakespeare went to Stratford-on-Avon, or as GIACOMO ROSSINI walks the Boulevard des Italiens in Paris, laughing and cracking jokes. If our genius happen to be gifted with a fair constitution, he may continue to live long after he has delivered himself of his master-works, or, as the phrase goes, has fulfilled his mission. It is an error to suppose that genius must die early; indeed, the critical period lies, it is said, between the thirtieth and the fortieth year. I have often tormented poor BELLINI, by prophesying, jestingly, that, as he was a genius, he would surely die when he reached the fatal age. Strange to say, notwithstanding the jesting manner in which I uttered the prophecy, it always gave him so much concern that he called me his *evil eye* and made the sign of the *Jettatore* whenever I repeated it. He loved life, had an intense fear of death, and could not be induced to converse about dying, of which he seemed to have a dread akin to that of children who are afraid to go to bed in the dark. — He was a good, amiable child, and, though naughty at times, to admonish him of his early end was always the sure way to produce the *Jettatore* sign and to make him silent. — Poor BELLINI!"

"So you were personally acquainted with him. Was he good looking?"

"Well, he was not ugly. — Thus you see that we men resemble women in disliking to answer affirmatively when such a question is asked regarding one of our sex. He was tall and slim; his movements were full of grace and coquetry; he was always a *quatre epingles*; his face was neither pale nor florid: his hair was of a light, almost golden hue, and hung in ringlets. His forehead was very high; his nose straight; his eyes light blue; his mouth well-proportioned; his chin round. His features seemed as vague and as void of character as milk. In fact, his face was a milk-face, and was frequently marked by a lackadaisical expression of pain which made up for the want of character. But it was pain without depth; void of poesy or passion, it glistered in his eyes and quivered on his lips. The young *maestro* seemed bent on making a show of his sadness. Fantastic melancholy betrayed itself in the arrangement of his hair, languor in the cut of his clothes, and ideality in his light cane. Thus he always reminded me of the old pastorals in which shepherds, in light colored jackets and short pants, tripped about, carrying staffs bedecked with ribbons. Then his gait was so mournful, so feminine and ethereal. His whole appearance suggested a sigh *en escarpins*. Though the ladies flattered him very much, I doubt whether he ever awakened deep passion. To me, there always seemed something so comically unenjoyable about him, caused, perhaps, by the

style in which he spoke French. Though BELLINI at that time had been living in France for some years, I doubt whether, even in England, the language was ever as badly treated as when he used it. He spoke it terribly; he butchered it unmercifully. The way in which he often tortured the poor French words, as though an executioner were breaking them on the wheel, and the way in which he uttered his monstrous *cogn à l'âne* were enough to make one look around with fright to see whether the world was coming to an end with a mighty crash. Deathly silence reigned on such occasions; mortal terror was depicted in every countenance, whether rouged or powdered; the women seemed undecided whether they had better rush out of the room, or faint where they were; the men looked down towards their pantaloons to make sure that they really had such garments on; and, worst of all, the circumstance would fill every one with an almost uncontrollable desire to laugh outright. BELLINI's presence always filled one with fear, which, through some strange fascination, seemed at once to attract and to repel. Sometimes, his involuntary puns were mirth-provoking and reminded one, by their droll absurdity, of the castle of his countryman, Prince Pallagoni, which Goethe, in his '*Italianische Reise*' called a museum of bizarre distortions and ill-matched monsters. As BELLINI always imagined that he had been making some serious and harmless observation, his face, on such occasions, was in strange contrast with his remarks, and then the unpleasant expression of which I spoke, became more marked. That which I disliked in BELLINI cannot be called a fault, and did not seem to displease the ladies in the least. His face and figure had an air of physical freshness, blooming health and rosiiness, that was calculated to make an unfavorable impression upon one with my morbid tastes. It was not until later, when I had known BELLINI for a long time and had found him of a kind and noble disposition, that I grew to like him. I fully believe that his soul remained pure to the last, and that the childlike kindness of temperament which men of genius usually possess, but never parade, was truly his."

"Yes," said Maximilian, while he sat down in the chair against the arm of which he had hitherto been leaning,—"I remember one occasion on which BELLINI appeared in so amiable an aspect that I observed him with delight, and determined to become more intimate with him. But, alas! that was the last time I was to see him in this life. It was one evening, at the house of a great lady who had the smallest foot in Paris, after we had dined and been merry and had been listening to the piano's sweetest strains.——I can yet see BELLINI before me, as he dropped into an arm-chair, exhausted by the many Bellini-isms he had uttered.——His seat was so low that it brought him at the feet of the beautiful lady, who, reclining on a sofa, looked down on BELLINI with sweet mischievousness. He was trying hard to entertain her with a few French phrases, and repeatedly found it necessary to assure the fair listener, in his Sicilian jargon, that what he had been saying was not a *sottise*, but a compliment. I do not believe that she heard one word of what he said. The thin cane, with which he sometimes endeavored to give force to his weak rhetoric, she had taken from him and was using it to destroy the graceful hair architecture that

adorned the temples of the young *maestro*. Her wanton employment must have produced her peculiar expression, for hers was unlike any human face I have ever seen. I shall never forget that countenance. It was one of those faces that seem to belong to the dreamland of poesy rather than the actual world. A contour that reminded one of Da Vinci and the noble oval, with the naive dimples and sentimental, tapering chin, of the Lombard type. Her complexion was Roman mildness mingled with soft sheen of pearls and noble pallor: *morbidezza*. In short, it was one of those faces that can only be found in the old portraits of some of the great Italian women with whom the Italian artists of the sixteenth century were in love when they created their master-works, of whom the poets of that time thought when they sang their immortal strains, and after whom the French and German heroes longed when they girded on their swords and rushed beyond the Alps.——Yes, on just such a face there played a smile of sweetest mischief and aristocratic wantonness, while its owner was destroying the fair locks of the good BELLINI. At that moment, he seemed as if touched and transformed by a magic wand, and my heart warmed towards him at once. His face shone with the reflection of her smile, and it was, perhaps, the most delicious moment of his life. I shall never forget it.——A fortnight later, and I read that Italy had lost one of her most renowned sons!

"Strange to say, PAGANINI's death was announced at the same time. I did not, for a moment, doubt the death of the latter, for pale old PAGANINI always seemed near death's door. But that the youthful and blooming BELLINI had died, seemed incredible. Yet the report of PAGANINI's demise was untrue; and, while the violinist is at Genoa, alive and well, BELLINI lies in his grave in Paris!"

"Do you admire PAGANINI?" asked Maria.

"I consider him an honor to his country," answered Maximilian, "and he certainly deserves a most distinguished position among the musical celebrities of Italy."

"I have never seen him," said Maria, "but, if report speak truly, his appearance would hardly satisfy a fine eye for beauty. I have seen portraits of him."

"None of which resemble him," broke in Maximilian. "They all either flatter him, or do him injustice; none reproduce the true expression. I believe there is but one man who ever succeeded in transferring PAGANINI's features to paper, and he was a deaf painter named Lyser, who, in his genial eccentricity, with a few rough strokes, made so truthful a likeness of PAGANINI that the beholder was at once impressed with a double feeling of mirth and fear. 'The Devil guided my hand,' said the deaf painter, while he chuckled mysteriously and shook his head with an air of good-natured irony, as was his wont when he indulged in such madcap flights. Ah! he was a strange fellow. In spite of his deafness, he loved music with enthusiasm, and when he could get near enough to the orchestra, was able, it was said, to read the music in the faces of the musicians, and to tell by the movements of their fingers, whether their performance was more or less successful. He also wrote operatic criticisms for one of the leading journals of Hamburg. But is there anything wonderful in that? The deaf painter could see tones in the visible characters

of playing. Are there not human beings to whom tones are as invisible characters in which they hear colors and forms?"

"You are one of those!" exclaimed Maria.

"I am sorry that I no longer possess Lyser's little drawing; it might have given you an idea of PAGANINI's looks. Those fabulous features, that seemed to belong rather to the sulphurous land of shadows than to the world of sunshine, could only be seized in bold, sharp lines. When we stood before the Alster pavilion in Hamburg, on the day of PAGANINI's first concert in that city, the deaf painter again assured me that Satan had directed his hand. 'Yea,' he continued, 'what all the world says about him must be true. He sold himself, body and soul, to the Devil; and, in return, was to become the greatest of all violinists, was to fiddle millions into his pockets, and was to be liberated from the accursed galleys in which he had languished for so many years. After that, you see, he got to be chapel-master at Lucca, fell in love with a theatrical princess, of whom and a little *abbate* he became jealous, and by whom, in all probability, he was henpecked; whereupon he stabbed his *amata*, in most approved Italian style, was sent to the galleys at Genoa, and as I said before, sold himself, in the end, to Satan, in order that he might escape, become the greatest of violinists, and be able to levy a contribution of two *thalers* upon every one of us.——But look! Let all good souls praise God! For there he comes through the allée, accompanied by his ambiguous *Famule*.'"

(Conclusion next week.)

### Shakespeare in his Relation to Music.

A Lecture delivered on the 23d April, 1864, before the "Berliner Tonkünstler-Verein."\*

BY EMIL NAUMANN.

"If music and sweet poetry agree,  
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,  
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,  
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other;  
Thou lov'st to hear the soft melodious sound  
That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes,  
And I in deep delight am chiefly drownd'  
When as himself to singing he betakes;  
One God is god of both, so poets sing,  
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain."

These lines emanate from the pen of the poet whose close and profound connection with music will form the subject of the words which I shall have the honor to address to you—from the man whose natal hour struck three hundred years ago to-day, and whose name is, at the present time, encircled with the admiration of the whole world.

Shakespeare, the greatest poet of any age, first beheld the light of day on the 23d April, 1564, at Stratford-upon-Avon.—Next to his countrymen, the English, we Germans have, probably, especial reason to honor the memory of this prince of poets. It was by him, no less than by the intellectual civilization of classical antiquity, that our own literature raised itself into independent and national life. "In opposition to the influences of bastard French art, Lessing, Wieland, Herder, Goethe and Schiller pointed, as far as a century back, to Shakespeare, as to a model, never to be equalled, and as to the deliverer, who alone could lead us back again to truth and nature. Such men as Schröder, Kaufmann, August Wilhelm von Schlegel, Ludwig Tieck, Count Wolf von Baudissin, Karl Simrock, and Franz Dingelstedt, were actuated in their labors by the same spirit, and, by presenting us with masterly translations, followed up the impulse given by the heroes of our classical literature. These translations are, to some extent, of such high value, and we Ger-

\* Translated for the London Musical World, by J. V. BAIDMAN.

mans are so familiar with them, that they have completely rendered the great Englishman a part of the intellectual wealth of our nation.

But, besides the German nation generally, we musicians more especially have reason to remember the great poet with gratitude and admiration. We refer the reader to the motto prefixed to our observations, and, starting from it, dwell to-day with more than ordinary emphasis on the maxim, so frequently quoted, that a bond of most intimate relationship twines round all the arts. In consequence, however, of the still more intimate connection which we find existing, within this relationship, between separate art-groups, our—that is, musicians'—right to yet nearer affinity with Shakespeare may, perhaps, be rendered more apparent than any other. Just as, on the one side, the plastic arts—Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting—grasp each other by the hand as sisters in a peculiar kind of art, on the other side, Music and Poetry stand opposite them, as sisters bound together in a manner no less intimate and peculiar.

That I may be able to exhibit to you Shakespeare as the poet in whom the musical element is most lavishly and most frequently wedded to the poetical, I must beg permission first to attempt a survey of the mutual influence of poetry and music upon one another, as they are historically known to us.

In the most remote times, we find music and poetry blended in an almost indissoluble manner. All primitive poetry is of a religious purport, and, when we first meet with tune, that, also, is most undoubtedly employed to offer up hymns in honor of the Divinity or the gods. Nay, the connection between the two arts, on this their first appearance, is so close, that, in many cases, it is absolutely impossible to decide which of the two art-elements, *tune* or *language*, was the first to gain a definite shape in the breast of untutored man, following unconsciously his natural inward impulses. At any rate, the one did not remain long without the other, and, in most cases, both probably grew simultaneously like two branches of one and the same trunk, as we learn from national songs.

The proof of this is furnished by Indians, Persians, Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Jews, the oldest civilized peoples known to us, in the progressive connection in which music and poetry are exhibited among them. With regard to the Indians, we will remind our readers only of the religious songs intended for music in the Vedas; of the dance, accompanied by religious hymns, of the sacred virgins (Bayaderes); of the song accompanied by the "Wina" (most probably a stringed instrument) in *Sakuntala*, &c., &c.—Herodotus says of the Egyptians, Phœnicians, and races near them, when he is touching upon a most primitive religious song common to them all: "The Egyptians have a song, the 'Linos,' found, also, in Phœnicia, Cyprus, and elsewhere, but having different names according to the different peoples. It is proved, however, to be the same the Helenes sing under the name of 'Linos.' But, in Egyptian, it is called 'Maneros.'"

Even still more developed and close, than among the above civilized nations before the epoch of Grecian antiquity, appears the connection between Music and Poetry among the Israelites. As early as in the second book of Moses we read after the destruction of Pharaoh in the Red Sea: "And Miriam, the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them: Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." But it is in the Psalms that the old indissoluble connection of religious poetry with song is exhibited in its last and most complete shape. Here even the most varied and practical musical directions have been preserved. For instance, at the commencement of the 4th Psalm we read: "To the Chief Musician on Neginoth, a Psalm of David."\* Or, "To the Chief Musician on Neginoth upon Sheminih," as at Psalm 6.† Or, "To the Chief Musician upon Githith," as at Psalm 8. Or lastly, "A song of

degrees,"‡ as at Psalm 120, &c. Still more essential evidence of this complete blending with song is exhibited by the Psalms in their parallel system of verses, calculated for delivery by alternate choruses, and by the refrains, in this fashion significant only with musical treatment, such as we meet with in the 136th and other Psalms.

With the Greeks begins a new section in the history of the connection between poetry and music. It is true that here, too, we find the most ancient religious hymns indissolubly connected with song. But poetry and the plastic art soon became so exceptionally developed, that, despite the perfection to which they had attained in and of themselves, music and painting, as far as the first two arts were concerned, adopted more than aught else a relation of imitation, or of subordinate development pursued in a kindred manner. It is, however, significative for the blending of poetry and music, a blending which, among the Greeks as among other nations, was primitively one of perfect equality between the two component parts, that, when speaking of the influence of the "singers," Homer evidently employs the term "singer" quite as much to designate the poet as the composer. It is here perfectly plain that the matter declaimed and characterized merely by the word "song" applies quite as much to the subject-matter as to the strain. How intimately the Greek poet was acquainted with the most touching and moving effects of music upon the human mind; how strong is the relationship of the two arts to each other, and how complete the understanding existing between the poet and the composer, is proved us by the fact that when Penelope, in her apartment up-stairs, hears "the heavenly strain" of the singer, singing of Troy, she comes down weeping into the men's apartment, and asks for another song, because the first breaks her heart; or that when Odysseus, among the Phœnicians, conceals his head, as the singer, striking the golden chords, speaks of the hero's brothers-in-arms who have fallen, or of the woes of the weeping hero himself, not supposing that the latter is listening to him.

\* The German rendering of the above is: "Vorsingen auf Saitenspielen"—literally: "To be sung publicly on stringed instruments."

† In German: "Vorsingen auf acht Saiten"—"To be sung publicly on eight strings."

‡ In German: "Ein Lied im höheren Chor"—"A song in the higher chorus."

(To be Continued.)

### Robert Schumann in Leipzig and Clara Wieck.\*

(Continued from page 300.)

The following year, 1834, is called by Schumann himself "the most remarkable year of his life;" it was, indeed, a most eventful one for him. In the foreground stands the establishment of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, concerning which he speaks as follows in the preface to his *Collected Works* published in 1854: "At the end of 1833, a number of rather young musicians used to meet every evening, as if by accident, in the first place for social intercourse, but no less for the interchange of ideas on art, which for them was the meat and drink of life. It cannot be affirmed that the state of musical matters in Germany at that period was a very satisfactory one. Rossini still reigned supreme upon the stage, and on the piano almost exclusively Herz and Hünten. And yet not many years had elapsed since Beethoven, C. M. von Weber, and Franz Schubert had lived among us. It is true that Mendelssohn's star was in the ascendant, and wonderful things were heard of a Pole named Chopin—but it was not till afterwards that these two exerted any permanent influence. One day, the hot-headed young disciples of art suddenly said to themselves: Let us not look idly on; let us set about improving things, and causing the poetry of art to be once more honored. This was the origin of a *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*."

With regard to the tendency of the publication, Schumann expressed himself very clearly in its columns on several occasions. "Our line of opinion was settled off-hand. It is simple and as follows: We were to remind people as emphatically as we could of the olden time and its works, and to call attention to the fact how only at such a pure source

\* From a new work entitled: *Zur Geschichte des Theaters und der Musik in Leipzig*, by Dr. Emil Knechtke.

new art-beauties could be strengthened; we were thus to oppose as unartistic the most recent period, because all its efforts tended only to the increase of material virtuosity; and lastly we were to assist in hastening to bring about a new and poetic period." Further on he says: "The elevation of German taste by German art, whether by a reference to the great old models, or by fostering young men of talent—such an elevation may now be regarded as the goal of our efforts. The red thread which spins forth this idea might, certainly, be found in the history of the 'Davidabündler,' an association of which the members, though coming forward in a rather fantastic fashion, were recognized less by any external mark of distinction than by inward similarity. They will, also, endeavor in the future, to erect a dam against mediocrity, by word as well as by deed. If this was formerly done in an impetuous manner, let people place in the other scale the warm enthusiasm with which all that was really talented and really artistic was on every occasion distinguished. We do not write for the purpose of making tradesmen rich; we write for the purpose of doing honor to art."

It may be said that, in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, the rising generation waged war against that which had outlived itself; romanticism and geniality were opposed to pedantry and pigtailism. Viewed in a polemical light, the enterprise possessed a degree of importance not to be denied, and consequently created among the public that sensation which it deserved. The *Zeitschrift* performed in the domain of music a part completely similar to that played in the domain of literature by Ruge's *Jahrbücher*, which had sprung into existence a few years previously. While the *Jahrbücher* cut off the pigtail of the old literary periodicals, Schumann's journal—to name only one of the publications which were its artistic antipodes—directed its attacks against the no less bepigtalled criticisms of the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*.

This paper appeared for the first time on the 3rd October, 1798. It was published by Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipzig, and that estimable gentleman, Friedrich Rochlitz, was the editor from its first establishment to 1827. It cannot be denied that the paper, one of the oldest, nay for a long time the sole periodical, of the kind in Germany, could boast of having enjoyed a period of great prosperity. It was conducted by Rochlitz with a vast amount of technical knowledge and warm enthusiasm for our classical composers, and its editor's opinion, intelligent and moderate as it always appeared to be, was, during a long series of years, regarded as an authority in the world of art. But the worthy gentleman had arrived at a very advanced age. He retired, therefore, from the editorship, and Gottfried Wilhelm Fink (author of many historical and theoretical works on art, and subsequently *Lector publicus* at the University) took his place. Despite his various good qualities in other respects, it must be said of Herr Fink, that he was attached far too narrow-mindedly to the Past, and that, even if he possessed a proper appreciation of modern times, he had not, at any rate, the love and unprejudiced opinion suited to them. The fiery youths, boiling over with enthusiasm, were, perhaps, offensive, in life as in art, to older gentlemen, who had become cooler and more cautious—hence the calm reserve, or the pedantic carping and airs of superiority of the latter towards the former, and hence, too, on the other hand, the bold and defiant front shown by the younger combatants, who not unreasonably felt affronted, and continually kept hammering away on the justice of new ideas and new views.

The editors and principal contributors to the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* were, from the commencement, besides Schumann and Wieck, Ludwig Schunke, Julius Knorr, and Carl Banck. The first of these three, a son of Gottfried Schunke, the universally celebrated French horn player of his day, was born at Cassel, on the 21st December, 1810. When only in his sixth year, he had pianoforte lessons from his father, and played in public as a child. When he was eleven, he made his first professional trip to Darmstadt, Hanover, Leipzig, etc., and his playing met with unanimous approbation. This was the case in a still higher degree, on his making a second journey, which he did, in 1824, to Munich, Vienna, etc. In 1828 his father took him to Paris, where he remained till 1830, still seeking, and finding, improvement, from Kalkbrenner in pianoforte playing, and from Reicha in composition. After staying a year and a half in Stuttgart, whither he had proceeded on leaving Paris, he went to Vienna, where he edited several works, gave some most successful concerts, and remained till 1833. He then went to Leipzig, and formed a friendship of the closest nature with Schumann, in conjunction with whom he founded the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*. Unfortunately, however, he died of consumption as far back

as the 6th December 1834. In him was prematurely lost an amiable man of more than ordinary talent.—Julius Knorr was born in Leipzig itself on the 22nd September, 1807, where he attended the Nicolaischule, and afterwards studied theology. In 1827, he applied himself entirely to music, having, however, previously attained, under Wilhelm Neudeck, considerable proficiency on the piano. He afterwards appeared most successfully in public as a pianist, and it was, by the way, reserved for him, at the concert of the 27th October, 1831, to be the first to execute a work by Chopin in the Gewandhaus. He wrote, also, several theoretical works, and, as we have already said, had a share in editing the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*. In 1862, he died in our town, greatly esteemed as a piano forte teacher.—With regard, lastly, to Carl Banck, he was born on the 27th May, 1811, in Magdeburg, and played, from his sixth year, the piano, to which he afterwards added the organ and theoretical studies. In the middle of 1827, he went to Berlin, where he had the benefit of lessons from Bernard Klein. He enjoyed, also, the guidance and counsels of the worthy old Zelter, as well as of Ludwig Berger. A journey to Italy, in company with his poetical friend, Alexander Simon, matured his first work, the *Liederkreis aus Italien*. After this he lived, for many years again, actively productive, in his native town, till he proceeded, in 1834, to Leipzig, his principal object being to publish several of his compositions. But he, too, very soon became mixed up in the matters for which Schumann and his confederate in art interested themselves. He took an active part in the editorship of the new paper, till he went, in 1840, to Dresden, where he has fixed his permanent residence, writing all the theatrical and musical criticisms in the *Dresdner Journal*. Of his later works, we may mention more especially his music to the poems of Claus Groth and Lenau.

This is the place to speak of the idea—exactly agreeing with the foundation of the paper, and appertaining to Schumann—of the "Davidabündlerschaft." He himself says concerning the latter, in the preface, already cited, to his *Collected Works*: "And here I must mention an association which was more than secret, for it existed only in the head of its founder, namely, the association of the 'Davidabündler.' In order to give utterance to various views on art, it appeared not unsuitable to invent artistic characters opposed to each other. Of these, Florestan and Eusebius were the most important ones, while Master Raro stood as a mediator between them. The 'Davidabündlerschaft' went through the paper like a red line, connecting in a humorous way, 'truth with fiction.'"—So writes Schumann. The name of the association, which, as we have already said, existed only as an idea, is, of course, an allusion to the Biblical history of the defeat of the Philistines by David. Florestan and Eusebius were Schumann himself under two different aspects. The former represented the vigorous and passionate, the latter, on the other hand, the wild and dreamy side of his disposition. Raro was intended for Friedrich Wieck. Under the accompanying forms of Serpentinus and Jonathan, Banck and Schunke were meant. As far back as 1836, Schumann wrote very happily to Heinrich Dorn as follows: "Florestan and Eusebius are my double nature, which I, like Raro, would fain blend into a man." We all know that the idea of the 'Davidabündlerschaft' is reflected in many of our friend's compositions dating from this period, as, for instance, in the *Carnival*, in the separate inscriptions: "Florestan," "Eusebius, etc.," and the concluding march of the "Davidabündler" against the "Philistines," as well as in the "Pianoforte Sonata, dedicated to Clara, by Florestan and Eusebius."

Everyone knows who this Clara was: the daughter of his teacher and friend, Friedrich Wieck, and afterwards his wife. It is true that in 1834, Schumann was on terms of close friendship with a young lady, Ernestine von Fricker, of Asch. She had come in the April of that year to reside with Wieck in Leipzig, for the purpose of perfecting herself, under his guidance, on the piano. "It was there," says Wasielewsky, "that Robert became acquainted with her, directly after her arrival. He quickly conceived a passionate admiration for her, which was fully returned, though it did not end in a lasting connection, as Schumann, according to his own confessions, had for a time intended it should. If we can believe the description of those who knew Ernestine, she was neither particularly handsome, nor unusually gifted intellectually. It appears, indeed, that Schumann was attracted simply by the bloom of youth and the power exerted by material charms, and that it was only the poet in him that believed her endowed with those qualities which we are always so fond of presupposing in the object of our affection, though they might not exist in the slightest degree." The connection between the two was dissolved in a most friendly manner. Some years later, namely, in Jan-

uary, 1836, our friend's heart was filled with a second and profound passion for a truly poetical and spiritually feminine nature, his future wife, Clara Wieck.

(To be continued.)

### Don Quixote Dramatized.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Tribune* writes:

Here at last, after long drawn notes of preparation first sounded months ago, was brought out last Monday week, the *Don Quixote* of Victorien Sardou. But if the preparatory, anticipatory, expectant notes sung and said since winter were many, they are as nothing in quantity compared to the volume of criticising—somewhat discordant—that fruition has evoked. Speaking within bounds, I should say that in the last ten days, in fulfilment of my sad duty as a "well informed own" and for my sins, I had read to the amount of a stout octave of written talk and have heard a balloon full of articulate waste wind on the subject. Then, taking my courage in both hands, as the French say, and opportunity of a refreshing change in the torrid air of the preceding three days, I did dispose myself, as *Tribune* reporter, four nights ago, in the orchestra of the Gymnase to see and hear for myself and your readers. And a very admirable sight it was—and is, and shall be photographed on my memory's retina. The first entrance of Lesueur, as the exalted, crack-brained, laughable but never ridiculous, fantastic, truly noble and gentle man, was though in a totally different kind, the unexceptionably highest, most poetical and completely triumphant work of historic art that I have seen since Rachel quickened Racine's artificial Phœdra to the passionate reality of life—and that within the narrow limits imposed by the intensely artificial forms of the poem.

When the curtain rises, the barber is in the dining room, busied, with the housekeeper's encouragement, in nailing a tapestry over the door that lets into the library of chivalric romances, the perusal of which has turned Don Quixote's brain. Scarcely is the last nail driven, when the Don enters,—a long, gaunt figure already draped in a knight's undersuit of buff leather; gray haired, with out-set eyes, looking beyond and over the present time and its poor work-a-day interests, fixed on the second page of a folio that he holds in his left hand, and reading as he walks. The first provocation is to laughter, but a something in that laughable figure commanded a respect recognized by all the house. On he marches, absorbed in his reading, rapt from the vulgar world and his household surroundings; he has nearly reached the bottom of the page, he applies thumb and finger to reverse the leaf, it clings to the next, won't turn; then the reader, still having some lines to finish, draws out from under his left arm his unsheathed sword some four feet long, and while his eye and mind unbrokenly follow the printed lines that close the page, cuts open the next closed leaf with such a magnificent sweep of his arm and hand, that rests outstretched as still he reads on in the next page—I tell you—the first deep admiring hum of the house, quick swelling, then bursting in stormy applause—tells how Lesueur had in those sixty or a hundred seconds, produced, created, became the laughable madman, the generous enthusiast, the essentially true, noble, pure gentleman, Don Quixote. As some one of the critics happily said the other day, "Cervantes had clapped hands with the loudest to see this creature of his imagination so reproduced, Sancho Panza is only less meritorious than his master. Such of *The Tribune's* readers—and they are many—will conceive what Prado, late of the Bouffes Parisiennes, might be as a Sancho, nature has done so much for him. Well, he is Sancho, not indeed with the fine artistic delicacy and intimate persuasion of its realness with which Lesueur makes and lets himself become Don Quixote's self, but yet with a sincerity and a comprehension of the rôle, for which all readers of Cervantes' wonderful book owe him great thanks.

The plot of the piece, so far as it has any, is taken from the episodic story of the loves of Cardenio and Lucinda, of Don Ferrand and Dorothea. Intermixed with the plot, patched on to it, hitched on to it, forced right through it, are the Knight de la Mancha and his Squire—bringing with them a few of the many famous adventures and scenes of Cervantes' hero and Cervantes' imagination.

### A Conversation with Meyerbeer.

M. Alexander Weill, a personal friend of the late Meyerbeer, reported in a late number of the *Archives d'Israélite* an interesting conversation which he had with the latter on various topics, a portion of which we translate. The great artist having been informed

by M. Weill that fault was found with him by Jewish organs for not having composed anything for the synagogue, the composer replied: "This does not surprise me. For thirty years the German Christians have reproached me for being unable to produce any other compositions save Jewish music. It is but natural that the Jews should now reproach me for not producing Jewish music." In the course of the conversation Meyerbeer further remarked that it had been his intention to compose an opera, "*Moses*," but that he relinquished the idea partly because he had been anticipated by Rossini, and partly because he did not understand Hebrew. On this subject he further remarked: "I must make a confession to you. In order to be a Jew, even to the smallest extent, one must understand Hebrew, just as to be a Frenchman one must understand French. For Judaism is not only a religion, but also a nationality. The nationality sticks to us were it only because we are always charged with it, even when the religion has entirely vanished. If I had a son, and wished to bring him up in the Jewish religion, I should take care that he should understand Hebrew. For the little of Judaism that still clings to me I am indebted to some Biblical words, some reminiscence of Hebrew. Not only Jewish boys, but Jewish girls too, should at the age of three begin to learn Hebrew; they would then never run the risk of wishing to change their religion."

"What you tell me," replied M. Weill, "delights me, and at the same time astonishes me. You may easily imagine why; for you are reproached for having permitted your amiable daughters to get baptized."

"I have," replied Meyerbeer, "allowed my daughters the liberty to choose their religion. I believed then that I acted in this as a kind parent, philosopher, and good citizen. I believed that a father had neither the right nor the obligation to teach his children his religion. Alas! I then had nothing to teach. I myself did not know the Jewish religion! Women, and especially young girls, must have in earliest childhood something that can inspire them. If the word had not been so often abused, I should have said that children required the least bit of fanaticism."

"Do you think that instruction in Hebrew alone is sufficient to fire the imagination of a young person of the Jewish faith?"

"Certainly, *Dieu*, God, says nothing to me. 'The Lord, is as much Christian as Jewish. The same is the case with the 'Eternal.' But *Adonai* tells me something, especially when I know that this is a mysterious word, which combines the notion of the past, present, and future. What do you think of this, who understand Hebrew as well as your mother tongue?"

"I think you are giving utterance to precious remarks, and therefore should not like to interrupt you. I shall take note of everything and publish our conversation sooner or later." And after a few irrelevant remarks M. Weill continues, "No, no; I am not come to speak but to listen. Let us resume the subject. It is as simple as it is true. A Jew who does not understand Hebrew makes upon me the impression of a Peter Schlemiel, who has lost his shadow. The Israelitish youths in Germany, who only learn Latin and Greek, are either simpletons or get baptized. It is just the same with Jewish girls," and having continued to describe the degeneracy of modern Jews, Meyerbeer replied:

"Of a surety, Hebrew is the language of reason, and in order to be a good husband one must have much reason, and that too, in a goodly proportion."

"Who tells us this?"

"I have read the Bible; my mother has, moreover, often repeated this to me. When she was tired of arguing she always concluded with some Hebrew quotation, which summed up everything in two words; for my mother understood Hebrew. As for me, when I was a boy, Hebrew appeared to me as difficult as useless. I have since changed my view. My brother understood more Hebrew than I. He began all at once to study it, but he had no longer time for it; it is only in youth that one learns well."

"In this case I pity our young Jews and those of the future; for our young Jews, even the sons of orthodox parents, have a dislike to Hebrew. They prefer drawing their rules from '*Figaro*,' the *Nain Jaune*,' and from morn to eve study nothing but the money articles. As for the poor, they only devote their sons to rabbinical and Hebrew studies, when their talent is mediocre. When a youth exhibits extraordinary talent he devotes himself to some other branch. Do you know what our young men now-a-days become? Writers of farces, journalists, pianists, literati, sometimes mathematicians, and still more rarely professors—i. e., scholars, as Montaigne says, who know what others before them knew better. Even our medical men, since they have deserted



the study of Hebrew, are no longer as distinguished as they were in the middle ages. Nearly all of them are materialists, and according to them the world rests upon three pillars—upon money, money, and again money."

"You are perfectly right," replied Meyerbeer. "In my time the aspiration of all young Israelites of my age was to distinguish themselves through science, art, and irreproachable conduct. Now-a-days the young wealthy Israelites only think of heaping million upon million. From their earliest infancy they learn to despise everything that is not money. If they practise an art it is only a trade to earn money. The rabbinate itself has become a speculation. How many rich Jews formerly studied the Talmud! Now-a-days they are sent to polytechnic, commercial, and military schools. If anybody wants to become a rabbi it is because he wants a salary. Everything is calculated beforehand. In the same way there is scarcely a rich Jewish young lady but she thinks of a marriage beyond the pale."

"You have," replied M. Weill, "a little while ago uttered some truths concerning the Hebrew, which you will permit me to complete. What distinguishes Hebrew above all modern languages is, that it excludes everything unholy. Nearly all ancient and modern works, whether written in Greek or French, contain vulgarities, rascalities, wicked and dirty ideas. Hebrew alone, from Genesis to Esther, always exhibits the greatness of virtue, the littleness of vice, nay, even more, the nothingness of life and the grandeur of God. No human being, whether man or woman, will, if the principles of the Bible are impressed upon their memories, become useless, proud, hard-hearted, or avaricious. They will be discreet, compassionate, and affable towards all. They will thus be pre-eminent, for they will feel their dignity and seek to maintain it. Formerly Hebrew, with which the father was acquainted, and which the daughter imbibed with her mother's milk, lent to the Jewish race a charm of special distinction. Now-a-days the race, still lively and ardent, is distinguished by nothing but an ardent craving after mundane frivolities and material enjoyments. If it does not invigorate itself with the national source, it may before the expiration of a century disappear before the German, Italian, and French nationalities. However, this is a question of vital importance, which we may discuss another time."

## Music Abroad.

### London.

The opera season having melted away under the dog-star, the promenade concerts of Mr. ALFRED MELLON, with his splendid orchestra of eighty, take their turn, as usual, at Covent Garden Theatre, the porters being floored over on a level with the deep stage for that purpose. Like Jullien père, he has his Beethoven and his Mendelssohn "nights," which draw delighted crowds. One of the last programmes was "a feast to set before a king;" to-wit:

Overture—"Egmont."	Beethoven
Aria—"Gold" ( <i>Fidelio</i> ).	"
Concerto in E flat—Pianoforte.	"
Grand Sonata—"A qual furor" ( <i>Fidelio</i> ).	"
Pastoral Symphony.	"

The second part was miscellaneous, including an "operatic selection" from *Don Giovanni*. The *Daily Telegraph* thinks that Mr. Mellon's concerts ought to be superlatively good to tempt people in hot August weather. "But in this overgrown city of three million inhabitants there are many weary, helpless, town-ridden wretches, to whom other health-giving pleasures are denied; and there are many who prefer hearing Beethoven's 'Sensations on first revisiting the country,' splendidly described in his Pastoral Symphony, to testing their own feelings on the subject."

The following may give some idea of London tastes:

**THE OPERA SEASON.**—We find that (at the Royal Italian opera) seventy-seven performances have been crowded into the interval of four months between the 29th of March and the 30th of July. There have been four opera nights in every week, except the first and second; the number has latterly been increased to five, and last week the theatre was open every night. Some statistics which we have deduced from a list of the performances may have an interest for our readers. From these it appears that M. Gounod's *Faust* has been by far the most popular opera of the year, for, although not produced at all until the sea-

son was half over, it has been given since then no less than twelve times. Next in precedence comes *Don Giovanni*, the representations of which number seven; and then *Il Barbiere*, which has been six times repeated. Rossini, it would seem, is still the most favorite composer, for various works from his pen have been thirteen times brought into request, while Meyerbeer and Verdi each number twelve representations. Strangely enough, only one of Auber's operas, namely, *Masaniello*, has been given, and this only once in its entirety. The second and third acts, however, have several times followed some other opera—as, for instance, on the 14th of April, when the white-chokered *habitués* did hearty homage to the red-shirted hero of Italy on the occasion of his right royal visit to the theatre.—*Daily Telegraph*.

### Paris.

The National Festival of the 15th August has been celebrated at the theatres with more than usual *eclat*. As all places of entertainment were thrown open to the public *gratis*, the crowds at the various theatres were very great. The Opéra especially—the only lyric theatre available at the present moment—was crammed to suffocation. The performances comprised *Guillaume Tell*, and a new cantata written expressly for the occasion, words by MM. Ludovic Halévy and Henri Meilhac, music by M. Daprat, sung by Mlle. Sax and MM. Mèrès and Dumestre. But, although all the lyric theatres except the Opéra were closed, it did not therefore follow—particularly as now musical monopoly no longer exists—that musical performances would not take place elsewhere. In fact, several non-lyric theatres adventured new musical productions in honor of the occasion. A cantata, first time of performance, entitled "Vive la France!", written by M. Noriac, and composed by M. Lindheim, was given at the Variétés, sung by M. Alexandre Michel; at the Vaudeville was brought out a cantata called "Les Gloires de la Paix," words by M. Armand Renaud, the music by M. Pillevestre, sung by all the artists of the establishment; the strophes recited by M. Ariste; at the Gymnase, "Napoleon," a cantata by M. Alexandre Pédaguel, was sung by all the artists; at the Châtelet, "L'Hotel Dieu et l'Opera," an *apropos* sketch, was sung by M. Rosier; at the Porte-Saint-Martin was given a cantata, "Le Canon des deux règnes," words by M. Jules Delahaye, music by M. Albert Vinentini; at the Gaité, and at the Folies-Dramatiques, "Le Quinze Août;" and at the Folies-Marigny, "La France et l'Empereur." On Tuesday a Gala Representation was given at the Opéra in honor of the King of Spain. The illuminations of the National Fête had been preserved all round the boulevards and in the Rue de la Paix, and were kept up all the evening. The interior of the Opéra had a magnificent appearance. All the leading members of the diplomatic, military, and civil departments now in Paris were present. Beauty, youth, and jewellery made the *salles* radiant and scintillated in honorable rivalry. The box occupied by their Majesties was placed in that part of the first tier directly fronting the stage. It was richly and superbly embellished. The Emperor was decorated with the order of the Toison d'Or, and wore the uniform of a general officer. The King of Spain was also in military costume. The Empress attracted especially by the brilliancy of her diadem, which flashed with a thousand shifting lights. Her Majesty was accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Princess Mathilde, the Prince and Princesses Murat. I am ill at silks, satins, cashmeres, muslins of India, Canton crapes, Genoa velvets, tarlatans and Gros-de-Naples, or I should have attempted to render you some account of the rich and varied toilettes of the dames and demoiselles. But I lay down my pen *au desespoir*, and commend the description to the imagination of our readers. I thought it a pity, indeed, that so much Majesty, aristocracy and wealth, so much "youth, beauty and clean linen," as Farquhar hath it in the *Beaux Stratagem*, should have been brought together by the allurements of a mere ballet. But so it was, the ballet of *Némée* alone made up the *spectacle*.

The Academy of the Fine Arts, in its sitting of the 13th inst., elected as correspondents in the section of musical composition, Mr. Benedict at London, in the room of M. Beaulien, deceased, and Mde. Flotow in the room of Signor Verdi, promoted to the rank of Associate.

Contemporaneously with the production of the *Africaine* at the Opéra, will be brought out *La Jeunesse de Goethe* at the Odéon, and, in all probability, a French version of *Struensee* at the Porte St. Martin—two dramas, with musical illustrations by Meyerbeer. The first as yet is in MS. *Struensee*, as everybody knows, was written by Michel Beer, brother of the composer; that of *La Jeunesse de Goethe*, as every body does not know by M. Henry Blaze de Bury.

M. Bagier is making extraordinary preparations for the opening of the Italian campaign in October. One of the features of his policy seems to be to engage as many tenors as can be had. He has already on his list, Fraschini, Naudin, Negrini, Nicolini, Corsi, Baragli and Tamberlik.

The newly granted "liberty of the theatres" was celebrated at the Variétés by a droll medley piece called "*La Liberté des Théâtres*." The correspondent of the *Orchestra* describes the plot:

An ambitious pastrycook of theatrical proclivities wishes to take advantage of the new law by opening a theatre of his own; but his neighbors, the grocer and the butcher, have formed a similar idea, and hence a comical competition between these and other managers desirous of securing the services of a lot of good, bad, and indifferent artists, assembled in a coffee-house, who are sold by auction and knocked down to the highest bidder by *Mme. Duval*, who, armed with a punch-ladle for a hammer, sells off her lots with great vigor. This gives occasion for much drollery, as each artist has to give a specimen of his or her dramatic or musical powers. The successful competitor starts a Théâtre Restaurant, in which the pleasures of the table are enjoyed along with those of the drama—each dish being served up with its corresponding artist—soup with the soprano, veal with the *jeune premier*, roast beef with the basso, and so on. The piece played before this gourmandizing audience is "*Don Quixote*," windmills and all, which is interrupted in a pathetic part by *Dulcinea*, who has got hungry at the sight of so much good fare, and refuses to do more without her dinner. Then followed an opera, the "*Violon Enchanté*," in which M. Hervé, as *Cabocino*, personates an "enraged musician," as chef d'orchestre, in an amusing manner, and Mlle. Vernet, an actress of Lyons, plays an air on the violin with a masterly execution; but the tenor has fallen ill, and so we have a guignol—the puppets, as large as life, representing in laughable style Lemaitre, Beauvallet, and other well-known artists. Then follows a ballet admitting pretty scenery, with a real fountain in the centre, the leaping waters of which are illuminated by electric light in brilliant colors, producing the well-known effect. After that, we have the rehearsal (in costume) of an extravagant military drama of the Cirque Impérial kind. The whole ends by a grand ballet in honor of theatrical liberty, in which there are characteristic dances of all nations. The piece, as you perceive by this short description, is very amusing from beginning to end, and promises to have a long run, being full of fun and laughter.

**LEIPZIG.** The performance of sacred music lately given by Kiedel's Association in the Thomas Church was distinguished for the following interesting programme: Fantasia (E flat major), violin—composed and executed by G. Ad. Thomas; "Ob Gram und Elend," Psalm for soprano solo with accompaniment—Marcello (sung by Madame von Milde of Weimar); three Russian sacred four-part songs for chorus: 1. Old Russian Sacred Song from Kiev, and of the 12th century; 2. Song of a primitive Russian race of the 10th or 11th century; and 3. "Cherubim-Hymn"—Bortnjansky; "Die Seeligkeiten"—Liszt, Prelude and Fugue (D minor)—S. Bach (performed by Herr Thomas); "Agnus Dei" for four-part chorus—J. G. Hertzog, of Erlangen; "Troestet mein Volk," chorus—Müller-Hartung of Eisenach; "Ach, Gott, wie manches Herzeleid," cantata for soprano and bass with accompaniment—J. S. Bach (sung by Herr and Madame von Milde); and the Hundredth Psalm for double chorus—R. Franz. The gems of the performance were the Psalm by Marcello, Liszt's "Seeligkeiten," and R. Franz's motet. Marcello could not have found a more satisfactory representative than Madame von Milde, who sang his composition most admirably. The Russian Sacred Songs—with the exception of that by Bortnjansky—were interesting only from a historical point of view. Bortnjansky's "Hymn," however, produced a deep impression, and found very many admirers.

**STUTTGART.** During the theatrical season which commenced on the 2d of last September, and was brought to a close, on the 24th June, by the death of the King, there were in all 204 performances, of which 86 were operatic. Eighteen works by German composers were given on forty-two evenings, namely: *Fidelio*, three times; *Stradella*, three times; *Martha*, four times; *Iphigenia in Tauris*, once; *Das Nachtlager in Granada*, three times; *Czaar und Zimmermann*, once; *Le Prophète*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Robert le Diable*, twice each; *Die Zauberflöte*, three times; *Don Juan*, twice; *Le Nozze di Figaro*, once; *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, once; *Jessonda*, twice; *Tannhäuser*, three times; *Der Freischütz* and *Oberon*, four times each; and *Euryanthe*, once. Of operas by

French composers there were 10 on twenty-five different evenings, namely: *Le Châlet*, three times; *La Part du Diable*, three times; *Les Diamants de la Couronne* and *Fra Diavolo*, twice each; *Le Maçon*, once; *La Dame Blanche*, twice; *Marguerite*, four times; *La Juive*, three times; *La Reine de Chypre*, twice; and *Joseph*, three times. Of operas by Italian composers there were ten on eighteen different evenings, namely: *Les Deux Journées*, once; *Lucia*, three times; *Le Philtre* and *Lucrezia Borgia*, twice each; *Guillaume Tell*, twice; *Il Barbiere* and *Le Comte Ory*, once each; *Azur*, three times; *Il Trovatore*, twice; and *Rigoletto*, once. The operas most frequently performed were *Martha*, *Marguerite*, *Oberon*, and *Der Freischütz*. Of the above thirty-eight operas, Rossini's *Comte Ory* and Adams' *Châlet* were new here; the revivals were *Azur*, by Salieri; *Oberon*, by Weber; and *Jessonda*, by Spohr. The last had not been performed for twenty-two years.

MILAN. The great topic of conversation here at present is the inauguration of the Quartet Society, which took place recently in the rooms of the Conservatory of Music. Quartets by Mendelssohn and Mozart, with Beethoven's Septet and Sonata in D were performed on the occasion. Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica* was played at the third concert of the Conservatory.

NAPLES. The pupils of the Royal Academy of Music lately got up a concert in honor of Meyerbeer. The pieces performed were: the overture to *L'Etoile du Nord*; chorus of conspirators from *Der Kreuzfahrer*; fantasia for the flute on motives from *Robert Le Diable*; the overture to *Struensee*; chorus and introduction from *Der Kreuzfahrer*; fantasia for piano on *Les Huguenots*; and the overture to *Unorah*. The concert was preceded by an address from Signor M. Baldacchini, Governor of the Academy. The San Carlos Theatre closed its season with *Linda di Chamounix*, in which Signors Perelli, Caracciolo, and Signor Dehassini were greatly applauded. The theatre re-opens in November.—Florentino's mortal remains arrived here some time since. They are to be buried with great solemnity.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 17, 1864.

### "Light" and "Heavy."

No one objects to a felicitously varied programme. Indeed it is always desirable. But it is childish to suppose an incoherent medley, of Symphony and polka, Beethoven and sable minstrelsy, the sublime and the frivolous, the delicately ideal and the boisterously rowdy, essential to variety. There really is more effective variety, more stimulating contrast, between the different movements of the same good Symphony, for instance, than there is between the different pieces of the most miscellaneous "popular" programme: just as a select society of persons, who have real wit and character, and whose meeting proceeds from a certain key-note to a certain end, offers far less monotony and far more entertaining contrast of true individuality, than a great miscellaneous assemblage, which is aimless, light and frivolous. And of all monotonies to which soul and sense are liable, save us from the confused Babel in the brain, the torpor of stunned nerves and feelings, which results from listening to a purely heterogeneous succession of songs, dances, overtures, solos with variations, &c., &c., where one impression is recklessly trodden out by another, until hearing everything and hearing nothing come to be pretty nearly equivalent. Contrast is all-essential, but it amounts to nothing, when there is no relation between the things contrasted.

The lovers of "light" music of course complain of music that is "heavy." But heaviness and dullness do not alone or necessarily pertain to solemn subjects and to learned treatment. On the contrary, what heaviness can be compared to the effect upon the mind of an interminable series of flashy flute variations, or a whole evening of pretty waltzes, polkas, &c., which with all

their brilliancy, and their coquettish gracefulness of rhythm, sound like changes rung upon one theme, until passages from all of them will haunt you in the memory of each! If you want wit and sprightliness, can not Shakespeare give it to you in as full a measure as Dion Bourciquault, or the author of the Pillicoddy farces? If you crave grotesque and fantastic recreation in your music, is not a Beethoven Scherzo, or a Mendelssohn Capriccio or Overture, as daintily refreshing as a Jullien quadrille? Or do you like the glitter best without the gold?

We are no exclusive sticklers for one style of music. There is as wide room for difference of style within, as there is without, the so-called "classical" boundaries, if any one can tell just where these run. We cheerfully compromise a good deal to get a good thing, and do not mind taking quite a quantity of sand, if we are assured there is a diamond somewhere in the midst of it. Mixed programmes we have always willingly accepted, and indeed they have been the necessary policy of concert-givers thus far. But the earnest music-lovers are more tolerant of a few light things in a programme, than the party who go to talk and be amused are of a Symphony.

Our Orchestras, Quintette Clubs, concert-givers generally, may do well to try the experiment of an entire distinction. Let them not give purely classical programmes to a ruinous extent, in a business point of view; but it is quite well, so long as their whole season's business can afford, that some unique opportunities of this sort should exist; that there should be some purely musical occasions, as well as mixed entertainments, where music only accompanies and fills the pauses of small talk, or hints the pleasurable excitements of the ball-room and the military parade.

Moreover, there are many very clever things which come under the category of light music; indeed there is sometimes even genius in a waltz. What we would see more widely recognized and practiced upon is, the notion that it is quite possible to preserve all the vivacity and sparkle of the waltz, all the "Begone dull Care," the buoyancy, the variety, the lightness of "light music," within the limits of a choice selection almost wholly from the works of genius. There should be a distinction drawn between *light*, in the true sense, as opposed to grave, contemplative, and solemn, and "light" in the sense now applied to music, and which means merely promiscuous, miscellaneous, in the scale of excellence as well as in the scale of character variety, and which is made to include in its programme much that is dreary and stupid; much that is of the street and noisy; much that is heavy and overwhelming, without the least suggestion of grandeur; much that is sickish sentimental, hacknied, "flat, stale and unprofitable." And the reason why a whole evening's medley of such things is called "light" is, as everybody knows, because they do not tax the mind's attention, do not bespeak a quiet and harmonious attitude on the part of the audience, do not interfere much with talking and laughing and all sorts of non-musical amusements. Those who go to a concert merely to be amused, of course cannot be contented with a pure concert; they cannot comply with the conditions of a purely musical evening; they want an orchestra for accompaniment, interlude or prelude to their own social jollity; a singer to gossip about, to ogle through a lorgnette, to like or to dislike (for personal curiosity is two-thirds of the charm.) In a word they want music, as people in a great, promiscuous, full-dress ball, or "jam," want music; or as promenaders on the Battery or Com-

mon want it, as something to make the world seem gay and rhythmical, which they may heed or not, as conversation or flirtation wanes or waxes. Light music, in this sense, is something for the unmusical; and a concert so made up may lack the essential element of music, the essential character of a concert, as much as clever and ingenious rhyming may lack any spark of poetry.

Now we consider Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" light music;—light in the good sense;—its airy, fairy fancies certainly are light; Puck and Pease-blossom are light, and Nick Bottom, likewise, in the sense of funny. The graceful Allegretto to Beethoven's eighth Symphony, so often played, is light; so is the Saltarello in Mendelssohn's fourth, and the Scherzo in his third symphony; so is much of the *Pastorale*. These things require neither a grave and solemn mood, nor learned preparation and attention, to be enjoyed; while their charm teaches the common listener to detect and disrelish the false charm of inferior clap-trap.

Is it not rational to presume that light good music (light with the airy play of true soul and imagination), may be made as captivating to the general audience, as light bad music, (light because there is nothing in it)? May not a well-contrasted variety of good pieces be made as fascinating and as entertaining as anything else? We recall the earliest musical excitement of our boyhood, when "Der Freyschütz" used to be played at our old Federal street-theatre—not as an opera to be sure, but with much of the music, probably imperfectly enough rendered; and we remember that many of its melodies, at all events the Hunters' and the Bridesmaids' choruses, used to be hummed and whistled about the streets as commonly as negro melodies or the march in Faust are now. Does it not prove that good music is in itself intrinsically as "catching" as the namby-pamby, vulgar tunes that every now and then infest the tuneful atmosphere?

### Great Organ Record.

We have the "business" (as theatrical critics say) of a whole month to record. And indeed, in a mere business point of view, we may remark that the Great Organ has been doing very well of late. Better and better, in fact; the crowds of visitors in Boston, of travellers en route mountainward or homeward, at this season, gladly avail themselves of these Wednesday and Saturday "noonings," when they may sit in the cool Music Hall, face to face with the majestic "huge house of the sounds," with the still more majestic forms of Bach and Beethoven, and be piped to by its pastoral reeds and flutes, sung to by its sentimental *Vox Humana*, roused by its trumpets, roared to by its thundering billowy basses, or lifted up and flooded away beyond all consciousness of earth and meanness by its great fugal surf of harmony. Curiosity and love of music combine to draw all classes, and to fill up a good part of the Hall and of its treasury. There must have been an average of at least five hundred listeners at each of these occasions for a month past; new faces for the most part, but always an audience of most cheerful, wholesome, well-dressed, clear-faced, intelligent, attentive and delighted aspect. This is well for business, and well (although it might be better) for Art also. To be sure, in matters of Art one is tempted sometimes to ask, what business has Business to lord it so? What right has he to say a word, for instance, in regard to programmes? Who is he? Is he not subordinate, and does he not belong down in the kitchen? Are not Ideality, Art, Poetry, Religion, Love, divine Enthusiasm, lords of the house, even as the soul is master of the body? Shall music serve business, or business music? Will you have your house all kitchen, your city all shops and ware-rooms; or will you have some home in it, some place, and that the largest,

sacred to the true, the higher ends of life? So when we have concerts, when we invoke the presence of divine Cecilia, shall we keep our hearts in our pockets and pay only a seeming and half homage to her? Is it good, is it beautiful, is it musical, is it divine? asks Bach or Mendelssohn, seated at the key-boards. Will it pay? asks the impresario. We have no Bachs nor Mendelssohns, and so our programmes are compromises; sometimes cleverly contrived, with fair result, sometimes amounting to mere senseless medleys. But it has to be borne in mind, that these noonday concerts are partly designed to gratify curiosity with sight and hearing of the Great Organ and with some taste of its stops and various resources, and only partly to minister to pure love of music.

But let us glance back over the past month—eight concerts. Some of them we did not attend and can only chronicle the pieces and their interpreters.

**Saturday, Aug. 20.** Mr. B. J. LANG gave an hour with Mendelssohn, playing favorite things which he has often played: the third Sonata (in A); the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture (in which the violin class of stops and the deep bassoon in the Swell tell so finely); selections from the "Hymn of Praise," and, after some improvisation, the "Wedding March."

**Wed. Aug. 24.** Mr. EUGENE THAYER began with his concert variations on the "Star-spangled Banner," of which to our mind the trumpet-toned first variation seems the most reasonable part, while a sort of musing, pastoral interlude is not without interest. Of real organ music, he gave us Bach's great *Passeacaglia*, a very creditable rendering of a piece with which organ-lovers cannot become too familiar; and (for the first time) a charmingly fresh and genial set of *Variations in B flat* by Handel. Was there a single listener who did not find these infinitely more interesting than the overture to Gounod's last, "*Mireille*," which immediately preceded, and which had been announced as the attraction of the concert? It is no overture at all; only a medley kind of introduction, in much the same vein of sentimental, pastoral, sweetish, north of France strains, mostly with drone bass, that we already have, more felicitously worked, in Meyerbeer's *Pardon de Ploermel*. There were two of the French *Offertoires*: a new one, in A, by Wely and the Vox Humana one by Battiste; and for a grand Finale, that to Beethoven's 5th Symphony, which Mr. T. knows how to recall quite vividly and powerfully.

**Aug. 27.** Mr. LANG played first another of the 48 Preludes and Fugues for the Piano-forte ("Well-tempered Clavichord"), namely No. 33, in E major, —hardly one of the most striking of them for this purpose, but solid and good. Then his *Freyshütz* overture transcription. Then Mr. Dresel's charming little "Slumber Song" ("Sweet and low"), which haunts many houses pleasantly, but we never thought it had a hiding place in that metallic grove. It sounded very prettily, however, with its echoed snatches of melody, and was exceedingly encored, as lullabies and sweet things always are. Rink's *Flute Concerto* (first movement), an improvisation, and the *Allegro assai Vivace* from Mendelssohn's first Organ Sonata, filled out the hour. Mr. Lang always does all gracefully, with musical tact and feeling.

**Aug. 31.** Mr. THAYER again, with this programme:

Overture to "Faust."	Gounod
Offertoire for Corno bassetto,	Battiste
Double Fugue, in G minor	Handel
Offertoire, for Vox humana,	Eugene Thayer
Overture to "Huguenots." (Transcribed, first time),	Meyerbeer
Fugue in G minor,	Bach
Concert Offertoire, in C,	Eugene Thayer
<i>Passeacaglia</i> ,	Handel

**Sept. 3.** Mrs. L. J. FRODOCK was welcomed back after revisiting her old home in the West. We are pleased to learn that she had one of the best audiences of the season, as we are to perceive that she is steadily gaining respect for her high artistic qualities and her truly womanly and quiet way of manifesting them. This was the programme:

Pedal Fugue, in G minor,	Bach
Adagio, from Symphony No. 1,	Haydn
Fantasia, No. 8,	Schellenberg
Allegretto, from Sonata No. 4,	Mendelssohn
Overture to "Oberon." (Transcribed),	Von Weber
Idylla. (Transcribed for Vox humana),	Lysberg
Marche, from "Le Prophete,"	Meyerbeer

**Sept. 7.** A new candidate made his first trial of the Organ,—Mr. D. PAINE, organist of the church in Chauncey Street. He played a goodly variety of pieces of comparatively modest pretension, but all having character:

(a. Choral,—A Mighty Fortress,	Arranged by Bach
(b. do. in A minor.	
Minuetto,	Handel
Allegro,	Rink
Pastoral,	Corelli
Overture to the Occasional Oratorio,	Handel
Masstoso—Allegro—Adagio—March.	
(a. Adagio,	Bodenachatz
(b. Air.	Beethoven
Con Spirito, in E minor.	Rink
Air (Introducing the Vox humana.	
Allegro,	Handel

The opening betrayed nervousness, but the two chorals were grand and edifying. The Overture by Handel was an interesting addition to the repertoire and was well handled; so was the pretty Minuet from "Samson" and the Allegro from we forget what work. The Pastoral by old Corelli must be the very one to which Handel owed the suggestion of the "Pastoral Symphony" in the "Messiah"; no mistaking the family traits; same rhythm, same motive, almost the same treatment. It was enjoyed accordingly. The two Rink pieces were organlike and spirited; and the two Airs well chosen and gracefully rendered.

**Sept. 10.** Last Saturday we had the PAINE, Mr. J. K. Paine, whose concert, with amusing eye-to-business simplicity or irony, was recommended in one of the newspapers as having "only two pieces by Bach" in it! Those two, however, were admirable pieces, and the others, making a fine variety, with plenty of relief, were all artistic and worthy of attention.

Prelude in C major,	Bach
Sonata in A major.	Ritter
Andante from a Sonata in C major,	Mozart
Fantasia on the "Portuguese Hymn."	J. K. Paine
a. Pastoral; b. Interlude for the Piffaro; c. Alla Marcha.	
Canzone,	Bach
Air and Chorus.	Gluck
Variations on the "Star Spangled Banner,"	J. K. Paine

The Bach Prelude, heard here for the first time, is in a bold, quaint, rollicking kind of humor, a giant rejoicing in his strength, free and glorious in the bonds of Art. The other piece, the *Canzone*, played with softer organ, is one of the loveliest and tenderest things of Bach; a strain that goes right to the heart, a "musing while the fire burns," and yet this too in the fugue style; having two charming subjects, both treated fugue-wise. No one plays these things so lovingly and understandingly, with such clear individualization of parts, as Mr. Paine.

The Sonata by Ritter (organist at Magdeburg and author of the remarks on Mendelssohn's organ Sonatas, which we have printed) proved a very interesting work. It consists of two parts: first a beautiful Andante in somewhat Mendelssohnian style, and somewhat orchestral too; and then a very artistic series of variations on the Dutch National Hymn, finely contrasted, full of captivating detail, episodic passages, and suggestive cadenzas. It brought a good variety of stops in play, and gave general pleasure in spite of its length. The Mozart Andante was fascinating. Mr. Paine's Fantasia on the "Portuguese Hymn" (*Adeste fideles*) loses nothing by repetition. But, shy as we are of fantasias on national airs, we cannot help thinking his Variations on the "Star-spangled Banner" one of his happiest and most artistic compositions. It is all dignified, all in keeping; all organ-like and polyphonic in structure; laid out symmetrically, with good contrast and balance, as a whole, while elegantly wrought in detail. The most striking parts to us were where the deep bass murmurs the melody, while soft stops in the upper parts keep up a sort of pastoral figure; the noble minor variation; and, led into by a very ingenious cadence with trill in the pedals, the imposing reproduction of the essential subject of the air in a grand fugue with figurative counter-subject.—This was one of Mr. Paine's most successful and delightful concerts, although in the beginning he evinced a little nervous-

ness and slight lack of his usual steadiness in tempo.

**Sept. 14.** Last Wednesday was again Mr.

THAYER's day. Programme:

Offertoire, to Tancredi. (first time).	Rossini.
Variations, in B flat.	Handel.
Great Prelude, in C minor. (First time).	Bach.
Offertoire, for Vox humana.	Eugene Thayer.
Offertoire de Concert.	Eugene Thayer.
Marchetto, from 2d Symphony.	Beethoven.
Pastorale, from Wm. Tell.	Rossini.
Overture, to Les Huguenots.	Meyerbeer.

Verily a queer mixture of Rossini in his lightest, funniest vein; theatre and footlights. But how sparkling and bright! As for mere sensuous charm of sonority, we have heard no combination of stops more brilliant, nor orchestral combination either, than that in which Mr. T. dressed out the dancing, laughing, devil-may-care Rossini tunes. Hard to believe that we are not in the theatre, even for some time after the beautiful Handel variations have begun. The Bach Prelude is one of the grandest we have heard yet; who can measure the breadth and depth of such a genius; his creations seem inexhaustible like Nature. Where is Rossini now? Let us consider the concert ended, and what follows mere play and gratification of the children's curiosity about the organ and its several stops. Offertoire upon Offertoire! The first is cleverly contrived to show the Vox Humana and to please the many. But is not a "Concert Offertoire" a contradiction in terms? An *Offertoire* is a religious offering in the church; how would a *Prière de Concert* sound!

**IN PROSPECT.** It is enough to say that Mr. LANG will be organist at the Music Hall this noon.

Members of the HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY are reminded that their weekly rehearsals recommence to-morrow evening at Chickering's Hall. A great five days' Festival next Spring or Summer is in contemplation, for which the Society proposes to double the number of its chorus. Candidates for admission should present themselves at the place of rehearsal. This looks alive!

It will rejoice some thirsty souls to know that there is reason to expect a choice series of Piano-Forte Concerts early in the winter from OTTO DRESSEL.

CARL ZERRAHN has rich plans of "Philharmonic" or Orchestral Concerts nearly matured, of which we shall soon be allowed to disclose the leading features. Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," with chorus, solos, and orchestral accompaniments, is among his cherished projects; may nothing deter him therefrom!

Mr. EICHBERG perseveres in his design of bringing out another Cantata by Schumann, "The Pilgrimage of the Rose," also for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, and we are looking daily for his definitive announcement. (DRESSEL will play Schumann, —Concerto among other things,—and so we are likely to learn some of Schumann this winter.)

We are pleased to notice that Mr. HERMANN DAUM, the pianist and teacher, has recovered from his long and dangerous illness, and, having taken unto himself a partner through life's thorny path, is not only prepared to resume his lessons, but hopes to give some concerts.

There is also a novel enterprise on foot, of a popular character, to furnish musical entertainments every evening at the Melodeon; something between the classical concerts of "the appreciative few" and the burnt-cork "minstrelsy," whose vulgar lease of life is already too long. Efficient parties, among others the members of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, are interested in the movement. The music to be both classical and popular, a plenty of each kind. Some kinds neglected of late will be represented, such as old English Glees and Madrigals. There will be a vocal quartet, a quintet of instruments, and soloists. Of artists new to us we hear of Miss RIDDELL, a superior soprano, and Mr. GABRIEL, pianist. It is all well that there should be such things; no doubt there is demand for them; but we hope the Quintette Club are not going to abandon the purely classical field besides; if they do they must drop the "Mendelssohn."

Mr. LYMAN W. WHEELER has been appointed teacher of singing in Dr. Gannett's popular school for young ladies.

Mr. FIRM, of the old firm of Firth & Hall, in New York, died a few days since at an advanced age. He was the oldest and probably the best known music publisher and piano dealer in the States.

ST. LOUIS. We have before us the Annual Report of the Secretary of the "St. Louis Philharmonic Society,"—now a well established institution, having its orchestra of forty instruments, its choir of a hundred or more singers, and Mr. E. SOROWSKI for director. The number of members, "active" and "subscribing," is about 400. The past season of the Society—its fourth—embraced six concerts, made up of symphonies, overtures, choruses, instrumental and vocal solos, &c. Its library is getting rich in sterling and imperishable scores; besides the natural accumulation of things of slight or only passing value. Of the past concerts the Report states:

Twenty-nine new works, of various authors, were brought out; among them, such compositions as the "42d Psalm" (As the hart pants), and the "Ode to the Artists," by F. M. Bartholdy; the first part entire ("Spring") from Haydn's Seasons; the "Pastorale" Symphony, by Beethoven; and Haydn's Symphonies—No. 1 in E flat, and No. 2 in G major. Besides these, portions of Beethoven's Symphonies—No. 1 in C, and the "Eroica"—as also parts of Handel's "Messiah," and Mozart's "Requiem," were produced.

Among the authors newly introduced are: W. Sterndale Bennett, Gluck, N. W. Gade, Gounod, Huneyade, Graben-Hoffmann, Iwan-Mueller, Pechatscheck and Petrella. Other works are to be found on our programmes; but heard at other outside occasions, and therefore not enumerated as novelties.

The concerts received about the average attendance of the previous season, and each gave "special and marked satisfaction."

The total number of tickets issued was 7,928, and the total attendance on the six concerts was 6,183. Precisely the same proportion of the tickets distributed were used this series as at the last, which proves conclusively that our patronage is now resting on a purely musical basis.

#### CINCINNATI. The Gazette says:

Our Musical Societies are busy preparing for the winter campaign, which promises to be a lively one. The Maennerchor will have a season of operas at an early day; the Cecilia Society have just elected as their new leader Mr. Andres, the talented leader of the Cathedral Choir, and commence the season with fresh zeal; the Harmonic Society will begin again their weekly rehearsals on Monday next, and take up the grand oratorio of "The Messiah," by Handel, which has never yet been performed entire in this city.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP and her daughter, Miss LOUISA BISHOP, are charming the Canadians by their singing. A Kingston paper says of the daughter:

Miss Louisa Bishop is a perfect musician, as might be expected from the daughter of Sir H. Bishop and her accomplished mother. Her voice is not powerful, but the sweetness of her tones, her execution, and her perfect articulation make ample amends for strength of lungs. She is a thorough artist, as her singing of "Adelgisa's" part in the *Norma* duet amply showed. She sang her father's difficult song "Should he upbraid" with good taste and spirit, and received the well merited applause of an appreciative house. Owing to a whitlow on one of her fingers, she was unable to play the piano-forte solo announced, which was probably a great loss, for her reputation as a pianist stands very high.

SAN FRANCISCO. Mrs. JENNY KEMPTON, who sang but yesterday in front of our Great Organ, is suddenly heard from on the opposite edge of the continent, in the city of the gold hunters. There she was singing (last week of July) in English Opera, with Miss RICHINGS, Mr. HILL and Mr. PEAKES, (the same three who figured last year in Mr. Eichberg's Operetta at the Boston Museum. The *Californian* (July 30) says:

On Monday evening *Linda di Chamounix* was given. It was a modified version, with much of the recitative turned into dialogue—the plums retained, without too much pudding, which is apt to be heavy. Alone, it would have been quite enough to draw a fine house, but the "occasion" of the evening was the debut of Miss Jennie Kempton as "Pierotto." The new contralto has a voice of considerable power and pathos—rich, full, and sympathetic; a pure style, and, what is rare enough for commendation, sings recitative remarkably well. She also enun-

ciates her words clearly and distinctly. Her further attractions are those of a good-looking blonde with a fine figure, but her movements were somewhat constrained by the habiliments of the ruder sex. On subsequent nights she seemed more at ease in her boys' clothes, and could she have been induced to have regarded her guitar more as a musical instrument than an article of clothing she would have done better. Yet for her first operatic performance—as we are told it was—she acted fairly enough. Her Savoyard song—the first strain of which is continually recurring through the opera with an inexpressibly tender and touching effect—was very beautifully given, as was also her duet with "Linda" (Miss Richings) in the second act.

As a further specimen of the above "little Jack Horner" style of criticism, we may cite one sentence about the performance of *The Bohemian Girl*:

Such popular airs as "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," "Come with the Gipsy Bride," and "Then you'll remember me"—melodies that have grown old between the well-thumbed pages of music-books without losing their freshness (!) and beauty, and have survived the steady thrumming of solfeggio misses—drew a large number who are not habitual opera-goers, as well as the critics who admire *Balf's* originality. (!)

The *Gazette des Etrangers* announces that the piece composed by ROSSINI on the day of MEYERBEER's interment is entitled:

"Quelques Mésures Funébres à mon pauvre ami Giacomo Meyerbeer."

6 May, 1864, 8 o'clock, A. M.  
GIOACCHINO ROSSINI.

It is a chorus in four parts, the large rhythm of which is indicated simply by blows struck in equal times on muffled kettle-drums. The theme is solemn and of a melancholy character, and seems to have been suggested under the inspiration of deep emotion. The words were written by M. EMILIE PACCHINI, co-laborer in all the vocal pieces which have recently proceeded from Rossini's pen.

The Brazen Age of Music, we would fain hope, has culminated, and may soon begin to wane; for we read that:

M. Adolph Sax, the great brass instrument maker, has just completed a new saxotrombe, which, it is confidently asserted, will be the most perfect instrument of the kind ever invented. The instrument is lauded to the skies and said to possess extraordinary advantages over old instruments of the same family.

Parisian journals say, that a life of MEYERBEER is to be written by M. Georges Kastner, of the Institute. M. Kastner was very intimate with the composer, who often expressed a desire that he should be his biographer. Meyerbeer's family have sent him all the documents in their possession. The work will make two octavo volumes, and will not be published until after the production of "*L'Africaine*."

ELIZABETHAN MUSIC AND POETRY.—In the sale of a library of music on Tuesday, by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, of Leicester-square, there were several sets of the early madrigals of the Elizabethan age, of extreme interest, as well for their rarity as for the poetry allied to the music. The most remarkable of the lots sold as follows:—Yonge's *Musica Transalpina*, the first publication of English words to for eign music, two books, 1588-97, 10l. 15s. (Lilly); the first set of Italian Madrigals, Englished by T. Watson, 1590, 6l. (Lilly); Kirbye's first set of English Madrigals, one of the rarest books of its class, 21l. (Pickering); Weelkes' Madrigals to three, four, five, and six voices, 1597, 8l. 18s. 6d. (Lilly); Weelkes' Ballets and Madrigals, 1608, 8l. 15s. (Lilly); Wilbye's Madrigals, first and second sets, 1598-1609, 29l. (Ellis); Morley's First Booke of Ballets, 1595, 16l. 10s. (Lilly); Morley's Madrigals to five voices, 1598, 17l. 10s. (Lilly); Morley's Canzonets, 1606, 16l. (Ellis); Morley's *Triumphes of Oriana*, a set of Madrigals written in honor of Queen Elizabeth, 1601, 12l. 12s. (Lilly); Bateson's first set of Madrigals, 1604, 12l. (Lilly); Giovanni Croce, *Musica Sacra*, 1608, 10l. 15s. (Ellis). It is believed that these prices are the highest ever realized for the same works by public sale, and it is a curious fact that these identical copies which yesterday produced nearly 200l. had formerly been bound together, and at the Rev. W. Gostling's sale in 1777 sold for 3l. 10s.—*Musical World*, Aug. 27.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

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The good old times, "Fanchette." W. C. Levy. A melodious duet, between Fanchette and the Marquis, in the pretty operetta of the above name.

Sing, happy maidens, (Chantez, chantez, magnananelles) Song or Duet. From Gounod's "Mireille." 30

One of the prettiest things of the opera, and is the song sung by the Provence peasant maidens, who are gleefully gathering their harvest of mulberry leaves. It is arranged as a song, and also as a duet, which is its original form.

Kiss me good night, mother. Ballad. Frank Ellis. 30

A war ballad, the story of which is a true one. A young soldier, just about to die, recognises his mother, and in the flood of old memories, says, "Kiss me good night, mother," and "falls asleep." One of the best songs of its class.

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L. H. Gurney. 30

Beautiful verses, containing a call to some departed one to meet the writer's spirit, when it arrives at "the other side." Music simple and melodious.

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Cavatina from "Mireille" by Gounod. 30

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 613.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 1, 1864.

VOL. XXIV. No. 14.

## A Night in Florence.

BY HENRIK HARRIS.\*

[Concluded from page 506.]

### PAGANINI (CONCLUDED).

"It was indeed PAGANINI who soon approached. He wore a dark grey overcoat, extending to his feet, and making him appear very tall. His long black hair fell in wild locks upon his shoulders, and like a frame, encompassed his pale, corpse-like countenance, upon which sorrow and genius and hell had graven their indestructible characters. A short, self-complacent person, plainly attired, tripped along at his side. His face, though florid, was full of wrinkles. He wore a light grey coat with steel buttons, and bowed in all directions with most excruciating politeness, while he, now and then, cast half-fearful, half wistful, glances at the sombre figure walking at his side, serious and wrapt in meditation. It reminded one of Retsch's picture of Faust and Wagner walking before the gates of Leipzig. The painter, however, criticized both individuals in his droll, peculiar way, and made me take particular notice of Paganini's wide and measured gait. 'Does it not,' he asked, 'seem as if he yet had the iron bar between his legs? He will never get rid of that gait. Do you observe with what contemptuous irony he looks down upon his companion whenever the latter annoys him with his dull and prosy questioning? He cannot cut loose from him. He is bound, by a bloody compact, to this servant, who is no other than Satan himself. The ignorant suppose this companion to be the dramatist and anecdotist Harris, of Hanover, and believe that Paganini carries him along in his journeyings in order that he may attend to the financial management of the concerts. The people do not know that Satan has merely borrowed the form of Mr. George Harris and that, along with other trash, the poor soul of that poor creature will remain locked up in a chest in Hanover until the Devil returns its fleshy envelope;—when, under the nobler guise of a black poodle, he will accompany his master, Paganini, through the world.'

"But if Paganini looked sufficiently wild and remarkable in broad daylight, when he walked toward me under the Jungfernstieg, how much more surprising was his terribly bizarre appearance at the concert in the evening. The performance took place in the Hamburg theatre, and the art-loving public had assembled at so early an hour, and in such numbers, that it was with difficulty I obtained a seat near the orchestra. Although it was *letter day*, I saw in the first tier of boxes all of the fashionable mercantile world—a perfect Olympus of bankers and other millionaires, gods of coffee and of sugar, attended by their fat household divinities, the Junos of Wantram and the Aphrodites of Dreckwall. Awful silence reigned through the building. All eyes were directed towards the stage. Every ear prepared to listen. My neighbor, an old fur-

broker, took the dirty cotton from his ears so that he might more easily drink in the expensive tones, to hear which he had already paid two *thalers*. At last a sombre figure that seemed to have arisen from the dark regions appeared upon the stage. It was Paganini in full dress. His black coat and vest were of some such horrible cut as mayhap infernal etiquette prescribes at the court of Proserpine. The black pantaloons flapped about his legs fearfully. His long arms seemed yet longer when he made his strange obeisance to the audience, and bent forward so far that the bow in one hand and the violin in the other almost touched the ground. There was something so terribly wooden and yet so foolishly animal in the angular bendings of his body, that his bowing awakened a great desire to laugh. But then his pale face, rendered more death-like by the glaring orchestra lights, seemed so supplicating and so full of shy timidity that shuddering compassion suppressed it. Had he learned these salutations from an automaton or a dog? Is his imploring look that of one doomed to death, or does the mockery of the shrewd miser lurk behind it? Is that a living being about to die, and who, in the arena of art, like an expiring gladiator, wishes to delight the public with his convulsions? Or is it a dead man risen from the grave—a vampire with a violin, who, instead of sucking the blood out of our hearts, is content to draw the money out of our pockets?

"Such questions filled our brains while Paganini cut his interminable capers. All such thoughts vanished, when the wonderful master placed his violin under his chin and began to play. As for me, you know all about my musical second sight, my gift of seeing the proper acoustic figure for every tone I hear. Thus it was, that with every stroke of his bow, Paganini displayed to my eager gaze visible scenes and figures; that, in tuneful picture-writing, he told me all sorts of strange stories and caused gaudy phantoms, in which he, playing, was always the central figure, to stalk before me. As soon as his bow touched the strings, the scene suddenly changed. There he stood beside his music stand, in a cheerful apartment loaded down with bright decorations and filled with scrolled furniture *a la Pompadour*. Everywhere there lay or hung small mirrors, gilt *amourettes*, Chinese porcelain, a most lovely chaos of books, wreaths, white gloves, torn laces, false pearls, diadems of gold-foil and other such tinsel ware as one is apt to find in the sanctum of a prima-donna. Meanwhile Paganini's appearance had changed for the better. He now wore short breeches of violet satin, a white vest embroidered with silver, and a coat of light-blue velvet with gold-covered buttons. His hair was carefully dressed in small curls and played about his blooming and youthful face, which shone with sweet tenderness whenever he glanced towards the pretty little woman who stood beside him while he played.

"Truly, at his side, I seemed to behold a young and pretty creature, clad in old-fashioned attire.

She wore a dress of white satin, slashed below the hips, her waist seeming the more charmingly small in consequence. As her powdered hair was brushed back, the round face beamed forth more freely, with its sparkling eyes, rouged cheeks, beauty-patches, and its pretty, saucy little nose. She held a roll of white paper in her hand, and, from the coquettish way in which she moved her body from side to side, seemed as if singing. But not a single note of hers was audible. It was only through the violin-playing with which young Paganini accompanied the beautiful creature, that I got at what she was singing, and the emotions that filled his heart while she sang. Oh! these were such melodies as the nightingale warbles at twilight, when the rose's perfume fills her yearning heart with the promise of spring. O, what melting voluptuousness! What blissful languor! Those were tones that kissed, and then, pouting, eluded one another—then, laughing, intertwined and, becoming as one, they died away, drunk with joy. Yea the sounds sported gaily like butterflies, as when one, teasing the other, eludes it, hides behind a flower, is at last caught, and then, in careless joyousness, flutters upward with its pursuer through the golden sunlight. But then a spider, a mere spider, can suddenly prepare a sad fate for such loving butterflies. Did the young heart forbode such? A sad, sighing tone, like a presentiment of stealthily approaching misfortune softly glided through the most ravishing melodies that radiated from Paganini's violin. . . . His eyes become moist. . . . He knelt in prayer at the feet of his *amata*. . . . But alas! just as he bent forward to kiss her feet, he espied a little *abbate* under the bed. I do not know what he may have had against the poor fellow, but the Genoese became as pale as death, grasped the little man with hands of rage, administered several slaps in his face, and, after bestowing quite a number of kicks, threw him out of the room; \* \* \* then, drawing a long stiletto from his pocket, he plunged it into the heart of the young lady.

"At the same moment, cries of Bravo! Bravo! resounded on all sides. Hamburg's enthusiastic men and women were bestowing their most boisterous plaudits upon the artist who had just finished the first part of his Concerto. He was bowing with even more angles and contortions than before, and his face betrayed still greater meekness and humiliation than in the earlier part of the evening. His eyes glared with terrible fear, like those of a poor sinner.

"'Divine!' exclaimed my neighbor, the fur-broker, while he scratched his ears. 'That piece, itself, was worth two *thalers*.'

"When Paganini again began to play, everything before my eyes seemed to grow dim. The tones did not assume distinct forms and color as before; the body of the master seemed enveloped in dark shadows, from the depths of which his music sent forth a wail of most piercing and sorrowful tones. Only at intervals, when the little lamp that hung above shed its rays upon him, did

\* Translated for this Journal by S. A. SRAEN.

I beheld his pale face, from which the traces of youth had not yet departed. His dress was strange, and was divided off into two colors,—one yellow, the other red. At his feet he dragged heavy chains. Behind him there moved a face, the expression of which betrayed a merry, faun-like disposition; and the long, hairy hand that seemed to belong to it, I saw, occasionally, fingering about the strings of the violin, as if to assist Paganini. At times it guided the hand in which he held his bow, and a bleating laugh accompanied the tones that flowed from the instrument, as though they had cost pain and blood. Those tones were like the songs of the fallen angels, who descended to the earth with faces blushing with shame, because they had been banished from the realm of the immortals, on account of their having wooed the daughters of earth. In the bottomless depths of those tones there was no glimmer of either hope or consolation. When the saints of Heaven hear such, the praises of God die upon their lips, and, weeping, they hide their pious heads. At times, when the *obbligato* goat-laugh mingled with the melodic struggles of the violin-tones, I beheld, in the back-ground, a crowd of little women, who nodded their tiny heads with malicious pleasure, and who, with crossed fingers and provoking malignity, hissed at him. Then there burst forth from the instrument cries of terror and terrible sobs and sighs, such as never were heard on earth before, and never shall be heard on earth again, unless it be in the valley of Jehoshaphat, when the trump of judgment resounds, and when the naked dead creep forth from their graves and await their doom. \* \* \* But, suddenly, the tortured violinist drew his bow with such energy of crazed despair, that his chains rattled and broke, and his forbidding assistant and the mocking furies disappeared.

"That very moment, my neighbor, the fur-broker, said: 'Pity! what a pity! His string has broken—and that comes from his everlasting *pizzicati*!'

"Had the string really broken? I know not. I only observed the transfiguration of tones, and Paganini and his surroundings seemed to have suddenly changed again. I could hardly recognize him in the brown monk's costume that hid, rather than clothed, him. With his bewildered face half-hidden by his hood, a rope around his hips, and barefooted, stood Paganini, solitary and defiant, on a rocky promontory by the ocean, playing on his violin. Methought it was twilight. The glowing evening sky overflowed the broad expanse of waters that, in mysterious harmony with the tones of the violin, gradually became redder and roared more awfully. While the sea gained in ruddiness, the heavens grew paler, and when at last the angry waves seemed like so much red blood, the sky became ghastly and as livid as a corpse, and large and threatening stars came forth \* \* \* and the stars were black—as black as shining coals. But the tones of the violin continued to grow bolder and more boisterous; the eyes of the terrible player sparkled with a horrid desire to destroy, and his thin lips moved so rapidly and fearfully, that it seemed as if he were muttering some wicked old charm to lay the storm and unfetter the evil spirits imprisoned in the depths of the ocean. He would, sometimes, stretch forth his bare arm, so long and haggard, from the wide sleeve of his gown, and move his fiddle-bow through the air. Then, more

than ever, did he seem a wizard, who with magic wand rules the elements; then howls as of the possessed came up from the deep, and the angry, blood-like billows rose so violently on high, that they almost splashed their red spray against the pale heavens and the black stars. There were shrieks and screams and crashes as if the world were going to destruction, and still more stubbornly did the monk continue his playing. By the strength of his powerful will he intended to break the seven seals with which Solomon fastened the vessels of iron after he had locked the conquered demons in them. Those vessels Solomon threw into the sea, and, while Paganini's violin growled its angry bass-notes, I thought I heard the voices of the imprisoned spirits. But at last I seemed to hear the shouts of the liberated demons and saw their heads rising from the blood-red waves. There were monsters of fabulous ugliness, crocodiles with bat-wings, serpents with horns like deer, monkeys with conch-shells, sea-dogs with long patriarchal beards, female faces with breasts in place of cheeks, green camels' heads and hermaphrodites of inconceivable construction;—all staring at the fiddling monk with cold, glaring eyes, and stretching their webbed feet towards him. . . .

"In the excitement of exorcising them, his hood fell back, and his curly hair, playing in the breeze, encircled his head like black serpents.

"The whole scene confounded me so much that I held my ears and closed my eyes for fear of becoming crazed. When I opened them the illusion had vanished, and when I looked up again I beheld the poor Genoese, looking as usual, and making his customary obeisance, while the audience applauded with energy.

"Ah! that was the remarkable performance on the G string," observed my neighbor; "I play the violin myself, and I know what it takes to acquire the command of that instrument."

"Fortunately, the intermission was not of long duration, or else the musical judge of furs had muffled me up in a long art discussion. Paganini quietly placed the violin against his chin and, with the first stroke of his bow, the wonderful transfiguration of tones recommenced. This time the shapes they assumed were less bright and corporeal than before. They arose peacefully in majestic waves, swelling like the notes of an organ choral in a cathedral, and all around me had extended in width and increased in height, until the space was so colossal that the eye of the soul alone could grasp it, but not the eye of the body. In the centre of the space floated a sphere of light, on which there stood a man, of giant stature and proud mein, who was playing on a violin. Was the sphere the sun? I know not. But in the man's features I recognized those of PAGANINI, only they were beautifully idealized, serenely clear, and wore a smile of forgiveness. His form glowed with manly strength, a light blue garment covered his noble proportions, and his black hair fell in curls upon his shoulders. —And when, like some great god, he stood there playing on his violin, it seemed as if the whole universe were listening to his tones. He was the human planet about whom the Cosmos revolved with measured solemnity and to the sound of blessed rhythms. Were the great lights that shone so peacefully, as they floated around him, the stars of heaven? And were the tuneful harmonies produced by their movements the mu-

sic of the spheres, concerning which poets and seers have told so many charming tales? At times, when I looked forth into the dim distance, I thought I beheld nothing but undulating white robes in which were colossal pilgrims, who approached, bearing white rods in their hands; and, strangest of all, the golden heads of their rods were the lights which I had mistaken for stars. Forming a great circle, these pilgrims marched around the performer, the tones of his violin adding greater lustre to their rods, while the chorals that issued from their lips, and which I had supposed to be the music of the spheres, were, in truth, the reverberating echoes of his instrument. The fervor of unspeakable holiness dwelt in those sounds. They were sometimes trembling and scarcely audible, like mysterious whisperings on the water; at others, swelling and shivering on the air like the tones of a horn by moonlight;—and then bursting forth with riotous joyousness, as if a thousand bards had struck the chords of their harps, and had lifted up their voices in a song of triumph. Such tones the ear never hears; but the heart may dream them, resting at night against the heart it loves. Perhaps the heart can understand them even by day when, exulting, it loses itself in the beautiful lines and curves of some Grecian master-work of art."

"Or when one has taken a bottle too much of champagne"; suddenly exclaimed a laughing voice, that started our story-teller as from a dream. When he turned around, he beheld the Doctor, who, accompanied by black Deborah, had softly entered the room to learn how his medicine had affected the patient.

Maximilian, who had been too much absorbed by his fancies to notice that Maria had fallen asleep, bit his lips with vexation.

"This sleep," said the doctor, "already gives her countenance the look of death. Does it not resemble those white masks, the plaster casts in which we endeavor to preserve the features of the departed?"

"I would like to have such a cast of our friend's face," whispered Maximilian. "She will remain beautiful even in death."

"I would advise you against it," replied the doctor. "Such masks make us sicken at the recollection of those we have loved. We fondly believe that in the plaster there is at least some thing of life retained, while that which we thus preserve is, after all, nothing but death itself. Regular and beautiful features thus acquire a rigid, mocking, odious expression of terror. For real caricature, however, you must go to the plaster casts of faces of which the charm was spiritual, and the features more interesting than regular; for, as soon as the living graces are extinguished, the real deviations from the ideal lines of beauty are no longer softened by the charms of expression. All plaster faces have one puzzling trait in common, that causes one's very soul to shudder, if they are looked at for a long while: they all look as though they were starting to go on a long and painful journey."

"Whither?" said Maximilian, as the doctor seized his arm and led him out of the room.

#### Shakespeare in his Relation to Music.

BY EMIL NAUMANN.

[Continued from page 300.]

After the decay of the old world, and with the propagation of Christianity, another highly significant and different change takes place in the relation of poetry to music—just as, with the

magnificently sounding language of the Greeks, and the wonderful development of their verse—both music in themselves—the musical art became a servant whose principal task consisted in raising the melodious harmony of the first, and strengthening the rhythm of the second—for a song-like delivery of Homer's strains, or the musical treatment of the strophe and anti-strophe in the choruses of the tragic poets are conceivable only in this manner—we see, under the superior influence of Christian elements, the process reversed, and music transformed into the dominating art, to which poetry is attached more in a subservient than in any other character.

The whole of the most ancient hymnology was written with a view to music, that is to say: all the primitive songs in question were from the very beginning intended to obtain the fullest and most profound significance by the means of music. As showing how, to a certain extent, at the very gates of the new world which Christianity called into existence, poetry and song grasped each other by the hand, we may quote the following description of the meetings of the first Christian congregations: "In the subterranean vaults, in the thickets of the forest, on mountain tops, in caves, and among the clefts of rocks, were they obliged to celebrate their first religious services, so as not to be betrayed by the loud tones of their songs. Instead, however, of remaining dumb, under such straits and anxiety, seeing that the price of the confession of having sung their songs to Christ was their life, they sang those songs with only the greater faith. Even at the stake they gave utterance to their last strains, like those of the dying swan, till smoke and flames smothered their voices, and their soul, borne on the last sounds, winged its course upwards to its heavenly home." One thing especially characteristic of the new period is that we find in its very first attempts rhymed verses. This is decidedly an outward distinguishing sign of the close relation of all the earliest Christian poetry to music. We meet with rhymed religious hymns as far back as in St. Ambrosius, that is, in the fourth century, and even long previously. Ambrosius and other inspired singers of the Church were followed by innumerable disciples; musically considered, the Ambrosian Church chant was changed into the Gregorian, till the rich spring of sacred song-writing reached its acme in the thirteenth century. Among the German songs of this last period, the gentle and fervent "Marien-Lieder" are particularly distinguished, their dreamy poetical purport demanding, as it were, musical treatment. They formed a large and rich class of their own, and among the poets who produced them we meet with the names of Walter von der Vogelweide, Hartmann von der Aue, and others. Side by side, and simultaneously with the sacred songs, a wondrous and rich store of secular songs as well was created, as the names of the above poets tell us. The "Minnesänger" and Troubadours, also, flourished most in the twelfth and thirteenth century, as did likewise the secular national song. But here again one of the leading considerations was, in most cases, the active co-operation of music, as well as—quite apart from the fact of the poets themselves frequently striking the strings as musicians—the circumstance that a deeply musical spirit, and a poetical purport musically expressible are inherent in all their writings.

As the influences of classical antiquity upon the Christian world again became stronger, the relation of the two closely allied sister arts underwent a third and different change. Dante is, to a certain extent, the quintessence and intellectual focus of the expression of an entire age, and, moreover, the first really great poet in whom we meet with the revolution to which we allude. As was previously the case in the more important epic attempts of the period of the "Minnesänger"—for instance: in the *Nibelungen Lied*, the *Amelungen Lied*, in *Parcival*, *Tristan* and *Isolde*, poetry begins with Dante once more to stand entirely on its own feet. Yet it always differed essentially from the antique poetical style by a fundamental feature of a lyrically musical nature. Such a trait runs through all its productions,

whereas a predominant epically-plastic stamp is peculiar to the poets, even the lyrical poets, of the Greeks and Romans. That dreamy revelling in emotions, and that blissful process, sufficing for itself, of losing one's own self in nature, so characteristic of the Christian and more modern poets, and so nearly allied moreover to musical feelings, was almost entirely foreign to the poets of the Ancients. On the other hand, however, we find quite as rarely, in the poets of the specifically Christian period, that objectivity and clearness of representation so common among the Ancients. The *Nibelungen* probably contained more of the epic element than any other poem of the Middle Ages. But we must not forget that at their commencement—in the form of ancient folk's legends—they extend back, perhaps, to a period previous to the Christian era. There is much, too, suggesting that the musically-poetical element still so abundantly represented in them dates its origin only from the re-arrangement of the *Lied* in the 13th century. We intend this to apply especially to the character of Volker, that agrees but too well with the time to which the re-arrangement belongs; that is to the most flourishing time of the "Minnesänger," who, like Volker, were as well able to wield the sword as to touch the lyre. When, therefore, we read of Hagen's brother-in-arms:

"Volker, der schnelle, legte den Schild von seiner Hand,  
Und legte den viel guten hin, an des Saales Wand,  
Zum Saale ging er wieder, wo seine Geige lag.  
Da dient er seinen Freunden, wie er so gerne pfleg.  
Als ihm der Salten Tönen so süß und klar erklang,  
Die stolzen Heimatfarnen, die sagten es Volkern Dank.  
Und süßes, immer süßes, zu spielen er begann;  
So wiegt er in den Schlummer gar manchen sorgenden Mann."

such deeply musical outbursts spring, probably, rather from the romanticism distinguishing the age of men like Wolfram von Eschenbach, Gottfried von Strassburg, and Walter von der Vogelweide, than from the original spirit of the old heathen poem.

To return to Dante, with especial reference to the central point in his poetry, namely, his *Divina Comedia*, the fundamentally epic tone preserved through the whole must strike us as an attempted return to the poetical style of the Ancients. But, for this very reason, its purport appears the more essentially different, for it is not in the slightest degree, of an epic, but, genuinely, of a thoroughly lyrical nature. And herein we recognize another and a new element, which distinguishes from the Greek poets not only Dante, the greatest poet of the Christian Mediæval period, but, also, the whole modern world of poetry, even when, as early as the 15th and 16th century, classical influences were exerting their full strength. The Greek poets, it is true, assign a certain place in their works to music; they allow it to re-echo through their compositions; they even depict its profound effects upon the mind, or cause us to feel them; but out of their actual poems, despite all the harmony of the verse, and all the magnificence of the forms; despite all the depth and splendor of the style, there issues no music. As we have already hinted, we are not now speaking of the music of the language, but of the fundamental musical tone, of the total spirit and feeling, streaming forth like music as it were, and which, since recourse had been had to the principles of Christianity, spread like a magic perfume over all poetry. In such a state of things, it is of quite secondary importance whether music, as such, is mentioned or not.

In Dante, now, a fundamental musical spirit appears in relation to subsequent poets almost with a certain overpowering, though wondrous one-sidedness, remaining up to the very last years of his existence the background on which his character seems to repose. It was thus that in Ravenna, when, after long-sufferings and troubles, he found there his last earthly refuge, he wrote his seven *Penitential Psalms*, his *Credo*, also, being assigned to the same period. Lastly, the *Divina Comedia* appears almost everywhere completely permeated with musical spirit and feeling. Thus in the second canto of the *Purgatorio*, on the appearance of Casella, the admirable singer and composer, who had been Dante's master and had set several of his canons to music, we read:

"Such full contentment that illustrious sage  
And those who stood around him, testified,  
Naught else, it seemed, their senses could engage.  
We all were fixed with rapture on his song,  
Listening attent."

Or in the fifth Canto:

"Meanwhile upon our flank obliquely hung  
A band of souls that o'er the mountain came,  
And verse by verse the Miserere sung,  
When they observed that, as I passed along,  
My body was impervious to the ray,  
Into a long hoarse "Oh!" they changed their song."

And no less in the seventh:

"'Salve Regina' chanting, met our eyes,  
Spirits who rested on their flowery seats."

I might cite a hundred passages of a similar tendency. Such quotations, however, as we have already given the reader to understand, are here not the essential part of the matter; the musical feeling of the poet is displayed far more in the choice of his subjects and in his manner of treating them; his poem has of itself the effect of music.

We have thus come, without hazarding any long leaps, much nearer our theme, properly so-called: the consideration of the musical element in Shakespeare. For Shakespeare, like Dante, belongs to the epoch of the third of the changes affecting the mutual relation of poetry and music; only Dante stands at the commencement of the epoch when classical influences were revived and worked upon men's consciousness, till then specifically Christian, while Shakespeare marks their full height, and the harmonious blending, already commenced, of the elements of civilization belonging to two distinct periods in the history of the world. As, moreover, the Englishman displays an innate susceptibility for, and comprehension of, the effects of music in a higher degree than any poet before or after him, so in the case of no one else, probably, would it be so easy to display to the soul the completely inward fashion in which poetry and music have, in modern times, permeated each other. Before endeavoring to do this, however, I must beg leave to refer to a couple of great minds nearly allied to Shakespeare, and which, most significantly, are most closely related to him in this very musical element innate in him.

(To be Continued.)

### Costa's New Oratorio.

(From the London Times, Sept. 2.)

A new work of such dimensions as the oratorio of *Naaman* must be heard several times before a decided opinion, backed by arguments deduced from a careful consideration of it both as a whole and in detail, can be fairly pronounced. It has already been explained how Mr. Bartholomew has used the materials presented to his hands in the 2d Book of Kings; how the conspicuous figure in his drama is the Prophet Elisha, by the side of whom (inevitably) Naaman, Syrian Captain, though an heroic, is but an uninteresting personage; how the Biblical "little maid" (only alluded to in verses 2, 3, chap. 5\*) is expanded into an important and certainly interesting character, whom he has prettily christened "Adah;" how Naaman's wife (same passage) is equally made subservient, under the less euphonious name of "Timna;" how the acts and miracles of Elisha are transposed where convenient, or retained where convenient, in their proper places; how the text of scripture is given *literatim*, paraphrased, or abandoned altogether for words of Mr. Bartholomew's own invention, just as it suited him; how, indeed, the whole book is constructed, and how it has been divided into scenes or sections for the purposes of the musician. No further reference to the book, beyond what is indispensable to a clear understanding of Mr. Costa's share in the work, is necessary. Enough, though the subject is by no means a happy one; though the obtrusion of Naaman's leprosy is neither condoned nor rendered in any less degree unengaging by his miraculous cure; and though the march of incidents in no way progresses towards climax, that, on the whole, Mr. Bartholomew has done the best that could be done with such materials, and that Mr. Costa by his attractive music has wonderfully helped him out.

The point of view from which Mr. Costa regards

\* "And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife."

"And she said unto her mistress, 'Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy.'"

"And one went in, and told his lord saying, 'Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel.'"

oratorio is no doubt the same as that embraced by Mendelssohn in writing *Elijah*, with the exception that while Mendelssohn in that great masterpiece almost wholly discarded the strict scholastic forms, Mr. Costa in several instances adopts them, as Mendelssohn adopted them in his first oratorio, *St. Paul*. In *St. Paul*, Mendelssohn, though glowing with creative power, looked back to Handel and to Bach—witness his fugues and his chorales; while in *Elijah* he got rid of Handel altogether, though still adhering to the *chorale* so cherished by the Leipzig cantor. The employment of florid counterpoint as accompaniments during the procession of strict fugue, as it appears in Mendelssohn's works, may be claimed as Mendelssohn's own invention. Now, Mr. Costa has looked at Mendelssohn from every point of view except that of style. Both in *Eli* and *Naaman* we find endeavors at the Handelian fugue, and at the *chorale* of Bach—seen through the vista through which they were lovingly and anxiously scanned by Mendelssohn, as well as at the fugue with florid counterpoint which belong more essentially to that composer. On the other hand, Mr. Costa's style is Mr. Costa's own. He neither imitates Mendelssohn nor any other master. His melody, though it flows with the grace and freedom of Italian melody, is not the melody of Rossini, much less that of Bellini, least of all that of Verdi—the three Italians of the present century whose individuality is the most striking, and therefore the most alluring to a musician, who, unable to invent melody himself, unconsciously, and under divers aspects, appropriates the melody of his contemporaries and predecessors. Cherubini, the other great Italian, who belonged both to the last century, and to this, was what even the genial and brilliant Rossini cannot claim to be—a practised master of the severest canons of art, a contrapuntist only inferior to the deepest—but in manner hardly "Italian" at all—certainly not what we have been accustomed to regard as "Italian" since Rossini filled the world with melody. The seraphic and Orphean Mass in F, and other sacred pieces of Cherubini, bring him in closer affinity with Mozart; while the color and turn of his phrases derive rather from Sarti and his elder compatriots. But Cherubini has no more attraction for Mr. Costa than the rest; and neither in *Eli* nor in *Naaman* is there a trace of his influence. It is, perhaps, on this account that our preference is for those parts of *Naaman* in which the composer's own individuality and melodic fluency are left full play, while he is thinking neither of the forms of Handel nor those of Mendelssohn, but drawing simply from his own resources. These are ample enough. Mr. Costa knows how to write for the voice, alone or in combination, as well as Rossini himself; he is a thorough master of vocal recitative, as the uniform excellence of the recitatives, accompanied or unaccompanied, in his new oratorio emphatically prove; his orchestration, always clear and sonorous, is brightly colored, full of contrast—natural, not forced—and of happy variety, every instrument being as conveniently written for as though he were (which for aught we can say to the contrary he may be) a proficient on it himself, and every progression as satisfactory to the ear as though, while putting it on paper, he was perfectly sure of the effect that must result. There is not a weak or uncertain point, not an inharmonious combination, not a single doubtful or awkward passage to be detected from beginning to end of *Naaman*. Everywhere the practised musician, conscious of his power, and using it with sobriety, is apparent. And amid all this amber-like transparency, the character of each orchestral agent being as familiar to Mr. Costa as its mere executive capacity, there is not a touch of monotony. As the harmony is perfect when the full orchestra, with or without chorus, is in play, so, when solos, or concerted pieces, for two, three, four, or five solo voices, have to be accompanied, richness and delicacy of tint are so artfully blended, and the various instruments made to speak so gratefully when "*obbligato*" phrases are assigned to them, and fall together so naturally when the monologue is over, that the ear is continually charmed. An occasional tendency to superfluous use of trombones and other brass instruments Mr. Costa shares with most of his contemporaries. The gifted Rossini himself was not free from it; nor Auber, the most genuine and delightful of French composers; nor that dramatico-musical eclectic, the late regretted Meyerbeer; nor need it be added?—the sometimes over-energetic Verdi. Costa—like his compatriot the Neapolitan Mercadante—is also addicted to an excessive employment of prelude and interlude, which is calculated to arrest the dramatic progress, and thereby enfeeble the interest of the hearer. But these are rather matters of taste than blemishes. The great point is that whatever Mr. Costa designs in the construction of his orchestral accompaniments he carries out completely and with evident facility; a thorough master of his means, he employs them with the sure hand of a

master.

To pass from generalities to particulars, the personage which has seemingly taken strongest hold of Mr. Costa's imagination is that of Adah. He has delineated her with a tenderness quite poetical. She is always musically interesting, whether inveighing in soliloquy against the heathen worship—as in the graceful and delicately accompanied air, "They shall be turned back;" consoling or exhorting Naaman—as in the recitative, "O deign to heed thy captive Hebrew maid," and "Obey him, try and thou shalt know;" or petitioning Heaven for the Syrian chief's recovery—as in the melodiously simple and expressive prayer, "Maker of every star." The composer was evidently in love with this engaging creation of his co-laborer; and his music is an eloquent expression of his leaning. In *Middle*, Adelina Patti he was lucky in finding his *beau idéal* personified. This young lady's *début* in oratorio has been a triumphant success; and it will be difficult henceforth to separate the idea of *Middle* Patti from the idea of Adah. Her enunciation of the English language is as perfect as her singing is intelligent. The prophet Elisha, too, is a prominent and agreeable figure on the musical canvas. All his declamatory music is excellent, while his solos are almost invariably happy. Of the airs introduced into the scenes with the Shunamite woman (the miracle of the oil-pot and that of the resurrection) "Arise, O Lord," cheerful in tone, and expressive of inward faith, must, we think, bear away the palm from "Lament not thus," the less striking exhortation to the child-bereaved mother. But better than either, perhaps, is "The seed shall be prosperous," the prophecy of fertility to the people of Jericho, so tranquilly devotional, so melodious, and again so full of faith—one of the brightest thoughts in the oratorio. It would not be easy for Mr. Costa to meet with a singer in every way so thoroughly calculated to do justice to the music of Elisha as Mr. Santley. Naaman, the Pagan warrior, converted to the true faith by his miraculous cure in the waters of Jordan, is, for reasons already enumerated, a less malleable personage. The short dialogue with Timna ("Come, and on thy bosom press me," in which he shuns his wife's embrace, on the plea of the leprosy with which the gods of Syria have stricken him, might be omitted with no detriment to the music, and otherwise with advantage. It is not merely uninviting, but repulsive. Naaman's first air, "Invoking death," in which he alludes to his martial exploits, and then sorrows for his slain comrades in arms, is stirring and effective, the slow movement which brings it to an end—"It made me sad, it gave me pain," affording a convincing example of a truth too often ignored—that pathos may be forcibly conveyed without necessarily having recourse to the minor key. The other air, "What! meaneth he to mock at me?" when Naaman is sceptical about the efficacy of ablutions in the Jordan, is hardly so happy, though the second part of it ("Our Abana and Pharpar glide") is melodious and graceful. All the martial music that forms part of the paraphernalia attending the several appearances of Naaman, including a splendidly instrumented triumphal march, both original and characteristic, in the second—is as vigorous and spirited as could be wished. Naaman's last solo, "Blessed be the Lord God," a sort of prologue to the imposing final chorus, is a grand piece of musical declamation. It is doubtful whether any other tenor than Mr. Sims Reeves, who in his reading imparts almost as much dramatic significance as if he were surrounded by all the accessories and appointments of stage representation, could be found to make Naaman the striking character he makes him. Never has this artist been more completely master of his resources than at this festival, and never did he exert his rare powers with more assiduity and success than on behalf of Mr. Costa's new work. "There is but one Reeves," was the remark on all sides after his noble delivery of the first phrase in the inspiring quartet, "Honor and glory, Almighty, be Thine," with *Middle* Patti, Miss Palmer, and Mr. Santley, which created so extraordinary a sensation yesterday, and to which it is needless again to refer. The characters of Adah, Timna, and Naaman are elsewhere combined in a trio, "Haste! to Samaria let us go," almost as effective, quite as well constructed, and quite as tuneful as the quartet—one of the most remarkable performances on the same occasion. There are, however, other characters to be named. The widow, whose duet with Elisha, "I sought the Lord," and the child of the Shunamite woman, whose vision of the Cherubim and Seraphim, "I dreamt I was in heaven," are both worthy of note—the first for its flowing tune and beautiful accompaniment, the last for its appropriate simplicity. These both fell to the lot of Madame Suinton Dolby, and to more accomplished hands they could not have been confided. Her recital of the "Vision" was one of the most genuine effects of the morning. To the Shunamite wo-

man is also given an air, "Look up, my son," full of tender expression, and well suited to the earnest delivery of Madame Raderdorff. To Gehazi, Elisha's servant, nothing but recitatives are allotted, except a share in the pleasing trio, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" with the Shunamite and Elisha, and in the quintet which precedes, and subsequently intermixes with the final chorus. Mr. Cummings was Gehazi, and a more careful Gehazi could not have been desired. The very original and ingenious manner in which the introduction, embodying the translation of Elijah, his last interview with Elisha, and the division of the waters of the Jordan by Elijah's mantle, is laid out, was commented upon in the general analysis of *Naaman* elsewhere alluded to. Whatever objection might be made to bringing forward Elijah, who, with his fiery chariot and fiery horses, was dangerous ground to tread, has been wholly obviated by Mr. Costa's judicious treatment, and this introduction is decidedly one of the best parts of the oratorio. The choral recitatives are uniformly good, and the sparing use that is made of them enhances the impression they are intended to produce. To the choruses generally high praise may be awarded. The most ambitious of all is the "Sanctus" of Angels, in the second part ("Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Might!"), which contains, on the words, "Hail, everlasting God!" a fugal episode cleverly constructed upon a theme more than usually melodious. Each part of the oratorio terminates with a grand chorus, upon which Mr. Costa has evidently bestowed immense pains and reflection. In the first of these ("Praise the Lord for His goodness") we meet with another fugal episode—to the words, "He turneth the wilderness into a standing river." This is the one noticed elsewhere as suggested by the Mendelssohnian idea of fugue with florid counterpoint sustained throughout its progress. The theme, in the minor key, is striking, and its conduct elaborate. The last chorus of all, "Great God of Gods," also has a fugue, worked out with great vivacity, on the "Hallelujah—Amen," the theme of which is more in the style of Handel than of Mendelssohn, the development being, as in the other instance, after a manner which Mr. Costa has every right to claim for his own. Add to these a *fugato*, in the characteristic chorus, "Mighty Rimmon," where the Syrians implore their idol for Naaman's recovery, the theme, in the minor, coming befittingly to the passage, "Hear, O hear our cries," and a more extended fugal episode, in the jubilant and aspiring choral hymn, "Thanks, grateful thanks, Almighty Lord," occurring on the words, "Not unto us, but unto Thee," which has an ingenious accompaniment, *staccato*, and is one of the best contrived of the series. There remains but to name the simply harmonized, and not for that less impressive *chorale*, "When famine over Israel prevailed;" and three more choral pieces—namely, "The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked;" "Be comforted! the gods of Syria"—the sacrificial offering to propitiate Rimmon; and "God who cannot be unjust." The second of these is too replete with melody to be sung to a god of stone, the first and third are the most tuneful, expressive, and beautiful in the work, and bear, to our thinking, the impress of the composer's individuality more strongly than any of the others—for which reason we cannot help liking them the best, despite their wholly unpretending character when compared with some of their more soaring companions. They are genuine inspirations.

[The subjoined letter, from a well-known musical correspondent and critic, discourses of the Great Organ in such a pleasant and practical vein, that we make no apology for copying it entire. We find it in the *Brooklyn Daily Union*.]

### The Great Boston Organ.

LETTER FROM C. JEROME HOPKINS.

So much has been spoken, written, and photographed about this gigantic organ, that I might at first be considered foolish, if not presumptuous, for adding anything thereto, were it not that, of all which has come under my observation, hardly anything has appeared of value to practical organists or calculated to assist them in coaxing a solitary sound from its vast treasure-house of melody and harmony.

#### ITS PECULIARITIES.

The points of newness which strike a stranger organist most forcibly, apart from its immense size and the number of its registers, are:

First—The limited motion of the registers or stops, which, in appearance and distance of draw, resemble those of the Alexandre organ.

Second—The number and complexity of pedals—not only the two octaves and five notes of foot keys, but the little square composition pedals of iron, of



which there are no less than seven on one side and six on the other.

Third—The arrangement of the Swell pedals, which are three in number, and are in the centre instead of at one side, as is usual in American and English organs.

Fourth—The position of the different manuals or key-boards, which are four in number, and of which the Great organ is the second from the bottom, and yet counts No. 1 in the naming on the ends of the registers; No. 2 is the bottom or lowest manual, and answers to our Swell organ; No. 3 is the Choir, and No. 4 the uppermost or Solo organ.

All these peculiarities (and to us Americans, novelties) render it exceedingly confusing to a strange organist when he attempts to make music on it for the first time. But it is still more disheartening in other respects. Imagine yourself to draw all the stops of the Great organ, and then, on striking what you think is to be a terrible thundering chord, find that you make not the faintest sound, and you gain some idea of the despair and aggravation that ensues. You then touch a little iron pedal with the point of your boot. It moves about one inch. You also touch a knob with one finger, and strike the same keys as before, and you are frightened at the avalanche of sound which not only proceeds from the Great organ (whose stops are drawn) but also from the Solo, Choir, and Swell organs, whose registers are all shut, and you wonder how these last three organs can sound. This is another trick, however.

Until these and twenty other things are explained, it is as useless for a stranger to expect to make any music on this huge machine, as it would be for him to try to extract honey from a head of cabbage or a large pumpkin.

The "touch" is also new. The keys go down nearly if not quite three-quarters of an inch, thus rendering it of the utmost importance for each one to be fully pressed down in order to obtain the full effect. Organists will here appreciate the extreme difficulty of enunciating rapid passages. Add to this the fact of a second, or fraction thereof, of time elapsing between the striking of a key and its sound reaching your year, and a further cause for difficulty and obfuscation will become obvious. You have to play one note while still hearing the last one you just struck. This is on account of the immensity of the structure, and the distance between the player and the pipes. It is especially observed in the Swell organ.

The touch, even when all couplers are drawn, is very light and easy. This is effected through the Pneumatic attachment under the keys, by which the labor of pressing the keys actually falls upon the power which works the main bellows, namely, the Cochituate water. It is therefore, hardly more fatiguing for a lady to play this organ than it would be for her to manipulate her boudoir piano, so far as the fingers are concerned.

#### HOW THE EFFECTS ARE PRODUCED.

The coupling arrangements form a very remarkable feature in this instrument. Those of the pedals to manuals are worked by the feet, but those of one manual to another by the hands.

Thus, you wish to couple the pedal to Great organ: you do not raise your hands to draw a register, as in our organs, but merely touch one of the little iron pedals protruding from the front board with the toe of your boot, and the attachment is instantly effected. I shall now suppose you wish to couple the Great organ to Choir or Swell. As before, you need not raise your hands from the keys, but only touch with your thumbs a spring knob which projects from the finger-board, and this coupling is effected; and so with all the rest. So instantaneously are these couplers acted upon that from the faintest whisper on the Swell organ you can, in a second's time, be using the full force of the entire Great, Swell, Choir, and Solo organs, combined with the Pedal organ.

The advantage of such skilful mechanism must be obvious to any organist who values orchestral effects in the organ—and all but old fogies and bigots do—but then one must be careful not to be confused by them; and after all it is very easy to play on so grand an instrument, provided only (as Heller says of some of his tricks in necromancy) *you know how to do it!*

One thing relating to the manual couplers must be borne in mind, which is that all the coupling is done *through the Great organ*. To many who, on a three-ranked organ, are accustomed to use a moderate "Great," as it were by means of the Choir and Swell coupled, this will prove a stumbling-block. You must play on the Great manuals in order to sound the Choir and Swell coupled. "But supposing you do not want the Great to sound?" you inquire; "what then?" I reply that you can instantaneously throw off the stops of the Great, so that it is silent itself, but

only seems to sound through its couplings, while by means of the pneumatic attachment the weight of pressure required is not increased thereby.

#### THE PEDALS AND THEIR COMPASS.

The pedal-sticks of this organ are very short, and are placed much further apart than in our organs. This may be a convenience to some, especially those schooled in the German mode of using them with alternate feet, touching the pedals with the toe only, without the ankle motion required by the toe and heel movement; but to others it proves rather inconvenient. The organ is a C organ, and of course the pedals begin on C, but since they extend two octaves and five notes (or to F above), a larger space is needed for their accommodation than would be the case were they placed closer together; consequently, that organist with the longest legs possesses an advantage. They work beautifully, and are so cushioned and padded at the sides that no organist need fear his pedal passages will be ruined in effect by any rattlings of the pedal-sticks themselves, as is the case with nine organs out of ten in our churches.

#### THE REGISTERS.

The German names on the ends of the registers puzzle all but German scholars amazingly at first. I think myself that they might as well have had them translated, but they are not so aggravating, after all, if one only remembers the family of pipe to which certain stops belong, and learns by heart that "Gedekt" represents the Stopped Diapasons, and "Flöte" the Flutes. The others, being principally chorus stops, such as the "Bifra" and "Scharf," are not so important to the tyro. There are, however, in this organ several solo stops with such marked attributes that they should not be drawn with the Full Organ, nor are they included in the "Crescendo Pedal," of which more anon. These are the "Physharmonica" in the Choir (a lovely free-reed pipe) and the "Vox Humana" and "Corno di Bassetto" in the Solo; the first and second named have separate Swell pedals for themselves, and possess a tenderness of tone which must be heard to be adequately appreciated.

Besides the German names, however, most of the registers are also marked with the scale of pipe to which they belong, which is a great assistance to the new player, provided only he knows enough of the principles of organ-building to understand to what pitch of tone they correspond. For instance "Gedekt" sixteen feet, Gedekt eight feet, Gedekt four feet, Gedekt two feet, means "Tenoroon," Op. or St. Diapason, Principal and Fifteenth, the number of feet referring of course to the pitch.

It would be useless for me to go further into details regarding the numerous composition pedals and solo stops, the possible combinations, contrasts of tone, and so on, since in these particulars nothing can take the place of practical illustrations at the key-boards; but a few words about the Swell and Crescendo pedals may not be superfluous.

#### THE SWELL AND CRESCENDO.

The Swell pedals are three in number, and, as before mentioned, are in the middle and not at one side of the foot-board. Their construction is peculiar, and instead of having one motion for the foot, and then rising when the foot is removed, they are pivoted in the centre like a country school-boy's tottering-board, and the foot must make an ankle motion, pressing on toe or heel as a soft or loud tone is required. By this means, and a balance arrangement inside, the Swell-box can be retained at any desired degree of openness or closure. This is the right hand pedal. The middle pedal acts only upon the *Physharmonica* stop in the Choir, and the left hand one upon the *Vox Humana* in the Solo organ, both being pivoted similarly. It is difficult to conceive of any thing more perfectly complete in appliances whereby to produce the innumerable effects of shading required by the true tone-poet, than is this extraordinary marvel of ingenuity, and, as might be expected, under the hands of a Master the effects are indescribably sublime.

The grand Crescendo Pedal, as it is called, is perhaps the most overpowering contrivance in the organ. It is not a pedal at all, at least does not resemble what is usually understood by a pedal, although moved by the foot, but consists of a slat with knobs attached at intervals of eight or ten inches throughout its entire length. This slat moves on a roller action, and runs longitudinally from right to left and left to right, just in front of the pedal sticks, being moved by a lateral pressure of the foot. There is a dial-plate, with one hand as an indicator, right in front of the performer, and as the slat-pedal advances this indicator shows how many stops are "on" or "off." When the hand has made one revolution, or points to "84," it shows that the entire force of the organ, or

rather of the five organs (counting the pedal), is being used, except of course the two solo stops—the *Physharmonica* and *Vox Humana*.

#### THE WONDERFUL EFFECTS PRODUCED.

How shall I describe the effect thus produced? Words fail me. The audience are electrified and the female portion not unfrequently are moved to tears through the nervous excitement occasioned. Morgan played that transcendent chorus, "His enemies hath he overwhelmed in the Red Sea" (from Handel's "Israel in Egypt"), and when he came to the last part, with the triplet moving bass after the grand crescendo, I felt as if I too was about to be swallowed up by those ruthless waves! I can but wish that all New Yorkers and Brooklynites might go and hear it, and then come home again feeling ashamed that they should have thus allowed a little Yankee town to get ahead of them in an institution which affords such pure heavenly manna to man's better part—his soul—as does this unequalled organ!

#### HOW THE ORGAN HAS BEEN SLANDERED.

The first thought which occurred to me after becoming acquainted with the Boston Organ was: How it has been slandered! What lies I have heard about it! Can this be the instrument which people told me *could not even be filled with wind*? Is this the organ which was said to be "all squeal and scream with composition stops," that had poor Diapasons, and that "mixed everything up?" Whence then those full, round, luscious, and religious tones? Whence that thundering bass, which betokens no quint nor "brassiness" of any kind? Whence that clear enunciation of complicated harmonies in fugue and fantasia? Alas! for jealousy, prejudice and bigotry, when backed by an ignorance of art and things artistic, which is ever so plentiful in this country! As this is a masterpiece of the art of organ-building, it naturally requires a Master to handle it. An Indian could not manage a steam engine, but is the fault in the engine? Just so the intricacies of this wonderful organ have had to be studied carefully even by our first organists, and the instrument is only now beginning to finish unfolding its almost boundless resources, as Bostonians themselves say, who have heard it constantly for months. \* \* \*

C. JEROME HOPKINS.

Burlington, Vermont, August 18.

## Music Abroad.

BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL. This "colossal music meeting," which occurs triennially, and which has the greatest history of all musical festivals, came round again for the 29th time, on the 6th of September, and lasted four days. It was of unusual interest this time, owing to the production of three new works expressly written for it (Costa's oratorio, and the Cantatas by Henry Smart and Arthur Sullivan), as well as to the revival (for the first time at Birmingham since 1837, when Mendelssohn conducted the performance in person), of *St. Paul*, besides the more familiar *Elijah* and the *Lobgesang*; also Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, Handel's *Messiah*, of course, and selections from his *Solomon*. To which add a rich variety of vocal and instrumental pieces in the evening concerts. The chorus numbered nearly 100 in each of the four parts; the rest of the *personnel* is thus enumerated:

The list of solo-singers is formidable, comprising Mdlles. Titiens and Adelina Patti (her first appearance in oratorio). Mesdames Rudersdorff and Lemmens-Sherrington (sopranos); Madame Sinton-Dolby and Palmer (contraltos); Signor Mario, Messrs. Cummings and Sims Reeves (tenors); Messrs. Weiss and Santley (basses). Add to these for the evening performances, M. Sinton (solo-violinist), and Madame Arabella Gaddard (pianist). Mr. Stimpson of the Town Hall, as usual will preside at the organ, and Mr. Costa conduct the whole performances, with the exception of the new cantatas of Messrs. Smart and Sullivan, the care of which, according to custom, devolves upon their respective composers. The band, perhaps the finest ever brought together, includes 28 first violins (principals, M. Sinton and Mr. Blagrove), 26 second violins (Mr. Willy, principal), 18 violas (Mr. Doyle, principal), 17 violoncellos (Mr. G. Collins, principal), 17 double-basses (Mr. Howell, principal), four flutes (Messrs. Pratten, De Folly, &c.), four oboes (Messrs. Barret, Nicholson, &c.), four clarionets (Messrs. Lazarus, Maycock, &c.), four bassoons (Messrs. Hutchins, Anderson, &c.), two trum-

pets (Messrs. T. Harper and Irwin) . . . ,  
—137 in number.

Costa's *Naaman* seems to have been received with extraordinary favor; no less than twelve pieces were encored, and the raptures of the critics were beyond bounds; but then Costa has become an Englishman—so are we all, all Englishmen! On another page we have copied at length Mr. Davison's very intelligent appreciation of the work and of the performance. For the rest we have only room here for a very brief sketch of the first two days and evenings of the Festival, from the *Orchestra* of Sept. 10.

Smart's "*Bride of Dunkerron*," went extremely well, and praise is lavish on the subject of the cantata. The *Bride of Dunkerron* consists of some fifteen movements. It is preluded by a short instrumental movement, followed by a chorus of serfs and sea-maidens, which is characteristic and fanciful throughout, and deliciously scored for the band. The following intermezzo, exquisitely played by the band, is a scholarly piece of writing, full of exquisite passages, and containing an enchanting melody for the stringed instruments in unison, which could scarcely fail to commend itself to all who heard it. This is succeeded by a recitative, sung by Mr. Cummings, and a beautiful melodious air, "The full moon is beaming." This, although starting with a theme which at first seems somewhat commonplace, is so worked up as to become a very artistic and pleasing composition. The recitative and the air "Oh! the earth is fair in plain and glade," is thoroughly in keeping with the character of the work, the air being particularly bold and spirited, and having a very artistic accompaniment for the strings in light staccato passages, and being particularly effective in the middle of each verse, where the character of the accompaniment and the air change very appropriately. The chorus, "O Storm King, hear us," with its fine opening passages for the wind instruments, and its elaborate scoring throughout, was grandly given; and so was the following chorus, "Hail to thee! hail to thee! child of the earth," which is so pleasing, light and fantastic, that it was rapturously encored. We have not space to dwell upon the delicious beauty of the melodious air, "Our home shall be on this bright isle," exquisitely sung by Madame Rudersdorff, or the tender and impassioned duet, "Here we may dwell," likewise appropriately rendered by the before-mentioned lady and Mr. Cummings. Nor can we dwell upon the grand trio, "Where art thou?" which is really one of the finest pieces in the work, or speak at length of the finale and chorus which describes the serfs waiting *Dunkerron's* arrival home, and which is so graphically and artistically treated by the composer. Suffice it to say that the cantata was a success.

"*Naaman*" was brought out this (Wednesday) morning with a success which cannot be disputed. The pleasure of the audience, evinced in numberless encores, ultimately became tiresome, for by encoring they prolonged the performance far into the afternoon. Looking at Mr. Costa's new work as a whole, it is a great improvement upon his former oratorio. It is better in nearly every respect—it is higher in tone, nobler in quality, and if it does not contain quite so much strict writing, it is, perhaps, because Mr. Costa feels that many fugues and such-like are out of place in modern oratorios. A lack of sublimity and a want of loftier tone will doubtless be the great faults found with *Naaman*. A great part of it is certainly very light and operatic in style, almost too much so, but Mr. Costa has undoubtedly just kept within the line, though he appears to have ventured as near the edge as is prudent or judicious in an oratorio. Some of the chorales could scarcely be improved, and could not be more ably treated or more effective in performance than they are. In some of the airs, duets, &c., the composer seems unconsciously to have made use of fragments of well-known melodies; but perfect originality of melody is quite a novelty now-a-days, and it is more in the original manner in which a theme is treated that we now distinguish the master. The elaborate scoring, and the perfect mastery Mr. Costa shows himself to have over the resources of his art in this work, are worthy of notice, and the rich variety, the almost endless series of little subjects which are introduced into the band parts of the accompanied recitatives, are worthy of particular remark.

We have not space to dwell upon the various pieces comprised in the evening concert. Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* was magnificently performed. One of the principal features of the second part was Beethoven's Sonata in G, No. 3, op. 30, for piano-forte and violin. This was a real work of art played by two real artists. M. Sainton is not so well known as a solo violinist as a leader in an orchestra, but in

a work like this sonata, where there is wanted thoughtful, intelligent, conscientious playing, and not trickery or mere display, few violinists can equal, much less excel, this gentleman. Madame Arabella Goddard's capabilities are too well known to leave a doubt as to how her part would be performed.

This morning (Thursday) the *Messiah* introduces Tietjens, Sherrington, Reeves, and Santley, once more to a Birmingham public; and to-night Arthur Sullivan's *Kenilworth*, the cantata composed expressly for the Festival. Friday brings the *Mount of Olives*, *Solomon* and *Elijah*, which concludes the Festival, by which time Birmingham may well be wearied of melody.

HEREFORD. The 141st Festival of the Three Choirs began on the last Tuesday in August, lasting four days, and the report thereof occupies some ten solid columns in the *London Musical World*. The principal singers were Mlle. Tietjens; Mmes. Lemmens-Sherrington, Sainton-Dolby and Weiss; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith, Santley and Weiss. The band consisted of between 60 and 70 instruments, and Mr. Townshend Smith, organist of the cathedral, conducted. We have only room for the programmes of each day.

Tuesday. Choral service, followed by a Fugue of Bach; Sermon; first two parts of *Creation*; Overture to Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*; Beethoven's first Mass in C, (Anglicanized into "Service in C!")—Evening: Selections from Weber's *Oberon*; Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony; songs, duets, &c.

Wednesday. Service music; Oratorio, *Elijah*.—Evening: Benedict's Cantata, *Richard Cœur de Lion*; Beethoven's C minor Symphony; "Vintagers' Chorus" from Haydn's *Seasons*; solos, &c.

Thursday. The first part of Spohr's oratorio, *The Fall of Babylon*, (one hour and a half long), succeeded by the whole of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*; interval of 15 minutes; Overture to Handel's "Occasional Oratorio; selections from *Judas Maccabeus*; airs from *Theodora* (Handel); and a selection from *Israel in Egypt*! There's a dinner for John Bull! But, coming as it did in the middle of the day, we suppose he would call it a "lunch."—Evening: Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music; Shakespearean song: "Sigh no more, ladies" (Sims Reeves); Spohr's *Scena cantante* for violin; overtures, songs, &c.

Friday morning. The *Messiah*.—Evening: Chamber Concert in College Hall. Quartets, Quintets, &c., by Mozart, Beethoven, &c.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 1, 1864.

### The Musical Season.

In spite of the distracting influences of the war, the Presidential election, the feverish dances of the gold thermometer, and what not, and in spite of difficulties of the situation purely musical, such as poverty of orchestral resources, preoccupation of means and evenings by the multitude of money-making popular or medley concert enterprises, Boston is likely to have, this coming winter and spring, its fair share of those more edifying entertainments in which Music takes the high ground of Art. Art never asks what is most certain to be popular; if it had done so it would have long since forgotten to be Art. Let us briefly count up the good things in prospect.

1. First, and most interesting the ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS. The good old days—a period exceptional and transitory, as it proved—when we could have some twenty classical orchestral concerts in a winter, do not come again. It may be partly owing to public indifference, partly to lack of management; but is far more owing to the singularly

small number of musicians fit to play in a true Symphony orchestra that Boston, for a city of its size and musical pretention, can command. Such as there are, there are barely enough to supply the theatres; and even the best of them are not spared from that drudging service. It is literally, and ludicrously, true that not a single pair of bassoons can be found to play in a Symphony! And as for a proper complement of strings for a band proportioned to the Music Hall, we all know what sketches we have had to content ourselves with in the name of *Grand Orchestra* performances, feeling thankful to get only so near to Beethoven, rather than cease to know him at all. Mr. CARL ZERRAHN, with a great deal of enterprise, has done the best he could for us under the circumstances. For this year his plans were larger and braver than usual,—only to be met by a new and unusual obstacle. It seems that all the theatres, as well as the various cheap and popular music halls, are to have performances on Saturday evenings, thus precluding the possibility of a concert orchestra on any evening except Sunday. Mr. Zerrahn, therefore, must either abandon his good purpose altogether, or else give his concerts on Sunday evenings. This, we are happy to say, he proposes to do. Some timid, conventional, unthinking, unappreciative persons, who still think piety inseparable from forms, will probably be shocked in their proprieties. There will be some sanctimonious criticism. Some old leaven of Puritan prejudice (the weak and silly, not the strong and glorious side of Puritanism) still blinks afraid of sunshine, and even leaves its mould upon the statute book. It may be necessary to call them "Sacred" Concerts to make them legal,—a name that has been brought into such disrepute of late, and so vulgarized, by the lowest and most secular kind of musical entertainments, as to afford the most convincing comment on the absurdity of all such prohibitions. Mr. Zerrahn, with an artist's self-respect, of course shrinks from borrowing so hypocritical a title; but if he must use the name, his safeguard will be in making the character of his music all so high, so pure and classical, that it must needs be religious, whether it wear the name or not. To the pure all things are pure; to the true music-lover all true music is sacred, in a very sincere sense. How many persons, even in the most God-fearing, or, better still, God-loving and man-loving, houses, dare flatter themselves that they have spent their Sabbath evenings more spiritually than he who listens, heart and soul as well as ears, to a Beethoven Symphony!—But it is late in the day to be combatting these prejudices; they have long since ceased to be regarded by enlightened minds; they are no longer public opinion, and have taken shelter only in dark places, in a few narrow minds. The great Symphony Concerts of the Conservatoire in Paris, the best concerts in every German city (and are not people there as good as we are, the best of us), take place on Sunday evenings. Bach and Handel, Haydn and Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert, Mendelssohn and Schumann, are just the souls to speak to us and keep our holier spirits up after a Sabbath truly spent. If it be wicked to converse with them, then is it wicked to enjoy the solemn beauty of the sunset, or to lift our eyes and souls to the eternal stars and feel the "sweet influences of the Pleiades."

Mr. Zerrahn proposes four concerts. He will

have an orchestra of forty; and for the better effect of so small a band, as well as in the uncertainty of a very large attendance, he will give his concerts, at least the earlier ones, at the Melodeon. They will be strictly classical, embracing of course some of the great old overtures and Symphonies, including one of the greatest which has not been heard here for a long time, Schubert's in C. Then he has procured a number of new scores of important works, which he will present here for the first time; viz.

1st Concert. "An das Vaterland:" a prize Symphony, in 5 parts, by Joachim Raff (first time in America.)

2nd Conc. "Gretchen" (Marguerite): *Andante scave*, from the "Faust Symphony" (Part II) by Liszt.

3d Conc. Overture to "Medea," by Bargiel (first time in America).—Organ Toccata in F, by Bach, arranged for Orchestra by Esser. (First time in America.)

4th Conc. "Fratres ego enim accipi:" chorus in 8 parts, unaccompanied, by Palestrina. "Loreley:" Cantata for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, by Ferdinand Hiller. (First time in America.)

We are sorry that certain practical obstacles put it out of Mr. Z.'s power to produce "Paradise and the Peri" this season. We think there can be no doubt that this plan will be carried out successfully, with the countenance and gratitude of good and serious people. Mr. Z. will begin about the first of December, avoiding, of course, Oratorio nights, and weeks when musical senses require rest from the Opera.

2. Previous to this, about Thanksgiving time, a grand concert will be given by the "Boston Musicians' Union" (a mutual protective league), with an orchestra of over a hundred instruments:—who will not turn out to see such a miracle in Boston! Among the selections are: a Beethoven Symphony, the *Leonora* overture (No. 3); Wagner's *Rienzi* overture; and a Quartet for four violins, with orchestra, by Maurer; besides songs, part-songs, &c., probably by the Orpheus Club.

Of the Afternoon Concerts of the ORCHESTRAL UNION, and of the MOZART CLUB, there will soon be something to say.

3. The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY are already rehearsing Handel's sublimest oratorio, "Israel in Egypt," for the five-days' musical Festival, which they intend to hold next Spring or Summer, on their 50th anniversary. Other Oratorios on those days will be the "Messiah," "Elijah," perhaps the "Creation," and the "Hymn of Praise." The "Creation" is to many ears so hacknied, that we cannot help wishing that the Society would improve the occasion by learning for it at least one of the easiest of Bach's Cantatas (it is high time that a beginning be made in Bach; we are behind all the world in that!) or else Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," as well worth knowing as the "Elijah." Grand orchestral concerts will alternate with the Oratorios, the orchestra being enlarged to 80 or 90 by borrowings from New York.—Meanwhile the H. & H. will give the "Creation" in Thanksgiving week (a very fitting time for it), and the "Messiah" at Christmas time.

4. Mr. EICHBERG, as we have before announced, is preparing Schumann's "Pilgrimage of the Rose" for early performance.—The same excellent artist, as will be seen by the following extract, is to have charge of a novel series of entertainments, in which it is natural to suppose that there will be some intermixture of classical things, at least Haydn's Symphonies, which are also "popular."

Manager Field is arranging a series of Saturday evening musical entertainments at the Museum, which cannot fail of proving in the highest degree attractive and popular. The performances are to consist of orchestral and vocal music, such as the best

resident talent can afford, and also a variety of "star" engagements, and of some of Mr. Eichberg's charming operettas, including his new one, a detailed mention of which we are compelled to defer to another week. Mr. Eichberg will have charge of the entertainments, and this fact is a sufficient guarantee of their excellence. The orchestra will be enlarged, and the operettas will be given with all the attention to casts, scenery, costumes and general appointments that characterizes the dramatic performances at this establishment.

5. CHAMBER MUSIC. We have already mentioned Mr. OTTO DRESEL's contemplated Piano-Forte concerts, which of course will be of the choicest.—Mr. HERMANN DAUM's plan also will be borne in mind.—We hear nothing of the renewal of those delightful soirées of Messrs. KREISSMANN, LEONHARD and EICHBERG, but we can assure those artists they are wistfully if not loudly called for.—Nor has the usual classical prospectus of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB made its appearance—a sign that never yet has failed us for these fifteen years—has the drought anything to do with it? All its members, individually, are just now absorbed in the nightly "Popular Concerts" at the Melodeon, of which we shall speak anon. But there is hope that the success thereof will soon warrant their making one of the evenings of each week a classical night when we shall hear the Quartets and Quintets of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, &c. even more frequently than heretofore.

6. GERMAN OPERA will soon be upon us. On Monday evening, Oct. 10, the Grover-Anschütz company, with all the strength it had before, besides several new singers, and a still finer orchestra and chorus, will re-open at the Boston Theatre, and give us, there is reason to believe, a pretty long, rich season of it. Read the letter of our intelligent New York correspondent, if you need to be reminded who and what they are. Their former experience in Boston should ensure us a somewhat better repertoire than this last one in New York; that is to say, in addition to Meyerbeer and Gounod, can we doubt that we shall have *Fidelio* again repeatedly, and *La Dame Blanche* ditto, and several operas by Mozart.

7. ITALIAN OPERA (MARETZKE'S), which opens in New York next Monday, is expected here in December. Of this hereafter.

8. The GREAT ORGAN, of course, will not be silent. That, like the poor, we have always with us.

### The "Popular" Concerts.

Messrs. THOMAS RYAN and JAMES P. DRAPER, musical and business managers respectively, inaugurated their plan of cheap and popular concerts, at the Melodeon, by a private invitation "Soirée" last Saturday evening; since which time the concerts have been regularly given every evening, with encouraging success, if the attracting and delighting of large audiences be any test. The invitation programme may serve here as a specimen for all:

1. Overture to "Das Nachtlager," Kreutzer
2. The Alpine Echo (Vocal Quartet), Swiss
3. Fantasia for Flute, on a German Air. Robert Goering.
4. Love's Request—German Ballad. Reichardt
5. Fantasia for Piano—on Themes from *La Traviata*. Miss Ryan. Ascher
6. Vocal Trio—"Love's young Dream." Joseph M. R. Gabriel. Moore
7. Recitative and Air—from *La Sonnambula*. Miss Riddell, Draper and Barnabee. Part II. Bellini
8. Fantasia for Violoncello—on Russian and Irish Airs. Miss Riddell. Franchomme.
9. Duet—"Trust her not" (words by Longfellow) Wulf Fries. Balfe
10. Solo for Violin—"Sounds from Rome." Miss Riddell and Ryan. Gungl
11. Glee—"Bank of Violets" (four voices). William Schultze. Stevenson

Now, as the invited ones on this occasion were mostly of the class accustomed to the classical concerts of the Quintette Club, and not the class to whom these concerts are mainly addressed, this was not the programme to interest them very much, although the general good will spoke out in frequent applause. That overture, for instance, a weak thing in itself, was tamer still when rendered only by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, with the addition of STEIN's double-bass, and with RYAN's clarinet for color contrast. Besides, the Quintette Club

being there, such small employment of them collectively reduced them to a sort of pale and posthumous nonentity; we would as soon have "rapping spirits" instead of live, real, interesting persons. Then four instrumental solos, mainly show pieces, always tedious to really musical listeners, are, we fancy, too much of that sort even for uneducated publics. The life of the entertainment, as it seemed to us, both then and since, was in the singing. And if the concerts are to be chiefly popular, to attract and please the many, with the design also of gradually insinuating more and more of the classical and finer element, for which we give the managers credit, we suggest whether the end would not be best reached by making the concerts mainly vocal, and letting the few instrumental pieces be of the best and most familiar out of the Club's old treasury of Quartets, and Quintets, with an occasional good violin or piano solo, or duet, or trio?

But, as the concerts are to go on every evening, as the aim is to shape them to the wishes of an unflinching public, by trying various experiments, with the hope of demonstrating that something a great deal better than burnt cork "minstrelsy" may draw nightly crowds the year round, it is only fair to consider these first models as entirely malleable, open to modification and improvement of every sort, and by no means a fixed ultimatum to be judged once for all. We shall watch their history with interest, hoping for better and better.

A few words of the *personnel* engaged in them. Of the five Mendelssohnians there is no need to speak. Miss RIDDELL is a new soprano of interesting promise; a clear, pure not quite sympathetic, bright voice, good intonation, considerable fluent execution, but yet lacking much of style and finish. The rich contralto and pretty way of Miss RYAN are well known. Mr. DRAPER has a pleasing tenor voice, not powerful, and an unaffected style. Mr. BARNABEE's basso was quite rich and telling. The ensemble of these four was hardly sympathetic, but it must improve in time. The glees and trios were, on the whole, nicely rendered and effective. Mr. GABRIEL chooses merely show pieces by tenth-rate composers for the piano, and his execution, brilliant and dashing, lacks the fineness, the poetry, which it is in vain to seek to learn in such a school. Such music, played by the angel Gabriel himself, could never charm us. As an accompanist Mr. G. appears quite serviceable.

Quite unawares we find our space so shortened as to crowd out our Great Organ Record, as well as twenty other things, such as notices of the nice editions of the Masses of Haydn, Mozart and Weber, which Ditson has been publishing; of Greeley's admirable History of the Great Rebellion, and other books; personal intelligence of artists, teachers, &c.

To-morrow (Sunday) evening, Mr. JOHN K. PAINE will give a Sacred Concert on the Great Organ.

### Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 27.—Mr. GROVER, manager of the German Opera, opened the musical season with Gounod's "Faust." The great interest, and overflowing attendance, with which the public in general has received the performances of the German opera troupe, is justified by the improved management displayed. Mr. ANSCHUTZ, although completely at home at the conductor's desk, and there scarcely surpassed by any one in energy and capability, is not suited to the position of manager. The costumes and decorations are much superior to the former *mise en scene* of the company; chorus and orchestra strong in proportion, and very effective under Anschütz's baton. But to ensure the future of the German Opera, all flavor of dilettantism about it must be done away with, and some of the voices replaced by better and fresher ones; for singers of good will and little voices are not sufficient. If Mr. Grover succeeds in this, his will be the merit of having grounded a lasting existence for German opera in this country, and that in spite of clique and cabal and plot and counterplot; nor will he find his reward in pecuniary success alone, but also in the thanks and recognition of those to whom the welfare of art, in all its varied phases, is dear.

The troupe consists of the following artists: Mme. FREDERICK, who possesses a fresh, powerful, sympathetic, and sufficiently extensive soprano voice. Her execution is still imperfect, and her formation of tone not yet all that can be desired. The character in which she pleased us best was that of Agatha in

*Der Freischütz*; she gave the great scena, and especially the prayer, with remarkable inspiration, and the most correct taste. As Margarethe in "Faust," we consider her superior to all who have appeared in that character here, and when her acting has gained a little more finish—if it may, without losing its charming naturalness, and without falling into conventionality—she is sure of success everywhere in this part. She is wrong to undertake parts lying in so low a register as that of Nancy, in "Martha;" she cannot render them with effect, and no voice can be forced out of its natural compass without evil consequences.

Mme. JOHANSEN is a pains-taking artist; but she pleases us more in serious than in comic parts; in the latter her voice and acting display somewhat of triviality. But for such parts as that of Rachel in the "Jewess," which requires immense power, her voice is no longer reliable enough, although her efforts are not altogether unsuccessful.

Mme. ROTTER is also a zealous artist; somewhat too zealous, perhaps; for we suspect that a noticeable deterioration of voice since her first appearance here may be in part owing to her over-exertions as an actress.

Fräulein CANISSA possesses a good voice and a bad method, and too often sings false besides. Her conception of character is superficial.

Herr HIMMER is evidently a thoughtful, earnest artist. It is only to be regretted that his voice is not sufficient for the demands of his intelligence, though it might be rendered far more effective by a more open production of tone. Nothing can be said against his conception and representation of character; as Eleazar in "The Jewess," as Robert, as Faust, his acting not unfrequently reaches the sublime.

Herr HABELMANN possesses a flexible, sympathetic, and sufficiently powerful tenor voice, a good method besides, and knows how to make a careful use of his natural and acquired resources. If we have a fault to find with this artist, it is that he occasionally oversteps the boundaries of good taste. His acting is also good. As the representative of Lyonel in "Martha," and Max in *Der Freischütz*, he leaves nothing to be desired.

Every one knows what KARL FORMES is, or at least what he was. FORMES is still superb at times in Bertram, Plunkett, etc. But alas, that years of carelessness have in part destroyed an organ once so fine! Can the singer who possesses a truly noble voice, show himself too heedful in his use of it? For the human instrument is no drum, whose skin, when worn out, may be renewed at pleasure.

Herr HERMANN is in stage appearance, acting, and voice so excellent a representative of Mephisto, that it would be difficult to imagine a more complete embodiment of the hero of the cloven foot. But in rôles taxing more especially the singer's powers, Herr Hermann's want of method, the close quality of his upper tones, a lack of decision in the lower ones, and his habit of gliding a third, a fifth, sometimes even an octave in attacking certain tones, render his good bass voice comparatively ineffective.

Herr STEINCKE is a useful member of the company, although possessing little voice; but his intelligent acting partly atones for that deficiency, in characters of secondary importance.

As we have already said, the chorus and orchestra are excellent; indeed the chorus singers merit especial praise for their lively, careful, natural singing and—acting!

The operas given by Mr. Grover's company during the past representations of two weeks have been "Faust," "Martha," "Der Freischütz," "Robert le Diable," "The Jewess"; and "Don Giovanni" is promised for this (Tuesday) evening, with two new singers lately arrived from Europe,—Fräulein DJUBA and Herr LEHMANN—in the cast. Quite a good repertory for so short a season.

The most complete performance was that of *Der Freischütz*; whose old yet ever new, soulful melodies proved their divine origin by their effect on all hearts not yet *blasés*. "Robert" was put upon the stage after a single rehearsal and went indifferently as regards theatrical effect, in consequence. The second performance was altogether an improvement on the first. "Faust is still the public favorite, and the commonplace soldiers' chorus is still encored, to the horror of musical ears. In consequence of Himmer's illness, an Italian tenor, TAMARO, undertook the part of Faust with success. "The Jewess" was much cut, and on the first performance might have gone more smoothly; its great music, too, almost necessitates voices of immense power; but notwithstanding the need of them in the three principal parts, still from the dramatic talent of the artists engaged, the representation was an effective one.

#### "THE CREATION."

Some weeks ago, Messrs. ANSCHÜTZ and FORMES announced their intention of establishing oratorio performances, which were to commence with Haydn's "Creation." The first concert was to have taken place in the open air, in Jones's Wood. But the rain had also made up his mind to visit Jones's wood on that day; so he slipped on his wet mantle, and spoiled the fun. The concert was postponed to the following Sunday, and promised to be crowded, especially as the ears that thirsted for classical music were to be regaled with instrumentation strengthened by "four great bells, and a battery of six-pounders!" But destiny again forbade. The superintendent of police, seconded by the superintendent of showers, laid his protest on the Sunday performance. At length, on the 16th of September, the affair took place before a small public—the whole thing a failure. The choir was small and ineffective; and the orchestra sounded thin in the open air. The Solos were in the hands of Mme. JOHANSEN, Mme. ZIMMERMANN, Herr FORMES, and as Herr QUINT was taken ill with a "sudden cold," a nameless gentleman sung the part of Uriel. The right temper was wanting to the whole personnel engaged. "There is but one step" etc., etc., and this occasion again proved the truth of the old proverb. When the turn of Handel's "Hallelujah" chorus came, every ear was on the stretch for the promised "four great bells, and the battery of six-pounders." Four small bells hung on one side of the platform; the battery was invisible and inaudible, although "Hallelujah, Hallelujah," loudly sounded; but all anticipated the immense effect that was expected at the hands of those who had so wisely improved on Mozart's already rich instrumentation of Handel's score. Anschütz gives the sign—to the left, to the right—he stretches out his neck, and his head, moves his arms—bends his whole body—the long drawn *hallelujahs* of chorus and orchestra had almost died away,—and the bells? the battery? At last, timidly, tremblingly, a little bell sounded—and an artillery of giant form threw off hastily a few—fire-crackers! Doubtless, both artists had made a mistake in counting their bars. In place of exciting awe and reverence, such as scarcely any other chorus is able to awaken, most Handel's sublime composition be thus made the groundwork for humbug, laughter and derision?

#### CONCERTS, ITALIAN OPERA, &c.

On the 19th the "Musical Mutual Protective Union" also gave a concert in Jones's Wood. Six hundred performers were announced. We hope the M. M. P. Union will give their future concerts in some large concert hall, for the best of orchestras with string instruments will prove acoustically ineffective in the open air. The aim of the society is praiseworthy and should be supported. The Harmonic Society displays new life, and is practising Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," with other works.

The Philharmonic commences its rehearsals next month. The first concert will be given under BERGMANN's direction.

MARETZKE's Italian Opera company will begin their season on the third of October. Many new works, and native and foreign singers are promised. We shall see how these promises are fulfilled.

On the whole, a very lively musical season is expected.

LANCELOT.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Hurrah for Abe and Andy. L. B. Starkweather. 30  
A capital campaign song, with Chorus. Light and pretty melody.

Is it Mother's gentle touch? V. E. Marston. 30  
Another of the "Mother" songs. They are getting to be numerous, but are not yet too much so. This is a pretty song and chorus, and has been sung by the Arion Glee Club.

Song of the Shepherd boy. (Le jour se leve.)  
"Mireille." Gounod. 30

This sweet little air is one of the encore pieces of the opera, and is that sung by the young shepherd, or more properly goat-herd, whom Mireille encounters on her pilgrimage to the church of the Sainte Marie.

God bless the Prince of Wales. Song and Quartet.  
Brimley Richards. 30  
The original quartet was composed for the occasion of the marriage of the Prince with Alexandra, who, of course, is to have a fair share of the blessing. Good, hearty music, and full of harmony.

Evening Song. C. P. Morrison. 30  
A pleasing "Good Night" mountain song. Music somewhat difficult.

Johnny Bell's Woeing. C. J. Hargitt. 30  
Not a comic song, as one might guess from the title, but a very tender and neat Scotch ballad. Will, very likely, take its place among the decided favorites of its class.

#### Instrumental Music.

Overture to "Mireille." Gounod.  
The overture is quite simple in its construction, and quite appropriate to the pastoral character of the opera. A few Provençal airs are introduced.

The "Stamp" galop. Arthur O'Leary. 30  
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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 614.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 15, 1864.

VOL. XXIV. No. 15.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Half a dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

II. ANTONIO SALIERI.

(Continued from page 298.)

From the point which is now reached in the life of Salieri, Mosel hurries on to the conclusion, epitomizing the rest into a very small space. I shall follow his example, not from a lack of matter, but because I cannot suppose others to feel my interest in the history, and because there must be somewhere a limit to an article prepared for a journal. From what has been already detailed, the reader must see that at this period, 1790, Salieri stood at the head of the living musical operatic composers of the world in the popular estimation. The greatness of Mozart's works was known to an "appreciative few," and those works were establishing themselves in their true position; but they were—the "*Entführung aus dem Serail*" excepted—on the whole, *caviar* to the generality, and the "*Magic Flute*," which was the magic wand to open the popular ear to his exquisite melodies and divine harmonies, was not yet composed. Salieri, therefore, stood before the world in 1790, as Rossini did in 1830,—the acknowledged greatest living composer for the stage.

The year 1790 began with a heavy blow both to Salieri and Mozart—Joseph II. died on the 20th of February. His successor was his brother, the narrow-minded, bigoted, despotic Leopold II., Grand Duke of Tuscany. It takes long to mature, adopt, and put in force any great measure of state; but the repeal of a law, the return to the old way, the re-adoption of the old policy is the work of a moment. This Leopold proved anew. The measures and general polity, which Joseph, by many years of labor and perseverance, had but fairly introduced and which were intended to make Austria an enlightened and progressive state—which curbed the insolence of its greedy, immoral and debased priesthood, reducing in number and power its everywhere swarming legions of monks, which encouraged freedom of thought and speech, improved the schools, and was building up domestic industry in all directions,—these measures, this polity were annihilated by a stroke of the pen. The man seems to have adopted as his rule of action, the maxim that whatever had pleased Joseph must for that reason be detested by Leopold. This was as true in relation to the theatre and music, as to politics and public affairs. On the 13th of March he assumed the crown—on the 15th July a writer records: "The present king has not yet been in a theatre, has had no music at home, nor has given any sign of love for music." These facts, however, the writer supposes to be owing to the pressure of public business, and that "the golden age of music would begin a new epoch, after the giant mountains of state affairs had been reduced to sand hills." As Leo-

pold died March 1, 1792, there proved to be hardly time for the new musical epoch to open.

The accession of Leopold, however, does not seem to have had any immediate effect upon the position of Salieri, although of course, after the death of Joseph, the court theatres were closed for a time, and the Chapelmaster was for so long relieved of his duties in the orchestra.

His first work of this year, 1790, appears to have been the changes made in "*Tarare*" for the opera in Paris. Towards the end of the preceding year, this popular work had been neglected, the leading parts given to inferior actors and singers, and finally it was withdrawn altogether, to the great loss of the treasury, and the great wrath of Beaumarchais. By February, (1790), the directors began sensibly to feel the mistake, and a deputation from them waited upon the poet, and, after admitting that the receipts of the opera house had fallen below the necessary expenses, prayed him to bring the *Tarare* again upon the stage. They however desired that the piece should close with a magnificent spectacle, the Coronation of *Tarare*, promising to employ only singers and dancers of the very first class in it. Beaumarchais at last consented to make the necessary alterations; which consisted in the addition of the new finale, and a consequent shortening of the previous acts. Impatient to draw the pecuniary benefits of the revival, the directors applied to Le Moine and Gretry to compose the new music, and thus save them from the loss of time involved in sending for it to Vienna. Whatever may have been the motive, pride, modesty or delicacy for Salieri, the French composers refused the engagement, and Beaumarchais forced the committee to make formal application to his friend by letter. He sent a letter, with his texts to the "Coronation," and to certain other pieces which were to be introduced, in which he tells Salieri: "You will certainly find it [the "Coronation"] in importance adequate to the position [as a new finale to the very successful *Tarare*]. With the election of a beloved king by a liberated people, I have associated several of the grand questions with which the nation is just now busied."

These questions were, says Mosel, the marriage of ecclesiastics, the cancelling of marriages (which was brought into the piece, by the divorce of the two characters Calpigi and Spinette) and other such productions of that unhappy epoch. A letter from the Committee, of June 2, 1790, and another from Beaumarchais of the 6th, urged Salieri to hasten his work, and visit Paris to superintend its production, as well as bring out his new work "*Castor and Pollux*," a text, however, which he did not compose. Salieri was detained in Vienna, and sent his new music to the Committee. In the middle of August, Beaumarchais announced the extraordinary success of the opera in its new form.

"It was put upon the stage with astonishing pains," he says, "and enjoyed by the public as a sublime work of the musical art. You now rank,

with us, at the head of all composers! The treasury of the opera, which for a year past has received but 500 or 600 livres a night, made with *Tarare* 6540 livres at the first performance and 5400 at the second. The performers, who have this time carefully observed my maxim, to consider their singing as but a supplement to the action, have been for the first time ranked among the greatest actors of the stage, and the public cried: 'That is music! not a single fantastic note! Everything is aimed at the grand effect of the dramatic action.' What a pleasure for me, my friend, to see justice thus done you, and to hear you unanimously called the worthy successor of Gluck." In a later letter, he writes: "I repeat to you, that the French public feels the dramatic beauties of the music in *Tarare* more than ever. This is the only work that gives the Opera a profit."

Mosel is of opinion that Salieri's disgust at the principles advocated in the "Coronation of *Tarare*," was the reason why he did not go to Paris to bring it out,—a view which finds some confirmation in the fact that no copy of it was found, after the composer's death, among his music. But Salieri had other duties at this time. As chief kapellmeister, it devolved upon him to prepare and conduct the music at the various coronations of Leopold. One of the compositions composed expressly for these occasions was a grand *Te Deum*. The ceremony at Prague, where Leopold was crowned King of Bohemia, took place September 6; his election as Emperor of Germany followed on the 30th of the same month at Frankfort, a.m., and the coronation on the 6th of October; his coronation as King of Hungary, at Presburg, took place on the 15th November. In the list of Leopold's suite at Frankfort, as given in the *Kronungs-Diarium* [2 vols. folio] we read:—

K. K. Hofkapelle. (Imp. Roy. Court Chapel).  
Herr Anton Salieri. I. R. Court Chapelmaster.  
Herr Ignatz Umlauf, substitut.  
15 Chamber musicians.

In 1791, Salieri petitioned to be relieved of the direction of the Italian Opera, with which, except during his absences in Paris and Italy, he had been charged now for four and twenty years. His prayer was granted, with the condition that he should still have charge of the sacred music in the palace chapel, and should deliver an opera annually to the stage. Joseph Weigl, a pupil of Salieri, took his place in the opera, being appointed to that place by Leopold, as he himself said, "to honor the master through his scholar." Mosel makes the resignation of Salieri a transaction creditable to Leopold's goodness of heart,—other authorities give quite a different view of the matter. Leopold's mind was thoroughly poisoned against the managers of the imperial theatre; moreover, he intended, instead of the German Opera, and the Italian Opera Buffa, to establish the Opera Seria and Ballet on a grand scale, and to put up a new house for them. Hence we read among the various remarks made by Leopold in

the conversation recorded by Da Ponte, which bear upon the first point, the following :

"Da Ponte. "Salieri, too—"

Leopold :—"It is unnecessary for you to speak of Salieri. I know him sufficiently. I know all his cabals, and those also of the Cavalieri, [a prima donna of the Opera Buffa]. He is an intolerable egotist, and would like to have nothing succeed in my theatre but his operas and his favorites; he is not only your enemy, but that of all the chapelmasters, all the singers, all the Italians, and especially mine, because he knows that I see through him. I will no longer have either his Germans or himself in my theatre."

The Berlin *Mus. Wochenblatt* records in October, 1791 : "It is said that chapelmaster Salieri has resigned, and that Cimarosa has been called to his position."

"As to the intentions of the former, nothing is yet distinctly known; but it is believed that he will fix his residence in Paris, where he has already produced three operas, in consequence of which he receives a handsome pension. Some are of opinion that the cause of his dissatisfaction lies in the proposed plan of a new court theatre, in which the boxes are to be fitted up for card playing."

Again: "Vienna, October 20. Chapelmaster Salieri has retired, retaining his full salary, but will for the future furnish an operetta annually to the Italian stage." To which the Editor (Reichardt) remarks in a note: "We desire to have, from some competent Viennese, the particulars in relation to this piece of news. Why is so young and excellent a composer put upon the retired list? Has a special troop for the grand Court Opera been engaged? and is this company paid so much less than the Opera Buffa formerly was, one member of which, the songstress Storace, for instance, received 1000 ducats annually?"

But the changes made by Leopold were general. Count Rosenberg, the director, gave way to Count Ugarte; Da Ponte, the poet, and the Ferraresi, prima donna, dismissed in disgrace, &c. At all events Salieri's forty-first birth-day, (19 August) saw him on the point of leaving that orchestra forever, in which he so long had labored. With his departure the orchestra began to lose its excellence. In less than ten years a writer in the *Leipzig Music Zeitung* (for June 10, 1801) could say, "When the worthy Salieri was chapelmaster of the Italian Opera, and Herr Scheidlein, if I mistake not, was director of the orchestra, the members were the same as now (a few excepted who may have left it), and yet the operas were executed so that the severest criticism could demand nothing more. The perfect time of all the instruments, and the precision with which all worked together were among the least of its excellencies. The voices were accompanied with extreme delicacy; every shade, to the very lightest, in the accompaniments brought out; the exact expression always hit. At that time this orchestra was indisputably one of the very first theatre orchestras in Germany, a fact admitted by every competent judge. But when Salieri had to give up his position to another, and Herr Conti became leader, the orchestra sank by degrees, until it fell to the point where it now stands. The fault must therefore lie not in its members, but rather in its leaders."

During this year (1791), when Mozart, discouraged and disheartened in his career as operatic

composer, sought the appointment of successor to Hofmann, as chapelmaster in St. Stephen's church, and gladly accepted the order of the buffoon Schikaneder to compose the "Magic Flute," and of the authorities at Prague to compose the "Titus," which two works he just lived to complete with young Süssmayr's aid, Salieri, though politely disgraced by his Emperor and set aside, was receiving orders for operas from various quarters. Beaumarchais and the directors of the Grand Opera still continued to urge him to come to Paris, and a new text, "*La Princesse de Baby-lone*," by Martin, was put into his hands. The turn which the Revolution took there, however, prevented the composer from accepting the invitation. Mazzola, the poet at Dresden, promised very soon to make such changes in his text, "*L'isola capricciosa*," as the composer desired, offered him again "*Il Poeta ridicolo*," and informed him that "*Azur*" had met with such a success in Dresden, "that every other opera, however beautiful, seemed weak when compared with this." Still another text was sent him from Padua, "*Alessio*," by Sografi, of which, however, nothing came.

At one o'clock in the night of Dec. 4-5, 1791, Mozart died. At 3 P.M. of the 6th, the funeral ceremony took place in the cross chapel, in the North transept of St. Stephen's church. Salieri was one of the few who were present, in spite of a terrible storm with rain and sleet. Whether he was one of those who went with the remains to the city gate, but there turned back appalled by the rage of the storm, sweeping across the broad open glacis, does not appear.

Seventeen years later (1808) appeared the second edition of Niemtschek's short biography of Mozart, in which (p. 81) the following anecdote is given :

"A still living, and not undistinguished composer in Vienna,"—Salieri is said to be meant, remarks Jahn—"said to another, when Mozart died, with much truth and justice: 'It is indeed sad, the loss of so great a genius; but well for us that he is dead. For had he lived longer, verily, the world would not have given us another bit of bread for our compositions!'"

Whether the anecdote be authentic, especially whether Salieri really is meant, certainly admits of doubt. But as years went on, and the Italian saw the works of his rival growing in the public estimation, until they were put by the whole musical world at the head of all operas, and their influence was felt in all schools of operatic composition; when he saw "*Don Juan*" and "*Figaro's Marriage*" everywhere on the stage, while his own works, which had so surpassed them in immediate success, had become partially forgotten, it is true a feeling of bitterness grew up in the heart of the old man, which in private circles, in his last years, found vent in words.

(To be continued.)

### Shakespeare in his Relation to Music.

A Lecture delivered on the 23d April, 1864, in the "Berliner Tonkünstler-Verein."

BY EMIL NAUMANN.

[Continued from page 315.]

In his introduction to *Don Quixote*, the best thing, perhaps, that ever proceeded from his pen, Heinrich Heine says :

"Cervantes, Shakespeare, and Goethe, constitute the poetical triumvirate who have achieved the greatest things in the three branches of poetic style: the epic, the dramatic, and the lyric. While ascribing the finest productions in drama, romance, and song,

to the above-mentioned great triumvirate, I am far from carping at the poetical value of other great poets. Not only the Ancients, but many of the Moderns likewise, have given us poems in which the flame of poetry blazes as brightly as in the masterpieces of Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Goethe. Still these names are connected as if by some secret bond. A kindred spirit beams forth from out their creations; a gentle breeze of eternal mildness, like the breath of God, blows through them all; and the modesty of Nature blooms in them. Goethe constantly reminds one of Cervantes, just as of Shakespeare, and he resembles the former even in the details of his style; in that pleasing prose, which is tinged with the sweetest and most harmless irony."

A fresh similarity, not perceived even by Heine, is exhibited by Shakespeare, Goethe, and Cervantes, if we consider the internal music that resounds through all their writings. It must here strike us as highly significant that it is precisely in the three greatest poets the world has seen since the times of Antiquity that we find this predisposition so strongly developed. Is the near intellectual affinity of the two arts so closely related to each other displayed in all its grandeur only upon the highest summits of genius? Such would almost seem to be the case. Where is there a heart endowed with feeling that does not beat more loudly when the name of Schiller is mentioned? Nay, perhaps that name is the most brilliant one of which modern times can boast, if we leave out of consideration our three heroes. Yet it is astonishing how much the musically-poetical element is flung into the background in the case of Schiller, when compared to Cervantes, Shakespeare, and Goethe. Notwithstanding the poem: "*Die Macht des Gesanges*" (The Power of Song), and the beautiful and spirited words spoken by the Muse of Music in the "*Huldigung der Künste*" (Homage to the Arts), Schiller wants the inward poetical music of which we have been speaking. His disposition, which, despite all his elevated sentiments, and all his enthusiasm for what is best and most divine, is really always of a reflective turn, does not allow him to hit so easily upon that musical tonefulness in the heart presupposing a certain degree of unconsciousness. In Goethe, on the contrary, from the fact of his being, probably, the greatest lyrical poet of any age, this musically poetical spirit is, as it were, innate. Songs like the song to the Moon: "*Füllest wieder Busch und Thal still mit Nebelglanz*," or the one commencing: "*Das Wasser rauscht, das Wasser schwoll*," possess not merely incomparable musical harmony, but, in the spirit and feeling from which they flowed, are genuine music of the soul, for which reason they inwardly affect us exactly as actual music would. A similarly predominating musical spirit runs through all Goethe writes; nay, we find it even in his prose. It would lead me too far were I to go into detail. But music and poetry, as far as he is concerned, celebrate the greatest triumph of their sisterly affinity in that Easter night, when the strain of the organ and singing of the choir, together with the song of the Angels: "*Christ ist erstanden*," snatch the poisoned goblet from the lips of Faust :

"O stinet fort, ihr süßen Himmelslieder;  
Die Thräne quillt, die Erde hat mich wieder."

At the outset, in consequence of his peculiarly epic nature, Cervantes does not appear, perhaps, to deserve, in an equal degree with Goethe, to be ranked next to Shakespeare as one of our most musical poets. But it is only the said epic element which at first deceives us, and conceals the musical feeling and sentiment beneath the surface. If we examine more closely, every doubt on this head vanishes. We will begin by reminding our readers of the innumerable songs, nearly always expressly adapted for music, scattered throughout *Don Quixote*, and twining, like continuous garlands of flowers around the pillars, niches, and arches of the wonderful fabric, half fanciful, half Moorish, of that incomparable poem. Let the reader call to mind the musical goatherd, Cardenio, pouring forth, in melodious tones, the complaints of his heart, in the solitude of the forest; the voice of Don Louis, suddenly re-echoing, at midnight, before the small inn, when its soft notes cause the eyes of his mistress, as she wakes

from sleep, to overflow with tears; the singing Knight of the Mirror; the incomparable serenades which Don Quixote and Alisidora give each other, etc. How much musical feeling, too, is there in such passages as the following, with the like of which we meet in countless numbers in *Don Quixote*: "Thus do we wander in the mountains, the woods, and the meads, singing, here, our songs of joy; there, our plaints of love, and drinking the liquid crystal of the springs and clear brooks. The oaks offer us, with liberal hand, their sweet and pleasing fruit, and the stumps of the cork-trees artless resting-places. The pastures afford us shade; the roses, perfume; the far-extending meadows, thousand-colored carpets; and the air its pure breath; songs cheer us; lamentations bury us in gentle melancholy; Apollo furnishes the gift of poetry; and Amor, longing thoughts." What a thorough knowledge of music the beautiful Dorothea is proved to possess by the fact of her saying to her hearers in the Sierra Morena: "And if I had a few hours of leisure left, I entertained myself with some religious book, or diversified my amusement with the harp, being convinced by experience that music lulls the disordered thoughts, and elevates the dejected spirits." We must beg leave yet to cite one of the most psychologically significant and poetic traits from a thousand others. At the summer night's adventure, arranged, in the midst of the forest, by the Duke and the Duchess, for their guests, and which, in the whole manner of its realization, breathes, in the highest degree, a musical spirit, the subject is continued thus: "Soon no other sound was heard but that of an agreeable musical concert, which rejoiced the heart of Sancho, who took it as a good omen, and, in that persuasion, said to the Duchess: 'My lady Duchess, where there is music there can be no harm.'—'As little should we expect any harm where there is light and illumination,' answered the Duchess.—'And yet,' replied the Squire, 'we may easily be burnt by such torches and bonfires as these, notwithstanding all the light and illuminations they produce; but music is always a sign of joy and feasting.'—'Time will show,' said Don Quixote, who overheard the conversation; and he said well, as will appear in the next chapter." However touching the first remark of Sancho is, that last made by Don Quixote is the more interesting, and is so significant, because the music to which he alludes is a sign neither of merriment nor joy, but employed to announce the magic appearance of the enchanted Dulcinea. In a few words, Cervantes penetrates to the inmost core of music, and the initiated will require no further quotation to prove the great profundity of his musical knowledge.

But there is a poet who surpasses both Goethe and Cervantes in musically-poetic gifts. We refer to Shakespeare, who, in this respect, as in every other, was the greatest poet ever born. All the phases of feeling and all the facts in human existence or in the world of fancy, which music can in any way express or enhance, has Shakespeare uttered or endeavored to elevate by tune. We will first direct the reader's attention to the fact, rather unessential to our argument, maybe, but still worthy of remark, that most of the dramatic subjects he selected contained in themselves so much of the musical element as to have been changed, with striking frequency, into opera books. We possess *Othello* by Rossini; the *Capulets and Montagues* by Bellini; a *Midsummer Night's Dream* by Felix Mendelssohn; *Merry Wives of Windsor* by Nicolai; *Benedict and Beatrice* by Berlioz; *Macbeth* and *The Tempest* by Taubert; another version of the latter piece by Halévy; music to *Macbeth* by Chelardi and Spohr; an arrangement of the *Winter's Tale*, written with the pen of genius by Franz Dingelstadt, and set to music by Flotow; and overtures to *Coriolanus*, *Hamlet*, *Leir*, etc., by Beethoven, Niels Gade, Berlioz, and others. In some of the above, the co-operation of music is facilitated in so remarkable a manner by Shakespeare himself that they have an almost operatic stamp. This is the case with *The Tempest*, the *Winter's Tale*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. In nearly all Shakespeare's dramas, too, music is introduced in a more

general manner to a greater or less extent. Such is the case in *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Leir*, *Cymbeline*, *Henry VI.*, *Richard II.*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and the comedies. No less frequently in Shakespeare are music and its influence made the subject of reflection and discussion. But all this vanishes into nothing compared to the wonderful place which Shakespeare nearly always accords to this influence of music, as well as to the grave purport of what is said concerning it, while ordinary poets can speak of it in only a very traditional fashion.

(To be Continued.)

### Robert Schumann in Leipsic and Clara Wieck.\*

(Concluded from page 308.)

Clara Wieck was born in Leipsic, on the 13th September, 1819. With her fifth year she began to learn the piano, of which instrument she was destined to become a surprising mistress. The course of her instruction was based upon her father's judicious method, and in four years she had made such progress as to be able to take part for the first time at a concert in public. She did so on the 20th of October, 1828, at the concert given by a fair pianist from Prague, of the name of Perthaler, with whom she executed four-handed Variations by Kalkbrenner. Thanks to the great number of musicians who frequented her father's house, which had become the regular resort for all the musical celebrities of Leipsic, as well as for such as merely passed through it on their travels, Clara found opportunities for causing her talent, so happily developed, to be appreciated, and also for improving it. In this respect, according to the assurance given us by Wasielewsky, the lasting influence exerted upon her by Paganini's presence in Leipsic during the month of October, 1829, deserves most especial mention. Besides playing the piano, Clara attempted of her own accord composition. In her eleventh year she appeared before the world as a concert player. Her father accompanied her on her first short trip to Weimar, Cassel, &c. On their return, they prepared for a long flight, which carried them as far as Paris. Clara Wieck there appeared at a concert of her own, as well as frequently in private circles, and carried away with her that reputation which proved decisive for her prospects, and of which the influence was perceptible wherever she subsequently performed. After staying several weeks in the French capital, she returned, on account of the outbreak of the cholera, to Leipsic, and devoted herself with renewed zeal to her musical studies, which were no longer restricted to those of a technical nature, under the further guidance of her father, but embraced theoretical subjects likewise, the study of which she had previously begun under the *Cantor*, Herr Weinlig, and now continued and ended under Carl Gustav Kupsch and Heinrich Dorn. In order to render herself as universal as possible in her knowledge, she took lessons in violin-playing from Prinz, as well as, subsequently, in singing from Miksch of Dresden. Other professional trips, during which she was the first to make known Chopin's works in the cities of Germany, were undertaken by her in company with her father in the years 1836-1838, to Berlin, Breslau, Dresden, Hamburg, and Vienna, when she achieved the most extraordinary success by her wonderful performances. We may here state once for all, that, whenever she happened to be in Leipsic for a longer or shorter period, she played on various occasions at the Gewandhaus Concerts, and the Quartet Evenings. In January, 1839, she made a trip by herself to Nuremberg, Stuttgart, Carlsruhe, and Paris, returning in the August of the same year to Germany. The following winter she played at concerts in various towns in North Germany, and always with equal success. In this manner did she conclude one portion of her brilliant artistic career, commenced so soon; she subsequently continued it by the side of Robert Schumann.

Ever since he had known Wieck's family, Schumann had always manifested sympathy and interest for the highly talented young girl who had at so early an age made such progress in her art. When she reached the threshold of womanhood, a love, which gradually filled his whole being, was added to the above sentiments. Schumann was long in doubt whether his love was returned by the object of it, and when at last he felt certain that it was, he could not obtain the consent of the young lady's father, who did not feel inclined to give a daughter who had

wound herself round his heart, to a son-in-law who had no fully assured and settled source of livelihood. A period of struggles and orisons now commenced for the two young people; attempts to find an asylum in Vienna miscarried; but hope and belief in the Future were not lost. At last Schumann had recourse to the law. The Court of Appeal at Leipsic dispensed with the paternal consent, otherwise necessary for a matrimonial contract; and on the 12th September, 1840, the marriage of Robert with Clara Wieck took place in the village of Schönefeld.

What Schumann had produced in the preceding summer, as well as what he produced in the ensuing winter, consisted principally of songs, melodies set to the gems of our German lyric poetry, the most beautiful pieces of Chamisso, Eichendorf, Rückert, J. Kerner, H. Heine, Geibel, and R. Reineck. The sudden leap to a region of art, into which he had previously scarcely set his foot, is explained by the influence of domestic circumstances on him. As Schumann himself expressly remarks, in a letter to Dorn, that Clara Wieck "was nearly the sole cause" of a number of works he composed for the piano between the age of thirty-five and forty, we may here, with a full conviction of being right, repeat Wasielewsky's assertion: "that it was she again who gave the decisive impulse which induced him to take up the lyrical style." The principal feature is a coy and sacred fever of the most blissful passion and love, which seizes on Schumann, as man and artist—both in one—in the domain of lyric poetry, often ecstatic and joyous, but still not without a painful trait now and then glimmering through, as a reflection of sorrow experienced, and of anxious doubt. This is certainly as little to be described in words as the essential principles of love are to be represented; but, in the songs of an amatory kind composed during the year 1840, the whole human heart is exhibited to the naked eye plunged into the profoundest emotion, and inflamed by the power of a noble passion."

There are no less than 138 various vocal pieces, of different length, some for one voice, and some for several voices, which were composed in 1840. We may, therefore, well call it "A Year of Songs." As we have already said, they were all conceived and committed to paper in Leipsic. What magnificent things they are, every one feels and knows. Schumann judged with perfect correctness of himself, when he wrote to August Kahlert, in Breslau: "I wish you would look more carefully at my compositions in the way of songs. You speak of my future; I do not dare to give more than I have given (especially in songs), and am contented."

The remaining years of the stay in Leipsic were filled up by a series of instrumental works, and works for grand orchestra. Thus it was at this period that Schumann wrote the Symphony in B flat major and that in D minor, as well as one of his most extensive works: *Das Paradies und die Peri*. The libretto, founded upon Moore's poem of *Lalla Rookh*, was written for him by his youthful friend and schoolfellow at Zwickau, Emil Fleiszig. The work was performed for the first time in the Gewandhaus, Leipsic, under Schumann's own direction, on the 4th December, 1843, and repeated a week afterwards, amid the lively applause of the public. A particular charm was added to these performances by the co-operation of Mad. Livia Frege, formerly Mlle. Gerhardt, who, despite her having withdrawn from a successful professional career, and retired into private life, sang "with the warmest devotion and enchanting grace" the part of the Peri, a part, to a certain extent, planned and written for her. The work was very soon heard of elsewhere than in Leipsic; it was repeatedly performed in most large cities, including even New York.

It was, however, nearly the last which Schumann produced in our town. In the year 1844, he set out, with his wife, on a professional trip, lasting several months, for Russia, (Petersburg, Moscow, etc.); at the end of June, on his return home, he gave up—as he had long intended—the editorship of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, from which he entirely withdrew. The paper, it is true, had, for some time, been becoming an object of greater and greater indifference, and he had lost more and more the desire, at first so lively in him, of fulfilling the functions of a journalist and a critic. He was able to retire from his literary exertions with the consciousness of having assured the reputation, merely forming in his time, of Franz Schubert, Mendelssohn, Heller, and Taubert, and, on the other side, of having helped to lay the foundation for that of Norbert Burgmüller, Chopin, Robert Franz, Niels W. Gade, Stephen Heller, and Adolph Henselt. Men, too, like Bennett, Berlioz, and Verhulst were introduced into the musical world partly by him.

In the Autumn of 1844, Schumann went to Dresden, but did not completely fix his residence there till the December of the same year, after having tak-

\* From a new work entitled: *Zur Geschichte des Theaters und der Musik in Leipsig*, by Dr. Emil Kneebke. (P. Fleischer, Leipsic.)

en, with his wife, at a Musical Matinée, on the 8th December, a formal and public farewell at Leipzig. It was then universally said that the cause of this change of residence was a feeling on the part of Schumann, that he had been slighted, by not being selected to conduct the Gewandhaus Concerts. But whether there is any truth in this, and, if so, how much, Wasielewski leaves undecided.

We may pass rapidly over the last portion of the master's life. He and his wife remained at Dresden till 1850, when they went to settle in Düsseldorf, where Schumann had accepted the post of Municipal Musical Director, formerly held by Mendelssohn, Rietz, and Hiller. Here that mental malady, which had already given several indications of its dread approach, was destined to increase in intensity and end in suicide. It was on the 27th February, 1854, that Schumann, *en aëglie*, and with nothing on his head, left his house very quietly, went to the Rheinbrücke, and endeavored to put an end to his existence by throwing himself into the stream. He was rescued, it is true, by some boatmen, but for what a wretched fate was he reserved! He spent two years with his mind hopelessly deranged, in the lunatic asylum at Endenich, near Bonn, till on the 29th July, 1856, the Angel of Death laid his hand upon his weary brow.

Subsequently to 1844, Schumann and his wife were several times in Leipzig, though only for a very short period, as for instance in the Summer of 1850, when his opera of *Genoveva* was produced for the first time. We all know that since Mad. Schumann has become a widow, she has resumed her professional tours, and is one of the most complete and accomplished mistresses of the piano. Her permanent place of residence is no longer Düsseldorf, but Berlin.

### History of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts.

As the Gewandhaus Concerts commence next month, a short sketch of the rise and progress of one of the oldest European concert-institutions—one too which has exercised so great an influence on modern music—may not be without interest. The preparation of this sketch has been much facilitated by the recent appearance of Dr. Knechtke's History of the Theatre and Music in Leipzig.

The first Leipzig Concert Society of which we have any notice, originated among the students in the last decade of the 17th century, and was called the "Collegium Musicum." It devoted itself chiefly to vocal music. In 1702 Georg Philipp Telemann—one of the many distinguished men who in the course of four centuries, beginning with Urban in 1439, and ending at present with Hauptmann, have shed such lustre on the office of Cantor of the Thomas Church and School at Leipzig—established a second Concert Society of about forty members, all of whom were students. All the orchestral instruments of the time were represented, and many of the players attained so great a reputation that they were sought for to join various royal and princely orchestras—foreshadowings of the future Leipzig Conservatorium. Telemann stayed here but two years; after his departure Melchior Hoffmann, organist of the New Church, undertook the direction of the Collegium.

In 1736 we find more activity in the musical life of Leipzig. Mizler says—"The public concerts which are held here weekly are in permanent bloom. One of them is directed by the Kapellmeister Johann Sebastian Bach, and is held every Friday evening from eight to ten in Zimmermann's Coffee House, in Catherine-street; during the Fair it takes place twice a week. The other is conducted by J. G. Görner, music director at St. Paul's Church, and organist at St. Thomas." It also meets once a week in Schellhafer's Saal (now the Hotel de Saxe) on Thursdays from nine to ten, and during the Fair on Mondays and Thursdays. The members consist for the most part of students, and there were always such good musicians among them, that in the course of time they frequently became celebrated virtuosi. Each member is permitted to play publicly in these concerts; the hearers are such as are competent to appreciate and judge the worth of an able artist." There can be no doubt that the increased energy with which music was then practised in Leipzig was in a great part due to the influence of Bach, who had been Cantor of the Thomas Church since 1723.

In 1738 Mizler founded a "Musical Society," the especial object of which was the cultivation of the theory of music. According to the statutes—"Mere practical musicians can find no place in this society, because they are not in a state to contribute anything to the promotion or improvement of music." It may have been because they thought Bach "a mere practical musician" that he was not admitted a member

till 1747. The statute requiring new members to send in a composition as a proof of their eligibility was not dispensed with even in his case; as his "admission piece" Bach gave them his elaborate choral "Von Himmel hoch da komm' ich her," and a six-part canon. Another rule was that each member should present his portrait to the society. Of these none have been preserved with the exception of Bach's, which now hangs in the music-room of the Thomas School.

None of these concert institutions seem to have had in them the elements of life; all died after a longer or shorter existence. But there was one which I have not yet named that had a longer life, and even to-day it shows no symptoms of old age. On the 11th March, 1743, the "Great Concert Society" was established. At first it consisted of but sixteen members, of noble as well as of burgher rank. Each had to pay twenty thalers a year. At the commencement, the meetings were held in a house in the Grimma-street, belonging to Bergrath Schwaben; but so popular were the concerts, that after the first month the room was too small, and they had to be removed to another locality. The first music-director was J. F. Döles, at that time one of Bach's pupils. He held his office but a year, as he then removed to Freiberg; but he stayed long enough to glorify the anniversary of the Great Concerts by the composition of a cantata "with trumpets and drums." Upon the death of Harnner, in 1755, who was Bach's immediate successor, Emanuel Bach and Döles were candidates for the cantorship. Döles, although inferior to his opponent, was elected; the "Porpora-Harko" style, which he had adopted, being then most popular. Döles' influence was most felt in the Thomas Church, to the training of the choir of which he devoted all his energies; for it he also composed much music, some of which is still sung. He must have been a lovable man; in his later days he was universally called "Father Döles;" endless were the greetings he received when, in his red velvet cloak, he daily appeared upon the promenade. In his house Mozart was a frequent and happy visitor; and he it was who first made Mozart acquainted with the treasures of Bach's genius.

The troubles of the Seven Years' War had caused the temporary suspension of the great concerts. After the peace of 1763, they were recommended under the direction of Johann Adam Hiller, who in 1789, became Cantor of the Thomas Church after Döles had retired upon his pension. The concerts were held in the Three Swans' Tavern, in the Brühl, in a room which was entered by a long narrow passage. On one side was the platform for the orchestra; on the other, a gallery for those who came "in boots and with unpowdered heads." The orchestra consisted of sixteen violins, three violas, two violoncellos, two contrabasses, two flutes, two oboes, two bassoons, two horns, a lute, and a piano. Trumpets, drums, and English horns were supplied when required, by the town orchestra. Many of the members acquired fame as solo players. The names of the singers who were engaged for several seasons are enough to make the ears of the present generation of Gewandhaus concert visitors tingle with envy. Among them were Corona Schröter, who inspired Goethe, then a student in Leipzig, with the most enthusiastic admiration, if not with a tenderer feeling; and Gertrude Schmalzing, who is better remembered as Madame Mara. Each concert was divided into two parts, with a pause for refreshment. The first part generally consisted of a symphony, an aria, a concerto for some instrument, a "divertissement" for several instruments, and a quartet, ensemble, or chorus from an opera; the second part, of a symphony, an aria, and a "partie" for the whole orchestra. The management was in the hands of a committee of nine of the most respectable citizens, three of whom were selected from the German merchants, two from the French, and one from the Italian. Herr Reichart, a critic of the time, speaks of the performances as showing a want of sufficient rehearsals. The symphonies which were often played, went tolerably, but new music, and especially the accompaniments to the concertos and arias, were played carelessly; the "Herrn Virtuosi" being too conceited to take sufficient pains. The audience too comes in for a rap: "Full of gallant company, who are perhaps a little more powdered, sit a little stiffer, dispute about the music a little more impudently than in the case in other concerts, but have the beautiful gift of chattering and making a noise in common with all other concert company. It is true, indeed, that a merchant, who has the superintendence of the concert, stands upon guard, and when anyone speaks quite too loud, taps with a great key upon the piano, which he at the same time puts out of tune, and commands silence; which command, however, is not obeyed. But this heroic conduct he confines to the gentlemen alone; with the ladies he makes use of the

politeness he had learnt in Paris; he joins them—and increases the discourse."

We now come to an important era in the Leipzig Concerts. Through the influence of the public-spirited Bürgermeister Mäller, whose name should be kept in grateful remembrance by all who enjoy the beautiful promenade, a concert-room was built in the Gewandhaus (Cloth Hall), and there, on the 25th November, 1781, the first Gewandhaus concert took place. Hiller continued to officiate as Kapellmeister; Häser was the first Concertmeister; and Schicht, who subsequently was Hiller's successor both in the Thomas Church and Gewandhaus, and attained great fame as a church composer, presided at the piano. The sisters Jodlerka, in whom, when wandering singers, Hiller had detected the materials of future greatness, and to whose education he devoted the greatest pains, appeared as singers. Their gratitude to their master is attested by a monument which now stands on the promenade, opposite the Thomas School.

Schicht was Kapellmeister from 1785 to 1810. It was under his direction that the public became acquainted with the first three symphonies of Beethoven, and with his Pastoral Symphony. Whether any of the others were also then produced cannot now be ascertained, for the old programmes do not give the keys. Doubtless did many critics shake their heads at the audacity of the revolutionist. A practiced musician like Naumann considered that even Mozart had exceeded all bounds in the progressions and modulations he had introduced. But in spite of the critics the new composer made his way.

From 1810 to 1827, J. P. C. Scholz, and from 1827 to 1835 C. A. Pohlenz, directed the concerts. Häser's successors as concertmasters were Campagnoli from 1797 to 1817, and Matthai from 1817 to 1836; the latter has the merit of having established the Gewandhaus Quartet Concerts. During the whole of this period there was only one interruption to the regular course of the concerts. The sanguinary days of October, 1813, turned the concert-room, and almost all the public buildings, churches, etc., into hospitals. But by the end of the year music again sounded in the rooms which had echoed with the moans of the wounded and with the ravings of the fever-stricken. Many an interesting bit of musical history might be picked out of the early programmes of the Gewandhaus Concerts, but space compels me to close. In my next I hope to continue the history of the Gewandhaus from its Golden Age under Mendelssohn to the present time.

## Music Abroad.

### BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL (Concluded).

Of the original Cantata, by young Arthur Sullivan (whom we had the pleasure of knowing but three years since as a student at the Leipzig Conservatoire), and of the last day's work of the Festival, we read briefly in the *Orchestra*:

Mr. Sullivan's cantata, "*Kenilworth*," on Thursday evening, had the largest audience assembled at any of the Miscellaneous Concerts. The author of the libretto, Mr. Chorley, thus introduces his work:

"Once having chosen '*The Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth*,' prepared in summer of 1575 for Queen Elizabeth, by the Earl of Leicester, as subject for an English cantata, nothing was required save to make rhymes fit for music—so rich in contrast were the pleasures offered to the Queen.

"A temporary bridge, seventy feet in length," says Miss Aikin in her careful biography, "was thrown across the valley to the great gate of the castle. . . . The Lady of the Lake, invisible since the disappearance of the renowned Prince Arthur, approached on a floating island along the moat to recite adulatory verses. Arion, being summoned for like purpose, appeared on a dolphin four-and-twenty feet long, which carried in its belly a whole orchestra. A Sybil, a Salvage Man, and an Echo, posted in the park, all harangued in the same strain. Music and dancing enlivened the Sunday evening, and a play was performed," &c.

"My fancy was directed to this *Kenilworth* pageant, not merely from its local interest to those interesting themselves in our great Midland Festival, but because I have long known, almost by heart, Scott's wondrously musical, but as wondrously simple description of the arrival of England's maiden Queen at her subject's palace, on a 'summer night.' And I name Scott expressly, seeing that I have to plead his great example for an anachronism which will be found here. When such a master of history, of passion, of poetry, and of romance, as he, allowed himself to introduce in his novel allusions to '*Troilus and Cressida*,' and '*A Midsummer Night's*



*Dream*, as so many court (if not household) words, familiar to Raleigh and to Sidney, ere the Queen made her progress into Warwickshire (at which time Shakespeare was but a boy), I hope I may be forgiven for representing the play 'set before the Queen' by the exquisite 'summer night' scene from the *'Merchant of Venice.'*

The Shakespeare scene has been most deliciously set by Mr. Sullivan, who has here introduced some beautifully contrasted instrumentation. Mmes. Lemmens-Sherington and Mr. Cummings particularly distinguished themselves in the duet; and Miss Palmer sang the music allotted to her with her usual grace and feeling. We must not omit to mention Mr. Santley's spirited execution of the song, "I am a ruler of the sea," which, from its striking melody, is sure to become popular. At the conclusion of the cantata, Mr. Sullivan was loudly applauded, and had to return to the platform to receive the approving acclamations of the audience.

The performance on Friday morning of Beethoven's *'Mount of Olives,'* was the most splendid it has ever been our fortune to hear of that wonderfully dramatic work. Mlle. Tietjens, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley threw their whole energies into the interpretation of the music allotted them, and the chorus, with one or two trifling exceptions, showed by their precision and delicacy the effects of the training they had received. The final Hallelujah was marvellously rendered, though its effect was marred in some measure through Lord Lichfield's encoring it. Mr. Bartholomew has displayed some skill in the libretto of the *'Mount of Olives,'* which is very far before his *'Nanman.'* Those passages which are in the German supposed to be spoken by the Second Person of the Trinity are given by Mr. Bartholomew to John, in order not to offend the religious susceptibilities of an English audience. (!)

Mozart's hackneyed Twelfth Mass followed, and was creditably executed. Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Palmer, Messrs. Cummings and Santley took the solos. A selection from Handel's *'Solomon,'* with Madame Sainion-Dolby, who was encored by Lord Lichfield in "What though I trace," brought the morning's lengthy performance to an end, to the relief of many who found it possible to tire of even such music and so executed.

The evening's performance of *'Elijah'* brought the Festival to a close. Eight years ago this work was first given to the world at the then Birmingham Festival; and certainly Mendelssohn's great work has not lost any of its interest through the production of *'Nanman.'* The general execution of *'Elijah'* left nothing to be desired, principals and chorus all exerting themselves to the utmost; and the audience separated, greatly delighted with their last hearing of the celebrated artists assembled for the Birmingham Festival of 1864.

#### A NEW SCHOOL FESTIVAL.

CARLSRUHE. The festival of the *Allgemeiner Deutscher Musikverein* (Universal German Musical Union), which has before been held once in Leipzig and once in Weimar, occurred this summer, near the end of August, in this "most deadly-lively of German residences," without flags or garlands or any general show of festivity in the streets. It was a demonstration of the disciples of Liszt and Wagner, and the musical "new lights" generally.

Judging from the programme, from the peculiar heroes and their followers assembled, from the description of each day's performances which we find furnished by a correspondent of the *London Orchestra*, it was altogether a curious affair,—more curious, we fear, than edifying. In chronicling the musical condition of the world we must not overlook this singular phenomenon; and therefore we will copy largely from the correspondence just alluded to, only suggesting that it be borne in mind that the comments are from an English point of view, which is always strongly prejudiced against new things, and which still absurdly persists in mixing up Schumann in the same category with the Wagnerites.

... Was it bitter irony, or was it want of self-knowledge, that caused Gluck's *'Armida'* to be fixed upon to open the festival? The beautiful clearness and the grand simplicity of this opera are in strange contrast with the creation of the New School. Although hardly to be reckoned among the greatest of Gluck's operas, *'Armida'* has many numbers which show the master in all his strength and grace. Where is anything more graceful, more charming, than the music of the second act; more

intensely dramatic than the great scene with the *Spirit of Hate*; more touching than *Armida's* conflict with herself when trying to steel herself to kill *Rinaldo*? Some of the most striking numbers were cut out. But I have not space to enter into such details. Suffice it to say, that the opera was on the whole respectably given; but a thoroughly satisfactory rendering of Gluck's operas demands singers who can act, and actors who have been taught singing on better principles than are now to be acquired in German schools. The first orchestral concert, which, as all the other performances, was held in the Grand Ducal Theatre, was opened by a "Festival March," by Herr Ed. Lassen, of Weimar. The work is insignificant, and entirely devoid of any festive character; even here the innate dreariness of the school made itself felt. A prologue, written by Dr. Eckardt, and spoken by Frau Johanna Lange, came next. It endeavored to identify the direction of the New School with the German patriotic movement. It admitted that the works of the sect were not written to satisfy the taste of the day, but looked forward to a future when freedom would be established; and art, represented by the New School, would be purified of all trivialities, and take her fitting place in the State. Allusions to the titles of several of the compositions which were to be performed were ingeniously brought in, and the whole ended with a string of the most fulsome compliments to Dr. Liszt, who was characterized as the great prophet of the sect. The following is the programme of the concert:—Overture to Byron's poem, "Tasso's Klage," by Heinrich Strauss, of Carlsruhe; concerto for violoncello, by R. Volkmann; "Columbus," symphony, 3rd and 4th movements, by Herr J. J. Abert, of Stuttgart; overture to Pushkin's drama, "Boris Godunov," by Herr Youry von Arnold, of St. Petersburg; Joachim's "Hungarian" concerto for the violin; "Des Sängers Fluch," ballade for orchestra (after Uhland's poem) by Herr Hans von Bülow, of Berlin; Psalm XIII, for tenor solo, chorus, and orchestra, by Dr. F. Liszt.

Herr Strauss's overture is too vague and obscure to leave any distinct impressions. Herr Popper, of the Hohenzollern-Hechingen Orchestra, at Löwenburg, played Volkmann's concerto. He has made most decided progress as a violoncellist since I heard him last winter in Leipzig. If he goes on thus, he will soon rank among the masters of his instrument. In addition to great technical acquirements he has real musical feeling. As a musical composition, the concerto has some good thoughts, though not altogether original; but the greatest fault is the dreary tone which prevails throughout. The two movements from Herr Abert's symphony were the most respectable music of the evening. Whether if the other movements had been given, the purport of the title of "Columbus" would have been clearer, I cannot say; at present I certainly do not see its appropriateness. The third movement, an andante, sounds well throughout, and although possessing no decided originality, is so well made that it can be listened to with pleasure; a little more contrast, however, would have relieved its somewhat too great length. The last movement begins with more life, and is worked up to a really exciting close; but between the beginning and end there is an episode of strange sounds—the significance of which (unless it be to depict the roarings and howlings of wild beasts) is by no means clear. But with all drawbacks, the fragment was so enjoyable that I should be glad to hear the whole work. Herr von Arnold's overture is terribly dreary; it is so fragmentary that no clear idea of its purport can be attained; the instrumentation seems very unskillful. Joachim's interesting "Hungarian" concerto, the noble themes of which grow upon one more and more, can never be heard to perfection unless it be played by its composer. Herr Remenyi showed little respect either to his countryman or to his audience in the way in which he had prepared himself. The slow movement, indeed, was in some parts excellently given, but with this exception, by persistent falsity of intonation, and by slovenly execution of the passages, the player did his best to spoil the effect of the composition. And yet the applause which greeted him at the end, and the repeated recalls could not have been more enthusiastic had the playing been perfection! Such indiscriminate makes applause of no value. The orchestral accompaniment was very satisfactory. Herr Von Bülow's ballade was the most ferociously ugly work of the programme: it really defies any attempt at description, unless one may say that it is incoherent cursing and swearing translated into orchestral sounds. Being so very ugly it was of course received with unbounded applause. Liszt's Psalm offered some compensation for the sufferings of the evening. As a whole it is deficient in melody, and the commencement especially is vague; but nowhere is the tone vulgar or commonplace. The final chorus, however, in which

there is an excellent fugue, made amends for all; its construction is really masterly. The difficulties of the Psalm, especially the voice parts, are very great. That it was so well performed is a proof that the members of the chorus had worked hard in its preparation.

The first concert for Chamber Music was held on Wednesday evening, and consisted of the following compositions:—Trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (a flat minor) by R. Volkmann—the Herren Rötcher, of Berlin, Reményi, and Popper; Two Lieder (*Kuss der Nacht* and *Frühlingsfeier*) by Herr W. Fritze, of Bremen; sonata for pianoforte, by Franz Liszt—Fräulein Alide Topp, of Stralaund; Russian Ballade, by Herr Youry von Arnold; Sonata for pianoforte and violin, by Franz Bendel, of Berlin—the Herren Bendel and Remenyi; "Mephistowalzer," episode from Lenau's *'Faust,'* composed and arranged for the piano, by F. Liszt—Fräulein Alide Topp. A more wearying trio than Volkmann's I have seldom heard. If anything like an intelligible phrase appears for a moment, it is immediately drowned in a sea of dreary disharmony. Even the scherzo was dull. Gloom and despair can be as vulgar as the veriest barrel-organ tune, and are quite as offensive as the most trivial sing-song ballad. Herr Rötcher, who took the piano part, is at present too much of the beginner to allow any opinion of his abilities to be formed. Herr Remenyi was as perseveringly out of tune as ever. Herr Popper was the only one who showed himself a real artist; his *ensemble* is as masterly and expressive as his solo playing. In the desert a sip even of rapid water is refreshing. Hence Herr Fritze's songs, although not possessing the remotest approach to a recognizable tune—that *sine quâ non* of song-writing—were not altogether unwelcome. Dr. Liszt's sonata is a strange composition. It may have a meaning, but to me it was as ravings in an unknown tongue. As for any discoverable connected construction, it was more like the cross readings of a newspaper page. How such a farrago could be committed to memory is little short of marvellous; the technical difficulties, too, are enormous; and yet Fräulein Alide Topp, a very young lady, played it by heart in a style that defies description. Should this lady fail of attaining the highest position in her subsequent career, it can only be from her taste becoming vitiated by the unhealthy atmosphere in which she has been educated. Possessing a thorough command of all the technicalities of the key-board she does her master, Herr von Bülow, the highest honor. Difficulty is a word which has no more significance for her; but if she persist in making her repertoire of works such as this sonata, no one will wish to hear her again. At present she has time to improve her taste, and from what I hear I have no doubt she can play other music equally well. More distracted even than the sonata is the "Mephistowalzer," and as marvellous was Fräulein Topp's performance of it. Herr von Arnold's Russian ballade would be better described as a melodramatic scene with pianoforte accompaniment. In itself formless and void of the least musical character, it was made interesting by Frau Hauser's excellent declamation. Herr Bendel's sonata was exceedingly uninteresting.

The following (Thursday) evening was to have been devoted to the second orchestral concert, but in the morning bills were issued stating that in consequence of the sickness of several members of the orchestra the concert must be postponed till the next evening; the truth being, as I understand, that there had been a regular strike of the orchestra in consequence of some of the works which had been placed in the programme being so insufferably bad and impracticable that they could not be performed. The gentlemen who had to play the wind instruments declared that their lips were reduced to such a state that it was impossible for them to go through a second rehearsal and concert without another day's rest. Considering that the members of the Grand Ducal Opera Orchestra had never been invited to co-operate, but had to give their services at *allerhöchster* command, their sufferings deserve much sympathy.

The rest next time.

#### "HONORING A SWAN."

PESARO. While the disciples of the newness, the musicians of "The Future," were in council, trying to be in concert, as above,—or a few days before, Aug. 21,—there was another sort of festival in honor of a cheerful hero of the Past—one who still lives, thank Heaven!—the tribute of Italy to her greatest musical genius, ROSSINI, called, from his birth-place, the "Swan of Pesaro." We are again indebted to the correspondence of the *Orchestra*:

Thirty thousand strangers, among whom many noble names could be counted, swarm about Pesaro this bright and cloudless morning, waiting for the noon. At noon the fete commences. It is the hall of the prefecture, where there is an effigy of Rossini, in statue form. Florence the beautiful—"bella Firenze"—in the mouth of all Italians who musically utter her name—comes to offer her tribute to the occasion in the shape of a gold medallion presented to the Maestro's statue, and the hand that brings it is that of the venerable Count Perticari. The prefecture is full: musicians, poets, magistrates, councillors, members of institutes, members of the press, representatives from other Italian towns, and an eager listening crowd. Presently the mass shapes itself; the worthy concourse on the platform divides; and at its head, and standing next the Prefect himself, having on his right and left the Syndic of Pesaro and the Syndic of Bologna, stands a figure. Up goes a shout—a hearty, surprising, gratified shout—"Viva il re! Viva!" It is Ubaldo Peruzzi, Minister of the Interior, sent from the Court of Turin to represent the Italian government at Rossini's fete.

He gets very proxy presently, the noble Signor PERUZZI, but the idea of the Minister of the Interior's presence just now is very popular. It is as though Sir GEORGE GREY had gone down to Stratford the day when England strove to honor her Swan and failed. When Florence the fair, by her deputy Count PERTICARI in a trembling voice, has presented the medallion, and the Syndic of Pesaro has replied, and when Signor REGOLI, editor of *Il Pirata* (desperately suggestive name of a journal that cribs its intelligence!), has made an awfully long and tedious "éloge" on Rossini, and when the Minister of the Interior has had his say, the first ceremony is over, and the crowd troop off to the railway station. Here is an actual statue—not the statuesque effigy honored of Firenze, but a heavy, solid thing. It is to be uncovered at three precisely; and, thanks to the editor of the *Pirata* and the proxy Minister—it wants but little to three now. There is a large pavilion for the uncovering business, and six hundred and fifty executives—singers and instrumentalists—are in the pavilion to perform a Rossinian programme apropos of the occasion. The "*Gazza Ladra*" overture strikes up, and the effect from the mass is indescribable. Then comes the Minister of the Interior and removes the veil which covered the statue. Again they shout—"Viva, viva!" and forth bursts from the immense orchestra the *Inno a Rossini*. This hymn is a curious pot-pourri of Rossini's airs—melodies selected from every opera and every theme he wrote, and set by MERCADANTE, the good old blind musician, to MERCANTINI's words. The effect is overwhelming; sixty first fiddles alone, and the remaining orchestra in keeping, move and play like a single man. The universal demand for an encore brings one, and the whole hymn again played through produces no less a sensation the second time. Then a speech from the representative of Roman Railways (though what Roman Railways have to do with Rossini, Pesaro only knows); and then the overture to "*Semiramide*." This too is encored by a general cry. The conductor turns, bows, smiles, and directs the orchestra to repeat the overture from the andante. "No, no, no, no; all; all, no, no, no!" The vivacious Italian crowd negatives the abbreviation with twenty thousand waving arms and heads; and the overture is bisé from the beginning.

It is nearly evening by this time, and time to prepare, but the Marquis PEROLI, syndic of Bologna, stays the people by coming forward. He holds in his hand a despatch from his own city, and he tells them that Bologna is so proud of the Swan of Pesaro, who was educated there, that the municipality has that day changed the name of the Piazza SAN GIACOMO to the Piazza ROSSINI, and that a marble slab on the door of the Lyceum of Musique tells the fact thus:

Here entered as pupil, and hence departed as prince of the musical sciences, Gioachino Rossini; and Bologna in eternal token of honor has given his name to this place and has fixed this stone 21 August 1864.

In the evening Pesaro bursts with light; on the great square tri-colored obelisks, everywhere else lampadaries, lampions, mottoes, banners, padelle, and fireworks. The streets are a perfect block. The great square is taken up by the national guard of Bologna, directed by ANTONELLI—not the Cardinal however. A concert at nine o'clock draws off a portion of the crowd, who simply block up the theatre and have to be stowed about the stage. The concert is Rossinian of course—Rossini's music and a cantata in his honor written by Mercantini, and composed by Pacini, his friend and confrère. It is a very poor production, but what of that rock the happy audience? They shout their applause, for Rossini is in their thoughts, and whatever fites him pleases them.

There is not much more. By midnight Pesaro is dark and disposed to rest; by next morning the 20,000 visitors are flying away to their own homes out of the red roofs and from the tri-colored obelisks. The little town is now quiet and dull, and order claims its own; but Pesaro is glad to have contributed something towards the fame of one man, who has made Pesaro famous for ever.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 15, 1864.

### German Opera.

The return of Mr. GROVER's admirable company is now the absorbing theme of musical interest in Boston, and has filled the Boston Theatre with very large and brilliant audiences every night this week. The charm and the success are pretty sure to go on greatening for three weeks longer; for the season is to be one of twenty nights, besides Saturday Matinées, and, besides the operas of this week, there is public promise of *Fidelio*, *La Dame Blanche*, the *Huquenots*, *Tannhäuser*, and Gounod's *Mireille*—the last two for the first time here—while we have also private assurance of Mozart's *Don Juan*, *Zauberflöte*, *Figaro*, and possibly *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*.

Truly a most tempting programme! Particularly when we know that Mr. Grover brings a company fully adequate, in numbers, talent and appointments, for its complete artistic execution. When they were here before, and took us by surprise, they soon convinced us that they constituted on the whole, considering both solo talent and those important accessories of which the Italians here have never made enough account, and which are indispensable to the true effect of any opera as a whole—about the strongest lyrical troupe that ever came among us. It is now all that it was and more. FORMES, still essentially the king of basses, has been added to it. Another charming soprano, Mme. JOHANNA ROTTER, reinforces Frederici and Johannsen. An Italian tenor, Sig. TAMARO, might (as we heard it hinted) have been spared till to-morrow, seeing that we are rich enough to-day in Habelmann and Himmer. A new first baritone, Herr ISADOR LEHMANN, from the Berlin Royal Opera, is yet to make his debut, and a baritone was the voice most needed. We have several new second ladies and *soubrettes*. Then the chorus is enlarged to nearly forty voices, the like of which in freshness, sweetness, power and purity of ensemble we have not had upon our stage before. And the orchestra, although not to be named with those of the great theatres in Germany, where you hear seventy and even ninety instruments, is the largest and the best which the Boston Theatre has ever known. CARL ANSCHUTZ, too, is still the capital conductor.

With this rare show of means and purposes with character established here last Spring, and fashionably endorsed so lately in New York, the German Opera entered upon a new series of triumphs here last Monday evening in *Martha*, followed on successive evenings by *Faust*, *Robert le Diable*, *Der Freyschütz*, *La Juive*, and *Faust* again for this afternoon. And here, before particularizing on each performance, we ask indulgence for a few general remarks, more by way of

wholesome precaution, and for the sake of seasonably lending what little force we can to that right direction in Art, which, however bravely begun in this or any other enterprise, is always endangered by opposing currents in this country, than from any spirit of fault-finding. Our idea of the right direction is no narrow one; with us it simply means that Art be pursued primarily as Art, and that "business," popularity and fashion should be secondary.

The German Opera has bravely met and conquered the obstacles that rose up to dispute its passage at the outset, such as the ignorance and prejudice of an Italianized public taste, distrust of novelty, scepticism with regard to German voices, lack of the prestige of fashion, and so forth. It has now to meet a foe more dangerous; it has now to bear the harder trial of prosperity. Prosperity demoralizes many good things in this country. Theatres of Art, places of amusement, hotels, restaurants, clubs, even political parties, begin with earning a good name by doing the good thing; after a while, alas! we see them trading on the good name, while getting more and more careless of the good thing. Success itself is the highest trump card, in the eyes of the unbelieving speculator; this he finds to be the best advertisement; and not what is best, but what will advertise best, he counts as his most solid capital. Is he a dealer in Art, say in Opera? he not only covers the city walls with flaming posters; he turns Art itself into mere advertisement, selects such pieces as may best serve the purpose of advertisement, pieces whose announcement is the surest advertisement of a crowd,—the crowd being the main thing, the Art coolly dismissed as a once useful servant now no longer so much needed. It is this "business element" which has first helped to build up and has then demoralized many a noble enterprise of Art.

Now when the German Opera came to us last Spring, it took high ground and made its appeal to the serious artistic feeling and conscience of the real music-lovers, thereby building up its reputation. If it should now, this prestige won, proceed to act as if quite content with this endorsement once for all, straightway forgetting the endorsers, but making its appeal in their name to those who follow crowds and fashion and have no knowledge and no consciences in Art, it would be only yielding to that temptation of prosperity, which so few have been able to resist. If the programmes grow commonplace and "popular" instead of intrinsically and artistically fine; if the cheaper success of hacknied things is weighed against the cost and difficulty of bringing out the best things possible; if there is careless preparation, hum-drum running through with operas by way of doing as much business as can be crowded into a week, and reaping the largest, quickest harvest with the smallest outlay, then the enterprise has lost its soul, becomes suspect and infidel with its first earnest friends, and is really on the downward way, morally bankrupt, although it may have still a considerable harvest to reap from the first planting.

Such fears began to suggest themselves to not a few, after the first two performances this week, from several symptoms both of management and of performances; the earlier they find expression, the likelier to be dissipated. Those symptoms were carelessness in execution, of the orchestra especially; a lack of that life and spirit with

which the same things were given before; substitution of inferior artists in leading roles, while the rightful owners thereof were held in reserve; the beginning with the easiest instead of with the best, &c. Nor should we pass over the fact, that to some extent the wrong end of the repertoire (for real lovers of German art at least) has been put foremost. *Martha* is trivial and hacknied, and even *Faust* grows dull, in comparison with those masterworks of German opera, which none of us have heard half enough, many of them not at all. *Fidelio*, which made the greatest impression of any work on its single presentation last Spring, would have been the very name to charm by at the outset, and would have been fresher at the end of a whole week's run, than all the kaleidoscopic promise that we had. Then consider: Out of six performances (and five operas) this week, only one, the *Freyschütz*, is strictly a German product written for the German stage; *Faust* and the "Jewess" are by French composers; *Robert* was written for the Grand Operas while *Martha* is more French than German in it, spirit. Not that these are not good things, all, and such as ought to take their turn; but more important and more German things have been too long waiting—that is all.

But now, having hinted our fears, we may tell what has since happened to relieve us of them in a considerable measure. The third night was altogether better. *Robert le Diable*, although written for the French, is the most German, the most genial and the best of Meyerbeer's operas. It has his freshest, finest inspirations in it. The music, from beginning to end, nearly all of it, interests and charms us, and does not stale. The music of the part of Alice is truly exquisite, genuine flowers of melody, and the whole role is one of the most beautiful in any opera. Mme. ROTTER, whose petite person and plain face did not suit the dramatic requirements of the Lady in *Martha*, was admirable here. Her true soprano voice, though slightly veiled, has that real German heart sweetness which wins its way to your heart, sweeter still as it keeps on. She sings with real feeling, never overwrought, and her execution is artistic to a degree not very often exceeded. Her dramatic conceptions and rendering are life-like and consistent.

FORMES was all himself, in grand presence, voice, strong passion and intellectual magnetism in his great part of Bertram. Surely we never heard him sing better, while dramatically the thing was perfect. HIMMER, noble in his tenor voice and noble in personal bearing, always dignified and graceful, always the chaste, artistic, telling singer, made the best *Robert* we have known here. The concerted pieces by these three went to a charm; and that most difficult trio, unaccompanied, at the end of the second act, had to be repeated. Mme. JOHANNSEN, true artist with fine lyrical instinct, sang the florid and arduous music of the Princess with rare feeling, finish and effect. She acts well in everything. Then who could be better for the light and pretty tenor part of Raimbault than Herr HABELMANN, who acted it all truly, and sang his ballad in the first act, and his part of the comical duet in which the devil fools him, in his most charming voice and manner. Add to this, that the chorus, male and female, made a rich, clear, fresh ensemble of tone, always true to the mark, and that Anschütz and his large orchestra rendered the rich instrumentation with great care and spirit, and it will be seen that *Robert*, always more than half a failure heretofore in Boston, was this time fairly re-

dered and made known to an enthusiastic audience. Indeed all seemed to do their best, and this was the first great success of the week. The only drawback was in the awkward machinery of the resurrection of the Nuns scene,—indeed the almost absence of scene—which was refreshingly queer in spite of some good dancing.

Thursday night brought still new assurance in the fine opera *Der Freyschütz*, with the one weak part as it was given before, that of Caspar, grandly supplied by FORMES! This change would hardly have been made, but that some of the "fears" above alluded to grew general and found their way to the ears of the management. It looks as if it would all go right now. We must go to press before hearing the *Freyschütz*. Three nights in succession has that great conservative, the Devil, figured in the Opera; first as Mephistopheles, then as Bertram, then as Zamiel; let honesty take courage from the way in which all three are thwarted, and never be afraid to face the Copperheads!

To glance back at the first two nights: *Martha* passed off with less life than before. All were disappointed not to have FORMES in his old part of Plunkett; Herr STREINCKE sings and acts faithfully, but the quality of his baritone is not very clear. HABELMANN was a good Lionel, but hardly the equal of Himmer in that part. FREDERICI is the most charming of Nancies; but we fear lest the rich reedy vibration of her delicate and pure voice may become impaired by singing in so low a register. Mme. ROTTER won upon us steadily by sterling qualities, but for reasons above noted we would have still preferred JOHANNSEN. There were careless slips in the orchestra, and at every fortissimo climax the dreadful bellow of a huge brass instrument in the corner banished all thought but of itself. The unruly monster has since been subdued, we are happy to say.

*Faust* impressed us less and less as a great musical composition in the best sense. We do get weary of a very large part of the music. But we do not care just now to obtrude our minority report. The performance suffered incalculably by the putting of the Italian tenor TAMARO in the part of Faust, instead of HIMMER as before. We not only missed his dignity of person, his nobility of voice and singing, but we felt that FREDERICI's almost perfect rendering of Gretchen, as she used to sing the love scenes with her husband, was now rendered impossible. And yet her Gretchen was still very beautiful. Nor is Sig. Tamaro without merit as a singer. HERMANN was great as usual in Mephistopheles; only the grotesqueness of it this time was occasionally overdone. That prolonging of the trill on a deep note to a length as painful as extraordinary was simply absurd; a mill wheel can keep on still longer, but who finds music in it?

## Musical Correspondence.

HARTFORD, CONN., OCT. 9. At last we have had an Opera—a *bona fide* Opera—not such an one as has been over and over advertised heretofore as having a "full and efficient chorus and orchestra"—said chorus, in reality, consisting of from three to six persons, and said "orchestra" made up of one or two violin boxes, a piano-forte stool, a violin and piano, a French horn with no mouth-piece, and a double bass fiddle,—but an opera, with an orchestra of twenty-seven different instruments, with a trained chorus of about forty—playing and singing just as they do in New York and Boston. Didn't it seem good,—after having been humbugged so many times,—to see even the twenty-seven chairs placed ready for the orchestra—(who knew but that there were more chairs after all than performers)—No! every seat was occupied, and ANSCHÜTZ came in at precisely 8 o'clock and immediately gave his signal for the introduction to "Faust." What original and beautiful harmonics, by the way, those are! Sig. TAMARO sang the part of "Faust," and with great acceptance, although we were disappointed in not hearing Herr HIMMER.

HERMANN was great, as he always is, and FREDERICI won hosts of friends by her refined, natural, totally unaffected rendering of Marguerite. How delicious her voice is through its whole compass! Allyn Hall was filled—with prices at \$2.00 and \$1.50—and the enthusiasm was equally high.

Mr. GROVER had the honor of giving us the first complete Opera since the city was founded. It was the best entertainment ever produced in Hartford.

Miss KELLOGG, the prima donna, has sung here within the last three weeks, with her usual success. Madame VARIAN, E. HOFFMANN, MOLLENHAU, (Violoncellist,) and J. R. THOMAS, gave a concert here last week to a full house.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—The German Opera season closed with one of the noblest productions of musical dramatic art—*Don Giovanni*. The Italian commenced with one of the flattest manufactures of the modern opera mill—*Il Trovatore*. We regretted to part with the German company, spite of its many deficiencies. We could not join in the cry, "*le roi est mort, vive le roi!*" MARETZEK has this time made use of a new policy, with which to tickle the palate of the amusement seeking public. Mystery was the order of the day; the public was almost persuaded into the belief that it had a judgment; and the press, which formerly trumpeted forth in intoxicating tones the glories of what was as yet unheard by us poor mortals, this time withheld all preliminary praise and puffery and merely indicated the coming performances. But the initiated, with solemn and knowing faces, whispered here and there of Marezek's new singers—admirable!—no better ever heard! &c. The first week is over, awakening no enthusiasm. The present company is far behind that of last year. In my next letter its members shall defile before you.

Mr. GROVER, in the short time he remained here, perhaps spoiled us a little. There was a freshness, a life about the whole company, that exhilarated. Now, we find the old "shent-per-shent" physiognomies leavening the mass of the concern; stale operas, phlegmatically led by Marezek's baton, in the stereotyped humdrum way; in short, the Art impulse is wanting, and in spite of business, it is impossible for an opera management to ignore Art and yet succeed. New works are promised; let us hope that they will not long be withheld.

One fact is now undeniable, the day of exclusively Italian Opera is gone by here. The American will have progress,—every year increases his experience in Art—and although he still likes to boast occasionally that he is a self-taught man, the conviction gains upon him with every fresh insight, that he can only find the how and the why, knowledge and model, in the works of great masters of all countries—especially in those who grounded and immortalized the German school,—Handel, Bach, Gluck, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, &c. This onward striving of our studious youth must necessarily spread more or less through the whole people; we shall at last hear no more of exclusive Italian or German opera management; but the union of all forces in to-day this, and to-morrow that school, will lead the nation to the knowledge and enjoyment of the chef-d'œuvres of every school. This is the future of opera management here, and from it, all that is narrow-minded and nativistic must step into the back-ground, as contrary to the very being of the spirit of art, which is essentially cosmopolitan.

The first Philharmonic public rehearsal took place on Saturday afternoon. We had Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony, Liszt's *Praludes*, and Weber's *Oberon* Overture. Here is the programme for the season:

**SYMPHONIES:** Beethoven's *Eroica*; Mendelssohn's "Scotch;" Schumann's No. 1, in B flat; Liszt's "Faust Symphony."

**OVERTURES:** Gluck's *Iphigenie*; Mozart's *Magic Flute*; Beethoven's *Egmont*; Weber's *Oberon*; Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*; Schumann's *Manfred*; Gade's *Hamlet*; Berlioz's *King Lear*; Liszt's *Les Preludes*; Bargiel's *Medea*.

**WITH CHORUS** (German Liederkrantz): Beethoven's Choral Symphony; Credo from Liszt's Graner Mass; "Frutres ergo," by Palestrina; Mendelssohn's *Der Menschheit Würde*; Schubert's "Mondschein-Sündenböcke."

LANCELOT.

NEW YORK, OCT. 10. To take up my pen to write again to "Dwight's," seems like sitting down to hob-nob with some trusty old friend—a pleasant chat with some kindred spirit. And yet in these days of civil and political discord and dissension, with the air resonant with the rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery, it seems strange, almost heartless, to write of so harmonious, and yet inharmonious, a thing as music. In fact, one would naturally expect from "our correspondent" details of some sanguinary conflict, with the record of its fearful scenes, its terrible surroundings. It is well that it is not so; that there can be words written and read, that do not bear the tinge of human blood, that do not carry sorrow and sadness into many hearts. It is well that we can still write of peaceful sounds and scenes, unmixed with aught to chill or terrify. Let us hope that ere long the voice of the whole nation may be raised in the old choral "Nun danket alle Gott" (Now let us all praise God), as on the blood-stained field of Leuthen, in thanksgiving to the great God of battles, who has led us on to that crowning Victory that bringeth Peace!

There will be music in many a heart now torn and sad; there will be "Glorias," and "Jubilates," and "Te Deums" over all the land; there will be one grand "Hallelujah Chorus," that will rise in one mighty sound, and in its majesty make thrones tremble, in its solemnity chant the requiem of departed heroes, in its beauty soothe the grief of the sorrowing, in its distant but never dying echoes, sing the pæans of the nation, "Glory to God on high, and on earth Peace, good will to men!"

The Italian Opera season has commenced under auspicious circumstances. The short and successful season of German Opera, was a presage of the like success of the Maretzek company. The public mind seems to be in just that state that requires the brilliancy and gaiety of some place of amusement, and the Opera has come just in time. The audience that welcomed Maretzek, as he ascended the Conductor's chair on Monday night last, was of more than wonted brilliancy and magnificence. The display of rich toilets, laces, diamonds, silks, would rather dispute the idea that we were engaged in a terrible war, with sorrow and suffering on every side. Never did there seem a more joyful, happy set of faces, never a more cheerful sound of voices, never a more rich and elegantly attired audience, than was present on that opening night, to hear "*Il Trovatore*," with CAROZZI-ZUCCHI, and MASSIMILIANI, the new soprano and tenor. The natural timidity and fright of a "first appearance" was evident at the first notes of both these artists, but ere the opera concluded, this gave way before the hearty, assuring applause of the audience, and they made a most favorable impression.

The programme of the week has been "*Trovatore*," "*Traciata*" with BRAMBILLA, MASSIMILIANI, and SCBINI; "*Lucrezia Borgia*," with CAROZZI-ZUCCHI, MORENZI, LOTTI, and SCBINI; and "*Lucia*" with MISS HARRIS, &c.

The success of the artists has been in a measure marred by severe colds and hoarseness, which it is to be hoped will not prove chronic, as is so often the case. Max to-day publishes a good humored letter in regard to this matter, and his vivid portrayal of the trials and annoyances of an operatic manager is

truthful and convincing. This cause, it is to be hoped, will soon be removed, and never more disappoint both manager and public.

This week we are to hear "*Trovatore*," "*Un Ballo in Maschera*," "*Faust*," and "*Lucrezia Borgia*" at the Brooklyn Academy.

The revivals of the "*Huguenots*," and "*Prophete*," and also the new works of Gounod, promised, will soon be realized. Without a detailed criticism, it is safe to say, that Maretzek has as strong a company as that of last season with Medori and Mazzoleni. The slender little Massimiliani would look small alongside of Mazzoleni, but he stands comparison well. An eminent New York critic has pronounced him "one and a half Mazzoleni," but, of course, there are very many different views and tastes.

The familiar faces and voices of Lotti, Morensi—both greatly improved—Bellini, Susini and Weinlich, are not unwelcome; and Max Maretzek's presence in the orchestra is a sufficient guarantee that that branch of the service will not be neglected.

Our vivacious, "slap-dash," indomitable friend, C. JEROME HOPKINS ("Timothy Trill") has made his introductory bow to us in the following shape:—

NEW YORK, September 20, 1864.

MR. C. JEROME HOPKINS, (Cooper Union.) Dear Sir: Believing that the art of Music is progressive, and that American composers are destined in time to occupy as high positions as our painters, poets and sculptors now do, we hereby invite you to produce some of your orchestral and piano works in our city, as from the pen of one whose past and present labors to popularize High Art command the honorable esteem of fellow artists and the high consideration of Yours, very truly,

(Signed by sundry eminent personages, some however of dubitable musical proclivities). And

DEAR SIR OR MADAM:—

You are politely requested to accept the enclosed Complimentary Ticket to Mr. Hopkins' first Concert in New York for nearly four years. The accompanying letter of invitation, signed by a long list of our most prominent citizens in business, letters and in society, show how high a degree of respect is entertained by them for the talents of this young American Composer and Pianist, whose works already number several hundred, in nearly every style of this difficult Art, and whose philanthropic efforts in the design and carrying out of the "Orphan Free Chorister School of Brooklyn," have gained for their originator so enviable a reputation.

This Concert will be the first ever given (with orchestra) in America, consisting mainly of the works of our Composer, and he a self-taught American who has never enjoyed the benefits even of observation which a tour of foreign travel affords.

I commend this method to all who propose following in Mr. Hopkins's footsteps. It may not insure success, but it certainly has the merit of novelty. Mr. Hopkins, in a most refreshing manner, announces that on this occasion "he will enjoy the valuable assistance of the following able talent:—Mrs. J. H. BARCLAY, contralto; Mr. ERNEST PERRING, tenor; Mr. E. TRASTUM, pianist; Mr. A. DAVIS, pianist and accompanist, and a full orchestra from the Philharmonic Society." It is to be hoped that the audience will enjoy this "able talent" as much as Mr. Hopkins predicates for himself.

The following will be my concluding extract:

Mr. Hopkins will have the honor of producing on this occasion, an entire novelty, the following selection from his works: "Two Movements from his *Sinfonia 'Life'*;" "The Orchestral Dirge No. 4;" "A Wedding March for Grand Orchestra;" The famous Prayer from "*Otello*," arranged for one hand alone as a piano solo;" "Liszt's celebrated 'Storm March,' arranged for three of the Driggs Patent Violin Pianos, with two sounding-boards."

⊞ Besides several Songs with Orchestral Accompaniment. ⊞

All this on Tuesday evening, Oct. 11, at Irving Hall.

I had the pleasure a few days ago, of listening to Wm. A. KING's performance on Erben's new organ, built for the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Memphis, Tenn. I think you have already had a detailed description of the organ. It is one of Erben's most successful efforts, and it seems almost a matter of regret that it should be taken from our city. The exhibition, usual upon the completion of a new organ, in this case has been in a great measure a private one.

Mr. King's performance included the overture to "*Semiramide*" and "*William Tell*" and his own "*Wedding March*," and organ arrangement of "*Home Sweet Home*." The exhibition was in every degree satisfactory, but made us long for the time to come when we may sit down to a regular "Organ Concert," such as you only have in your Music Hall, under the inspiring shade of "the great organ."

T. W. M.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Dissen & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The soldier sleepeth, he is not dead! L. Heath. 30

This song ought to be good, for the great Union R. Dodge says that it was composed expressly for his concerts, and that he paid the author therefor the "sum of fifty dollars." It is a very pretty and affecting ballad.

Evening is sweet. (Chanson de Magali.) Song or Duet. "Mireille." 40

One of the best, and some would call it the prettiest piece in the opera. It is a kind of musical play, contained in the responsive song or duet sung by Vincent and Mireille. The poem includes a number of beautiful thoughts. The piece may be sung by one voice, as the two voices are not employed at the same time.

The Soldier to his Mother. Ballad. B. Covert. 30

It differs from most of the recent soldier songs, in the fact that the hero is neither sick, nor wounded, nor dying. It is written by a gentleman in the army, and is very beautiful.

At your feet, behold! I remain. (A vos pieds, hélas, me voilà.) "Mireille." 30

Neurotic and affecting. The petition of Mireille to her father.

### Instrumental Music.

Chœur des Moissonneurs, de l'opera. "Mireille." W. Krüger. 40

This "Chorus of Harvesters," is at once very original and very brilliant. Those who try it will not find it like any other piece. It is, at the same time, not difficult, containing small notes in the harder parts, which can be left out at pleasure.

Souvenirs de l'opera "Mireille." H. Rosellen. 60

Contains four of the principal airs of the opera, skillfully combined and varied.

Gems from "Mireille." J. C. Johnson. 50

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 615.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 29, 1864.

VOL. XXIV. No. 16.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Half a dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

II. ANTONIO SALIERI.

(Continued from page 322.)

On Thursday, March 1, 1792, Leopold, the Emperor, followed his brother Joseph "to the other side," as the Germans express it (*jenseits*), after an illness of but 36 hours. At the coronation of his successor, Francis I., as King of Bohemia and as Emperor of Germany,—the latter at Frankfurt, 14 July—Salieri again had the direction of the music, which consisted mainly of the same pieces, which had been performed on similar occasions two years before.

Changes in the direction of the opera and other causes occurred, which in succeeding years relieved Salieri from his duty of delivering an annual composition for the stage. Still the number of his works was largely increased. I shall content myself, and doubtless more than content most readers, by simply adding a chronological list of these works. The little that remains to be said of the quiet life, which for thirty-three years the composer led, mostly in Vienna, can then close the narrative.

1792. "*Catilina*," 2 acts, text by Abbate Casti, never performed. It was a tragi-comic work in which the chief comic character was, Marcus Tullius Cicero! One Italian wrote, another composed it; of course it was all right.

Salieri seems also in this year to have composed a part of Martin's "*Princesse de Babylone*," and to have gone on with the next work noted, viz:

1793. "*Il Mondo alla rovescia*," which he had formerly begun for Venice, under the title "*L'isola capricciosa*," 2 acts, brought out under the direction of Baron von Braun, Jan. 13, 1795. In this text men have the duties, cares, characters and feelings of women, and *vice versa*. The men are the blushing and modest objects of the stormy passion of the other sex. It proved a bad subject for the stage, and a failure.

1794. "*Eraclito e Democrito*," text by Gamera, 2 acts. Salieri calls this in his own papers, "*Operetta buffa filosofica*," a very good descriptive title for a work which presents the weeping and laughing philosophers. It was produced August 13, and had a fair run until superseded by

"*Palmyra*," "*opera eroica comica*," in 2 acts, text by Gamera, drawn from the "*Le Princesse de Babylone*," sent to Salieri from Paris, as already noted. None of the music which he had composed to the French text was retained to the Italian words, for the same reasons which had led him to compose the "*Azur*" anew, when Joseph II. wished for the "*Tarare*." This was one of the master's most successful and famous works, and in 1803 was reproduced in the Theater an der Wien, revised and with alterations by him. It not only made the round of the German stage in Italian or in German translation, but in 1812 was brought out at Warsaw in the Polish language.

In this opera appears for the first time, so far as I know, or at least recollect, a vocal unaccompanied quartet, *Silenzio facciasi*, an effect made common enough since, but then a new and striking proof of the simple means by which true genius produces great effects. This was invariably repeated.

1796. For the annual concerts for the benefit of the widows and orphans of Vienna musicians, established by Gassmann in 1771, and especially to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the Association, Salieri composed a cantata entitled "*La riconoscenza*," consisting of a chorus, recitative and air with concerted instruments. The vocalist was the composer's pupil, Gassmann's second daughter, Theresa. Salieri had taught her ten years gratis and had made her one of the ornaments of the Vienna stage. Not expecting, with his feeble frame, to live to see the 50th anniversary of the society, Salieri wrote at the end of this cantata:

"The author of this Cantata sends greeting and peace from the lap of eternity to that composer who shall write the Thanksgiving Cantata for the celebration of the half century, and to all who shall assist in the performances.

Vienna, 1796.

SALIERI."

His opera this year was "*Il Moro*," opera buffa, 2 acts, text by Gamera, performed August 7. It had some excellent numbers, but was no success. Orgone, the lover of the piece, sings always in falsetto, and is asked by the Moor why that is? Orgone replies:

Ella sappia  
Che si danno fra noi certi spetaroli  
Chiamati opere serie e che son veri  
Mostri dell' arte. In esse,  
Fur sempre i maschi amanti  
Che dicono mille e mille cose tenere,  
Per legge teatral di dentro genere.

[You must know that with us there is a kind of plays called *Opere Serie*, which are monsters of Art. In these it has always been the rule to have the lovers who say a thousand upon thousand of tender things, of the neuter gender.] So Orgone must sing falsetto in order to make love like the Eunuchs, who performed the heroes in Handel's and all the other Italian operas of his time and for long years after. A satire that hits also such parts as the lover in Rossini's "*Romeo and Juliet*," sung by women.

1797. "*I tre Filosofi*," also by Gamera, in which the systems of Pirro, Diogenes and Pythagoras appear in ludicrous contest, remained a fragment.

"*Falstaff, ossia le tre burle*," opera buffa, in 2 acts, text by Defranceschi. First performance Jan. 3d, 1798. Of course the subject is the "*Merry Wives of Windsor*." The overture is lively English contre-dance music, the cue being taken from the first words of the introduction: "*Per si torni di nuovo a ballar!*" (Then begin the dance anew.) In the opening scene Bar-dolph sits talking in his sleep, in a low monotone until the last note, which is very high and loud;

for Falstaff enters and gives him a punch in the ribs at that point to wake him. It is curious that one of the airs is in German—sung by Mistress Ford ("Ah, the men—I know them well!") No. 3 is a duet: "*La stessa la stessa*."



Ten variations upon which, by Ludwig van Beethoven, are advertised in the Vienna *Zeitung* of March 2d, two months after the first performance of the opera.

A still greater compliment from the same source was paid him a few months later. That proud, impetuous young genius, moving in the higher circles of Vienna society, among princes and counts of the empire, as an equal with equals, the dedications of whose works thus far,—except a few of minor importance, and the Sonatas dedicated to Haydn—had been to kings, princes and persons of noble birth, published his *opus* 12, with the following title: "*Tre Sonate per il clavicembalo o Forte-Piano, con un Violino, Composte e dedicate al Sig. Antonio Salieri, primo Maestro di capella della Corte Imperiale di Vienna, &c., &c., dal Sig. Luigi van Beethoven, Opera 12. A Vienna, Presso Antonia e Comp.*" Beethoven had been studying dramatic composition with Salieri, and this dedication was a pure mark of esteem and gratitude—it was really a compliment.

1799. Two cantatas: "*Der Tiroler Landsturm*," in German, and "*La riconoscenza dei Tirolesi*," in Italian, composed for the benefit of the suffering Tyrolese, and performed at a grand concert in Vienna, belong to this year; as also a Mass, with *Graduale, Offertorium* and *Te Deum*, all in double chorus, intending for performance on occasion of the declaration of peace with the French republic; but as the piece was not concluded, the music was for the time laid aside.

1800. "*Cesare in Farmacusa*," opera eroi-comica, 2 acts, text by Defranceschi, was produced June 2, successfully. Among his notes upon this work is one which Mosel cites. There is a bass air in the first act in which Tullo laments the danger of starving; "the air is comic for the reason," writes the composer, "that when the comic actor weeps upon the stage, the audience must laugh."

"*Angiolina, ossia il matrimonio per sussuro*," opera buffa, 2 acts, text by Defranceschi, produced October 22, had some success through the excellent music, though the text was almost beneath criticism.

1801. "*Annibale in Capua*," Opera Seria, 2 acts, text by Advocate Sagrafi, composed at, and for the opening of the new theatre in Trieste. It was successful there, but nowhere else does it appear to have been put upon the stage, and for a very good reason; Salieri had of course to accommodate his music to the powers of his singers, and the leading character was written for a *Castrato*, as in olden times was so common. Think of the mighty Hannibal, quavering and roulading in soprano!

From Trieste the composer was to have gone on to Venice; but the prospect of peace and the wish to conduct his double choruses, at the celebration of it, was stronger than his desire to earn money or laurels by so every-day a matter as composing an opera. On arriving in Vienna he found a new invitation to Paris awaiting him, with the first act of a text ("*Les Troyennes*," by R. Bernard); but this he also declined.

1802. "*La bella selvaggia*," opera in 2 acts, text by Bertati, not brought out. The subject was not that of the Ballet "*Das Waldmädchen*," (girl of the forest), a theme from which was varied by Beethoven, and of the opera by Weber, but a wild girl supposed to be found by the Spaniards on an American island.

"*Die Neger*" (the Negros), a heroic-comic German opera, two acts, text by Friedrich Treitschke, first given in the Theater an der Wien, Nov. 10, 1804, on the stage, where one year later Beethoven's "*Fidelio*" met such ill success.

Cantata for Archduke Ferdinand, prepared in anticipation of the delivery of the archduchess. As both mother and child died (Sept. 19, 1802) of course the piece was not performed.

1803. Overture, entr' acts and choruses to Kotzebue's "*The Hussites before Naumburg*," a noble work of the stamp of Beethoven's "*Egmont*" music.

"*Gesù al limbo*," sacred cantata by Prividali, composed for the Empress, and sung at the palace. The overture—or rather symphony—was a piece of programme music, which, for its ludicrous want of intelligibility, unless heard with a running commentary before the eyes, would do honor to any of the great lights of the so-called "new school" composers. This piece of music was intended to depict the entire life of Jesus in tones. Accordingly in Salieri's score may be read, often to passages of not more than four to eight bars of music, such notes as these: "*Gesù in mezzo di dottori*," (Jesus in the midst of the doctors); "*Arrestamento di Gesù*," (Arrest of Jesus); "*Viene interrogato*" (his examination) &c.

1804. "*Requiem*" Mass, composed for performance at his own funeral obsequies, whenever they might take place.

On the 8th December Salieri had the satisfaction of conducting the Mass for double chorus, composed five years before. It was given upon occasion of the celebration of the adoption by Francis I. of the title of Emperor of Austria.

1805. "*Habsburg*." This was a long poem of a historic-allegoric character, with no variety of rhythm, and merely divided into stanzas, not intended for music,—but as an offering to the new Emperor of Austria. The author, Ferdinand von Geramb, it seems, formed the plan of arranging a national festival the next year, at which his poem should be sung as a Cantata. But hardly was the music ready, when the question came up, whether an Austrian nation was to exist. October 17, Ulm capitulated to the French army; on the 30th Bernadotte entered Salzburg, and on Nov. 16, Murat marched into Vienna. Beethoven's "*Fidelio*" was given to an audience mainly of French,—but Salieri's Cantata in praise of the Habsburgs, it is hardly necessary to add, was laid upon the shelf. It was of course no loss to the musical world.

Another Mass, and church pieces suited to the times—a *Miserere*, a *De profundis*, a *Salvum fac populum*, &c., employed Salieri's pen during the last half of this year.

At this point Mosel gives a summary of Salieri's other compositions down to this time. They were, an organ concerto, 1775; two piano-forte concertos, 1778; one for violin, oboe and violoncello, 1774; a symphony, 1776; five serenatas for various instruments; 40 canons for three voices—"all written," says Salieri, "during my walks or when in the company of musicians or amateurs, who could sing them on the spot"—more than a hundred vocal pieces, for church, theatre or the private circle; twenty-eight vocal pieces with piano-forte accompaniment, and various smaller matters. A collection containing twenty-five of those canons (*a tre voci*) and a terzette was published in 1815, with the title "*Scherzi armonici Vocali*."

(To be continued.)

## History of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts.

### II.

MENDELSSOHN. 1835-47.

Rightly to appreciate what Mendelssohn did for the Gewandhaus Concerts—and through them for the general propagation of better ideas of what musical performances should be—we ought to know in what state they were when the baton was put into his hand.

Up to that time, the Kapellmeister conducted only those compositions in which voices, whether solo or choral, took part; all other works were directed by the Concertmeister, i. e., the leader of the violins. A certain mechanical, jog-trot kind of correctness had been acquired; where a *forte* stood, the band played loud, and where a *piano*, softly; but graduation of light and shade, intelligent phrasing, all that gives poetical charm to a performance, were unknown ideas. Warmly as Mendelssohn speaks of the orchestra when he entered upon his duties, its excellence was but comparative; for I am told as a positive fact by one who can speak with authority, that at that time only two, or perhaps three, of the violinists could play at all decently; but one tenorist could be depended upon, as also but one violoncellist. The members of the orchestra, who had also to play in the church services and in the theatre, were miserably paid; and therefore took the first opportunity of obtaining a more profitable post.

Such was the state of things, when in January, 1835, Mendelssohn, at that time Kapellmeister at Düsseldorf, was invited to take the direction. His letters to Herr Schleinitz in reply deserve to be printed in letters of gold, so noble, so unselfish, in short, such a gentleman do they show him to have been.

The first concert under Mendelssohn's direction took place on the 4th October, 1835. I cannot do better than translate some passages from a letter to his family written two days after the concert. "I cannot tell you how satisfied I am with this commencement, and with the whole way in which my position here begins. It is a quiet, orderly business position; one sees that the institution has existed for fifty-six years; and with this the people seem to be well inclined and friendly to me and my music. The orchestra is very good, thoroughly musical, and I fancy in half a year it will be still better; for with what love and affection do these people receive them—that was quite touching in the two rehearsals we have at present had; there was always a difference, as if another orchestra played. There are still some deficiencies in the *personnel*, but they will probably be remedied by degrees, and I believe I may anticipate a series of very agreeable evenings and good performances. I wish you could have heard the introduction to my '*Calm at Sea*,' with which the concert commenced; both in the room and in the orchestra there was a quiet, so that the finest tone could be heard, and they played the whole adagio quite masterly; less so the allegro, where they had hitherto been accustomed to slower time, and would always drag; but the

end again, where the four-four time *ff* begins, was magnificently done; the fiddles went at it with a fury, that I was regularly frightened, and *Publicus* was delighted. The following pieces, aria in E major, by Weber, spohr's violin concerto, and introduction to *Ali Baba* went less well; one rehearsal was not sufficient, and they were sometimes unsteady; but the B flat symphony of Beethoven, which filled up the second part, succeeded gloriously, and the Leipzigers shouted after each movement. There was an attention and an eagerness (*Spannung*) in the whole orchestra, such as I have never seen greater; they looked out like *Schiessvögel* (birds to be shot at), as Zelter would have said. After the concert I received and made, in the orchestra, a mass of congratulations; first, the orchestra; then the Thomans (who are famous lads, they take up their parts so punctually, and sing out so well, that I have promised them an order); then came Moscheles, with a whole train of *dilettanti*; then two musical journals, and so on." A few months later, he writes to his sister:—"The whole orchestra, which has some very excellent men, seeks to anticipate my every wish, and has made the most remarkable progress in delicacy and style, and is so devoted to me, that it often affects me."

No wonder that every member of the orchestra loved him, for though he passed over no fault, he corrected with so much justice and kindness, never hurting anyone's self-respect, and showed so friendly an interest in each individual, that they could not but be devoted to him. Some of them still speak with tears in their eyes of the kind glance with which he would nod at them, when they had successfully mastered any particularly difficult passage.

Nor did he let his kindness end in words or nods. Twice, at his express and urgent representations, did the Town Council increase the salaries of the members of the orchestra.

Just as considerate, too, was Mendelssohn to the composers whose works were performed, and to the artists who appeared, in the concerts. No trouble was too great to insure them a favorable hearing. His warm-hearted endeavors to set Liszt right with the public, when the latter were offended by some unusual financial arrangements made by the great pianist's agent, are but a specimen of his way of acting. His letters to composers who could not be present at the performance of their works, show how cordially he rejoiced at their success, and at the same time was so truthfully loyal, and so modest in pointing out any imperfections. That these letters have been published is as honorable to those who received them, as to him who wrote them.

The resignation, from ill-health, of Matthäi, soon after Mendelssohn's appointment, gave him the opportunity of bringing Herr Ferdinand David to Leipzig as Concertmeister. By a strange coincidence this consummate artist was born in the same house in Hamburg, in which Mendelssohn himself in the previous year first saw the light. It is scarcely too much to say, without such a prime minister, even Mendelssohn himself could hardly have brought the orchestra to such perfection.

It was also at Mendelssohn's invitation that Herr Niels Gade came to Leipzig, so delighted had he been with the first symphony of the young Danish composer. Dr. Bennett's early compositions were also performed in the early part of his directorate. His reign was also remarkable for the great number of English lady singers who appeared at the concerts. We find the names of Clara Novello, Shaw, Birch, Lincoln and Dolby.

There is one remarkable omission in the "*Mendelssohn letters*." It was during Mendelssohn's conductorship that several of Schumann's compositions were brought out in the Gewandhaus. That he did not like all Schumann's works is true; but it is equally true that he greatly admired some of them, and that he expressed his admiration in letters to his friends; some of these were laid before the editors when the letters were being prepared for publication—but yet no trace of them appears. There is a littleness in this, of which Mendelssohn himself had not one atom

in his nature, and which he would have been the first to condemn.

Space would fail me, were I to record all that Mendelssohn did for the Gewandhaus, and for music in Leipzig. The visits of the King of Saxony to the concerts, and the influence which Mendelssohn thus gained with him, led to the establishment of the Conservatory box: one of his greatest services was the way in which he educated his audience. At that time, the tickets were not transferable, and although the places were not reserved, each subscriber was always to be found in the one place. It was almost like a large family party, and Mendelssohn was the head of the house. His cordiality and appreciativeness were contagious, and the audience rejoiced when they could applaud a new name or a new work, and thus give an encouragement to those who had not yet had an opportunity of making a name. The affection between the audience and the Kapellmeister showed itself in a hundred ways. Let one serve for an example. At the last concert before Mendelssohn's marriage, the finale of "*Fidelio*" had been performed. The applause which bade him farewell, seemed as if it would never cease. With a countenance beaming with happiness, Mendelssohn sat down to the piano to play his thanks. He chose that theme to the finale, to which belong the words:—

"Wer ein holdes Weib errungen,  
Mische seinen Jubel ein,"

and made it the subject of the most brilliant and touching variations. Of course the applause was more enthusiastic than ever.

From 1841 to 1845, Mendelssohn was generally residing in Berlin, whither the King of Prussia had called him with the hope of finding some fitting employment for him. During his absence his place was supplied by the Herren David, Ferdinand Hiller, and Gade. In 1845 he returned to Leipzig, and alternately with Gade conducted the concerts till Easter 1847, when ill health obliged him to resign.

The season 1847-1848, was conducted by Gade. Its commencement was clouded by the death of Mendelssohn, which occurred on the 4th November, the very evening upon which a concert should have taken place, but which was of course postponed when it was known that the beloved master was dying. The following concert on the 11th was devoted to his memory. The first part was selected from his own compositions, and included Luther's Prayer—"*Verleih uns Frieden*;" overture to *Melusine*, Eichendorff's *Nachlied*, "*Vergangen ist der lichte Tag*," composed with special reference to his sister Fanny's death—the "*Nunc Dimittis*" from the English evening service, written in the previous summer, and the overture to "*St. Paul*." The second part consisted of Beethoven's "*Eroica*." A hard task it was for the performers to master their feelings. It was a solemnity never to be forgotten by those who were present.

My letter has gone to a greater extent than I first anticipated. I therefore reserve the little that yet remains to be said till next week.—*Corr. Lond. Orchestra.*

### Mozart's "Magic Flute."

Beethoven pronounced the *Zauberflöte* the masterpiece of Mozart, which goes far to substantiate what has been often asserted, and as often denied, that the composer of *Fidelio* was jealous of the reputation of the composer of *Don Juan*. Without presuming to offer an opinion on so delicate a point—without wishing to pry into the inward depths of the heart of Beethoven, or to arraign human nature on the plea that the greatest and most gifted have the failings of the weakest—we may state, without reserve, that so far as a close acquaintance with the dramatic writings of Mozart can entitle us to judge, the opera of *Die Zauberflöte*, viewed as a whole, appears not comparable to *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, or even to *Idomeneo*, a much earlier effort. That the score is crowded with beauties—that the melodies are abundant, fresh, and genuine—that the fact of having a tale of enchantment to set to music conducted Mozart into another world, where the inexhaustible fertility of his invention was triumphantly demonstrated, cannot be denied. But several causes militated against the possibility of the *Zauberflöte* (any more than the *Clemenza di Tito*, its inferior, which was composed almost at the same

time) being one of the greatest and most perfect works of its author. The circumstances under which it was written were unfavorable. Emanuel Schikaneder, the manager of one of the Vienna theatres, an old companion of Mozart's, when on the brink of ruin, prevailed on the great musician to promise him an opera in which the frivolous tastes of the majority of the *habitués* of his establishment should be in some measure consulted. Schikaneder himself wrote the book, and though the task was very unwelcome to Mozart, who was uncompromising in all that concerned his art, he undertook to save his friend. How this kindness of heart was repaid by the basest ingratitude, is well known. Mozart never received a florin for the music of *Zauberflöte*, although the opera met with great success and revived the fortunes of the theatre. Schikaneder (who was also the original Papageno) disposed of copies of the score to the directors of other theatres, and appropriated to himself what it had been agreed should be the only remuneration for the time and pains Mozart had bestowed upon it. During the progress of the composition Mozart was suffering under constant ill health, and forebodings of his approaching end were incessantly tormenting him. But worst of all, the book of Schikaneder is little better than a farrago of absurdities, which no genius, however transcendent, could possibly succeed in elevating to serious interest. A brief sketch of the plot may help to substantiate this assertion. Sarastro, high priest of the temple of Isis, is desirous of educating Pamina, daughter of Astrifammante, Queen of Night, in the faith and mysteries of the true religion. To carry out his purpose he has her conveyed away secretly from her mother's custody. Tamino, Prince of Egypt, is enamoured of Pamina, and tracing her to the temple of Isis becomes a novice in the mysteries, in the hopes of regaining possession of the object of his love. To test the constancy of his nature, Sarastro, a very well meaning personage for a priest of Isis, condemns him to a temporary separation from Pamina, and causes him to undergo sundry ordeals by which his truth and courage may be established. Pamina is condemned to similar trials. Both come out victorious, and in spite of the arts of the Queen of Night, who, burning with the desire of vengeance against Sarastro for having robbed her of her daughter, attempts to persuade Pamina to kill him and steal his crown, the lovers are found worthy of Isis and of each other. The comic action is divided between Papageno, a bird catcher, who follows Tamino in his adventures, and Monostatos, the chief of the slaves of Sarastro, a traitor who betrays his trust and endeavors to seduce Pamina. As a safeguard, Tamino is provided with a magic flute, by means of which he is enabled to give alarm and summon aid in case of danger. Hence, it is needless to add, the name of the opera—*Die Zauberflöte*. Papageno is also gifted with an instrument of music, which, when played upon, turns anger into mirth and sets everybody dancing. The effect which Mozart has made out of this, in the finale to the first act, where the famous tune, *O dolce concerto*, is introduced, must be well-remembered by all who have seen the opera. The other personages of the drama are three attendants on the Queen of Night, three good genii (boys of the temple, in the German *libretto*) in the interest of Sarastro; an old woman, who afterwards becomes Papagena, the wife of Papageno, Domofontes, an orator, styled "initiated," who plays a part in the second act, into the secret of which the audience is not initiated; Oronte, a priest; and two men in armor, whose precise business is inexplicable.

Out of such materials it would have been strange if an interesting story had been constructed. Schikaneder could not do it, with Mozart to assist him, as the result shows. While the first act at least verges on the intelligible, the second would require an Iamblichus (not translated by a Taylor) to explain. Genii of either sex, priests, slaves, monsters, armed men, orators, and lions are mingled in happy confusion. The real signification may possibly have something to do with the mysteries of Isis and Osiris; to the multitude it is "caviare," and sets comment at defiance. Goethe, the poet, nevertheless, wrote what he called a second part of *Zauberflöte*, one of the least generally read of his works. Our intention is not to enter into a critical analysis of an opera which, composed for a German stage in 1791, is at the present moment (60 years after) brought out in an Italian Opera as a certain means of profit. Moreover the music, thanks to its beauty and variety, is familiar as "household words." The short pieces have enjoyed an unchanging popularity in the concert room, and are known to amateurs as well as musicians. The overture, the most learned and admirable of all Mozart's orchestral preludes, is probably the finest ever composed. Mozart would seem to have written it to console himself for those ephemeral portions of the opera which he was persuaded by Schikaneder to

write and rewrite, until Schikaneder was satisfied. It is a regular feast of counterpoint; but the beauty and sublimity of the ideas, and the exceeding clearness of their development, take away all vestige of pelantry. The *chorale*, or *canto fermo*, in C minor, for the two armed men, in the *finale* to the second act, is also an elaborate and majestic composition, the fugal accompaniment in the orchestra betraying the hand of the consummate master. In opposition to these grand pieces we may cite the first air of Papageno, the birdcatcher; the duet between him and Pamina; and, in short, all the music in which Papageno is concerned, as among the lightest music Mozart has produced—although, on the other hand, extremely lively and pretty. But, as a counterbalance, there are many passages in *Zauberflöte* which discover neither the beauty of melody, nor the prodigious science, nor the lofty and passionate expression, for which the dramatic music of Mozart is generally remarkable. The march, with the flute solo, when Pamina and Tamino are passing through the ordeals of fire and water, with another flute solo near the opening of the first *finale*, are absolutely trivial, and are evident proofs of Mozart's contempt for the excessive absurdity of the situation. Wherever opportunities for dramatic effect present themselves, Mozart, as usual, has availed himself of them in a masterly manner. A striking example of this is found in the introduction to the first act, where Tamino is pursued by a serpent, and saved by the intervention of the three attendants of the Queen of Night. Of the passionate declamatory music—a style in which Mozart has never been surpassed and rarely equalled—there are several fine specimens in *Zauberflöte*, among which are the *largo* of the first air of the Queen of Night (in G minor), the song of Pamina (in the same key), and the exquisite quartet in E flat, at the commencement of the second *finale*, for Pamina and the three boys of the Temple. The power of endowing each of his characters with a distinct and well-sustained individuality, so noticeable in *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*, is scarcely less remarkable in *Zauberflöte*. The solemnity of the music given Sarastro and the priests of Isis is wonderfully contrasted with the reckless levity of that of Papageno; while between the *bravura* songs of the Queen of Night (from the profuse employment of the highest notes of the register, destined, no doubt, for some exceptional voice) and the music of Pamina, the difference is equally well maintained. Even in the trios for the female attendants of the Queen of Night, and those for the boys of the Temple of Isis, the concert is preserved with scarcely less felicity; and it must be noticed that the separate characteristics are set forth quite as strongly in *morceaux d'ensemble* as in solos, duets, and airs, where of course, its exhibition would be comparatively easy. If we would refer to isolated pieces, we need only point to the beautiful air, in E flat, of Tamino, *O cara immagine*; the merry little song of Papageno, *Gente è qui l'uccellatore*, one of the most sparkling tunes ever written; recitative and air of the Queen of Night, (in B flat,) *Infelice consolato*, with its pathetic *adagio* and extraordinary passages of *bravura*; the song of Monostatos, the chief slave, to which the sparing employment of the *contrabasso*, and the incessant reiteration of semi-quavers, impart a special character; the second, and by far the grandest, air of the Queen of Night, *Gli angeli d'inferno* (in D minor), in which a mother's curse is conveyed with such terrible power, while the unnatural strain upon the higher notes of the voice in the last movement is overlooked in the belief that the personage and the situation is as natural; and last, not least, the solemn and magnificent air of Sarastro (in E) *Qui s'adegna*, which the efforts of all the bass singers, bad, good, and indifferent, for the last half century have failed to render commonplace or hackneyed. This song is an apostrophe to Peace, and music never spoke in language more tranquil, expressive, and sublime. The air in G minor of Pamina, *Ah lo so*, stands alone in pathetic loveliness, and we have therefore separated it from the rest, as incomparable with anything else. Among the best concerted pieces we may include the *morceaux d'ensemble* for the three attendants of the Queen of Night, and those for the three boys of the Temple, which only differ in character, not in degree of beauty. The first *finale*, though very long and varied, is not to be named in the same breath with the *finales* to *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*; but the second is full of musical beauties, and were it not for the ineffective march of the action, which necessitates so many changes and full closes, would be exceptionable. The opening quartet and concluding chorus, both in E flat, are both exquisite in their way. The two quintets are ingenious and interesting pieces of concerted music; but that in the first act (in B flat), where Papageno begins to sing with the padlock on his mouth, is by far the most beautiful. The little duet, in E flat, *La dove prende amor ricetto*, is as simple and

popular a tune as, *O dolce concerto*, and has as long been the property of the *orgues de Barbarie* and other instruments of street harmony. Its melody will be recognized by the initiated as the "Manly Heart." To the introduction of the first act we have already alluded, as to one of the finest and most dramatic pieces. The instrumentation of the whole opera is masterly, transparent and gorgeously colored. Among the effects peculiarly impressive, we may note the use of the trombones in the opening overture, and in the beginning of the second act; the sparing manner in which these solemn instruments (too often made the representatives of mere noise by composers) are employed throughout, is worthy of attention. As in *Don Giovanni* the trombones are only brought in when the statue of the Commendatore appears, so in *Zauberflöte* they are (after the overture) entirely confined to the music of the priests; and we cannot commend those who, violating Mozart's intention, for the sake of an imaginary increase of power or brilliancy, force them into other parts of the score, and deprive them of their individuality in the points where the composer has himself introduced them. Without entering into further detail, however, we may bring this rapid sketch to a close by repeating, that though the opera of *Zauberflöte* contains some of the best, it also contains some of the least admirable music of Mozart, and therefore cannot justly be cited as the *chef d'œuvre*. What is feeble or trivial, however, we readily lay to the stupidity of Schikaneder and the libretto; while that which is great and beautiful springs exclusively from the immortal genius of the composer.—*London Times*, July 11, 1851.

To the above very fair musical appreciation we add here a deeper insight into what is most Mozartish in this opera, from the pen of Mozart's Russian biographer, OULIBICHEF. It is an extract from his analysis of the entire opera, piece by piece, which may be found translated in an earlier volume of this journal.

Let us see if there be no not some way of discovering another meaning in this work; another cause, which may have created this miraculous score; in a word, a thought, which we can admit without slandering Schikaneder.

Mozart, when he undertook to compose the *Zauberflöte*, had but a few months to live. His strength was so enfeebled, that he had frequent fits of fainting while he wrote. And yet he works away incessantly upon this opera, which seems to have interested him very greatly, in spite of all there was about it that would have repelled another. During this time that fateful messenger, the man who ordered the *Requiem*, presents himself. For whom is this mysterious order? And the dread voice, which spoke so often to the predestined man, replied: for thyself! From that time forward the thought of poison, which he believed that he had taken, gained more and more possession of him, hastening his end.

Already very weak, with one foot in the grave, Mozart could no longer, as in former times, yield himself up to the storm of sensual inclination. He was no longer the Mozart of *Don Giovanni*. On the other hand, it is nothing strange in youthful invalids, for the emotions of love to grow more intense while they grow purer; reaching a higher pitch of spirituality and poesy, with the increase of physical exhaustion. When this decline has gone so far that the poor sufferer has little hope, then the love which lacks the power of earthly gratification, fondly takes refuge in the realm of memory; it takes on the colors of that magical prism, through which we contemplate the past; it runs through one by one all the elegiac chords of the minor tones of the soul; and when the unalterable order of the psychological modulation has finally brought back a major harmony, the love streams back to its source. It awakens mysterious images; it announces itself in inextinguishable presentiments; it becomes religion and religious poesy; the worship and the aspiration for the unknown Beautiful.

I think there is no one among my musical readers who will not feel, to what a degree the character of *Zauberflöte* harmonizes with the moral phenomena, whose origin and consequences, I have recalled. But such analogies could not have made themselves apparent in a piece of theatrical music, had not the libretto afforded an occasion, or at least here and there a pretext, for it. Whether it did or not we will now proceed to examine.

In this medley of unconnected scenes, which the poet had invented just to occupy the eyes, there had crept in almost providentially some common-places of feeling, some of those lyrical thoughts, which in their abstraction or their universality suffice to lend to vocal music the coloring and expression

that are most favorable for it. With these common-places a man of genius can always produce beautiful, true, expressive, and even sublime songs; but for the great effects, on the contrary, which belong exclusively to dramatic music, such mere lyrical moments do not suffice, unless they are introduced and motivated by the progress of the drama, and are pushed to a certain degree of energy by means of the characters and situations.

Let us see, then, what kind of lyrical common-places we find scattered here and there in both acts of this opera. If we examine closely, we may assure ourselves that they are nearly all based on religious and elegiac feelings. Lament and reverie, a regret of the past and a mystical longing are expressed in them. A pure accident in this work of folly, we admit. But let us collect these scattered thoughts, and we shall see them, to our great surprise, all gather round a sort of symbolic focus, which will reflect back to us, trait for trait, the image of the man who had to recognize himself therein. Even the text, flat as it is, seems to be almost always an allusion to the moral state of the composer:

Dies Bildnis ist besaubernd schön.  
This portrait is enchanting fair.  
(Tenor Aria.)

One of the sweetest spots of refuge for a sick imagination is the remembrance of the days of youth, to which the text carried back our hero, those days when the yet virgin heart pursued an image, the type whereof the eyes have never seen, and of which the fancy alone in some of those inspired moments of clairvoyance had dreamed.

Zur Ziele führt Dich diese Bahn.  
This path conducts thee to the goal.  
(Finale of the first act.)

Mozart stood at the end of his career; he saw the goal before him; the grave within a few steps, present; in the future an immortal glory.

Ja, ich fühl's, es ist verschwunden.  
Yes, I feel that it has vanished!  
(Aria of Pamina.)

Yes, I feel that it is all over with me! Is not this the mournful theme, out of which all the musician's thoughts at that time flowed, and into which they all ran back?

In other passages religious thoughts and feelings found for their outpouring texts of a truly Christian savor, such as one is justly astonished at in a libretto of this sort.

Sarastro invokes the protection of the gods for those who hover on the brink of death; then he continues:

Doeh sollten sie zu Grabe gehen.  
So lohnt der Tugend kühnen Lauf;  
Nehmt sie in euren Wohnsitz auf!  
[But must they go down to the grave,  
Reward their virtuous brave career  
And take them to your purer sphere!]  
(Invocation to Isis and Osiris.)

As Tamino is led before the mysterious gates, which open only once for the initiated, we hear:

Wenn er des Todes Furchen überwinden kann,  
Schwingt er sich aus der Erde himmelan  
[If he victorious o'er Death's terrors rise,  
So shall he soar from earth up to the skies.]  
(Finale of second act.)

The power of harmony, which the Magic Flute represents, conducts the aspirants through the ways of darkness into which they have ventured:

Wir wandeln durch des Tones Macht,  
Froh durch des Todes düst're Nacht.  
[We walk by Tone's controlling might  
Rejoicing through Death's dark night.]  
(Finale of second act.)

At the beginning of this same finale the Three Boys announce the dawn of a new day and the bliss of the initiated:

Dann ist die Erd' ein Himmelreich  
Und Sterb' loben den Göttern gleich.  
[Then is the earth a heaven of love,  
And mortals like the gods above.]

Here Mozart, doubly inspired by texts so purely musical in themselves, and bearing such a wonderful affinity to the state of his own soul, has shown himself entirely like himself. This is what speaks to us so eloquently at the present day and, with a few other pieces favored by analogous texts, shines with immortal lustre in the score. The comic and tragic features of the subject, that is to say the action, the drama itself, sink more or less into the background, and we see in them to-day the weak parts of the work. One might say with truth, then, that this is the least dramatic of the operas of Mozart, since its most salient scenes are nearly all attached to moral situations, which may properly enough present themselves as episodes in a drama, but should not make up the whole work essentially. The drama requires action and acting passion. But what is the style of the

greatest scenes in the *Zauberflöte*? It is that of Oratorio, and sometimes even the high church style, in all the grandeur and severity of its old forms.

Here at length we find the thought which fructifies the poem, and has extorted such a wonderful harvest from the most unfruitful and apparently uncultivable soil. This thought, concealed essentially from everybody but Mozart, was evidently the initiation, not indeed into the mysteries of Isis or of free-masonry, but into the mysteries which every dying Christian beholds behind the half-opened gates of the grave; Sarastro and his priests are true priests in the score; and the magic instrument, the flute, is it not the very symbol of music's unspoken and intuitive revelation of objects beyond the grave, of revelations, whose weight Mozart surely must have felt better than any other.

## Music Abroad.

### A NEW SCHOOL FESTIVAL (CONCLUDED.)

CARLSRUHE.—The correspondent of the *London Orchestra* concludes his report as follows:—

"The result of the mutiny was that the second Chamber Music Concert had to be given this evening. The programme comprised the following numbers: sonata for pianoforte and violin by F. Kiel of Berlin—Frau and Herr Langhaus of Hamburg; Goethe's "Mignon" song ("Kennst du das Land?"), by Liszt—Frau Hauser; sonata for the pianoforte by the late Julius Reubke, a pupil of Liszt—Herr Otto Reubke of Hausneindorf; grand duet for two violins on Schubert's "Divertissement à la Hongroise," by E. Reményi—the composer and his pupil Ferdinand Potényi; trio for pianoforte, violin, and viola, by Ernst Naumann of Jena—the Herren Pfughaupt of Aix-la-Chapelle, Reményi, and Seyffris of Löwenburg; two songs by Liszt. "Es muss ein Wunderbares sein," and "In Liebeslust"—Herr Hauser; Chopin's polonaise in C sharp minor, transcribed for the violin, and fantasia on themes from the Huguenots, composed and played by Herr E. Reményi; grand duet for two pianos by F. Liszt—the Herren Bendel and Pfughaupt. Herr Kiel's sonata was the only piece of music approaching respectability. That it was good would be too much to say; but there were really some appreciable ideas in it, some approach to grace. Possibly had it been less tamely played it might have made a better impression. Mignon's song has been composed over and over again. To enjoy Liszt's version of it one must have become used to his way of song writing. When this is the case, the charm of this song is very great, the depth of longing it expresses is almost painful. Frau Hauser's singing of it was admirable. Less to my taste were the other songs. The better of the two is "Es muss ein Wunderbares sein." Herr Hauser is not so good a singer as his wife. Herr Julius Reubke's sonata is as utterly ugly as can be imagined. That Herr Otto Reubke, who has a considerable amount of mechanical power, should wish to make his late brother's work known to the public is very natural, for affection may bias any judgment; but that the directors should have allowed such a composition to be inflicted upon an audience admits of no excuse. Herr Reményi's violin duet on Schubert's divertissement is good so long as he contents himself with literally transcribing the original theme; but as soon as he writes from himself it is so poor, so irrelevant to the original composition that the new matter is but a deformity. The same remarks apply to his "Huguenot" fantasia; the polonaise is merely a transcription. His playing was as much out of tune as in the other concerts. A few passages were well given, but the whole was most unartistic. Being re-called, he gave the Rakoczy March in a style more suited for the vulgarity of a fair than for an assembly of artists who profess to judge so severely, but whose applause was now so rapturous. In the duet Herr Reményi was assisted by his pupil Ferdinand Potényi, a youth with a most winning and modest countenance. At present he has learnt but little; nor, I fear, is much progress to be looked for under such a master. Herr Naumann's trio showed an inordinate bias to all the worst parts of Schumann's character. The performance was most slovenly; so insufficient had been the preparation that in the last movement there was a complete break down. The duet for two pianos was an addition to the original programme, and one which might have been well dispensed with. It must have been written in an unlucky moment, for not one flash of genius illumines it.

The second Orchestral Concert was held on Friday evening, the programme having been purged of Herr Freudenberg's most wonderful setting of a dramatic scene from an opera by Herr Lohmann, which had been the main cause of the rebellion, and of which it



would be difficult to say whether the words or the music were the most crazy. In the early part of the week it had been announced that Herr Kiel's piano-forte concerto was to be sacrificed, and that a concerto for the same instrument by Herr Bendel was to be substituted for it; but not even the latter was given. As finally settled the programme stood as follows:—March to Waldow's historical drama "*Maria of Hungary*," by Heinrich Gottwald, of Breslau; Reverie and Caprice for violin, by Berlioz—(Herr Concertmeister Kömpell of Weimar); Uhland's poem "*Gesang der Nonnen*," for soli and female chorus, with piano and horn accompaniment, by Herr Adolf Jensen of Königsberg; Overture by Max Seifriz of Löwenburg; "*Mephistowalzer*," episode from Lenau's "*Faust*," by Liszt; two piano solos. Concert-Etude in flat minor, Bendel, and Rhapsodie Hongroise, Liszt—(Herr Franz Bendel of Berlin); Wedding Music, to Heibel's "*Nibelungen*," by Otto Bach of Mayence; Uhland's "*Bräutlied*," (Das Haus benedei' ich), for tenor solo, chorus, harp, and two horns, by A. Jensen; "*Festklänge*," a symphonic poem, by Liszt. Herr Gottwald's March has nothing in it to excite any interest. Herr Kömpell disappointed me; from having heard him in Leipzig I knew that he was an excellent player, but upon the present occasion he was not successful; the fault may have partly been in the piece he selected, which was anything but inspiring. Since the festival, I have heard an anecdote in connection with this Reverie, too characteristic to be suppressed. Some five and twenty years ago, Berlioz visited Leipzig; at Mendelssohn's suggestion, a concert was given in his honor in the Gewandhaus. Among the works selected was this Reverie and Caprice, which was intrusted to one of the greatest of German violinists, who still lives to tell the tale. After the piece was finished, there was, of course, the most enthusiastic applause; the player turned round to Mendelssohn, and whispered, "I am glad enough that I have got through it, for I never had such a task in my life. I have not the remotest idea, what I have been playing, or what the piece can be about?" Scarcely were the words out of the bewildered fiddler's mouth, when Berlioz rushed up to Mendelssohn, exclaiming: "Never have I heard my composition so divinely rendered! Never have I heard an artist who has so completely caught my meaning, and so wonderfully interpreted it!" Those who knew Mendelssohn can picture for themselves the quizzical look which he threw at the astonished fiddler. Herr Jensen's choral compositions were below mediocrity, and are thoroughly unvocal. It is a sin so to maltreat Uhland's lovely "*Bräutlied*." Herr Seifriz's overture is as pretentious as it is ineffective. He has chosen for his motto a verse of Eckardt's ending,

"Denn aus Nacht und Dunkel bricht  
Wolken scheuend stolz das Licht!"

Night, gloom, and clouds are there in abundance, but of light not one solitary ray is to be found. An appearance of science is sought to be given by the distribution of the themes, and the working them out in different parts. It is an easy thing to put a theme now in the upper part, now in the lower or middle, or to force different subjects together; the difficulty is to do this so that the whole sounds well, and that no violence is done to the ear. In this Herr Seifriz has not succeeded. Liszt's "*Mephistowalzer*," the transcription of which for the piano had proved so ugly, was more interesting in its original form; beauty is not to be looked for in such a subject. There is a wierd colouring, a demoniacal wildness—which carry one away for a time; but whether such nightmare music can be healthy, is quite another matter. Herr Bendel's Concert Etude is not characteristic enough to call for remark; his playing of it and of Liszt's Rhapsodie was very unequal; amid much that was unsatisfactory, some passages were admirable. Bach's Wedding Music to the "*Nibelungen*" would be fitter to celebrate an encounter of savages. Liszt's "*Festklänge*" are a strange mixture of beauty and chaos. Some of the orchestral combinations are masterly, and they are themes of real beauty. But no work of art can be complete without form and symmetry. Dr. Liszt was enthusiastically called for after each of his works; the winning grace with which he bowed his acknowledgments is but the expression of the power of captivation which he exercises on all who approach him. Nor light is the debt of the new school to his personal influence.

Considering the strangeness of the works performed, and the difficulties occasioned by their perverse impracticabilities, the performances have on the whole been respectable. The energy of the principal double-bass, a gentleman of the Hohenzollern-Hechingen orchestra, was too remarkable and amusing not to deserve notice. The conductor-in-chief was Herr Seifriz, the capellmeister in the orchestra just mentioned; he took the bâton in the place of Herr von Bülow, whose illness prevented his attendance.

It may be asked, What has art gained by the festival? I fear it must be answered nothing. Were the hearing of their works to bring self-knowledge to their authors, the gain would be worth the cost; but the present members of the School seem too blind to learn. Each encourages the other in self-delusion. Because some great works have been slow in making their way, therefore they seem to believe a work has only to be unsuccessful at first, and then it must be great.

That the School is declining in influence, seems evident. Rumors of internal dissension prevail; the gods seem about to leave their worshippers. The school has had its day. What amount of good it could do, has long since been done; now it is an element of almost unmixed mischief, and the sooner it expires, the better for art. Upon one point, however, I must guard myself against been misunderstood. The opinion is too general in England that the men of the New School are the only representatives of music in Germany. This is utterly untrue. They represent Schumann in all his worst characteristics, intensified by the still more disorganizing tendencies of Wagner and Liszt. But there is another body of earnest musicians, who, rejecting what is formless and unbecoming in Schumann, work out the good impulses which he has given; fully recognizing the indispensability of form and science, they strive to reunite the seemingly diverging paths of Mendelssohn and Schumann. Reinecke, Bargiel, Brahms, Rubinstein, are among the names which have already won significance. Some of them have still to attain greater clearness of expression, a more positive feeling of the essential importance of beauty in a work of art. It is to them and their followers that we look with confidence in the future.

The only entirely gratifying remembrance connected with the Carlsruhe Festival is the appearance of Fräulein Topp and of Herr Popper; they have made themselves names which are certain of acquiring a wider fame.

To complete my report, I should add that papers on the following subjects were read:—Professor Eckhardt, "On the Future of Music, especially in reference to Church Music, Oratorio, and Opera." Herr von Arnold, "On the extension of the Course in Music Schools." Herr von Særf, "On the rôle of the key of D major, in the midst of C sharp minor, with reference to Beethoven's Quartet, Op. 131." Dr. Zopff, "On the influence of German Manners on the development of the people."

On looking over my report, I cannot but fear that the monotony of the ugliness of the music may have extended itself to it. I can only plead that the English language is not rich enough to express so many various shades of the word "ugly," without a constant repetition of the same term.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 29, 1864.

### German Opera.

MR. GROVER has redeemed his promises. Especially has he disarmed even the most imaginary fear lest his enterprise, so bravely launched with excellent fidelity to Art, should wreck upon the dangerous rock of prosperity. Too many prosperous things degenerate in this and every country, falling off in those essential virtues which were the beginning of their prosperity. Especially has this been the case with Opera, as we have known it. Opera managers have seemed to be a class peculiarly affected with what von Weber, speaking of Meyerbeer in his younger days, called the "accursed desire of success." But here is a manager of another stamp. If he had not been, he would scarcely have selected the German Opera for his field, instead of the well advertised and fashionable one of the Italians. But he had faith in German music, believed in its superiority, its better wear, and loved it; and on an honest, generous plan he set to work to give us the best in that kind that was possible with a travelling company on this side of the Atlantic. And it is remarkable what rich materials, vocal, histrionic, and instru-

mental, he has been able to draw and hold together, and how well the combination will compare with famous Operas in German cities. Two tenors, whose equals we certainly did not hear in Berlin, Dresden or Vienna (we have not heard Niemann, nor Wachtel); two basses, Fornies and Hermanns, whose superiors (all things considered) we would not care to undertake to find in Europe; a soprano, Frederici, of such pure, fine individuality, and so simply beautiful in rôles congenial with her nature, that we cannot remember the like in the cities above mentioned to compare her with; two other prima donnas, Johannsen and Rotter, both possessing remarkable lyrical ability; uncommonly large and good provision for the secondary rôles; a splendid chorus and orchestra, and an excellent conductor:—nothing wanting, in fact, except a first-rate contralto and baritone, and even the latter is more than respectably supplied by Herr Lehmanns. The performances have, with few exceptions, the distinguishing virtue of Opera in Germany, that conscientious regard to all the minor parts, that perfection of *ensemble*, which the Italian Opera had never taught us to expect. Here at last, we have the musical work, the composer, held in as high respect as the singer. Here the main thing is not to display the pet prima donna, or renew the spoiled tenor's triumphs; but it is to bring out the beauty and the meaning of the best products of creative genius, of works like *Don Giovanni*, and *Fidelio*, and the *Freyshütz*, at the same time gratifying curiosity with newer, perhaps more ephemeral efforts.

We were in season to notice only, in our last, the first three pieces of the season. Already in the third, *Robert le Diable*, we saw we were not to be put off with cheap fulfilment, and that the management really meant to give us nothing short of the best within its power. Since then good signs have multiplied; Gretchen has had her own true Faust restored to her (if the public will still have these reproductions, it is only fair that the copy should preserve all the striking features of the original picture); Fornes has been cast in his fine old parts of Plunkett and of Caspar; the statue in *Don Juan* has been made a great part; the orchestra has been more careful;—and then, what a noble series of first-class works of genius has been presented! What an unexampled repertoire, for Boston, for America, has been unfolded! That second week must mark an era in our operatic history, as will be seen in our review, which we herewith resume.

4. Thursday night, Oct. 13. *Der Freyschütz*. The wierd charm of Weber's ever fresh, romantic music, with its wonderful reflection of the strife of good and evil, its alternate suggestion of overshadowing dark influences, gloomy forebodings, wild forest superstition, and of heavenly irradiations of light and love and hope (the one colored with strange, sombre tones of trombones, bassoons and the startling low reeds of the clarinet, with syncopated, agitated rhythm, &c., the other with the mellow warmth of horns, the human tenderness of the higher register of the clarinet, the bright ethereal flute, in simple, open, heart-felt strains, like "native wood notes wild")—this, and the exquisite impression left by the two performances last Spring, ensured a crowded, eager audience. Nor was there any disappointment. On

the contrary, the great weight of CARL FORMES, vocal and personal, was thrown in to replace the then weak, all-important part of Caspar. It was a grand impersonation of the satanic desperado. It lifted up the before faltering concerted music of the first act and put new life into it; and it filled up the charmed circle of the horrid incantation scene with magnetic force of character enough to make it really terrible in spite of the *diablerie* and fireworks. In spite of some damage to his voice, it still retains its weight and warmth and richness. If tremulous at times, and not getting a firm grasp on those emphatic high tones in his first great solo: *Triomphe!* &c., yet his singing for the most part was as fine as his acting; how could the fierce drinking song be sung much better?

Mme. FREDERICI was quite as charming as before in Agathe; in fresh, refined quality of voice, in truth of intonation, chaste perfection and purity of style, and in simple, self-forgetting, serious consistency and charm of action, it realized the ideal of Weber's pure and pious maiden. Nothing more nearly holy has been felt in any theatre than her singing of the prayer: "*Leise, leise.*" We fancy we should have to go back to the fresh days of the Lind to find the equal of Frederici's Agathe. We could wish there were a little more of poetry, both of voice and manner, and of the whole nature, in the representative of the brighter member of that Minna and Brenda couple; one is troubled by the externality of all that little lady's prettiness and cleverness; yet there is no denying that Fräulein CANISSA does the part of the light-hearted Aennchen cleverly, her voice being at least bright and telling, her action lively, and her face—shining. Herr HABELMANN was in better condition for Max than he was in the Spring; besides its unfailing sweetness, his voice this time found power sufficient for the trying tenor passages; the great solo: "*Durch die Wälder, durch die Auen,*" and his part of the trio in the second act, were all that we could wish. Chorus and orchestra were remarkably good. We only missed the unction of the genial old stager who sang the little part of Kilian before, and a sufficiency of voice in the other small part of Kuno.

5. Friday. Halévy's "*Jewess*" (*Die Judin*). An opera which never has possessed us much beyond the moment of actual listening to it, although it has many traits of masterly musicianship. Its chief hold on the hearer is dramatic; besides which it is spectacular, or it never would have been cradled in the Grand Opera of Paris; the melo-dramatic horror of the last (the execution) scene is peculiarly "sensational" and Frenchy; we can only look upon such things as monstrosities in Art. Therefore we did not look, but came away. There is a grand march and procession in "*The Jewess*" vastly superior to the much belabored and clap-trap one in *Faust*. The part of the Jew Eleazar is an eminently dramatic one, and Herr HIMMER, though he has not the great power and reach of voice which helped to make Stigelli memorable in that character, was admirably faithful and for the most part equal to its requirements. Mme. JOHANNSEN as the Jewess, and Mme. ROTTER as the Princess Eudoxia, both sang and acted with fine artistic skill and fervor. Their duet brought the house down, and it was indeed a fine triumph of double prima-donna-ship. HABELMANN was grateful to ear and eye in the

part of the prince; double primo-tenore-ship also! Herr HERMANNs furnished voice in plenty, and of rare quality, but not the right aspect and bearing for the Cardinal; the stern denunciation he declaimed was never in his look; the roguish twinkle would not leave his eye; you could not forget Mephistopheles and Falstaff. (By the way, will not Mr. Grover let us see the latter capital impersonation again, and hear Nicolai's sparkling music?)

6. Saturday afternoon. *Faust*, second time, and as before. We only make one note of encouragement: our audiences have left off encoring the brass band and soldiers' chorus; they have found out!

Here beginneth a new chapter, the era-making week referred to. Think of this list of operas in a single week: *Don Juan*, *Zauberflöte*, *Die weisse Dame*, *Der Freyschütz*, *Robert le Diable*! and for the Sunday evening there was announced, but afterwards withdrawn on account of the great labor of rehearsing "so many heavy works," Mehul's very pleasing and touching little oratorio-opera, "Joseph and his Brethren," another French work which, like *La Dame Blanche*, has also taken in root in German soil,—an opera in which there are no female characters,—composed in 1807. We hope the project will come up again.

7. Monday, 17th. Mozart's *Don Juan*, it will be remembered, was about the least fortunate of this company's performances when they were here before. This time it went a great deal better, although much was lacking. The cast in several essential parts was new. Especially did the assumption of the Commendatore by HERMANNs give new life to the first scene, and a new dignity and grandeur to the finale. Never was there such a Statue,—here at least. How the ponderous petrifying tones rang out! Every note told; and the awful sublimity of the whole scene was doubly realized, thanks to that superb impersonation. Thanks also to the more natural behavior of the Leporello (FORMES), who, beginning with the usual buffoonery, soon sobered down at the appearance of the ghost. FORMES was most welcome in his old part. The new *Don Juan*, Herr OTTO LEHMANN, who made it his debut, was at least free from any offensive *gaucherie* or coarseness, so common in representations of the courtly, splendid *roué*; in person agreeable; in action also, although with too much betrayal of the effort to be easy; in voice musical and rich, and of fair power; artistic, without being of great mark, as a singer. The three manly voices made not only the Statue scene, but the trio in the first scene, unusually telling.

There was a new Zerlina too, Mlle. DZIUBA; considerably better than Canissa; pleasing in person, action, voice, and singing, but not to be named with our rare list of Zerlinas headed by Bosio and Sontag. Nor is Mme. JOHANNSEN's best worth seen in the part of Donna Anna; nor was she in voice that night for the great recitative and air: *Or sai, &c.* FREDERICI, of course, looked and sang sweetly as Elvira, but as she left out her great soliloquy: *Mi tradi* (too seldom sung), it was but a small part for her. HABELMANN sang all the tenor music of Ottavio admirably, and earned especial gratitude by introducing the exquisite aria: *Dalla sua pace*. Herr HAIMER filled but passably the not so very

small part of Masetto,—a part in which we have heard so great an artist as Ronconi. The chief fault of the performance was the somewhat more than usual want of completeness, consistency, and intelligibility of scenery and stage effect:—not to be wondered at with a change of piece each night.

The partial disappointment of a public so fond of *Don Giovanni* was doubtless due, in a greater measure than people themselves suspected, to the substitution of spoken dialogue for the old recitative (or rather, Italian *parlando*), and to missing the sound of the dear old Italian words, with which the melodic phrases have become to our ears so indissolubly wedded, that, until we get accustomed to the German, we scarcely feel at home for some time in the melodies themselves. With custom that will wear away.

8. Mozart again,—*Die Zauberflöte*. Most that we would say of the opera itself, we have told by extracts on another page. We ask attention, particularly, to the remarks of Oulibichef, who so tenderly identifies its noblest passages with Mozart's deepest personal experience. Two things must be borne in mind. First, that the plot, with all its frivolous absurdities, was dictated to Mozart by a Papageno buffoon of a manager. Secondly, that he composed it within a few months of his death, while he was also engaged on the *Requiem*. Hence, what we have always felt and more than once remarked, the singular identity of style and spirit between some of the grander music of the last act of the opera and that grand Mass. Indeed some pieces, before the trial scene, &c., are in the self-same vein with the *Requiem*. We agree with the *Times* writer, that the "Magic Flute" contains much of the noblest, much of the lightest, and some of the weakest music of Mozart's writing. But we do not agree that, as a whole, it is such an inferior opera. Inferior only to *Don Juan* and *Figaro*, say we. With those exceptions, we doubt if any opera of Mozart's contains so much that must remain forever admirable.

The story indeed is bewildering and silly, in one point of view. And yet, lit up with the Aladdin's lamp of Mozart's music, it may be made to read almost as well as some of the Arabian Night's tales. Did not our good A. W. T. (the "Diarist") write it out for us once in this sense, and tell it for the children in these columns? The sillier parts (if you choose to call them so) abound in delicious music, such as haunts you afterwards and has haunted the general air since Mozart lived; some of the airs, like Tamino's: *Dies Bildniss (o cara immagine)* and Pamina's: *Ach! ich fühl' es ist verschwunden*, are almost unexampled for pure, sweet pathos and spiritual beauty. But when you come to the Priests' music, it is nearly all sublime. What made this opera tedious to many on that evening was, principally, the utter want of anything like proper scenery and stage effect; Grecian architecture, where Tamino stands in awe and wonder before the Egyptian columns of the temple of Isis, was but one of a host of misleading circumstances. And then the want of a suitable Pamina; that serious, tender, lovely role would seem made almost for Frederici; but Mme. ECKHARDT, who has ripened into quite a singer since her Museum days, gives no fair conception of Pamina.

These were the drawbacks. There were many

excellencies in the performance. Mme. ROTTER sang the florid, passionate, high-soaring airs of the Queen of Night in the most clear, neat, telling manner that we have heard since Lind. FORMES wore the autocratic priestly dignity of Sarastro superbly; and though his great tones shook in such sustained and trying arias as "*In diesen heiligen Hallen*" like a big ship breasting a heavy sea, yet their richness (in spite of some acquired roughness), their essentially musical quality, and the intellectual power throughout the whole, made the impersonation worthy of his fame. Herr HIMMER, always noble in bearing, never looked more so than in the part of Tamino; and all his singing and his action, too, was manly, chaste and nobly satisfying. Herr GRAFF was by no means a bad Papageno, and the exquisite comedy of the duet with his Papagena (CANISSA) did not escape an encore. The "*drei Damen*," headed by Mlle DZIUBA, sang their fine trios very nicely; and the "*drei Knaben*," three boys, or Genii, of doubtful gender, but for their odd make-up, made a good impression; the contralto part so prominent in their beautiful trios was quite satisfactory. The orchestra played the wonderful overture right well. We still believe that, on repetition with proper attention to details, the "Magic Flute" will become popular.

9. *Die weisse Dame*.—Boieldieu's ever fresh, genial, and delightful *La Dame Blanche*. An unfailing favorite everywhere but here, where as a whole it was pretty much unknown, until it startled with new delight the small audience on one of the first nights of the German troupe last spring. This time it had a crowded audience, and it worked to a charm again. The music, from the perfect overture to the working up of "Robin Adair," all simple as it is, wears that bloom of genius which time cannot brush off; it is full of charming original ideas, and in form faultless, especially that overture, which is a model in its way; and yet the means employed are few and very simple; the result admirable. Herr HABELMANN won all hearts by graceful action and thoroughly musical and sweet, yet manly, singing of George Brown, a part which he may make almost as famous as Roger, having the advantage of the great French tenor in the freshness of his organ. The dash and élan of the soldier's song, the tender appeal to the mysterious "*holde Dame*," and the exquisite rendering of "Robin Adair," may rank among the finest specimens that we have known of tenor singing. He was well supported by JOHANNSEN in the part of the White Lady. HERMANN again made an admirable Gaveston; and the parts of Jenny and Dickson were better filled than before by DZIUBA and LEHMANN. Chorus and ensemble excellent and full of life. Everybody acts in this troupe.

10. Thursday (the 14th) was the great night of the season. Beethoven's sublime and only opera, *Fidelio*, drew the largest and the finest audience of any opera yet. Is it not an era in the musical history of Boston, when we can truly say that such a work is popular? It made its mark decidedly in that first and only performance in the Spring. It was not for nothing that Boston ears have been made familiar for twenty-five years with the nine symphonies; not for nothing does the statue of the mighty master stand there in the Music Hall. Beethoven somehow speaks to the earnest heart and soul of this people as almost no other artist, whether in music or in other arts. And his *Fidelio* suits the temper of these times. It all appeals to the noblest, the purest, the heroic sentiments. It sings of captivity and patient

hope and glorious deliverance through a wife's heroic and sublime devotion. Its keynote is *Freiheit*—universal Liberty—the aspiration for which and the godlike struggle with opposing fates, is felt throughout all Beethoven's music. And it illustrates and in the end celebrates, in a great hymn of praise, the excellence of Woman! Such sincere, true expression of passion and every feeling from the tenderest to the noblest, is as refreshing as it is engrossing to minds so long accustomed only to Italian Opera, and to hearing the Italian music called peculiarly the language of feeling and of passion. Talk no more of these great German works as only "classical" and cold and scientific and elaborate. *Fidelio* has taught you what true feeling, what grand passion is. And seek no longer to set apart the great instrumental musician, as only a master in the realm of abstract music, but not master of the human tones. Does not the orchestra all through *Fidelio* mightily throb and heave in perfect vital sympathy with voice and action? How spell-bound you listened, heart and soul, to that great overture (*Leonore*, No. 3), which, being introduced thus after the prison scene, from which it derives its motives, was for the first time understood by hundreds who had often heard it in concerts! Was it not the drama over again, still more divinely idealized, reflected in its essence? Was ever overture so listened to and so applauded in an American theatre before? And had you not that night a revelation of what a great power in an Opera the Orchestra may be—a power such as even Meyerbeer and Gounod have only built around it on the outside, not developed with germinal creative power from within, song and accompaniment leaping whole, Minerva-like, out of one inspiration of the brain of genius.

But we have said our say about this opera before now more fully than we have need or room to do it now. We will only say that it gained immensely in favor by this repetition (and still more the second one last Wednesday night); and that the manner in which it was performed justified the fine result. It went more smoothly than last Spring, and indeed vastly better than could have been expected in this country. The orchestra was admirable; a greater body of strings being the main desideratum. In that great *crescendo* near the end of the *Leonora* overture, where the struggling violins reinforced each other one by one, they come in by tens in the great orchestras abroad; the want of mass and breadth of violin, viola and 'cello tone is always felt here; but Herr ANSCHUTZ has the best orchestra possible under the circumstances. Mme. JOHANNSEN, despite all her wear of voice, has fairly earned very great respect by her fine impersonation of *Fidelio*. It is her great part, and in it she catches the inspirations of the music and the subject. She seems to have that true lyric instinct which lifts her above herself and enables her to cope with the most arduous difficulties. Her great scene: "*Abscheulicher! wo eilst du hin*," with its outburst of horror at what she has overheard, with its gentler visitings of hope, and its heroic glorious determination, took the full sympathy of her audience. Herr HIMMER sang and acted Florestan most feelingly and nobly, the prisoner's first soliloquy and dream of deliverance, his strain of gratitude for the first signs of human kindness, his part in the breathless duet: "*O namen-namenlose Freude*," were all admirable. Herr STEINICKER had more weight of voice, more power of action for the angry, vengeful music

of Pizarro, than Herr LEHMANN, who took it in the last performance; but the latter's voice is clearer and more musical. HERMANN's could hardly be surpassed as the old jailor, Rocco. The pretty parts of Jaquino and Marcellina, and the slight streak of humor which they carry through the sombre play, were well represented by HABELMANN and CANISSA; but the latter is a part which requires a much finer voice and singer. The wonderful choruses of the prisoners, greeting and bidding farewell to the open air and daylight, were well sung. The quartet in the first scene had its encore again, going in better tune the second time, but filling the listener with new surprise and joy on the last as much as on the first hearing.

No opera within the means of this troupe deserves so many repetitions as *Fidelio*; no one is now so sure of the largest and best sort of audience. The enterprise, expense and labor already involved in promised novelties, "heavy operas," like *Tannhäuser*, *Mireille*, &c., are creditable to the manager; but we believe that most people would willingly postpone those experiments rather than relax their hold upon such sure gain as *Fidelio*. And there be other fine things, much more easily commanded, which lovers of German music would be much more glad to hear: Mozart's *Figaro* for instance.

11—15. The remaining operas, to this time of writing, have been repetitions; namely: *Der Freyschütz*, *Robert*, *Martha* (with Formes as Plunkett, Himmer as Lionel, and Dziuba as Nancy), *Faust* (3d time, with Himmer in his old part), and *Fidelio* (2nd time) on Wednesday; and splendid houses always. For the remainder of the week; the *Dame Blanche* again, *The Huguenots* (first time), and this afternoon *Der Freyschütz*.

### Great Organ Record.

We have been forced to let a long arrearage of organ concerts run up against us. The Wednesday and Saturday "noonings" are still kept up successfully, although the audiences, no longer swollen by the stream of summer travel, have shrunk to their usual size. The interest, however, still increases. Within a few weeks regular Sunday evening concerts have also been commenced. Of these the programmes are of course not quite so light and miscellaneous as the others. In these Mr. JOHN K. PAINE properly led off with the following excellent programme, and never has he seemed more master of himself and instrument:

Fantasia in A minor.....Thiele  
Sonata in A major.....Ritter  
Religious Offering.....J. K. Paine  
Pascaglia.....Bach  
Variations on the "Austrian Hymn".....J. K. Paine  
Reverie—Song of the Silent Land.....J. K. Paine  
Choral Variation—Christ our Lord to Jordan came.

Andante from the Organ Sonata in A.....Mendelssohn  
Fugue in G minor.....Bach

Mrs. FROMOCK followed, on the 16th, showing excellent skill in a Fantasia on *Ein feste Burg*, by Schellenberg; an adagio by Mozart; Mendelssohn's 4th Sonata; a slow movement from one of Haydn's Symphonies (showing fine tact in registration); variations on a Russian Hymn, by Freyer; a Song by Franz (*Die Lotoblume*), which sang particularly well upon the Vox Humana; the Andante to the 5th Symphony, conscientiously transcribed but not yet quite smooth in the execution; and Bach's Toccata in F.

Last Sunday Dr. TUCKERMAN played a rich variety of selections from Palestrina, Handel, Haydn, Zipoli (16th century), Beethoven (andante of Kreutzer Sonata), Weber, Franz and Hesse. The attendance was large.

Of the "noonings," from Sept. 17 to this time, three have been given by Mr. LANG, who has played each time a Prelude and Fugue by Bach; a Fugue on B, A, C, H, by Schumann; transcriptions of overtures (*Dinorah* being the newest); pieces from Handel's Oratorios and Mendelssohn's Sonatas, &c. This gentleman has carefully abstained thus far from the French *Offertories*.—Two have been by Mrs. FROMOCK; a new and lively Toccata in C, by Bach; Fantasia in C minor, by Hesse; transcriptions from Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber; a charming *Idyl* for Vox Humana, by Lysberg; *Offertories* by Battiste and Wely;—Three by Mr. THAYER: Grand Toccata in D minor, *Passapied* in E (first time), Andante and Allegro from Sonata in E minor, all by Bach; *Pascaglia* by Handel; overtures, *offertories* concert variations, &c. One each, by Messrs. WILLCOX, WHITING, D. PAINE and CARTER.

Mr. HENRY SCHRIMPF, having returned from Europe, has resumed his teaching of the piano-forte and music generally. We hear good accounts from his pupils.

NEW YORK, OCT. 24.—The Italian Opera at the present time, enjoys a monopoly; for, with the exception of an occasional performance at Irving Hall, and the afternoon rehearsals of the Philharmonic Society, it is the only entertainment of a musical nature in the city. It is not easy to account for this great falling-off of concerts, unless upon the supposition that musicians have become entangled in the toils of politicians and contractors, and are too busily engaged in these new professions, to care much about the "dear public" for whom they have so often catered; or perhaps the last draft was too strong for them, and carried them off, voiceless conscripts.

Unaccountable as it may be, it is none the less a fact, that there was never so great a musical dearth as at the present time. Gottschalk, Sanderson, Castle, Campbell, Thomas, D' Angri, and the whole host of concert artists, whose memory (and old concert bills) still linger around the quiet aisles of Irving Hall, are strangely quiet, and bid fair to remain so, from all that can be learned. It is true that Mme. D' ANGRI and CASTLE and CAMPBELL have been singing an occasional ballad at a series of "gift concerts," given by the "Jewelers' Association," but aside from this their voices have not been heard.

THEO. THOMAS's popular, but pecuniarily unprofitable matinees will not be resumed before January next. He intends giving a series of grand orchestral concerts at Irving Hall. SANDERSON soon sails for Cuba, where he is a great favorite. GOTTSCHALK, who is soon going to Mexico, is still visible, with an appendage, which the following letter, lately received by him, will explain.

"Royal Palace of Madrid, 16th Sept. 1864.—Dear Sir: Her Majesty, the Queen, has deigned to sign this morning a decree, by which you are made a Knight of the Most Noble Royal Order of Charles the Third. I will have the honor of remitting you very soon the insignia of your new dignity. Meanwhile I beg to say that I am really happy to be on this occasion the interpreter of Her Majesty's flattering sentiments towards you. May God spare you many years! With respect, Your servant, His Excellency the Minister of State, Pacheco."

With this preliminary gossip, let me return to the doings of the Maretzek company since my last. The fact that the new artists had had but one rehearsal together, prior to their debut,—a most unfortunate circumstance for artists so little known to one another—resulted in great leniency in criticism; but the roughness and uncertainty consequent upon such a circumstance has completely worn off, and every thing passes smoothly and with great satisfaction. Artists, like operas, require acquaintance, with which they may or may not improve. In the present instance the improvement has been very perceptible, and the success of the season placed above doubt. As yet the promise of novelties has not been fulfilled, and we have been listening to the strains of operas, that have become as familiar as household words. The carefulness and correctness of their rendition, however, has made them welcome, even if lacking the charm of freshness.

Since my last, Maretzek has given us Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, with CAROZZI-ZUCCHI, MASSIMILIANI, BELLINI, BRAMBILLA, and the debut of Mlle. FRIDA DE GEBELE as Ulrica. This new artist is a lady of great promise, possessing a powerful voice;—some one has criticized her as "possessing a ponderous voice, and an insufficient command of it." The role of Ulrica is not favorable to a debutante, for it lacks any definite air or melody that an artist can use to advantage, and its grotesque "make-up" robs it of any personal charm. In a more congenial role Mlle. de Gebele will undoubtedly form an acceptable artist.

*Lucrezia Borgia*, with ZUCCHI, MORENSI, LOTTI, SUSINI and WEINLICH, was very finely rendered.

*Faust* introduced the favorite of last year, the charming Marguerite, CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, and although there was marked comparison between the artists of last year and this, in the roles of Faustus and Mephistopheles—MAZZOLENI as compared with LOTTI, HERMANN with SUSINI—still the performance was very fine.

*Poliuto* has been the great success of the season, and will undoubtedly be repeated at an early day. Its cast embraces ZUCCHI, MASSIMILIANI, BELLINI and WEINLICH, and they all interpreted their respective roles in the most satisfactory manner.

To-night we are to have *Martha*, with Kellogg, Morensi, Lotti and Susini; Tuesday *Poliuto*; Wednesday *Faust*; Thursday *Poliuto* in Brooklyn; Friday *Don Giovanni*, and Saturday a matinee. Next week *Robert the Devil* will be revived. The following (election) week, the opera house will be closed, to be re-opened on the 10th November with *Don Sebastian*, which will unite the attraction of the spectacular and lyric drama.

Verdi's *Forza del Destino* will be the next novelty; but *Mirella* will be postponed until after its production by the German troupe, the Italians waiting to be sure of its success before presenting it themselves. Maretzek will make strenuous efforts to make opera permanent in New York, as he is tired of roaming around the country in "wandering minstrel" style.

T. W. M.

To the foregoing letter we append—presuming that our opera-going friends read French—the following from *Le Messager Franco-Americain*, published in New York:

ACADEMIE DE MUSIQUE. Croira-t-on qu'à propos de ce titre: *Opera Italien*, à la représentation d'avant-hier soir, à l'Académie de Musique, mon voisin de stalle, vieil abonné dont j'estime en ne peut plus et le jugement solide et l'excellente jumelle, me demanda tout d'un coup:—Monsieur, pourquoi cela s'appelle-t-il un opéra italien?—Mais probablement, lui dis-je, parce qu'on y donne des opéras italiens.—*Faust*, *Don Sebastian*, *les Huguenots*, *le Prophète*, *Fra Diavolo*, etc., sont-ce là vos opéras italiens?—Alors parce que ces opéras y sont chantés par des chanteurs italiens.—Bah! écoutez ceci,—et tirant de sa poche la liste des artistes qui composent la troupe de Maretzek:

Mlle. Laura Harris, américaine.  
Morensi, do.  
F. de Gebele, do.  
Van Zandt, do.  
De Motte, do.  
MM. Lotti, allemand.  
Veinlich, do.  
Müller, do.  
Reichart, do.

—Ma foi, répondis-je à bout d'arguments, vous admettez toujours qu'on y chante en Italien?  
Mon vieil abonné se mit à rire en me montrant M. Veinlich qui chantait l'air d'entrée du 1<sup>er</sup> acte du *Trovatore*, et nous en restâmes là.

PHILADELPHIA.—A concert was lately given, at the Musical Fund Hall, by Mme. WHITING-LORINI and Messrs. STEFANI, TESTA and AMODIO, who have been on a successful operatic tour in the West. *The Bulletin*, says:

The First Grand Concert under the auspices of the New York Jeweller's Association will be given on Saturday evening at the Academy of Music. Mr. Gottschalk, the great pianist, is engaged, his performance at these concerts being the last he will give before he departs for Europe. Mrs. Behrens and an orchestra led by Mr. Bergfeld, are also engaged.

Messrs. CROSS and JARVIS have issued their annual advertisement of a series of four classical soirées, to be given in the Foyer of the Academy of Music. The great success of the former seasons and the growing love for music of a high character make it certain that there will be a large attendance of the best connoisseurs.

THE PHILADELPHIA CLASSICAL QUINTETTE CLUB is a new association formed by Messrs. Carl Gaertner, Charles H. Jarvis, M. H. Cross, C. Plageman, and Charles H. Schmitz. Their intention is to give a series of classical matinees in the Assembly Buildings. They will be given weekly at 3 P. M., on Wednesdays, beginning on the 16th of November.

THE GERMANIA ORCHESTRA held their annual election on Monday last. The following officers were chosen: John Grenn, President; C. Schmitz, Leader; A. Schmitz, Secretary; G. Bastert, treasurer; C. Reinhard, G. Mueller and C. Boettger, standing committee. All engagements and all business of the orchestra must be negotiated with the standing committee. The time for beginning the Saturday afternoon rehearsals, for the coming season has not been determined on.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- O could I see my father! Song and Chorus. J. W. Turner. 30  
The mothers of our soldiers have more than their share of praise. There are many loving, tender hearted, patriotic fathers as well, who have felt that they risked far more than all their worldly goods, in sending their sons to the field. Mr. Turner has done well in remembering them in this fine ballad.
- Stick Together. Patriotic Song. R. Culver. 30  
A patriotic sentiment. *E Pluribus Unum*, set to appropriate music.
- Union Soldier's Battle Song. R. Culver. 30  
Will do to go with the other.
- Thirty years ago. Song. Anne Fricker. 30  
A reminiscence of old times. Pretty.
- Morning Service in C. S. P. Tuckermann. \$1.00  
Stately and church like. The author's name is sufficient to warrant its sterling goodness.

#### Instrumental Music.

- Eugenia. Valse brilliant. E. Gilbert. 30  
Quite original and brilliant. A good show piece for those who wish to please their friends, and not difficult.
- Little spring song. (Quellenliedchen) Salon Studie. Carl Hering. 30  
A charming little study, which might be introduced to young players by the title of "What the brook said," for it prattles off its music as prettily as a rattle sing along its pebbly path. Easy and useful.
- Faust, by Gounod; (Revue melodique). 4 hands. F. Beyer. 75  
A brilliant and not difficult arrangement.
- Ever merry mazourka. S. B. Whitney. 30  
Light and "merry."

#### Books.

- FAUST; a Lyric Drama in Five acts, by C. Gounod. Adapted to English and Italian words, and revised from the full score, with indications of the instrumentation. \$4.00

Those who wish to enjoy the opera at home, have now an opportunity. The book is well got up, the argument is well written, a good story by itself, and much of the music is quite within the reach of home singers. The indications of instrumentation are of value, as leading the mind to the charming orchestral effects which are so common throughout the composition.

- A NEW MANUAL OF THOROUGH BASS, AND TEXT BOOK OF MUSICAL THEORY. By Edward B. Oliver. Cloth, 67; Boards. 50

Mr. Oliver has done well by his fellow teachers in bringing out this small, but very comprehensive text book of the theory of music.

In this country, there are not many who wish to go through the whole course of harmony, as studied by the great composers. But there is a large and increasing number who desire to go through a thorough short course, so that they shall understand the great principles, and be able to compose common music well. This is a capital book for this class. It is arranged with questions and answers like a catechism, and is easily taught from.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 616.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 12, 1864.

VOL. XXIV. No. 17.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Half a dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

II. ANTONIO SALIERI.

[Continued from page 330.]

From this point down to 1816 there is a break in Salieri's notices of his own history as composer—a period of eleven years—and one which Mosel but partially fills with notices drawn mainly from the correspondence found among Salieri's papers. From these notices and from other sources, let a slight picture of this portion of his life be drawn—from his 56th to his 66th year. It was the period of the Napoléonic wars, one of domestic calamity and sorrow to the composer, from whom his son, three of his daughters, and at last his angel of a wife were taken. Moreover the change in public taste in relation to the opera was one which to him seemed all for the worse. Of this change he writes: "From that period I became aware that the taste for that [dramatic] music was turning gradually into a direction quite contrary to that of my time. Extravagance and a confusion of the various species of composition introduced themselves in the place of a rational and masterly simplicity."

Altogether, it is not at all remarkable that he rejected even the two applications which came to him from the Parisian Grand Opera in these years, to compose for the stage. He obeyed an order from the Vienna Opera, which had now become permanently German—the visits of Italian troops being already but extra seasons—to revise and alter the second act of his famous French work "*Les Danaïdes*," with a German text by F. X. Hüber, (author of the words to Beethoven's "*Christ on the Mt. of Olives*,"); but circumstances prevented it from coming to performance. Besides this, I find, during this time, no mention of any dramatic work from his pen—that pen which from 1769 ("*Le donne letterate*,") to 1802 ("*Die Neger*") had given to the stage thirty-nine complete operas, and which had made him known from Naples to Riga, from Paris to Warsaw.

But that pen was by no means inactive, though in another field. The number of his compositions for the church—that is, for special use in the palace chapel—was greatly increased; such as a Vesper service consisting of six psalms, a hymn, a *Salve Regina* and a litany; a number of Graduals, Offertories and the like. He wrote five patriotic choruses, four of which came to performance on public occasions during the wars—for instance one with an echo: "May Providence, oh happy Austria, thee protect," which closed a concert opened by Beethoven's "*Coriolan*" overture, on 25th April, 1814; and in 1816 he published 24 variations for full orchestra upon a theme called "*La follia di Spagna*."

"Da quell' epoca poi mi sono ancora assorto che il gusto della musica si andava a poco la volta cangiando in una maniera tutto affatto contraria a miei tempi. La stravaganza e la confusione dei generi si è introdotta in luogo d'una ragionata e maestrale semplicità."

During these years the master's ordinary course of life was generally this: four days in the week the morning hours were taken up with his duties in the chapel and as Vice-president of the Institute for Musicians' Widows and Orphans. On the other three days, the hours from nine to one were devoted to giving instruction, *gratis*, in singing, thorough bass and composition to students of both sexes. His afternoons to his long walks; his evenings with musical friends, where the works of Gluck, of the old Italian masters and such of his own as were unknown in Vienna, or had long been laid aside, formed the staple of the evening's entertainment. He was a voracious reader, and what time remained over was devoted to books. He had much literary taste, and most if not all the texts to his "*Scherzi Armonici*" were of his own composition. The theatre he very seldom visited, and the more so as composers departed more widely from what he held to be the only true dramatic style. He believed that a reaction would take place, and that a time would come when simplicity and delicacy of expression would again be the aim of the dramatic composer.

That time has not yet (1864) come; but the enormous demand for new editions of Mozart's, Haydn's, and other composers' works for the piano-forte, shows a reaction from the monstrosities of the pseudo new school in that branch of music, as the revival of Handel and Bach, and the study of their works in their completeness does in another; and one can but hope, that by and by the braying of brass and the crash of barbaric noise-making tools will give place in the operatic orchestra to — music.

But the gloom caused by domestic sorrow seems to have been brightened by his religious faith; as any feelings of disappointment which the course of public taste had taken, in Vienna at least, were consoled by the proofs of esteem and regard which came to him from all quarters, and by revivals of some of his works, made with splendid success.

At the celebrated production of the "*Creation*," March 27th, 1808, at which Haydn was present for the last time, when all that was distinguished in the musical world of Vienna, came together to do the old man honor, and women of the highest ranks of the nobility gave their shawls to protect him from the draught,—it was Salieri who held the chief place—who conducted. In December, 1813, he joined in those two grand concerts in which Beethoven produced his 7th Symphony and his "*Battle of Vittoria*," not thinking it beneath his dignity to conduct the band of drums and clashing instruments, which represent the shock of the contending armies.

One great enjoyment during those years was afforded him by the Moravian Count, Henry von Haugwitz. This nobleman, a devout admirer of the solid compositions of Gluck, Naumann, and especially Handel, and wealthy enough to retain his own orchestra and singers, not only called Salieri in to conduct the works

of those authors when in Vienna, but, during several summers had him at his seat in Moravia. There the composer's two passions were gratified to the full, his love for Gluck and Handel, and his love of nature.

In the spring of 1813, there came letters to him from Paris, which did his heart good; they announced the performance there of his "*Azur*" at the Italian Opera, with a success amounting to enthusiasm—not less than that which that opera in its original form, as "*Tarare*," had won on the French stage. After the air of Aspasia, "*Son queste le speranze*," the clapping of hands, shouting "*Viva Salieri!*" lasted nearly a quarter of an hour.

The foundation at Vienna of the great "Society of the Friends of Music," about this time, gave him another opportunity to labor for the cause of good music, which he embraced, and for some time led the weekly rehearsals. For this Society he composed a very curious work,—a school of singing, in which all the rules are versified, and then the stanzas set to such music as illustrates the very words which one is singing.

Another work of this period was a plan for private study and instruction in the nine species of musical composition, which comprehended a full explanation of the characteristics of each. As a further illustration, he prepared the skeleton of an opera in which can be introduced any desirable examples of these species of composition, the person representing a chapelmaster explaining their peculiarities. Salieri supposed, too, that such an opera might be the medium for bringing upon the stage many works or parts of works of deserving but forgotten composers. There is one stubborn fact, however, in the way of such a project—people go to the opera for amusement, not for instruction.

The reader may perhaps remember that Gassmann reached Vienna with the boy Anton Salieri, June 15, 1766, and that the first thing the next morning was to take him to the Italian church to perform his devotions; and that on the way home the master said to his pupil: "I thought I must begin your musical education with God. It will now depend upon yourself whether the result shall be good or bad. At all events I shall have done my duty!"

The 16th of June, 1816, the semi-centennial anniversary of that first walk in Vienna, was coming on apace, and was longingly anticipated both by Salieri and his friends. They had determined to celebrate it in a becoming manner; but more than all—and so far as appears, quite unknown to the composer,—the Emperor, Francis I., was preparing a surprise for him. Early on the morning of that day, Salieri, accompanied by the four daughters who remained to him, went to the Italian church to offer his thanks to the Almighty for all the blessings and the extraordinary success which had crowned his fifty years of conscientious study and labor. At 10 in the morning a court carriage took him to the hotel of Prince Trauttmansdorf-Weinsberg, chief marshal

at court, where he found all the members of the chapel awaiting him in the anteroom. The prince and Count Kueffstein, the "Musikgraf," (general director of the Court music), immediately entered and led him into the room selected for the little ceremony which was coming. The members of the chapel came in and ranged themselves in a half circle; in the front of which Trautmansdorf and Kueffstein took their places with Salieri between them. The former now made an address to the composer, explaining in terms the most flattering the grounds upon which the Emperor had decided to decorate him with the great civic gold medal and chain of honor. At the close of the address the Prince hung the chain about his neck and embraced him; Kueffstein then followed with a short speech and embrace. Salieri's reply, out of a full heart, was a simple expression of thanks, with the remark in substance, that his soul at this joyful moment was filled with double delight, from the proof afforded him of the monarch's satisfaction with his efforts, and because he had the opportunity to here express his sincere thanks to his fellow-servants of the chapel, for their unremitting zeal in sustaining him, and in gaining the chapel its widespread fame. After a few minutes spent in receiving the congratulations of the gentlemen present, he drove to the palace chapel—it being Sunday—to conduct the usual 11 o'clock grand mass. He chose one of his own masses for performance, with *graduale* and *offertory*, also by him, in which both text and music expressed praise and thanks to the Most High.

After service came a dinner in the company of his four daughters and a few intimate friends. Towards six o'clock, in answer to special invitations, his past and present pupils—except Hummel and Moscheles, who were not then in Vienna—were assembled:—Carl von Dahlhof, Joseph Weigl, Stunz, Franz Schubert, Asmeyer, Liszt, (not the pianist), students of composition; Mozatti, Fröhlich, Platzer and Salzmann, singers; Madams Rosenbaum and Fux—both were daughters of his old teacher Gassmann—and twelve others of his female pupils in singing.

Salieri placed himself at the piano-forte with his daughters beside him, all dressed alike; at his right hand the fourteen female pupils in a half circle; at his left the twelve men similarly placed. In front two seats had been placed for Trautmansdorf and Kueffstein—the former, however, happened to be called out to Schönbraun by the arrival of the Emperor from Italy—the latter was present. Between the seats placed for these noblemen, stood a bust of Joseph II., his first master "and, I may say," adds Salieri in his notes, "my father, protector and benefactor." When all were in their places, the chapelmaster made a short speech in his usual broken German, ("How can I have thoroughly learned German, since I have only lived fifty years in Germany?" he was in the habit of saying, when jesting upon his incapacity to bring his Italian organs to the correct enunciation of the German gutturals)—praying his friends and pupils to thank God, in his name, for his mercy, in granting him a life now of fifty years in Vienna and in the service of the Imperial Court, "at least without disgrace to his native land, his family and his friends." This thanksgiving consisted on the part of the pupils in singing a chorus of which both words and music were by Salieri. Then followed pieces suited

to the occasion by each of his pupils in composition, beginning with the most recent of them, and including two which had been sent in by the absent Hummel and Moscheles. The concert closed by singing some numbers of one of Salieri's oratorios, consisting of solos, choruses, and an echo from the next room.

On the same day he received the imperial permission to accept his diploma, as member of the French Academy, and the medal of the Legion of Honor, sent him by Louis XVIII., both granted in acknowledgment of his distinguished services in the cause of music and of the great reputation gained by his works for the Parisian stage. What doubtless added much to the interest of this occasion, was the fact that the year before Salieri had been brought very low by a fit of sickness.

(To be continued.)

### History of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts.

#### III.

##### SINCE MENDELSSOHN.

During the winter of 1847-48 Gade continued the direction of the Gewandhaus Concerts, producing in them his symphony in A minor (No. 3), and his *Comala* overture. In the following spring the political troubles consequent upon the breaking out of the first Schleswig-Holstein war, compelled him to return to Copenhagen, where he was appointed Hofkapellmeister by the King of Denmark.

From 1848 to 1852 and from 1854 to 1860 the Kapellmeistership was held by Dr. Julius Riets. The multiplicity of his labors—for, besides directing in the Gewandhaus, he was Kapellmeister in the theatre and the Singakademie, and Professor in the Conservatorium—induced him to withdraw from the Gewandhaus from 1852 to 1854, during which time the Herren Gade and David conducted. In 1854 Dr. Riets gave up the theatre and returned to the Gewandhaus, where he continued until in 1860 the King of Saxony called him to Dresden as the successor of Reissiger. Dr. Riets is a born director. His intense energy at times, it must be confessed, manifesting itself rather roughly, carried everything before it. There was no will in the orchestra but his. And rough though he might be, every one knew that he was thoroughly upright, and that his only thought was to make the orchestra "go"—and go it did, without any doubt. It is not asserting too much to say that as a conductor of orchestral music he was, and is without a rival.

In 1850, in the hope of retaining Joachim—then a youth of 19—in the orchestra, the post of second Concertmeister was created. Joachim did not retain it long, as he accepted a call to Weimer in the same year. The office was found so useful that it was continued and Herr Raimund Dreveschok was invested with it, and still worthily fulfils its duties.

In 1860 Herr Karl Reinecke was elected as Dr. Riets's successor. A thorough musician, and, in a particular style, a composer of singular elegance and merit, Herr Reinecke has hardly that energy and decision which are necessary where one has to command men. The Leipzig orchestra has certain traditions, and where these do not harmonize with the readings of the Kapellmeister it is apt to take the bit between its teeth and bolt. Such antagonisms were more frequent in the earlier part of Herr Reinecke's reign. Lately the commander and his forces seem to understand each other better, and consequently things go smoother.

It has sometimes been made a reproach that the directors of the Gewandhaus Concerts are too conservative. If it be a sin to refuse works of the Liszt-Wagner school, then the reproach is just. But if the directors are of opinion that the spread of this school would be destructive to the art of music, they are no more to blame than the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's would be for not inviting Professor Renan to preach in their cathedral. It is quite right that these works should be heard, but let them be brought forward and performed by those who sympathize with their tendency.

A more just cause of complaint is the state of the vocal performances, both solo and choral. With regard to the soloists, the directors are not so much to blame. They have but a certain sum at their disposal, and so long as the locality is not enlarged this sum cannot be increased. The large sums which first-class singers demand could only be met by

starving the orchestra. Rather than do this it would be better to dispense with solo singers altogether. Not so guiltless are the directors with regard to the choral department. Formerly the chorus was supplied, when required, by the Singakademie, the Pauliner Verein, and the Thomaner choir. Now the Gewandhaus has a chorus of its own, which is occasionally augmented by the Thomaner singers. Whether it be from insufficient practice, or from want of interest, or from inefficient training I cannot say; but the fact remains, that the choral singing is most unsatisfactory. When Mendelssohn was director he had the pick of all the voices. Every one was proud to work under him. Now there are singing societies without number—each having, perhaps, a few good voices and trained singers; but these few overpowered by the great majority of the voiceless and careless.

The locality too, in which the concerts are held may have something to do with this dark side. Excellent as are the acoustic properties of the Gewandhaus Saal for an orchestra on Beethoven's scale, it is too small for music so heavily instrumented as are many modern compositions, which require a far larger number of strings to cover the brass. The room can only seat about 800, and about eighty of these have to be turned out when the orchestra is enlarged for a chorus. These eighty and other unfortunate, who after years of waiting are still unable to obtain a reserved seat, have to sit in a small room at the end of the large Saal, the folding doors of which are so filled up by a standing crowd that all the sounds have to filter through the heads of the latter. There ought to be money enough in wealthy Leipzig to build a new concert room with an organ and all the appliances of modern art. But the directors seem to fear that the Gewandhaus would lose *prestige*. But surely it is the performances, not the room, which have acquired such a fame. If it may be allowed for a foreigner to make a suggestion, I would say, why not remove the City Library, which now occupies a room under the Gewandhaus roof, and use the ample space which would be thus gained for the erection of a first-class concert hall. The old Gewandhaus Saal, would then remain for the chamber music concerts, for which it would be difficult to find a locality more thoroughly appropriate. There can be little doubt that as a commercial speculation this alteration would pay as well as its boon to art would be great.

It is often asked, do Gewandhaus concerts take the same high stand they formerly did? The just answer would be, positively, yes; but relatively, no. It is not that they have fallen, but that *others* have risen. The music schools (Leipzig at their head) have sent out so many pupils, that the number of competent well-trained musical performers has increased, and through them the public has had its taste exalted. Hence, as I have said before, there is hardly a town in Germany of any size where the works of the great masters may not be heard, generally decently, and in many cases excellently performed.

I have spoken of the cordial warmth of the public in Mendelssohn's time. Would that it existed still! Now it seems as if the audience feared to compromise its reputation by applauding a new work or artist. Surely criticism, if it be good for anything, is as much shown in appreciating promise as in finding out weakness. But as it is at present, I would not advise any unknown composer or artist to make a first appearance in the Gewandhaus.

Another piece of advice may be useful. Let those pianists who can do so bring their own instruments with them. The pianos provided by the managers of the concerts are almost always poor and ungrateful in tone, and admit little or no expression. A player accustomed to a Broadwood or an Erard would be woefully disappointed.

I will not close this rapid survey of the history of the Gewandhaus Concerts with words of censure. Whatever may have been their shortcomings in minor matters, there can be no doubt that the advance of art has been the object which the directors have always kept in view, and that they have deserved well of the world of music. May the coming season show that for the future, as in the past, they will carry out their motto:—

"RES SEVERA EST VERUM GAUDIUM."

### Richard Wagner's Programme to his Overture to "Tannhauser."

A procession of pilgrims is passing. Their chant, full of faith and penitence, pervaded by hope and trust in salvation, is heard gradually approaching; then, close at hand, it swells into a mighty wave and finally retires. Twilight, and the dying echo of the chant.

Now, as the shades of evening fall, magical visions hover in sight. A mist, deep-tinged with rosy

hues, arises; rapturous sounds of joy strike the ear; the movements of an exciting and luxurious dance are felt. These are the dangerous charms of the "Venus-Mount," which at nightly hour manifest themselves to those in whose bosoms the keen passions of sense are burning.

Attracted by the alluring vision, a tall, manly form approaches. It is Tannhäuser, the minne-singer, the minstrel on his way to sing of love in the poetical contest at the Wartburg. He causes his proud, exulting song of love to resound, joyful and defiant, as if to conjure up around him the luxurious magic. He is answered by wild shouts of joy; closer and closer the rosy vapors encircle him, enchanting odors float around him and intoxicate his senses. He is dazzled by the sight of a female form of indescribable beauty that appears before him in the most seductive twilight. He hears her voice, falling upon his ear in sweet, trembling tones, like the song of the syrens, and promising to the bold the fulfilment of his wildest wishes. It is Venus herself whom he beholds.

Then his heart and his passions are all on fire; a hot, consuming desire kindles the blood in his veins; an irresistible power urges him to draw near, and he steps before the goddess herself with his song of joy and exultation, which now in rapturous delight he pours forth in her praise.

In answer to his thrilling song, the wonders of the "Venus-Mount" are now displayed before him in all their splendor; impetuous shouts and wild, ecstatic cries resound from all sides; Bacchantes, drunk with pleasure, sweep by, and in their frantic dances carry Tannhäuser away, into the arms of the goddess, burning with love; she draws him after her toward the regions of annihilation. The wild host rushes on and the storm subsides. Plaintive sounds still stir the air, and murmurs, like the sighing of unholy, sensual passion, float over the spot where the enchanting vision was beheld, and night again spreads over it.

But behold! the morning dawns. In the far off distance the chant of the pilgrims is again heard; it draws ever nearer; day evermore conquers night. The murmuring and sighing of the breezes, that resounded in our ears like the awful wailing of the damned, rings in more joyful sounds; and when at last the glorious sun arises, and the chant of the pilgrims with powerful inspiration proclaims to all the world that salvation is obtained, sonorous waves of supreme bliss float around us. It is the rejoicing of the "Venus-Mount" itself, freed from the curse and stain of unholy, that we hear mingling with the song of heaven. All the pulses of life move and quicken at this song of redemption; and now those two unnaturally divorced elements, reason and the senses, the spiritual and the material, God and nature, embrace in a holy, all-uniting kiss of Love.

### Wagner's "Tannhäuser."

FROM THE DESCRIPTION BY FRANZ LISZT.\*

The first scene leads us into the mysterious grotto, which, as the tradition tells, was in the Hirsberg. There in a rosy twilight we see nymphs, dryads and bacchantes waving their thyrsus wands and wreaths to the rhythms which formed the first fifty bars in the Allegro of the overture. They surround the goddess, luxuriously stretched upon her couch, clad in the Grecian tunic, which flows in rich folds around her form, as if its slight net-work formed a yet rosier vapor than the whole atmosphere around. In the depths of the grotto the tranquil waters of the lake reflect the shadows of the bushes, under which happy couples wander to and fro; there we behold the tempting syrens. At the feet of Dame Venus sits her lover, melancholy and gloomy, listlessly holding his harp in his hand. She asks him the cause of his sadness. He heaves a deep sigh, as if awaking from a dream that had led him away from the surrounding element. Alarmed, she presses her inquiries. "Freedom!" replies the prisoner at last, and suddenly seizing his harp, he begins a song, in which he makes a vow ever to praise her charms, but adds that he is consumed by a yearning for the upper world:

But from these rose-lit od'rous bowers  
I yearn for woods and breath of flowers,  
For our own sky's clear blue serenade,  
For our fresh meadows' pleasant green,  
Our little wood-birds cheerful singing,  
Our village bells so friendly ringing:—  
From thy soft empire I must flee  
O queen, and goddess: set me free!

This song, full of manly energy, gives us again the melody which we have twice indicated in the overture; its words are in praise of Venus. But this strophe is instantly followed by an antistrophe, which, by painful, half-disturbed modulations, escapes from the breast like a piercing scream; the scream of the

caged eagle, that would return to the realm of storms and sunshine; the cry of the soul, that would wing its way back to heaven. Thrice are strophe and antistrophe repeated, and every time a half tone higher, which lends thrilling climax to their impassioned intonation.

By a single word, but one of those words which suffice to invest Poesy with the fullest majesty of her sister, Truth, Wagner reveals the greatness of a soul unsatisfied in the lap of sweetest inactivity, when Tannhäuser exclaims:

Mortal remain I yet, and human;  
Too great thy love, thou more than woman;  
If gods forever can enjoy.  
My lot is change, my pleasures cloy;  
Not joy alone my heart contains,  
In pleasures still I long for pains.

To long for pains! Is not that the longing for the Infinite? For what are pains but the sufferings of the soul chafing against the limits of our nature, which it will never renounce striving to overstep?

The offended enchantress starts up, like a wounded tigress, interrupts her prisoner, snatching the harp from his hand, and summoning up a cloud, which parts them from each other, she mocks at the vain remorse of her delirious slave. She reminds him that he is accursed, that he belongs to her through all the powers of everlasting doom, that he must no more think of a world which would repulse him with horror, should he go back. The proud knight does not believe the imperious dame, and replies: "Repentance will remove the ban!" Their mutual resistance is expressed in a duet, full of impetus, of mutually kindled scorn and hatred, which Venus suddenly breaks off, to have recourse to weapons of blandishment. She lets the songs of the syrens resound, which in the distance seem to grow still more languishing and seductive; and inclining herself towards him, she seems to distil the fatal poison drop by drop into his veins,—that impotence of pleasure which twines about his drooping energies with indissoluble chains. Her somewhat lengthy song takes, a semitone lower, that lovely motive which we quoted in the overture (5th example). It is accompanied, too, *pianissimo*, and veiled by the tremolo of the violins. To those who cherish symbolism, this scene may be designated as the description of one of those inward conflicts, which rend the manly breast, during which the soul debates with itself, however divided it may be in its will, unlike in forms, but identical in essence; such would fancy that they heard in it, not different persons, but different expressions of the passions, rebutting one another in a vehement conference, whose fatal or marvellous issue no one could foresee. Tannhäuser forcibly disenthuses himself from the arms of the goddess, and in feverish excitement exclaims: "My salvation lies in the holy Maria!" Scarcely has he pronounced this name, when the goddess, the nymphs, the syrens and bacchantes vanish. It all melts away.

Instead of the grotto, we see the outside of the mountain, in whose interior all this is located by tradition, and the rural scenery about the Wartburg. In an instant the knight is transported from the depths, where in the intoxicating mist of sweet perfumes the lamps with their colored sheen illumined a night of pleasures without end, into the freshness of a pure Spring morning. To the bewildered tumult of the last scene succeeds total silence of the orchestra, and the soft, dreamy tune of a shepherd, seated on a neighboring rock; the refrain of his reed pipe, happily imitated by the English horn, creates a beneficial contrast. Presently you hear a chorus of pilgrims in the distance; during the pauses the voice of the shepherd, commending himself to their prayers, forms a new contrast; his pastoral melody winds like a flowering field vine about the stern outlines of the pious hymn, which rises like the arching of a Gothic vault.

The pilgrims approach, appear and pass before us, and their song, in which the second half of the religious theme of the overture is woven, wears a calm and serenely pious character. In this repose there vibrates, however, a certain exaltation and enthusiasm, and you can distinguish in it an enduring ecstasy, a secret uncontrollable delight. They stop before an image of the Madonna; Tannhäuser at their chant falls upon his knees. As much overwhelmed by the miracle of mercy, that has rescued him, as he is surprised to see his bold wish so suddenly heard, his deliverance so unexpectedly fulfilled, he repeats the words of the pilgrims:

Ah, heavy weigh my sins on me,  
No longer can I bear the trial;  
All rest and comfort now I'll flee,  
And choose but pain and self-denial.

The bells of the distant churches summon the faithful to morning prayer, and at the same time hunting-horn signals, from different distances (alternating between F major and E flat minor), complete the im-

pression of this hour of rural repose and woodland solicitude. Presently the landgrave with his hunting party comes along, and perceiving a knight who takes no part in the chase, he approaches him and recognizes Tannhäuser. We have already said, that Wolfram von Eschenbach, his rival in minstrelsy as in love for the princess Elizabeth, who loves him, has finally persuaded him, in speaking of her, to resume his old rank among the minstrels, whom he has so often vanquished, and who nevertheless have mourned his absence. This cantilena of a lovely melodic motive, breathing a tender and inward emotion, is resumed again in its first eight measures and dialogued in the andante of a Sextet, composed of the five singers and the landgrave, who intreat Tannhäuser to return to them. At the name of Elizabeth his face lights up with a quickening beam, and he exclaims:

Again I know thee, ah! and love thee.  
O beautiful world, so long withdrawn!  
Again the heavens smile sweet above me,  
And flowers are fresh with dewy morn.  
The Spring with thousand friendly greetings  
Like music in my soul doth stir;  
In tender and tumultuous beatings  
My heart cries out: To her! to her!

As soon as his voice unites with the others, the Septuor sets into a joyful and rapturous Allegro, whose finale, interrupted by the fanfare of the chase, forms the conclusion of the first act. The different voices are grouped in such a masterly manner, and their parts in this ensemble piece are marked with such select and noble fineness, that there is no mistaking therein the calling of the minstrel, the challenge of noble rivals to a noble contest. This finale takes an irresistible hold upon the public, and universal admiration and applause resound through the hall.

### The Worcester Organ.

ITS TRIAL AND ACCEPTANCE.—INTERESTING EXERCISES AT MECHANICS' HALL.

(From the Worcester Spy, Oct. 27.)

The noble instrument, the completion of which has been so earnestly anticipated by all classes of our citizens, was formally transferred from the building committee to the Mechanics' Association last evening.

The citizens of Worcester, through whose liberality the instrument has been erected, have just cause for pride and congratulation. It was their design, which has been so ably seconded by the committee into whose charge its construction was given, to place in their beautiful hall a first-class concert organ, which should be a full and correct representation of the progress of the art in America.

Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook of Boston, to whom this important work was assigned, have faithfully endeavored to make their work as perfect as could be produced, and the result is alike honorable to them as builders and to the enterprise of our citizens.

In comparing this instrument with the largest organs built in America, superiority over all others is claimed by its extensive selection of effective and beautiful stops, its improved and artistic voicing, and by the facility with which all is brought under the control of the performer—the three essential characteristics which correctly determine the size and rank of the organ.

As the best means of presenting the capacity and magnitude of the instrument we give a list of stops, &c., which are carefully selected, and present a combination capable of producing almost every desired effect:

#### LIST OF STOPS, &c.

##### Great Manual.

1. Open Diapason,	16 feet.	58	pipes.
2. Open Diapason,	8 "	58	"
3. Viola Da Gamba	8 "	58	"
4. Stopped Diapason,	8 "	58	"
5. Claribella,	8 "	58	"
6. Principal,	4 "	58	"
7. Flute Harmonique,	4 "	58	"
8. Twelfth,	2 2-3"	58	"
9. Fifteenth,	2 "	58	"
10. Mixture,	3 ranks.	174	"
11. Mixture,	5 "	290	"
12. Trumpet,	16 feet.	58	"
13. Trumpet,	8 "	58	"
14. Clarion,	4 "	58	"

##### Swell Manual.

15. Bourdon,	16 feet.	58	pipes.
16. Open Diapason,	8 "	58	"
17. Stopped Diapason,	8 "	58	"
18. Viol d'Amour,	8 "	58	"
19. Principal,	4 "	58	"
20. Flute Octavante,	4 "	58	"
21. Violin.	4 "	58	"
22. Twelfth,	2 2-3"	58	"
23. Fifteenth,	2 "	58	"

\* For the entire analysis of Tannhäuser, by Liszt, see DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC, Vol. IV. (1863—4).

24. Mixture,	5 ranks.	290	pipes.
25. Trumpet,	16 feet.	46	"
26. Cornopean,	8 "	58	"
27. Oboe,	8 "	58	"
28. Clarion,	4 "	58	"
29. Vox Humana,	8 "	58	"

*Choir Manual.*

30. Aeolina & Bordoun,	16 feet.	58	pipes.
31. Open Diapason,	8 "	58	"
32. Melodia,	8 "	57	"
33. Dulciana,	8 "	58	"
34. Keraulophon,	8 "	58	"
35. Flauto Traverso,	4 "	58	"
36. Violin,	4 "	58	"
37. Picolo,	2 "	58	"
38. Mixture,	3 ranks.	174	"
39. Clarinet,	8 feet.	58	"

*Solo Manual.*

40. Philomela,	8 feet	58	pipes.
41. Salicional,	8 "	58	"
42. Hohl Pfeife,	4 "	58	"
43. Picolo,	2 "	58	"
44. Tuba,	8 "	58	"
45. Corno Inglese,	8 "	58	"

*Pedale.*

46. Open Diapason,	16 feet	30	pipes.
47. Violone,	16 "	30	"
48. Bordoun,	16 "	30	"
49. Violoncello,	8 "	30	"
50. Quinte,	10 1/2 "	30	"
51. Flute,	8 "	30	"
52. Posaune,	16 "	30	"

*Mechanical Registers.*

53. Swell to Great Coupler.	
54. Swell to Choir "	
55. Choir to Great "	
56. Solo to Great "	
57. Choir to Solo "	
58. Great to Pedale "	
59. Choir to Pedale "	
60. Choir to Pedale " (super octaves.)	
61. Swell to Pedale "	
62. Solo to Pedale "	
63. Tremulant ("swell.")	
64. Bellows Signal.	
65. Pedale Check.	
66. Ventil (for No. 48).	
67. Ventil (for Nos. 50, 51, and 52.)	

*Combination Pedals.*

No. 1. { Great Manual. } Forte.	
No. 2. { Swell Manual. } Piano.	
No. 3. { Swell Manual. } Forte.	
No. 4. { Swell Manual. } Piano.	
No. 5. { Choir Manual. } Forte.	
No. 6. { Choir Manual. } Piano.	
No. 7. (Pedale) operates on Nos. 46, 50, 51, and 52,	
and with the aid of Ventil (Nos. 66 and 67), al-	
lows of various combinations.	
No. 8. { Couplers. } Forte.	
No. 9. { Couplers. } Piano.	
No. 10. Operates on "Great Pedale" Coupler.	
Balanced Swell Pedal, with double action.	

*SUMMARY:*

No. of stops of Great Manual...	14, with 1160 pipes,
" " Swell Manual...	16, " 1090 "
" " Choir Manual...	10, " 696 "
" " Solo Manual...	6, " 348 "
" " Pedale...	7, " 210 "
No. of Mechanical Registers...	15,
" Combination Pedals...	10,

Total.....77 3504 pipes.

Many rare and costly stops, and many new mechanical arrangements are introduced, and by means of the pneumatic lever, which is applied to the great manual, and connected by couplers to each of the others, all four manuals, comprising the thousands of pipes distributed throughout the various departments of this large instrument, are operated with unusual ease and promptness.

The pipes are supplied with wind by two very large bellows, the reservoirs of each containing nearly 200 cubic feet, each of different pressure, and controlled by mechanism in a room beneath the organ.

The whole occupies a space nearly the entire width and height of the rear end of the hall, with a depth of about 25 feet.

*THE TRIAL LAST NIGHT.*

The formal presentation took place last evening, previous to which the instrument was exhibited in all its various capacities of tone, force and volume, by Mr. J. H. Willcox, organist at the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Boston, one of the most accomplished organists in this country. Without any formal programme, he gave selections which would best exhibit the instrument in all its parts: and his

ability and control of the instrument, no less than the excellence of the organ itself, won frequent applause from his audience.

The gathering was not intended for a public exhibition, but only as an opportunity for the organ committee and the contributors to the fund, to gain some knowledge of the instrument, and if it was found worthy, to be formally transferred to the Mechanics' Association, as the gift of the citizens of Worcester.

The trial was as full and complete as it was possible to give in an hour and a half in the hands of a superior organist, and was eminently satisfactory in every respect. This is not the time for a comparison of this with any other instrument, but it is safe to say that it has few if any superiors in this country. To mention one of the features in which it stands pre-eminently superior to the great Boston organ, we ought to particularize the *vox humana* stop, which seems to be as nearly perfect as it is possible for art to attain. But the countenance of every person present last night showed plainly how satisfactory beyond expression of words the noble instrument was. It is a splendid organ.

At the close of the exhibition Dr. Bemis, in behalf of the building committee, asked the trustees if they were satisfied with the organ as exhibited at the trial this evening, which was answered by a hearty "yea." A similar inquiry of the audience in general was in like manner answered with hearty applause.

*THE COLLATION—SPEECH BY JUDGE CHAPIN.*

The musical part of the evening's entertainment was followed by a collation, \* \* \* \* after which the assembly was called to order and

JUDGE CHAPIN opened the formal exercises with a few words of compliment for the magnificent organ, and said in behalf of the organ committee that they had tried to do their work well. The gentlemen who were to make the formal presentation and reception of the organ he would call upon immediately, and all following contributions would be, like the subscriptions for the organ, voluntary. In alluding to the work of the committee he said the gentleman on his right (Mr. Abraham Firth) was deserving of more commendation than any other living man. It was chiefly through his individual exertion that the work had been so promptly and successfully carried through. One other firm was deeply interested both in heart and pocket—the contractors,—and never was contract more honorably and faithfully performed than that made by the Messrs. Hook. The amount of their bill (\$9040) has been paid, and in answer to a question as to what they would build another organ like it for they say not a cent less than *twenty thousand dollars*. It might be judged what we owe for this magnificent gift. \* \* \* \*

*THE PRESENTATION BY MR. FIRTH.*

Mr. President:—It is well known to you, sir, that in the month of April, 1863, now 18 months ago, a few gentlemen in this city met to consider whether the time had come to give this hall an organ. A generous citizen had offered \$1000 to the Mechanics' Association for one, on certain conditions, but it was not known that the money would be accepted on the terms offered. At that meeting a large committee was appointed to consider and act according to circumstances, with full power. They decided to appeal to the public spirit of the city. They met a response beyond their highest hopes, so that in August, 1863, they saw their way clear to contract with Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook of Boston, for a first-class instrument; but subsequent subscriptions enabled the committee to add several valuable stops to the original specification, until it assumed its present noble proportions, making it worthy, in the judgment of the committee, to be known now and henceforth as the WORCESTER ORGAN.

Now why this liberality? I know I express the sentiments of the organ committee, and I think I do those of all the donors now before me, when I say that they hope to be able to have hereafter concerts of a rarer value than were possible without it, and at a price within reach of our whole population. They believe that such concerts will not only aid in the musical education of the community, but do a greater service in carrying far the refining influences of the best music. They hope to see, under the direction of competent and liberal men, from time to time, a series of them, so varied as to offer another means of innocent recreation to our busy workers, besides withdrawing many, and especially our young men, from places where no good can come.

They know, also, that this organ may powerfully aid every cause of charity, whenever meetings in that sacred name shall be held here; and I rejoice, sir, that the trustees have already most promptly and honorably offered gratuitously both hall and organ for a concert to help our excellent Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society, under the auspices of the organ committee.

It shall lend its might too in arousing the men of the city to their duty, at the call of patriotism; it shall add solemnity and pathos to the Requiem over the "unreturned brave"; and sound its loudest and sweetest peans on that doubly blessed day when peace shall be proclaimed, and "liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof."

Or when met in the name of religion, its inspiring tones shall "introduce their sacred song" and make the occasion more hallowed.

"For," to solemn and eternal things  
We would dedicate the notes sublime."

Nor can this instrument, in this place, fail to bring here county and state musical festivals, even if they have yet to be inaugurated. Our city musical organizations it will directly and continually assist, and when the children of the public schools meet here their sweet voices shall be led and harmonized by its sympathizing accompaniment. Already, sir, the board of trustees have voted that all the children in our schools shall have an early opportunity to hear it without charge.

So that, sir, it is no figure of speech to say, this hall has now a voice: a voice which many will come far to hear; a voice in harmony with all that is elevating, noble, pure and devout; more melodious than any "pealing organ" Milton ever heard, and which was yet sweet enough to

"Disperse him into ecstasies  
And bring all Heaven before his eyes."

And now, sir, (turning to the representatives of the Mechanics' Association,) I rejoice to add that we are able to give it to your association.

And now, having dealt unselfishly with the association you represent, these donors have a right to expect, and they do expect, that in the discharge of their high trust, the trustees will be governed by an intelligent, generous, and far-sighted public spirit. \* \* \*

But, sir, as you know, we hold this piece of wonderful mechanism only a few brief hours, until we can transfer all our rights and title to the society you so well represent. That moment has now come. Speaking by request of the contract committee, and also in the name of the donors before me, I now declare their wish that the Worcester County Mechanics' Association accept this organ without conditions other than those which are of public concern and have regard only to the best interests of the community.

Do you, sir, accept it in their behalf?

Then I pass into your hands this key as the outward symbol that the Worcester organ now belongs to the Worcester County Mechanics' Association.

[We regret that we have not room for Mr. BALL's speech of acceptance, as well as for the interesting speeches by Mayor LINCOLN (of Worcester), Judge RUSSELL (of Boston), Rev. Dr. HILL, Rev. Mr. RICHARDSON, and others.]

In conclusion, Mr. Firth offered the following sentiment.

"Long life and prosperity to the Master Builder of this magnificent instrument!"

Which was acknowledged by Mr. Hook by rising while the assembly greeted him with hearty and long continued cheers.

As a fitting finale to the evening's exercises, Mr. B. D. Allen took his seat at the instrument, and played "Old Hundred," and "America," accompanied by the voices of the whole audience. The effect was grand beyond description, and the contributors to the organ fund dispersed with a feeling of satisfaction and happiness, which was cheaply purchased at the price of their contributions.

*Music Abroad.**Paris.*

GRAND OPERA.—A single event, of doubtful importance apparently, has diversified the old routine of the Meyerbeer, Halevy, and Gounod operas. A new opera (although written fifteen years ago), "*Roland à Roncesvaux*," by a composer new to fame, M. Mermet, was produced on the third alt. The correspondent of the *Orchestra* (with whom by the way the correspondent of the *Musical World* differs) writes:

The great event has at last taken place. The long expected and often postponed "*Roland à Roncesvaux*," libretto and music by M. Mermet, came off on Monday last at the Grand Opera; and, from the first hearing, already it may be said to be a decided success.



The music is written throughout in a masterly style; the piece, although full of military scenes, is not overladen by the use of brass; on the contrary, the composer has succeeded in being impressive by means of stringed instruments. Here and there we find some great *clat* of trombones; but, altogether, they are not too noisy. Several wonderful choruses are written in unison, and although such music is apt soon to become monotonous, this is not the case in M. Mermet's work; there are two such choruses in the second act, which produce the greatest effect. The overture is a symphony of a very serious character, full of admirable effects and without vulgarity. The first part contains some beautiful passages and a wonderful finale. The second act opens with a chorus in 3-4 time, which made a deep impression by the wonderful accompaniment of stringed instruments, in the treatment of which M. Mermet seems to have attained the highest pitch of excellence. Two duets in the same act, one by the tenor (M. Gueymard), and soprano (M<sup>me</sup>. Gueymard), and the other by sopranos (M<sup>me</sup>s Gueymard and De Mäsen) produced also very great effect. The same act contains also a charming ballet, the music of which is wonderfully arranged, and full of flowing melodies. The third act may be considered nearly a masterpiece from beginning to end. It opens with a song by a *pétre* (M. Marat), after which follows a *farandole*, Provençal dance, full of local color; then comes the most salient point of the whole work, a romance by Roland (M. Gueymard), followed by a powerful trio between Roland, the Archbishop (M. Belvel), and Aldé (M. Gueymard). This trio is of the greatest dramatic effect, and produced a great sensation; the act terminates by a warriors' chorus, well marked and instrumented, which was rendered with *clat* and excited the greatest enthusiasm. The whole house joined in one thunder of applause, and this admirable finale was repeated, as may be easily imagined. After these dramatic and wonderful effects in the third act—effects which could not be surpassed, the fourth and last act, although full of charming passages, came off very quietly. M. Mermet has his own style; it is neither Meyerbeer's nor Rossini's, but quite his own. The music has nothing vulgar in it, nor can the composer be charged with plagiarism.

Of Meyerbeer's long expected, posthumous, great work we read:

The distribution of the principal parts in the *Africaine* has been settled definitively up to the present time. It is as follows:—Vasco da Gama, M. Naudin; Don Pedro (Grand Admiral), M. Belvel; Nelasko, M. Faure; Le Grand Inquisiteur, M. Aubin; Don Alvar, M. Warot; Selicia (Reine de Madagascar), M<sup>lle</sup>. Maria Sax; Inès, M<sup>lle</sup>. Maria Battra. All I know about the book is, that the scene in the first two acts lies at Lisbon—the first act taking place in the Hall of the Grand Council, and the second in the prison where Vasco is incarcerated; in the third act on board a vessel at sea; and in the last two acts in Africa. After all there is a deficiency in the score of the *Africaine*. Meyerbeer had not written the ballet music when he died. Indeed, according to his usual custom, he put off composing the dances until the rehearsals had commenced. It was proposed—wherefore, the Parisian Gods only know—that the task of supplying this want—the ballet was to have played an important part in the *Africaine*—was to be intrusted to M. Saint-Léon, but M. Fétis put his direct vote thereupon, and suggested that two of the principal choruses should be adapted to the divertissement, which means nothing more than that the ballerines should dance to the singing of the chorus. This of course was not what Meyerbeer intended, but anything was preferable to interpolating music by another composer. M. Fétis holds out the flattering hope that the *Africaine* may be ready for production early in March.

THE ITALIAN OPERA is at its full swing. M<sup>lle</sup>. Patti, at each appearance, excites the greatest enthusiasm. She is really the *enfant gâtée* of the Parisians as well as the Londoners. Whenever her name occurs on the play-bills, M. Baguier is sure to have a full house. Last week she appeared twice in Donizetti's "*Don Pasquale*." The part of *Norina*, which suits so well her voice and manner, was admirably rendered; every opportunity is afforded her in this rôle to display the numerous and different qualities of her wonderful voice, and she made quite a hit in the part; she was well sustained by Delle-Sé-de in the rôle of *Malatesta*, and by Scalse in that of *Don Pasquale*.

THEATRE LYRIQUE.—"*Rigoletto*," in a French dress is to be produced to-night at the Théâtre Lyrique, with M. Mongauze, Ismael and M<sup>lle</sup> Maesen in the chief parts. An important work in three acts has been received at the same theatre, and

is to be brought out during the season: "*The Widow of the Highlands*," libretto by MM. Flourier and A. Favre, music by Derin Durivier. "*Mireille*" is also to be revived with the tenor Michat, in the rôle of Vincent. Apropos of "*Mireille*," M. Gounod intends to reduce the work to three acts, and to add a grand duet to it. The celebrated composer Verdi is expected here in a few days. Some pretend to know, that he comes to superintend "*Macbeth*" at the Théâtre Lyrique, others say it is for the production of "*La Forza del Destino*" at the Italian Opera.

CONCERTS; DR. LISZT.—The correspondent of the *Orchestra*, writes:

M. Pasdeloup, the clever manager and conductor of the Popular Concerts, inaugurates his fourth season on Sunday next. The programme has just been issued, and is composed as follows:—Jubel overture, Weber; Symphonie in  $\sharp$  minor, Haydn; Polonaise of Struensee, Meyerbeer; Andante, Mozart; Symphonie in  $\flat$  minor, Beethoven. Hitherto no soloists have been announced, and none are to appear in the first concert; but with the beginning of November M. Pasdeloup will bring before his audience a host of talented artists, among whom the celebrated Dr. Liszt will make his appearance before the end of the year.

The maestro is more than ever disposed towards monastic life, and before his *adieu suprême* to this world of fame and success he has promised to perform at one of M. Pasdeloup's well conducted Sunday Concerts. Dr. Liszt passed through Paris last week on his way to Rome with his daughter, M<sup>me</sup>. Hans von Bülow, and it was at an interview with M. Pasdeloup that the Prince of Pianists kindly consented to perform before a Parisian audience. The date of the concert is not yet stated, but will be during December and will be the great feature of the season.

### Leipzig.

The noticeable feature of the first Gewandhaus Concert of the season, which took place on the first Thursday of October, was the appearance of the famous London pianist, Hallé. But the whole concert was interesting enough to warrant copying the *Orchestra's* report of it.

The first concert opened with Cherubini's Overture to *Anacreon*. Cherubini's overtures are always played by the orchestra as if they thoroughly enjoyed them; and their enjoyment is at once communicated to the audience. In the overture, as also in the other orchestral work, Beethoven's Symphony in A, the gradations of sound, down to the softest *pianissimo*, were given with that intense musical feeling which characterizes the playing of the Gewandhaus band. The Andante in the Symphony, that most prayerful of movements, was interpreted to perfection.

The singer of the evening was Frau Dr. Schlegel-Köster. In 1837, this lady, then a girl not far advanced in her teens, was engaged for the Leipzig theatre, first as a "star," and subsequently as a regular member. Some time afterwards she was enlisted among the singers of the Berlin Opera, of which, until her recent retirement, she has been one of the most distinguished ornaments as a singer of the highest dramatic power. Some good notes still remain, but time has made perceptible inroads on the voice; still a grand style and noble delivery are there, as was proved by her singing of the aria "*O last mich Tiefgebeugte weinen*" from Gluck's "*Iphigenie*;" even in her decay we can hear how great she must have been in her prime in Gluck's operas. The "*Chorus of Priestesses*" belonging to this aria was sung by some of the "*Thomas*" boys, who, however, were hardly numerous enough to give effect to the part. It is remarkable how much less volume of voice the German boys seem to have, as compared with English cathedral boys. Two ariettes—ballads they might be called—from Handel's "*Susanna*" were new to me. The first, *Ihr grünen Au'n* ("Ye verdant hills"), is written for a tenor voice, and is in the part of the First Elder; in itself it is graceful, but is hardly so passionate as the situation demands. The second, *Frag, ob die Rose* ("Ask if yon damask rose be sweet") is supposed to be sung by *Susanna's* attendant, to divert her sorrow at her husband's absence. Its naiveté and freshness are really charming; it is very evident that this ballad was not unknown to the composer of a certain song of St. Giles' classicality. What a pity it is that the subjects of *Susanna* and of some of Handel's other works make it impossible to perform them as a whole. One of Schubert's *Lieder*, *Des Mädchens Klage*, was very expressively sung, and warmly applauded.

Familiar as was the name of Herr Karl Hallé to the Leipzig musical public, they had had no opportunity

of making his acquaintance till this evening. He played Beethoven's E flat Concerto, and solo pieces by Chopin and Heller. His style is so totally different from that of the generality of German players, that the public at first seemed hardly to understand him, although with the musicians his success was immediate and decided. The calm, almost statuesque repose of his style, gave an idea of want of warmth, especially in Beethoven's Concerto. It was therefore fortunate that Herr Hallé, in a *Soirée* which he gave on Saturday evening, had an opportunity of becoming better understood. Upon this occasion he played Beethoven's Sonatas, ops. 53 and 111, parts of Bach's great *Partita* in B minor, and smaller works by Mendelssohn, Heller, and Chopin. Now he is acknowledged, both by the public as well as by musicians, to be among the greatest players of the day. The clearness with which he rendered the difficult op. 111 was the theme of general admiration. Most exquisite, too, was the taste with which he played Bach's *Partita*. But to English readers an eulogy upon Herr Hallé's playing would be but to repeat an oft-told tale. The applause which followed each piece was a most genuine demonstration. Indeed, it seemed as if the audience wished to encore the whole programme. I regret to be obliged to say that the instruments placed at Herr Hallé's disposal were very unsatisfactory.

At the Michaelmas reception of new pupils into the Conservatorium upwards of thirty were admitted, among whom are several English ladies and gentlemen. There are now nearly 150 pupils in the institution.

Nor must we omit the following incident of the preceding Gewandhaus rehearsal, so thoroughly illustrative of German musician life:

It was the anniversary of the day on which, fifty years ago, Herr Kleugel, the leader of the second violins, entered upon his duties as a permanent member of the orchestra. The fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance in the Gewandhaus was celebrated three or four years ago. As Herr Kleugel entered the room, accompanied by the directors and officials, the orchestra struck up the jubilant strains of the "*Wedding March*," and the bust of Mendelssohn which surmounts the orchestra, and was garlanded with glowing autumnal flowers, seemed to look down with a smile at the honor paid to his old friend. After the music had ceased, the senior member of the Gewandhaus directorate addressed the *Jubilär*, cordially acknowledging the zeal with which he had always done his duty, and ending by presenting him with a rich silver coffee service. Herr Haubold, his colleague at the first desk of the second violins, then in the name of the orchestra offered their congratulations, and handed him a handsome clock. The Bürgermeister gave utterance to the good wishes of the citizens and authorities of Leipzig; and the Kreisdirector, the highest government official, in the King's name invested Herr Kleugel with the cross of the Albrecht Order. In a sonorous triple *Tsch* the orchestra, in its own language, joined in the congratulations. The venerable gentleman expressed his thanks in a few simple but hearty words. It is indeed, a rare instance that in a service of fifty years, Herr Kleugel has not missed a single concert or rehearsal. And even on this occasion, as soon as the business of the rehearsal began, he was at his desk, which was decorated with garlands and surrounded by a gilt laurel wreath, and from the happy expression on his face as he came to each especially beautiful passage of the well known music, it was easy to see that it was really a labor of love. Not long before, I had been reading your article upon the position and treatment of musicians in England, and I could not help saying to myself with regret: They do these things better in Germany.

COLOGNE. The managers of the well-known Gürzenich Concerts have adopted a resolution which has given great satisfaction to German musicians. Every time that anything written by a living composer is executed, the composer will receive notice of the fact together with a pecuniary present. The latter will be five Prussian thalers for overtures and small choral works; ten, for symphonies and vocal works of higher pretensions; fifteen for works filling up the greater portion of the evening; and twenty for such as fill up the whole evening. Pieces serving only for the display of *virtuosi* are not included in this arrangement, but the managers may, at any time, make an exception to the general rule.

### London.

ENGLISH OPERA is now the musical topic. It opened on Saturday, Oct. 15, at Covent Garden; and the point of chiefest interest seems to have been

the debut of our Boston townsman, Mr. CHARLES ADAMS (who was at first heralded as "Herr Adam, from the Royal Opera, Berlin," and as about to "sing in English!") The Orchestra, before the opening, thus prepares the way:

If we are to believe all that we hear of this tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves will have to "sound an alarm" in good earnest. *Imprimis*, Mr. Adams is an Englishman—a native of Leeds in fact; secondly, his organ is both powerful and of the purest quality; thirdly, his *voce di petto* high C's are more plentiful and of much better quality than Wachtel's; and fourthly, he is said to have acquired of late years, on the Continent, excellent style and an extensive repertoire. His history is as follows:—his family left Leeds when he was a boy, and went to Boston, Massachusetts; subsequently he went into Chickering's extensive pianoforte manufactory, and began to study music; his singing attracted the notice of a well-known virtuoso and entrepreneur named Mulder, under whose guidance Adams afterwards toured as a vocalist through the West Indies and the Continent of Europe. His name getting up, he recently finished a lucrative engagement at Pesth, and went to Berlin, where his success was such as to induce the management to re-engage him for next season. Preceded by all this *quasi* renown, Mr. Adams is awaited with considerable interest not only by the public but by the profession.

The opening piece was *Masaniello*, and the same authority says:

The cast of the opera was as follows:—*Elvira*, Mdme. Parepa; *Fenella*, Mdle. Rosa Girand; *Alphonso*, Mr. Herbert Bond; *Pietro*, Mr. Weiss; *Borella*, Mr. Ansley Cook; *Lorenzo*, Mr. Charles Lyall; *Selva*, Mr. E. Dussek; and *Masaniello*, Mr. Charles Adams.

The attraction, however, and salient point of interest, centred in the appearance of the new tenor, Mr. Charles Adams. He is a little man—handsome—with expressive features—and, we think, the feeling of an artist dramatically and vocally. His voice is not large, and in its lower register incapable apparently of being tuned to telling account. But in the upper register we discover that Adams possesses singularly pure, equal, and sympathetic notes, wonderfully effective in certain descriptions of music, but totally ineffectual for *robusto* singing or declamatory passages. Such music as *Gennaro's* in the "*Lucrezia*" we should fancy Adams will sing admirably; in the greater part of the "*Masaniello*" numbers he is lost. It was only in the "Sleep song" and such passages as are contained in the *air d'adieu*, that he ever rose to the level of what we call good tenor singing on such a stage. True, every allowance is to be made for a first appearance, especially when the *debutant* knows he is to do something towards putting Mr. Sims Reeves' chibouque out. That Adams has not done, and will never do. He is simply a good addition to the company, but practically of less value, we should say, than Haigh, who, to our thinking, is his superior in vocal ability. Time, however, and a further development of Adam's powers, will put matters more clearly before the public. His reception on Saturday night, after the miserable and nervous rendering of the *harcarole*, was cold, but the friendly feeling of the house subsequently made up for this forced frigidity, and he was called several times, with the rest of the cast, before the curtain.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 12, 1864.

### German Opera.

Our last notice extended to the middle of the third week, ending with the second performance of *Fidelio*—the work with which Mr. Grover's company has made the deepest and most lasting impression,—a work which the best Boston audience will always too willingly accept again in lieu of any great heavy *effect* piece of the French Grand Opera pattern, which the management may find it inconvenient at any time to execute. Indeed, for such disappointment who is not always thankful? This was the 15th night.

16. Thursday, Oct. 27. *La Dame Blanche*, second time. Precisely the right kind of piece to follow a hearing of *Fidelio*! In Boieldieu's

ever fresh and charming little opera, one finds delightful rest from the absorbing and intense emotions of Beethoven's sublime drama. Not that *Fidelio* is "heavy"; great works, works of true creative genius never oppress you and fatigue you, with all the strain upon your faculties; they leave you stronger and more buoyant; they lift you up, not weigh you down. But we cannot be always in the grand mood, always at the climax even of the most wholesome and divine excitement. Alternation is necessary; and we do not believe Mr. Grover could do a better thing, if he expects us to go every night to the opera, than to play *Fidelio* and *Die weisse Dame* alternately through a whole week. Here are two thoroughly genial things, one great, one light and unpretending, both wholesome and delightful in their way. We think it argues a spoiled appetite, a taste sophisticated by too highly seasoned operatic food, that so many of our critics failed to recognize the charm of a light and pleasing work which, leaving out the "Marriage of Figaro" and "The Barber," still holds its own in Europe by the side of almost any comic opera. The house that evening was hardly two-thirds full. But the performance was more spirited and more felicitous than ever. Herr HABELMANN was in excellent voice, and made the music and the action of George Brown all that could be desired. People were insatiable in their desire to prolong the sweetness of his "Robin Adair." But the repetition taught them a lesson; so delicate and fine a voice ought not to be ruthlessly overtaxed; a shade of weariness came over it, and it could not so easily keep itself up to perfect pitch. HERMANN was capital, as ever, in the part of Gaveston; the parts of Dickson and his wife Jenny were very agreeably sustained by Herr ISADORE LEHMANN (whom we carelessly confounded in our last with his brother, Otto Lehmann, a worthy member of the chorus) and Mlle. DZIUBA. Mme. JOHANNSEN was true to character as the White Lady, singing charmingly; Mme. ZIMMERMANN deserves mention for her nice rendering of that Mozartish little song at the spinning wheel; and the choruses were all alive and true in song and action. Indeed there is no opera which this company are more certain to do well.

Friday evening should have brought the *Huguenots*; but the manager, unsatisfied with the result of the laborious rehearsals, issued a card postponing it, and renouncing the profits of the evening rather than substitute a hacknied thing in its place. This was honorable on his part, but we believe that *Fidelio*, or any opera of Mozart, or of Weber, would have delighted ten persons where it would have disappointed one.

17. Saturday afternoon. *Der Freyschütz*, third time. Great was the disappointment, greater than any postponement of any *Huguenots* or *Mireilles*, that FORMES did not appear, as most particularly announced, as Caspar. And no explanation; that was wrong.

On Sunday evening, Oct. 30, the loss of Friday must have been well nigh made good to the manager by the immense throng to the Music Hall on the announcement of a suddenly extemporized "Sacred" Concert. The trumpet blew an uncertain sound; one newspaper promised this attraction, another that, and the printed programmes in the Hall told still a different story. The artists had been sent to Providence and elsewhere to sing, and returned weary and "out

of sorts;" there had been no rehearsal; FORMES was wanting when his turn came, and Herr GRAFF had to sing the "sacred" (!) air of *Non più andrai* perfunctorily for him; FREDERICI, however, in spite of the bills, did appear and sang delightfully the air of Fides, showing rare compass of voice, fresh and rich in all parts, also Mendelssohn's "*Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*," and a fine duet with LEHMANN, the baritone. The programme was an odd medley: a Battiste *Offertoire* on the organ, followed by the *Egmont* overture by the orchestra—and it is really a long time since we have heard such an orchestra in that hall;—sweet, sentimental Abt songs by HABELMANN, one of the purest of concert singers; other songs by Mozart, Verdi, Lortzing; an interminable violin variation piece; another long solo, on the bassoon! but wonderfully well played (who has not remarked the beauty of that honest instrument in its true place in the orchestra!);—then, for a second part, another French *offertoire*, furiously encored, (which gauged the musical character of the audience), by way of prelude to the orchestral prelude and selections, chorus and solo, from Haydn's "Creation." Herr FORMES did appear and never sang so coarsely. Little CANISSA executed "With verdure clad" fluently enough. The chorus of less than forty voices was effective enough to give a lesson to our Handel and Haydn hundreds; the orchestra, throughout the concert, redeemed much. But the whole thing was a mistake, artistically, for the credit of the Company, if not financially.

### FOURTH AND LAST WEEK.

But not the best week, though better than the original plan, which was more well-meaning and ambitious than it was wise, and which, fortunately (as we think), had to be departed from in some respects. Let us explain our meaning. What has made the *prestige* of this German Opera troupe has been the fact that it has presented, and with unusual completeness, so many real masterworks of German genius. *Freyschütz*, *Fidelio*, the Mozart operas, and that French piece in which every German finds himself at home, *Die weisse Dame*,—these constitute the distinctive title of this troupe to a higher consideration than any of its predecessors here. These are not only the best things, the surest to please and edify in the long run, but they are the things which they can do the best; for here they are in their element. And if their ambition be to please more widely, and show still greater variety of power and inexhaustibleness of repertoire, were there not things of Mozart and of Weber left, still new to us, each worth (for real inspiration) dozens of the *Fausts*, *Prophètes*, &c., of the Parisian Grand Opera? Was there not that essentially German great work of the cosmopolitan Rossini, "Tell;" and his Shakespearian, Mozart-ean "Barber;" and Cherubini's *Wassertrager*, and so on? But ambitious to bring out all the notable "big things" and fashions of the day, and show how his company could cope with others on their own ground, Mr. Grover, at great expense of money, labor, and rehearsals worrying to artists nearly overworked already, announces a whole week of heavy, lengthy, noisy, wearisome spectacular pieces, requiring scenic effects impossible upon our stage,—pieces such that, with such nightly changes, no amount of merit in the performers could make real successes of them. Here is the

list: *Les Huguenots*, *Faust*, *Huguenots*, *Tannhäuser*, *Mireille*. And with the style of music, the advertisements all at once descended from that simple and direct style, which had done so much to inspire confidence in this management before, and grew inflated and verbose, after the manner of the vulgar. The last performance of *Faust* was a "Gala Souvenir," and there were "Souvenir programmes on pink and satin," and much ado was made in the announcement of the grand fanfare and band upon the stage in that soldiers' chorus, which has been long since voted to be "much ado about nothing." Now Mr. Grover had so far so gladdened sincere Art lovers by pursuing the dignified and simple way, that we must be excused if we manifest some sensitiveness at the first shadow of turning. By adhering to the legitimate method he had achieved abundant success, and there was nothing to warrant recourse to these questionable means, to which he had given us an exception so rare and refreshing. With these views, what we shall have to say will not be at all proportioned to the length and the elaborateness of these operas.

18. Monday night, the *Huguenots* at last! And an enormous audience. Advertising, rumor, delay, did its work, at least in one sense. The performance was not without merits, yet on the whole not good. There was a plenty of spirit in it; the orchestra effective, as well as several of the ensembles. But there were great roughnesses and hitches, choruses out of tune, and, we may say of course a poverty of those stage accessories which almost limit the fair career of this opera to the Parisian theatre. Nor was the cast by any means the best within the means of this troupe. Sig. TAMARO, the identical little man who first squirmed and gasped and strutted in it here six years ago, for Raoul, and singing all alone in Italian, when we might have had Himmer! JOHANNSEN has seldom seemed herself so little as in the role of Valentine, which would have suited Frederici. FORMES, in make-up and action, was the old Huguenot soldier to the life, (we wish some clever artist would reproduce him on the canvas); but in telling power and purity of voice, Hermanns would have filled out its requirements better. Mme. ROTTER was truly the Queen of the evening; her true voice, with its sincere heart quality, revelled in the flowery Isabella music, as it were something between Laborde and the Lind, and her deportment too was queenly. Mlle DZIUBA made a fair page, though it is not one of her best parts. Herr STEINECKE sang St. Bris in his always faithful manner, while the secondary male parts, two of them not felt to be beneath their dignity by HABELMANN and LEHMANN, must count among the strong points of the performance. The piece lasted four mortal hours!

19. The fourth performance of *Faust* did show, at last! rather a small audience, FREDERICI and HIMMER sang as beautiful as ever together.

20. *Huguenots* again on Wednesday. We hear that the performance was a vast improvement on the first. But we confess to a personal spite against the *Huguenots*; we owe it too many headaches. Hearing it well done in theatres abroad did not convert us to it. It would be folly to deny that it has great merits, and there is no need to recount them. But as a whole we always find it wearisome; it lacks inspiration; it is a magnificent piece of mechanism, not an

imaginative, vital, quickening fruit of genius. We go from it oppressed and weary, the tired fool of circumstances, not roused and strengthened in the inner man. How different the effect of a really inspired work of genius; from that, however, taxing to the listener's faculties, he goes away refreshed and buoyant; they lift him up until he seems to walk on air. Give us a little work of genius, a *Dame Blanche* for instance, in preference to the most elaborate result of calculation and mere talent. Meyerbeer's great operas—always accepting *Robert*—affect us much as Kaulbach's great fresco paintings do; beautiful, wonderful in single groups and details, heavy, unifying in the whole ambitious combination.

21. *Tannhäuser* is one of the notorieties and novelties which one would wish to have room made for in a German opera season. It is in every sense a German work; it is also really new in plan and execution; and every musical person is of course curious to hear and judge for himself a work about which there has been so much discussion, by a man who is a great original thinker, at least, if not original as a composer, and who proposes to revolutionize the whole domain of opera. It was a real disappointment, therefore, that it was found impossible to prepare more than a single act of it for presentation; but the filling out of the evening with *Fidelio* was a most welcome surprise to most, for that is always clear gain, and well we know that it is hardly possible for any new thing to be so good, that *Fidelio* will not still be accounted better. It drew a great audience again; but would have drawn still more, had the lovers thereof known of it before making other engagements. The performance was as good as ever, only the *Leonora* overture had to be omitted for want of time.

Earlier volumes of our journal, especially the first two years (1852-3) contain copious accounts of Wagner and his theories, as well as rose-colored analyses of *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, by his partial yet intelligent admirer, Liszt. His description of the first act, with Wagner's own synopsis of the overture, we reprint to-day for the benefit of "whom it may concern." We think the effect of the specimen given us last week, unsatisfactory as one act of a dramatic whole must be, was to please people more than they expected, to satisfy them that they were hearing something not so outrageously counter to all musical tradition after all, or so devoid of melody, and to increase the desire to hear the rest. Certainly there is something fresh, piquant about it; it fastens the attention; you are absorbed in its progress; and there is no denying that the charm is poetic, if not in the finest sense. The first criticism forced on one is, that after you have heard the superb overture, you seem to have heard (musically) the whole of it. The curtain rises upon the same intoxicating and bewildering wonders of the court of Venus, which just now took possession of all the instruments. The themes are the same:—That spiral upward phrase of melody which runs through the whole: that remarkable strain in which the Goddess wins her lover back; the chivalrous song of Tannhäuser, and afterwards the pilgrim chant. These themes (the first two we mean) are surely marvellous inventions, singularly suggestive; but with the shrill, fluttering tremolo which invests them, with that continuous squeal of high violin tones, with the whole working up, we cannot help quarreling as something harsh, unnatural, ungenial, and indeed not really *sensuous*, as it is designed to be, but cold and sharp like the East wind. (This may, however, have been the fault of too coarse execution). The part of Venus was admirably sung by FREDERICI, who looked most charmingly, and whose power of voice in the most arduous and earnest passages was thrilling.

Herr HIMMER lacked no knightly dignity or grace for Tannhäuser, and sang all with true fervor and in good voice. The curious pastoral soliloquy of the shepherd on a rock, all unaccompanied, and long continued, was quite a feat of secure vocalism on the part of Miss CANISSA. The Pilgrim chorus was out of tune, and nothing can well be harder to sing in tune. The song in praise of virtue, in the baritone part of Wolfram,

about the best part in the opera, was given in unusually good voice and style by Herr STEINECKE—certainly a smooth and natural melody enough—and the closing Sextet and Septet of the Landgrave and his minstrel knights with Tannhäuser (but wanting one voice) was exceedingly imposing. Farther remark we reserve to a fuller hearing.

22. Gounod's *Mireille* also had to be reduced to a specimen, the first act only, which certainly did not produce a great impression. It was followed by a new opera to us, the *Nachtlager in Grenada* (a night's lodging in Grenada), by Conrad Kreutzer, one of the *Dii minorum gentium* of the German Parnassus. He died in Russia in 1849, at the age of 67. A Suabian by birth, his genius was sentimental and romantic, and kindred with the Suabian school of poetry. He is best known as a composer of part-songs and ballads, and was fond of borrowing his subjects from Uhland. It has been said of him:

What Gutzkow has said of Uhland, applies also in this sense to Kreutzer: "He pulled the bells of chapels, stationed shepherd boys upon the hill-tops and put happy songs into their mouths. He conjured back the Past in transfigured shape out of its germs, bade the old fables once more stoop upon their quarry—bade minstrels knock for entrance at the gates of castles, charmed maidens out for us upon the green plain and let kings' sons pass by and fall in love with them." And so on, open the books of literary history, and almost every word, in which you find the Suabian School of Poetry described, you may apply to Conrad Kreutzer.

This "*Nachtlager*" was the first and only operatic work in which Kreutzer succeeded, and it was not written until he was 52 years old. It proved quite a charming opera the other night. Simple, natural, thoroughly musical and smoothly flowing, but rather monotonously sentimental, and too much spun out for its exceeding meagreness of plot. It is not at all dramatic, but lyrical and quiet in its music. It consists of two elements: long-drawn sentimental airs and part-songs, some for male, some for mixed voices. All the choruses have this part-song character. Mme. ROTTER as the simple village maiden, and LEHMANN as the Prince, made their parts highly interesting, and HABELMANN was good too in the small part of the lover.

23. The Matinée of Saturday, Nov. 5, closed the richest operatic season Boston ever yet enjoyed, with Flotow's pretty and picturesque little opera *Stradella*.

The music is not much, but the characters of the two Italian bandits, done to the life by FORMES and HABELMANN, made a most pleasant thing of it. Mlle. CANISSA sang the part of Leonora well, and GRAFF was good as the old guardian. HIMMER made the most of the part of Stradella.

Shall we not welcome the return of Mr. Grover's German Opera next Spring! This week the Philadelphians are heirs to our delight.

Next time we hope to speak of some things besides Opera. The Great Fair for our gallant Sailors now occupies the Boston Theatre. In aid of it the Great Organ of the Music Hall is played every day at noon; and two grand evening concerts will be given under the direction of Dr. S. P. Tuckerman. The first to-night, with Messrs. Paine, Thayer, Tuckerman as organists, besides several good singers, and Messrs. Eichberg, Price, and others. Mr. Otto Dussak's concerts will commence at Oblerking's rooms next Saturday evening.

## Musical Correspondence.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

NEW YORK NOV. 7.—The first Concert of the PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY took place Saturday evening at the Academy of Music, before a brilliant and appreciative audience. The programme was as follows: Beethoven's *Eroica* symphony; Weber's *Polonaise* in E, with Liszt's orchestral accompaniment, played by Mr. Mills; Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, executed by Mr. Theodore Thomas; Weber's overture to *Oberon*; and Franz Liszt's *Poème Symphonique*, "*Les Préludes*."

It is the critic's business to find fault; how can we escape the curse? We find ourselves at once compelled to quarrel with the Society. Every musical connoisseur must confess that their programme was interesting in the highest degree; but at the same time must allow, that without great mental fatigue such works cannot be fully appreciated. We all know from experience that, a fine and cultivated human voice is always elevating, especially when it becomes the interpreter of some of those immortal songs in which our musical literature is so rich. We cannot understand why the Philharmonic Society does not strive to employ all the means in its power to place Song on a proper footing in its concerts. The neglect is unpardonably one sided. Of course

this evil is not to be avoided by keeping in the path which the Society has so far made it its policy to follow; for it is absurd even to suppose, that good artists will be always ready to assist in these concerts merely for the honor of the thing. There may have been a time when such an introduction to a musical public was in a certain sense desirable for an artist; and there are doubtless many here, who would not be unwilling to remind the public occasionally of their existence through such a medium;—how often has the Society not sinned against its subscribers in this manner? How many indifferent solo productions have they not been obliged to take into the bargain? Why not pay first-class singers for an assistance, that would be only due to the subscribers, and certainly prove pecuniarily beneficial to the Society? It is time that all narrow-minded views should be changed, and the Society awakened to a full knowledge of the noble task which it is in its power to fulfil.

But to the concert.—The *Eroica* was performed, on the whole, with care and *blan*; the *Scherzo*, however, was somewhat uncertain, and we could have wished for more refinement of shading in some parts. We did not altogether approve of the *Tempo*, in which the funeral march was taken; according to our idea, CARL BERGMANN took it a trifle too slow; but the first movement left nothing to be wished for on the part of the conductor—with heroic calmness he led the many-colored mass. Mr. MILLS played Weber's *Polonaise* clearly and brilliantly. We cannot say that we like Liszt's orchestral additions; they are not made with the tact we are accustomed to in many of his arrangements. Among all existing violin concertos, that of Mendelssohn is one of the foremost; it is a noble work in the fullest sense of the word, and one of the finest productions of Mendelssohn's muse. Mr. THEODORE THOMAS did it justice in his performance. We have seldom heard it better played. His tone was clear, and he possesses the strength necessary for the Academy—so badly constructed as to acoustic effect. Neither did he fail to give it the requisite feeling. In listening to the playing of Mr. Thomas, we have sometimes fancied that it was as if he were afraid lest his hearers might suspect that he also felt as a man feels—and ought to hide it—but on Saturday, as Beethoven was accustomed to say, he "*knöpfte sich auf*," and in future his reserve will be useless, for now we know he is not made of stone. Save in one moment the orchestra accompanied him finely; and here we must render a tribute to the fine instinct, the carefulness, the precision with which Carl Bergmann leads all accompaniments to solo performances. And this is not the easiest task for a director.

Weber's overture sounded finely. Liszt's "*Pre-ludes*" closed the evening. This composition of the "new school," has won the popular favor here, and rightly so. It is a brilliant virtuoso piece, a tropical plant that intoxicates the senses. But we advise the man who is only accustomed to the breath of lilies and violets, and who cannot inhale the narcotic perfume of Liszt's melodies without headache, to avoid his garden of enchantment. We do not belong to those musical pietists who always begin to tremble for the well-being of art, as soon as the names of Liszt, Berlioz, or Wagner are mentioned. We are also far from placing these representatives of the new school in the same rank as Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann; but no one can deny that these men have an idea and an ideal, and strive to realize both with great perseverance, self-sacrifice and intelligence. How far they have erred into the wrong path, how far their conceptions have become abnormal in form and contents, how far they have made use of (musically speaking) super-sensuous means to attain their ends—time will judge. But only prejudice and narrowness would entirely banish these composers from our concerts.

## ITALIAN OPERA.

The performances of the last two weeks have been *Don Giovanni*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Rigoletto*, *Il Trovatore*, *Il Poluto* (twice), *Faust* (twice), and *Martha*, at evening and matinée representations. The most effective was probably that of the weakest opera in the list, "*Poliuto*"—the weakest, if we take into consideration what might have been done with the subject, and how little Donizetti and his librettist have done; still there remain many dramatic moments, which can be brought out strongly into relief, when a highly dramatic artist, such as is Mme. CAROZZI-ZUCCHI, undertakes the character of Paulina. Beautiful, a careful actress, often carried by enthusiasm to a height of dramatic power that her good taste always prevents her from overstepping, possessing a powerful and pleasing voice of tolerable execution, and less touched in its freshness and steadiness than might be expected in an exponent of passionate music, no longer in the prime of youth, Madame Zucchini is undoubtedly the most satisfactory prima donna who has appeared on the Italian operatic stage here for some years. As Donna Anna also, she displayed an unhoped for appreciation of this noble character; unhoped for, we say, for in fact, it is so above the comprehension of ordinary Italian prima donnas, and has been so barbarously murdered here, that New York audiences in general have got into the habit of looking on "poor" Donna Anna as a sort of supernumerary mourner, and are utterly ignorant of the sublime beauties, calling for as sublime a donna to express them, contained in the role; while audiences in particular have given up the hope of seeing this fine character represented as it should be.

As *Lucrezia* and *Leonora*, Mme. Zucchini was less effective with the public, because more self-concentrated in her expression of these characters; still she showed herself a thinking, as well as a gifted artist. Signor MASSIMILIANI is, there is no disguising the patent fact, a most unsatisfactory first tenor, the tone of his voice, not an uncommonly powerful one, is compressed and covered; his articulation is indistinct, and his style unfinished. As an actor he is too often cold and embarrassed, and his appearance and manner are not imposing. These deficiencies in the premier have made LOTTI's thread-like tenor, and uniform conception of parts, appear to better advantage and meet with more favor than they did last season. With the exception of the fine baritone, BELLINI, and, of course, Miss KELLOGG, the whole company is far behind Mme. Zucchini. The contralto, Mlle. MORENSI, needs to acquire more dramatic animation, if she would follow up the advantages which her pleasing voice and appearance give her. The second contralto, Miss GEBELE, a new German singer, needs vastly more cultivation; while SUSINI's once fine organ is growing woolly in quality of tone, and unmanagable. Miss Kellogg, in *Faust*, in *Martha*, and as "*Zerlina*," has renewed her old successes. Mrs. VAN ZANDT, who has been favorably known as a concert singer during the past two years, made her debut on Friday evening, as Gilda in Verdi's *Rigoletto*. This lady, whose appearance is very prepossessing, is the owner of a light soprano voice, which she has cultivated to good purpose, under the guidance of Signor Abella. On the evening of her debut, fright partially paralyzed her efforts at first, but towards the end of the opera she became more herself. Future performances will no doubt place her among the first of American sopranos. The so-called "fall season" is now over; the winter season is to commence on the 14th November. We are again promised (?) by the management, Donizetti's *Don Sebastian*, and Auber's new arrangement of his *Fra Diavolo*, but not a word of the more important works which were promised at the opening—to-wit: *Les Huguenots*, *Le Prophète*, *Mireille* and *La Forza del Destino*. When will the patience of operatic subscribers at last wear out?

LANCELOT.

## Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE  
LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson &amp; Co.

## Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Simon the Cellarer. J. L. Hatton. 30  
A comic song of the old sort. It is quite popular.
- Thou everywhere. (Ubersall du.) J. Lachner. 50  
One of the most charming of German songs. The poet sees the image of his love in all things fair, hears her voice in all sweet sounds; she is "everywhere" to him. The music is rich and melodious. In five flats.
- The pleasures of youth. (Io voglio il piacer,) Duet. "Faust." 30  
This is the well known duet between Faust and Mephistopheles. The song by Faust, with a similar melody, was published and noticed some months since. For Tenor and Bass voices.
- Josephine to Napoleon. Mrs. Onslow. 30  
A charming ballad, in good classical style. You will begin to sing it with the idea that it is quaint and old fashioned. But it will be very difficult to sing it through without liking it.
- My mother's cot. Song and chorus. F. Wilson. 30  
A simple and sweet ballad, by the author of "The Jockey Hat and Feather."
- When we meet again. Song and chorus. J. H. McNaughton. 30  
A good song for friends who are leave taking.

## Instrumental Music.

- Farragut's grand march. J. Strauss. 40  
Very spirited. Has a portrait of the old hero on the title page.
- Spanisches Ständchen. (Spanish melody,) Op. 149. F. Spindler. 50  
A kind of fantasia on a very pretty air. It is somewhat difficult, but pays well for learning.
- Maj. Gen. Sheridan's grand march. With portrait. Gungl. 40  
Very energetic and powerful. Has a fine portrait of the newest of our great generals.
- La Priere d'une mere. Reverie for Piano. J. T. Trebell. 50  
In the general style of the Nun's prayer and similar compositions. A fine piece, and will well repay study.
- Qui vive! Grand galop de concert. W. Gaus. 75  
Quite brilliant and powerful, and of medium difficulty.
- Fairy glen. Polka redowa. A. H. Fernald. 30  
An elegant little piece.

## Books.

THE YOUNG LADIES' VOCAL ALBUM. A collection of Choruses, Trios and Duets. Selected and adapted for the use of Academies, Seminaries and Singing classes.

By Charles D. G. Adam. \$1.50

The good books for young ladies' seminaries are not numerous, and an addition to the limited list will be welcome to teachers. Mr. Adams is a "practical teacher" himself, and familiar with the wants of the profession. His book contains a quantity of new and fresh music, and includes a course of vocal exercises and solfeggios, by Rossini.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 617.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 26, 1864.

VOL. XXIV. No. 18.

## Sea-Shore.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

[From the Boatwain's Whistle.]

I heard or seemed to hear the chiding Sea  
Say, Pilgrim, why so late and slow to come?  
Am I not always here, thy Summer home?  
Is not my voice thy music, morn and eve?  
My breath thy healthful climate in the heats,  
My touch thy antidote; my bay thy bath!  
Was ever building like my terraces?  
Was ever couch magnificent as mine?  
Lie on the warm rock-ledges, and there learn  
A little hut suffices like a town.  
I make your sculptured architecture vain,  
Vain beside mine:—  
Lo! here is Rome, and Nineveh, and Thebes,  
Karnak, and Pyramid, and Giant's Stairs.  
Half piled or prostrate; and my newest slab  
Older than all thy race.

Behold the Sea,  
The opaline, the plentiful and strong,  
Yet beautiful as is the rose in June.  
Fresh as the trickling rain: 'ow of July:  
Sea full of food, the nourisher of kinds,  
Purger of earth and medicine of men;  
Creating a sweet climate by my breath,  
And, in my mathematic ebb and flow,  
Giving a hint of that which changes not.  
Rich are the Sea-gods;—who gives gifts but they?  
They grope the sea for pearls, but more than pearls:  
They pluck Force thence, and give it to the wise.  
For every wave is wealth to Dædalus,—  
Wealth to the cunning artist who can work  
This matchless strength. Where shall he find, O waves!  
A load your Atlas shoulders cannot lift?

I with my hammer pounding evermore  
The rocky coast, smite Andes into dust,  
Strewing my bed, and, in another age,  
Rebuild a continent of better men.  
Then I unbar the doors: my paths lead out  
The exodus of nations: I disperse  
Men to all shores that front the hoary main.

I too have arts and sorceries;  
Illusion dwells forever with the waves.  
I know what shells are laid. Leave me to deal  
With credulous, imaginative man.  
For, though he scoop my water in his palm,  
A few rods off he deems it gems and clouds.  
Planting strange fruits and sunshine on the shore,  
I make some coast alluring, some lone isle,  
To distant men who must go there, or die.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Half a dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

### II. ANTONIO SALIERI.

[Concluded from page 338.]

A revival at Paris, in 1817, with immense success, of "*Les Danaïdes*," with a very few slight changes in the music, and some new dances composed by Spontini, Paer and Berton, brought Salieri, not only an increase of income, but exceedingly grateful letters from Spontini, Moline, Persuis (Director of the Grand Opera), and Herold, composer of *Zampa*. The latter says: All Paris will hear this beautiful opera, and the vast crowds which besiege the doors of the theatre at each performance, prove that we know how to appreciate your works. One thing we heartily lament—that we cannot see you here in Paris. Happy they, who, like me, can listen to you and benefit by your instructions. How much I regret that I did not longer remain in Vienna. I shall never forget what you have done for me, and

least of all the kindness with which you gave me many an excellent piece of advice. The good fortune which I have thus far had upon the stage, I attribute entirely to the instruction which I had of you—your teachings are invaluable," &c.

His duties in the chapel, during the year 1818, were relieved by preparing his "*Tarare*" for a new revival at the Paris Grand Opera; by some small works for the "Music Friends" and their conservatorium; and by an excursion with Prince Dietrichstein, and as his guest, to the various seats of that nobleman. The "*Tarare*" came on the stage again, Feb. 3, 1819, and in August, Persuis sent him 1100 francs as his percentage on the profits of the two revised operas.

I find nothing noted as belonging to this year (1819), except the finishing of a grand *Te Deum*, though Mosel says he passed the summer in the country and employed himself "in select society, with singing, reading, and the composition of new, or the improving of old works."

In the spring of 1820 he began a labor, which was purely one of gratitude and love.

"The Pension-Institute for the widows and orphans of Vienna musicians" was founded [by Gassmann, and incorporated by the imperial government in 1771; the act granting not only a handsome sum of money down, but the right to give four benefit concerts annually—two at Christmas and two in holy week—on days when no theatres are allowed to be opened for the usual performances. For the first of these concerts, (1771) Gassmann composed Metastasio's "*Betulia liberata*," which was brought out with upwards of two hundred performers—at that time a large number.

Salieri's composition for the 25th anniversary, in 1796, of that institution has been already noticed. From that time he had always taken part in the concerts; for some he delivered new pieces; at others he sat at the piano-forte, or assumed the principal direction; and not unfrequently took all the labor of instructing the solo singers. Though now in his 70th year, and feeling the approaching failure of his physical powers, the hope became strong that he might live to take part in the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the institution. For that occasion he undertook to make such a revision of his old master's "*Betulia liberata*" as should make it correspond to the demands of the then present condition of the musical art. His work was, however, interrupted, especially in the autumn of that year, (1820), by failing strength, and violent pains, which often prevented him from closing his eyes all the night long, and of course rendered him too weak for any labor for the next following days.

During one of these sleepless nights, he set the following words to music: "*Spiritus meus attenuabitur, Dies mei breviabuntur, et solum mihi superest sepulcrum*," (my spirit grows feeble; my days are shortened, and to me the tomb alone remains.)—a composition which he often sang with his pupils. In the winter his health improved, and his hilarity and pleasure in labor

enabled him to bear with the minor ills that still plagued him. In April, 1821, he suffered much with his eyes; but the evil being happily overcome, he finished the "*Betulia*," shortening the antiquated recitatives and airs, adding choruses and the like; working always in the spirit and style of Gassmann, and that so effectually as not to disturb the unity of the work. To give a more festive character to the occasion, he composed a march and grand chorus, text by F. Treitschke, to the memory of Gassmann. The chorus was divided into two parts, the first preceded by the march opening the concert, the second being sung after the "*Betulia*." The first part was sung by a chorus of fifty boys, assembled around a laurel-crowned bust of Gassmann; the second by all the voices present. The concert took place April 15, under the direction of Umlauf, Salieri's eyes preventing him from taking any active part. All the expenses of copying, of the bust, &c., were borne by Salieri, and amounted to at least a thousand florins. The concert closed with Klopstock's ode "*Frühlingsfeier*" (Celebration of Spring) set by Abbé Stadler. The next evening the second concert took place, at which Haydn's "*Creation*" was given, his bust standing in front, the cost of which also was borne by Salieri,—in short, the entire cost of both concerts was assumed by the now aged composer. Mosel translates these words from Salieri's notes upon this occasion: "Thus, I think, I have publicly proved my gratitude to my teacher, father and benefactor, Florian Gassmann, and my veneration for his memory; and that I have thus not unworthily brought my musical life to its close."

His eyes still troubled him and grew dim; yet he could read and write in moderation and take his walks. The next spring (1822) the sleepless nights came again; but on the whole he was not dissatisfied, for he writes: "I can eat, sing, take walks and gossip; still, however, I think often upon death, and keep myself ready at any moment to receive him."

On the eighth of June, says Anselm Hüttenbrenner, in the article previously quoted, Salieri drove with me and another pupil by way of Hütteldorf to Weidlingen [two lovely villages among the hills a few miles west of Vienna], where we wandered long in the romantic garden of Prince Dietrichstein. When we had reached the highest point of the park, we sang a *terzet* in praise of the grandeur of creation. The good master was deeply affected, and turning his eyes to the clouds about the setting sun, he said: "I feel that the end of my days is drawing near; my senses are failing me; my delight and strength in creating songs are gone: he, who once was honored by half Europe, is forgotten; others have come and are the objects of admiration; one must give place to another. Nothing remains to me, but trust in God, and the hope of an unclouded existence in the Land of Peace."

This summer, besides keeping up gratis the instruction of his pupils, he amused himself with reading through all his long series of compositions in regular order.

"It is a pleasure for me," he writes, "to find more good than bad in them, and when, as now and then happens, I am able to improve a passage, which had always displeased me, but which I was unable to correct, then no one is happier than I. It may be said that a very little, then, can make me happy; nay, for this only proves the passion of an artist for his art, without which no one would ever produce anything really good."

The January of 1823 was very cold and dry, and seemed to give the old man new strength; for his walks were frequently continued three hours without exhausting him, and that too when the snow forced him to confine himself within the city walls. His wet weather work was still instruction, both in the morning hours, and after dinner until 5 P.M., while in the evenings, till 10 or 11 o'clock, he was as busy as ever in studying his old compositions, or in writing out those short pieces which he so much delighted to compose.

But the spring was wretchedly cold and rainy, and his health failed rapidly. The sulphur baths at Baden (near Vienna) in the summer, and then artificial ones at home, helped him somewhat; but in October his nervous system broke down, and the last hardly legible words written with his lamed hand, are given by Mosel:—

"Gen. 1824. Dio Santissimo! misericordia di me."

(Jan. 1824. Most Holy God! Have mercy upon me.)"

There was now no hope that he could ever again officiate in the chapel, and he sent in a petition to be pensioned. Moritz, Count Dietrichstein—(at this present writing, September, 1864, confined to his room by extreme old age)—had succeeded Kueffstein as Musikgraf. He was himself a composer, and for two generations has been one of the musical authorities of Vienna. He was the one to communicate the answer to Salieri's petition, which he did under date June 15, 1824—the 58th anniversary of the petitioner's arrival in Vienna with Gassmann. He wrote:—

"His Majesty has, by decision dated Prague, the 6th inst., been pleased to grant the petition, offered of your own free will, to be relieved of further duties, and that too with retention of your full salary.

"You will have no doubt, I flatter myself, as to the feelings with which I make known this decision—a duty devolving upon me through my official position. They are the feelings of respect, admiration and gratitude, to which few men in the walks of art have so clear a claim as you.

"In the service of four monarchs of the imperial house you have proved an incorruptible truth and devotion, and a perfect self-negation, which have never for a moment wavered, even in the most diverse, and, for less magnanimous persons than you, tempting relations.

"You have produced a long list of immortal works in almost all branches of music; and, while striving to emulate your great model, Gluck, and your ever honored teacher, Gassmann, you have solidly founded your own fame.

"Through your philanthropy, through your peculiar gift for teaching and friendly communication of knowledge, and through the charms of your social qualities, you have made yourself the centre of a circle of disciples in art, who must thank you, some for their pecuniary welfare, oth-

ers for the elevation of their tastes and the purest enjoyment. Your beneficial influence upon the musical art and all others related to it is not to be mistaken; and if the former has wandered into many a by-path, still she will by degrees, like so many other things in this world, find her way back to the true standpoint, and throw new glory around her favorites.

"As to myself, through the grace of his Majesty, the Emperor, it has now for six years been my good fortune to be in closer relations to you. I found you already, after 50 years of honorable service, adorned with the marks of imperial favor, with which those of a foreign monarch were joined. I found you in the possession of the respect and affection of your fellow citizens, and of all who favor the loveliest of the arts.

"And now physical afflictions hindered active duties, and this was sufficient to induce you—you to whom zeal in your office was ever above all else—to that step, which gives you your well-earned repose.

"May you enjoy it in full measure; arm yourself, as hitherto, with that greatness of soul, which belongs to a spirit like yours; forget not your noble, irreproachable life, your numberless friends and admirers, and make a place among them for him, who with heartfelt emotion, and the expression of his most distinguished respect, now takes leave of you."

MORITZ, COUNT V. DIETRICHSTEIN,  
Court Musikgraf."

Upon the acceptance of Salieri's resignation, Joseph Eybler, the Vice Chapelmaster, was advanced to the head of the music in the palace chapel.

It is both amusing and melancholy to read in the Beethoven conversation books, the gossip retailed by his nephew and other intimates. Salieri, as the most distinguished and venerable relic of the preceding generation of Vienna musicians, has his place in that gossip. At one time Carl relates that the poor old broken down man has become so penurious as not to allow his daughters to marry, being unwilling to grant them marriage portions! And when the story gains currency that the old composer has confessed his having poisoned Mozart—a story which it is now perfectly well known had no foundation, other than the possible vagaries of insanity—the youth very wisely informs his uncle, that very probably there is something in it!

The fact is, that after January, 1824, Salieri broke down very rapidly: and the entire prostration of his nervous system brought with it mental aberration. But both his physician and his two constant attendants publicly testified—as may be seen in the *Harmonicon*, IV. 90—that no expressions ever passed the sick man's lips in their hearing, which could give color to the idea.

The old man lingered on through another year, and finally closed his long and useful career at 8 P.M., on the 7th of May, 1825—in the ninth month of his 75th year—and was honored at his funeral by the presence of all the members of the court musical establishment, with Count Dietrichstein at the head, and by all the distinguished composers and musicians then in Vienna.

Among his manuscripts was found the *Requiem* already mentioned, entitled by his own hand: "*Messa funebre piccola, da me, piccolissimo, Antonio Salieri*," which was sung in the Italian church by his pupils, old and new, at the solemn

mass to his memory a few days after his burial. Mosel, himself a composer, who knew Salieri intimately, and to whom the papers of the deceased were intrusted, describes him thus:

Salieri was in stature small rather than large, neither fat nor lean, of a brunette complexion, lively eyes, black hair, temperament choleric, quick-tempered, but able to say with Horace: "*tamen ut placabilis essem*," for reflection always very quickly took the place of his anger. He was fond of order and neatness; dressed in the mode, but always in clothes suited to his years. All games were alike indifferent to him. He drank nothing but water, but was inordinately fond of cake and sweetmeats. Reading, music, and solitary walks were his favorite amusements. Ingratitude was hateful to him; on the contrary, among the pleasantest of his duties were those which a sense of obligation imposed upon him. He enjoyed doing good, when he had opportunity, and his purse was always open to those in need. He liked to talk, especially upon his art, a topic on which he was inexhaustible. Sloth was disgusting, skepticism horrible to him. When he was in the wrong he gladly confessed it; and even when in the right, if the dispute was not one touching his honor, or even that of a third person, he not unfrequently, for the sake of peace, bore the appearance of being in the wrong. He had a terror of pain and misfortune; when they came, however, he found a support in religion, and patiently bore his afflictions. Discreet praise gave him pleasure; when exaggerated it was painful. At times he was oppressed with a melancholy, which he could not explain, and would weep without being able to assign any reason for it. When in these moods he thought often of death, though without fear, and could pass no picturesque group of trees upon an elevated spot, without wishing to be buried beneath them. In general, however, he was in good spirits and full of life; his politeness, his joyous disposition, his jovial and always harmless wit made him one of the pleasantest of companions: this last quality not seldom relieved him when in a stait. On one occasion, a woman who occupied lodgings in a house belonging to Mme. Salieri and her two brothers, demanded some impossible change in the dwelling. She had applied in vain to the elder brother, who had charge of the house, and now besieged Salieri, who vainly explained to her that this was a matter entirely out of his sphere, that he could not give power to make a change which his brother-in-law had declared impossible, &c. She came again and again, until the composer, having exhausted his explanations finally closed the business by saying: "Well, madame, that you may see it is no want of good will on my part to do what I can for you, just write out your demand and I will set it to music." The woman laughed and left him in peace.

Salieri had made a vow to bestow gratis, that which he had received gratis from his benefactor Gassmann. Therefore he not only instructed young talent, which was to make music the means of subsistence, for nothing, but his receipts for lessons to the nobility and the rich were a fund, which he distributed among the poor musicians of Vienna.

In the *Leipzig Musikalische Zeitung*, XII., 196, is a communication from Salieri in relation to Gluck's last works, worthy of being translated; in XIII. 207, copy of an order to the imperial or-

chestra in relation to the proper style of violin playing equally, well worth translation; and in the XXVIIth and XXXth volumes are very interesting reminiscences of him by Rochlitz and Anselm Hüttenbrenner.

A. W. T.

### The Art of Ballad Writing.

[FIRST PAPER.]

English ballad writing is emphatically an art now a-days, and scarcely anything beyond an art. Twenty and thirty years ago poets there were in the ranks of our half-crown balladeers who graced true touches of nature on their art-growths. They wrote from strong subjective impulse, and anacronisms such as Moore wrote will consequently never die. But this is not the age of the pure ballad. Few of our poets condescend to study the peculiarities of the sung ballad, and consequently not one in ten of their songs is suitable for music. Tennyson is a marked case in point. When we get a contribution of his that is really a short lyric, how the listening world is charmed to hear it, however indifferent the music may be! But it is only now and again that we have the luck to get any effusion of the Laureate's capable of being set to musical strains pleasant to the ear; and, as in his case, so also it is with the most brilliant poetical creators of our time. They will not, as a rule, sing. The consequence has been that, to supply musicians with words, mere versifiers have for many years flourished greenly in the Arcadian bower of song.

The modern ballad (with, let us grant, some brilliant exceptions) being written solely from objective impulse, it is not difficult to describe and analyse the *modus operandi* employed. This we propose to do, and to facilitate matters we shall separate modern song writing (objectively considered) into six schools, as follows:—

- I. THE WARDOUR STREET SCHOOL,
- II. THE HOROLOGICAL SCHOOL,
- III. THE PROVERBIAL SCHOOL,
- IV. THE SARAH JANE SCHOOL,
- V. THE VINOUSLY PATRIOTIC SCHOOL,
- VI. THE FUNERAL SCHOOL.

Let us, this week, consider how the workman of School No. I., the Wardour Street, turns out his ballad. He glories in decayed furniture—hence the name of his school. For him a frying-pan contains a maudlin romance; song lurks in a well stuffed easy chair; poetry oozes from a water-bucket; and ballads suggest themselves from delf-ware and brass candlesticks. The one condition is, they must be *old*,—that is indispensable to our balladeer's mode of mechanism. If we mistake not, it was Miss Eliza Cook that first set a-going the Wardour Street School, by writing such mawkish trash as the "Old arm-chair."

"I love it, I love it, and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving the old arm-chair?"

Nobody, of course, unless those who are weak-minded enough to rebut the veriest platitudes and puerilities. But the semi-success of such songs as that and more of its class, brought Wardour Street into full play. For a long time—the munitia is not expired yet—it was as if balladeers had discovered the philosophers' stone of publishers' songs. It was so easy. Nothing to do but to get some household utensils in a state of venerable and singable decay, and lo! the ballad was all but done. It was only essential to write sixteen lines, referring every event in one's life to the household article in question, and wind up every octave of lines with its name and the adjectival adjunct of "old." Surely this was not difficult? Suppose we try, by way of illustration, to cook up a Wardour Street song? Anything will do. Let us say a door mat (although the subject is not half so ridiculous as many morbid effusions which people sing to this day and call pathetic)!

First, then, we have to get a refrain with "Door-mat," and "old" in it, and all that remains is to get the hero or heroine of the ballad into a state of extreme despondency, when, of course, their only solace is to think of "The old door mat."

This is invariably the case with people in the Wardour Street ballad. When life's horizon is dark—or they get crossed in love—or are cut down in fight—or are about to be drowned in a cyclone—they immediately turn their thoughts to the "old arm chair," or the "old green lane," or the "old butter boat," or "old elm tree," or other salutary and probable reminiscence of the same kind. Now, as regards the matter of the first and second verses: sometimes the poetaster devotes his First to a consideration of early associations with the subject of the

ballad, and his Second to the memory thereof in after time. Or again, he will often devote both verses to utter despondency or despair, upon which breaks in the light of the "butter boat," or the "old flight of stairs," in the last line of each verse. In our song, let us adopt the former of these two systems, and presuming that "sat" and "hat" are obvious and suggestive rhymes to "mat"—we get, without further trouble, the following model lyric—

#### THE OLD DOOR-MAT.

I.

Oh! fondly still returns the day  
When I was still a child,  
And roamed among the verdant groves,  
And plucked the roses wild;  
At night within the old arm-chair,  
My mother smiling sat—  
My father, too, I paused to view  
Upon the old door-mat—  
Ah! yes;  
Upon the old door mat.

II.

But dreary years have passed away,  
And care is on my brow;  
I do not ramble in the lanes,  
Or pull the wild flow'rs now.  
But when the evening-tide is come,  
And flits the dreary bat,  
With blinding tears I think of thee,  
My lov'd and lost door-mat.  
Ah! yes;  
My lov'd and lost door-mat.

Permission to set the above will be obtained by applying at the "Orchestra" office; and we should not be surprised to have applications. Sometime ago we published in a *feuilleton* some amazingly ridiculous verses, meant sarcastically to imitate the namby-pamby school of song writing; but what was our horror to receive a letter, a few days after publication, seriously requesting permission to set the same!

Next week we purpose going into the manner and matter of the Horological and Proverbial Schools, with illustrative examples—*London Orchestra*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Beethoven's "Sonate Pathétique,"

AS A PIECE FOR PUPILS.

We hear it sometimes said that Beethoven is the fashion. Perhaps this is true to a certain extent. At the same time it may be doubted, whether the Sonatas of this greatest of all tone-poets, this Shakespeare in music, receive that attention from the piano-playing community, to which they are entitled. One may well say: a pianist, who does not know Beethoven's sonatas, misses the best part of his musical enjoyments. However, young players should not approach these pieces, except under the guidance of a good teacher, or some other competent person. In the first place, it must be remembered that there are sonatas in the hands of the public composed by Beethoven in his early boyhood, of which some are scattered about singly, others included in the *Complete edition of Beethoven's Sonatas*, as republished, in two handsome volumes, by Ditson & Co. The two sonatas op. 49, contained in the second volume, belong to these juvenile works. The Sonatina, op. 79, may be classed with them, though—in spite of its being called Sonatina, i. e., little Sonata—it is in every respect greater, and plainly foreshadows the later Beethoven. How these pieces have come to be close neighbors to some of the grandest creations of our master's fancy, is a mystery not yet explained. Ernst von Elterlein, in his pamphlet, "*Beethoven's Clavier Sonaten, für Freunde der Tonkunst*," may well exclaim with indignation, that some one, who might have better attended to his own business, has smuggled these works into the edition as they now stand. To be sure, they are pretty pieces; but the spirit of that Beethoven, to whom it is my object here to call the attention of pupils and teachers, is not manifest in them.

There is another reason why young pianists should not begin to study Beethoven's Sonatas, unless guided by some teacher or person perfectly acquainted with them. Many beautiful traits contained in these compositions will conceal themselves from the beginner, if they are not pointed out to him; and it is desirable that his first impression should be as

complete as possible. For this reason it is plainly not a matter of indifference which of the twenty-nine Sonatas—after making the above exceptions—is selected for the trial. Teachers will of course differ, according to the nature and capacity of the pupil who is to study the piece. However, do not suppose that the three of the Sonatas published as op. 2., because they stand lowest in number and open the first volume, are necessarily the ones to begin with. For my part, as a preparatory step, I should choose op. 14, No. 2; especially on account of its cheerful, sunny countenance, and because it is shorter and not so difficult. Still, it may be as well to give them at once a taste of the style, peculiar to the master, in the shape of the *Sonate Pathétique*. This piece is written in Beethoven's—I should almost say—favorite key, C minor. He has composed in this key some of his finest works; works, that for ideal beauty, are unsurpassed, if ever equalled, and which consequently, command the admiration of all schools and parties. Think, for example, only of the Fifth Symphony and the Overture to *Coriolanus*! Indeed, it seems to me that the true nature and spirit of Beethoven is in no key so strikingly manifest as in C minor; or in other words, that his grand, deep, and incomparable genius found in this key just its true medium of expression.\*

The *Sonate Pathétique*, then, though by no means one of the grandest among the sonatas by Beethoven, is admirably adapted for opening the eyes of young pianists to the beauties of the great tone-poet. Besides, it is more piano-ish or piano-like (*claviermäßig*, as they correctly say in German), and easier of execution than most others of the same size. It is even in a certain degree brilliant, and players hitherto devoted to music in the brilliant or bravura style—that is, in plain English, showy style—will accordingly become more easily reconciled to the task before them. Again, the *Pathétique* has the true Sonata form, consisting, as it does, of the regular three movements, which forever will commend itself as most consistent with the nature as well as intent of a Sonata, viz., 1, Allegro; 2, Adagio; 3, Allegro; or fast, slow, fast; or, action, repose, action. A glance through the two volumes will convince any one that Beethoven has taken great liberties with this what I should call outward form of the Sonata. Not only do some consist of four movements, while others have three or two only; but the order in which they follow each other is often contrary to the established rule. But, then, as Schiller says:

"Der Meister kann die Form zerbrechen  
Mit weiser Hand zur rechten Zeit."

(The master may break the form, with wise hand, at the right time.)

The *Sonate Pathétique*, as observed, has the regular outward form; and is a model also in respect to the inward form or structure, that is, the way in which the themes and motives of each movement are conducted or worked up. Again, the three movements correspond admirably with each other, the whole sonata being, as it were, of one cast. This cannot be said of most sonatas, not even of all of Beethoven's.

The general character of the sonata is indicated by the composer himself in the word *pathétique*, or pathetic. Let us glance at the three movement in succession.

Before proceeding, we will remember that the first movement of a Sonata, Symphony, stringed Quartet, Quintet, or any piece based on the Sonata form, according to an established custom, consists of three parts or divisions. In the first of these parts the first and second main subjects, besides other secondary themes, phrases, melodies, motives, etc., are introduced one after another, without being subjected to much treatment. The part is then repeated. This repeat, by the way, is not always superfluous and to be left out, as many suppose. On the contrary it is

\*We are afraid this is all imaginary.—Ed.

often based on deep reasons, and when passed over may destroy the proper balance or symmetry of the whole movement. A repeat should always conscientiously be observed, unless the performer has taste, knowledge and experience enough to be sure that the piece is improved, and not mutilated, by the liberties taken with the composer's prescriptions. After the repetition of the first, begins the second (or middle) part. It might also be called the scientific, or intellectual part; at any rate, it is, in general, more harmonic than melodic, more artful than expressive, appeals more to the head than to the heart; and persons not musically cultivated enough to appreciate achievements in the art of counterpoint and modulation, find it the least interesting, often tedious. It is instructive to notice how superior Beethoven appears in this part to his predecessors; he has redeemed it from the odium formerly attached to it; he has infused into the skeleton life, soul and expression. In this part,—though it may sometimes bring a new subject,—the different themes, already heard in the first division, are thoroughly worked up, so as to appear in all sorts of transformations, till finally, by some skilful turn, a passage is cleared for the first main subject to make its appearance again, with which then the third part begins. This third part corresponds with the first one so much that it is often literally the same, except that the second main subject, and all which it has in its train, appear in a different key. Sometimes a *coda* or appendix, generally a summary of the leading subjects, is added. The second and third parts are rarely separated by a double bar—as is exceptionally the case in the *Sonate Pathétique*,—and in common parlance are frequently spoken of together as the second part.

(To be continued.)

**MUSICAL MACHINE.**—One Herr Endres of Mayence, has discovered a machine which will write down music as fast as it is played, thus entirely doing away with the great labor of composing. A German paper thus describes the invention, which seems too good to be true:

"This machine, the inward organization of which is still a secret, may be adapted with very little trouble, and at small cost, to any new or old keyed instrument, such as the organ, piano, &c., without the slightest injury to the same. Though, too, it is reckoned for any number of octaves, it is also so small in compass that it can be completely concealed under or behind the instrument. Leaving out of the question the mechanism inside, the visible process outside consists in inserting at one end of the machine an endless strip of paper, about two inches broad, which comes out at the other end with red lines ruled on it, and the notes, &c., printed thereon in black. The machine reproduces every note sounded by the keys, be the notes on or between the lines, not only marking their position, as *c*, *d*, *e*, and so on, but their value as conveyed by the usual characters; that is it, prints off the notes as demi-semiquavers, semi-quavers, crotchets, and semibreves; it shows whether they are dotted or not; marks the pauses; the *forte* and the *piano*; points out where the employment of the pedal commences and where it leaves off; and, in a word reproduces the music so completely, that very little is left for the pen to do afterwards. Following every wish of the player as willingly as his fingers, the mechanism works in three-four time or four-four time (and every other time may be reduced to these) and proceeds quickly or slowly at pleasure. But it does even more; it immediately transposes any piece of music from one key to another. While, however, it enables a composer instantaneously to preserve his musical thoughts and fancies by means of the usual notation, it also gives us the power of immediately taking a copy of every piece of music; of writing out from a score the separate parts of instrumental compositions; and of exercising a control over learners by showing whether they play correctly (for it marks every fault) and whether they have repeated certain passages so and so many times; thanks to this invention a deaf person may see what he has played; the master give his pupil a lesson without being close to him, and so forth. If this new machine can really do all, which, to judge by the experiments already made, there is hardly any doubt it can do, it will certainly occasion a revolution in the world of music."

**ANOTHER LARGE ORGAN.**—The Messrs. Hook have built, within the past year, three remarkable organs: first, the very noble one for the "Church of the Immaculate Conception," in this city, which is, we believe, the largest church organ in the United States; secondly, the great concert organ at Worcester, which is the largest ever built in this country, and only second to the Organ in our Music Hall (the former having 53 sounding stops, 3504 pipes, no stop of 32 feet, but 8 of 16 feet, and seven stops in the Pedale; the latter, 89 sounding stops, 5474 pipes, three 32 ft. stops, thirteen 16 ft., and 20 stops in the Pedale). And now comes the third, which claims precedence in size over any to be found in Protestant churches in the United States, and which has recently been placed in the "South Congregational Church" of this city (Rev. Edward Hale, pastor), for which it was built from specifications prepared by Mr. B. J. LANG, the organist of the church. This organ contains 41 speaking stops (properly 38, when we consider that in three instances the bass and treble of the same series are counted separately); 2260 pipes; 7 Pedal stops, one of which, a Bourdon, has the 32 ft. tone; 6 of 16 feet; and no less than 18 stops of 8 feet. These will serve as points of comparison as to size or volume; but we subjoin the maker's description, which the reader can analyze for himself,—reserving further remark till we can get more acquainted with the work.

#### Great Manual.

1. Grand Principal	16 feet.	58	pipes.
2. Montre,	8 "	58	"
3. Principal,	8 "	58	"
4. Viola Da Gamba,	8 "	58	"
5. Doppel Flöte,	8 "	58	"
6. Melodia,	8 "	46	"
7. Octave,	4 "	58	"
8. Twelfth,	2 2/3 "	58	"
9. Fifteenth,	2 "	58	"
10. Mixture,	2 ranks,	116	"
11. Mixture,	2 "	116	"
12. Trumpet,	8 "	58	"

#### Swell Manual.

13. Bourdon Bass,	16 feet.	13	pipes.
14. Bourdon Treble,	16 "	45	"
15. Open Diapason,	8 "	58	"
16. Salicional,	8 "	46	"
17. Gedact Bass,	8 "	13	"
18. Gedact Treble,	8 "	45	"
19. Dulce Bass,	8 "	13	"
20. Dulce Treble,	8 "	45	"
21. Flute Harmonique,	4 "	58	"
22. Octave,	4 "	58	"
23. Vox Angelica,	4 "	58	"
24. Piccolo,	2 "	58	"
25. Mixture,	3 ranks.	174	pipes.
26. Trumpet,	16 feet.	46	"
27. Trumpet,	8 "	58	"
28. Oboe,	8 "	58	"
29. Vox Humana,	8 "	58	"

#### Choir Manual.

30. Aeolina	16 feet.	58	pipes.
31. Principal,	8 "	58	"
32. Gedact,	8 "	58	"
33. Dulciana,	8 "	58	"
34. Violin,	4 "	58	"
35. Hohl Pfeife,	4 "	58	"
36. Clarinet,	8 "	58	"

#### Pedals.

37. Grand Bourdon,	32 feet	30	pipes.
38. Open Diapason,	16 "	30	"
39. Dulciana,	16 "	30	"
40. Violoncello,	8 "	30	"
41. Flute,	4 "	30	"

#### Mechanical Registers.

42. Swell to Great Coupler.			
43. Swell to Choir "	(Unison).		
44. Choir to Great "	"		
45. Great to Pedale "	"		
46. Swell to Pedale "	"		
47. Choir to Pedale "	"		
48. Tremulant ("swell.")			
49. Tremulant ("choir.")			
50. Bellows Signal.			
51. Wind Indicator.			
52. Pedale Check.			

Balanced Swell Pedal, with double action.  
Swell Combination Pedal.

#### SUMMARY.

No. of stops in Great Manual...	12, with	800 pipes,
" " Swell Manual...	14, "	904 "
" " Choir Manual...	7, "	406 "
" " Pedale.....	5, "	150 "
No. of Mechanical Registers...	11,	

Total.....52 2260 pipes.

The marked feature of this Organ, contained in no other of American manufacture in New England, if we except the celebrated Tremont Temple Organ, also made by the Messrs. Hook,—is the thirty-two feet Bourdon Stop, giving tones low and deep, beyond the power of the ear to discriminate,—which are felt rather than heard. It forms a foundation for the grand harmony of the whole, wonderfully pervading and sublime.

The Case, built by J. F. Paul, Esq., from a design by Hammatt Billings, Esq., is of Black Walnut, beautiful and elaborate, with emblematical decorations, elegantly carved, and enriched with gold.

The front pipes are of a new composition, surpassing in richness and color anything before used. They are highly polished, giving a brilliant silvery appearance, in beautiful contrast with the dark woodwork.

Many improvements in scales, voicing, and "action" appliances are here used for the first time.

The instrument is located in the gallery and fills a space twenty-three feet high, eighteen and a half feet deep, with a total breadth inside of over thirty feet.

## Fine Arts.

### Athenaeum Gallery.

#### NOTES ON THE PICTURE EXHIBITION IN AID OF THE SAILORS' FAIR.

No 307, by Lehmann, is a fine piece of classical composition, full of repose, and a feeling so tender and touching that it almost gives one pain. This artist's works are always highly classical and poetic, but the coloring is very lifeless and dull, without any atmosphere, light, or area expressed, and the flesh painting is dry, leathery, like india rubber. Yet these faults are easily lost sight of in their remarkable poetic beauty, in which he is surpassed by none of his countrymen. He reminds one, in his painting of figures, of what Heude is in landscape. They have similar defects, and are both very imaginative men, but their painting is either hard and metallic, or dry and dull.

The two pictures in this room by R. Hearn, an Irish painter working in Paris, are delightful for great tenderness of feeling and beauty of color. They are so like Lafarge's pictures as to be easily mistaken for them. This style, shadowy and, some may think, obscure, sentimental and slight, or slovenly; giving sometimes, it may be confessed, the sentiment of things at the expense of the truth and the form, yet is capable of expressing something of the mysterious tenderness and subtler beauties of nature, which few perceive, and fewer feel, unless they have some poetry in their souls. It is some such style, something in kind, as Shelley might have painted had he expressed the thirst of his soul, the feelings of beauty which haunted and possessed him, in art instead of poetry. It draws the soul out of things, and extracts from nature, which is as dry stubble to the unimaginative man, and the literal and materialistic painter, its essence, suggesting a beauty which is supreme, a thing of the soul and of the heart. It is that beauty which is not to be defined or analyzed, but only felt. The sensibility which trembles and adores. What certain stanzas in "The Sensitive Plant," the "Invocation," and the "Prometheus Unbound" give voice to, is here expressed or indicated in art:

A spirit interfused around  
A thinking silent life.

Sweet views, which in the world above  
Can never well be seen,  
Were imaged by the water's love  
Of that fair forest green.



And all was interfused beneath  
With an Elysian glow,  
An atmosphere without a breath,  
A softer day below.

This sympathetic feeling, and feeling in art or literature to those who do not bring it with them to the consideration and appreciation of these subjects, is a stumbling block, a myth, a delusion, and worse than emptiness; an affront to their sense, resented with pert scoffing, with supercilious indifference and contempt; but to the poet or artist, an ecstasy, an inspiration, a delight.

We dare maintain that the moonlight (311) in this room is much more beautiful and true, displays more knowledge, love, and feeling for nature than the pretty pieces in the next room by Cassilear. The one is a prettyism; sensational; smoothly and sweetly done enough, and is a subject sure to be effective if tolerably achieved, but displaying no subtlety or real and deep appreciation of nature. Our painters, for the most part depend upon their subject for success, not upon the doing of it. Now art which is art, which deserves the name, can dignify and give interest to meanest things. Hence, the value of still life painting which is just as much a true branch of the art as Raphael's "Transfiguration," or Michael Angelo's "Moses;" for art is the feeling for, and perception of nature in her whole range and compass, texture, mass, and detail; color, form, surface and substance. Nature is nowhere mean, but always wonderful and beautiful. The humblest object, animate or inanimate, has a world of untold beauties, if we but open our eyes to them. As the microscope unfolds the marvellous structure of nature undreamt of before, so does the poet's eye, whether he express himself in verse, in prose, or in art, pierce to the unknown depths, the essence and beauty of things unfelt and unthought of before, and lays bare their beauty to the world, revealing an inner and subtler sense. The dull and incredulous may not be alive to the inspiration, but the artist at last educates all to his standpoint of supernal vision. "He creates the taste by which he is appreciated."

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,  
And as imagination bodies forth,  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothings  
A local habitation and a name.  
Such tricks hath strong imagination.

We must grow up to the artist and not expect him to grow down to us. Our artists are in art just where the poets and many writers of the last century were in literature, still held fast by the charms of an artificial style, and a stilted and false diction; conventional, cold, shallow; dealing merely in prettiness and panorama, theatrical figure-painting, and trite, feeble attempts at reproducing reality. They are almost all wrong and have done nothing which will live. The men of genius as far as we know, may be counted on the finger ends—Hunt, Inness, Lafarge, Vedder, Babcock, Billings, Cole, Gay, Boughton, now rising fast in England, and a few others who will one day attain to fame.

The class of men who paint the sublimities of nature as you would decorate a wall, are not men of genius. Genius is not in proportion to the size of the work, or the sublimity of the subject, but often lies in little and in the doing. These men have wonderful talent, but no imagination and less feeling. To paint a mountain you must have, so to say, something of mountainous or the mountain's genius, not a mounting genius. The mountain must do more for you than it did for Mahomet. It must come to you through the soul or feeling. A painter may be capable, his genius may be adequate to give the truth and sentiment of a field, a gentle river, a hill "of mild declivity," a fall singing in the woods and shining in its own silver light and mist, like a goddess, which the ancients with their rich shaping imagination conceived it to be: a sweet brook

Which to the sleepy woods all night  
Singeth a pleasant tune  
In the leafy month of June;

but it is a very different thing to attempt to shadow forth any portion of that impressive sublimity which nature exhibits in her fastnesses and her mountains, her seas and her cataracts. These are her infinite moods, which perhaps it is vain to attempt to give in art. At any rate in the present day the French, the great artists of the age, with a true instinct have wisely forborne. The attempt to give this sublimity has hitherto failed. Hereafter we may see the artist who can do it, but thus far it has eluded men's minds and has never yet been achieved, and the effect is emptiness, vanity and desert; or a cold and sterile thing which is no more like God's mountains as they strike down into our souls, than a potato is like a sensitive plant or a lily. Turner, it is true, gives us something of the largeness, distance and glory of nature by Sea and land, over hilly tracts and leagues of level rivers and plain, where as Keats says:

"Innumerable mountains rise and rise,  
Impatient for the hallowing of thine eyes;"

but our own men, we think, have utterly failed in what they have attempted. The composition of their scene paintings is clever, and they display abundant facility and talent; but it is mechanical dexterity, and not apprehensive feeling, sympathetic emotion and representative presentation, not true, high art which they are able to give. Yet how readily they rush into this; with what acclaim and clapping of hands, and uproarious fame, "where angels fear to tread." With what temerity before they can handle well the little subject, do they dare the highest and the uttermost. These stupendous themes which would appal a modest (and all genius is modest), conscientious, truthful, feeling artist, to whom nature is in the place of his idol, his friend, his mistress, we had almost said, his god.

But we will not enlarge upon the vice of the American mind, its restless ambition and over confident spirit, which overleaps itself. Inflation and exaggeration are characteristic and inevitable to a young nation, unlimited in resources, unlimited in its future, unlimited in its growth, and expanse, and territory; unconfined in spirit and untrammelled by age, not fettered or anchored in the past, but bounding onward in the fleetness of youth and buoyancy, of expectation and emotion, to an endless career of success and intoxication.

By a natural transference and law of mind, such a people expresses itself in the superlative in art, in language, in manners and in life; emphatic, hasty, superficial and eager. In art, Johnson's dictum will hardly hold, "to aim at the eagle if you only hit the sparrow," for the result is bathos, sterility and inflation. Better do adequately what lies around us which is the true art, than seek to scale the mountains by a jump.

"Why thus forever longing, sighing,  
For the far off, the unattained, the dim,  
While the beautiful all around thee lying,  
Offers up its low perpetual hymn."

This should be the sentiment of landscape art.

## Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 20.—The Grover German Opera troupe has just finished its stay with us. During a fortnight, crowded houses testified to the interest we took in the performances; an interest, by the way, greatly excited by a previous dearth of music and by the laudatory comments of sundry journalists nearer the pole than ourselves.

*La Dame Blanche* was given on the opening night, introducing Herr LEHMANN, the new baritone, and Mlle. DZIUBA, who is to play in some of the roles formerly assumed by Mlle. CANNISSA. To say that Mlle. D. sometimes sings in better tune than

Mlle. Cannissa would be cheap praise. It is all that can be said in her favor, except that she acts well. Mme. ZIMMERMANN sang the song at the spinning wheel quite acceptably. HABELMANN did as usual, and the new baritone, Lehmann, was much admired.

On Tuesday night, the Academy held such a crowd as used to assemble there in days of yore, to admire and applaud FORMES as Bertram. It was the night of election day, and the presence of the pleasure-seeking throng might have made one ask whether our people were indifferent to the result of the political battle.

And what better cause for the large house of Tuesday evening than a desire again to witness FORMES as Bertram! Those who had not heard of the change in the quality of his voice must have left the Academy with a feeling of disappointment. The mellow bass-notes are no longer his. But then his singing was generally truthful, his appearance as of old, his conception of the arduous role as full of genius and as thoroughly artistic as ever. As a dramatic effort, it was equal to the best we have yet had and worthy of his better days, his performance in which is held in such pleasant recollection by our opera goers as to be the standard by which all future Bertrams must be content to have their claims to approval tested.

Herr HIMMER, as Robert, compared favorably with the others who have acted and sung in that role. It is, in this region, usually entrusted to some tenor who has retained his reputation but lost his voice. The Alice of Madame ROTTER displayed another phase of her dramatic talent; Mme. JOHANNSEN, as the roulade princess, sang carefully and correctly and then we had Habelmann as Raimbaud, the gentle "wandering minstrel."

*Robert le Diable* suggests a slight digression. It were too late now to deny Meyerbeer's genius. Others, abler than I to measure his talent, have written *pro* and *con*. I cannot avoid, however, adding a few remarks concerning the diabolical on the modern stage. The agents used to signalize the entrance or exit of evil spirits are, of course, intended to produce a certain effect of awe on the beholder similar to that supposed to fill the affrighted or fascinated stage hero, or heroine. And yet they invariably fail to produce such feelings. Who can imagine that the ballet of nuns in *Robert le Diable*, the Wolf's Glen in *Der Freischütz*, or the taking away of Don Juan, were intended to provoke an audience to laughter?

By the introduction of mechanical effects at the most telling moments, the composer fails of his object, and that which was well-executed as regards the music, loses its meaning. Up to the moment when the last bullet is cast, the music of the incantation scene in *Der Freischütz* aways the listener. His interest is awakened—he is all attention—he is fascinated by the weird and gloomy measures of the music. Fear and wonder agitate him, and he awaits the critical moment with as much concern as if he were another Zamiel. The word is pronounced, when lo! a piece of wire is seen to pull an owl from its perch; wooden monsters belching forth flames are wheeled across the stage; the Wild Huntsman and his troop dash through the clouds in the guise of kite bobs; twenty dollars worth of fireworks are let off, and that which began with the sublime ends with the ridiculous. All such appliances remind one of the toys and fairy tales of infancy. Need we wonder that those who have lost their love for the former, and their faith in the latter, remain unmoved by a spectacle fit only to excite the enthusiasm of a child?

In a former letter, I wrote of Gounod's *Faust*, and of the composer's failure to produce an opera worthy of the Goethean ideal. The task would have been too great for any one, and, viewed in that connection, the opera cannot satisfy. After repeated hearings, the hold of the original tragedy becomes less, and the effect of the music more potent, and then alone

can one judge impartially of the merit of Gounod's work. To deny him melody, fine ideal coloring, a mastery of effect, and, in some instances, true poetical insight into the beauties of his subject, were unfair. Gounod was, undoubtedly, elevated by his subject, but did not rise to the proper level to do it full-est justice.

HERMANN's Mephisto, FREDERICI's Gretchen, were excellent performances. Faust was done by TAMARO, in Italian. The substitution of this gentleman for Herr Himmer treated us to a more agreeable voice and a better style than we would otherwise have had in this part. But Herr Himmer, in spite of his pantomimic posturing, has a truer and more fervid conception of the character.

The March was encored. When Valentine and his German volunteers reappeared in answer to the call, the Star Spangled Banner was borne by one of the company. As in duty bound, we applauded our flag, though we were annoyed by the music. The exhibition was out of keeping, however, and savored more of patriotism than of taste, and more of clap-trap than of aught else.

I shall not enter into further details as regards special performances. *La Juive*, *Martha*, *Stradella*, *Der Freyschütz*, *Das Nuchtlager in Granada*, *Les Huguenots*, *Don Juan* and *Fidelio* followed in rapid succession. Herr Lehmann's fine voice rendered his *Don Juan* quite acceptable. *Fidelio* drew the poorest house of the season!

It is to be regretted that the liberality displayed in some directions by Mr. Grover has not reached the orchestra. Though numerically as strong, it is not as good as it was last year, and much of the material is different. The harp has been abandoned, and a piano now fills its place.

Satin programmes and advertisements to the contrary notwithstanding, Manager Grover may have a great opera troupe without its being a "grand" affair. He would, therefore, do well if he left the showy, spectacular operas to other organizations, and would only allow his singers to appear in those works to which his resources enable him to do full justice.

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## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 26, 1864.

### Metropolitan Provincialism.

Boston has hitherto enjoyed the reputation of being, in some sense, a musical metropolis—so far as that is possible in a half-musical New World; but just now we are swamped by a back tide of musical provincialisms. The newspapers call it an extremely musical week; the concert advertising column is a yard long; but the real music-lover looks through the list in vain for anything to tempt his appetite. Nothing but miscellaneous medley concerts, squads of opera singers, English and Italian, travelling parties such as start forth from New York and Boston, to "do the provinces," as they would say in London, and turn a penny in the large inland towns, the Western cities, remote outskirts of Music-land, and with the same style of programmes. No Philharmonics, no Beethoven Symphonies, no Mendelssohn or Handel Oratorios, none of the things that inspire!

Since the departure of the German Opera we have had, for such a city and for such a season, a strange dearth of good music. The Great Organ to be sure is played almost daily; but great organ music forms the least part of its occupation; and the truer the organist, the more does he incline to keep himself in the background

rather than lend himself to all this promiscuous exhibition. Promiscuous vocal exhibitions, also, rather than concerts in a high sense of the word, concerts of the *ad captandum* character, what may be called business concerts, in contradistinction to artistic, sometimes gather round the Great Organ, while Beethoven, fixed in bronze, must stand there with no power to intimate that he is bored or scandalized. All this is well enough in its way, if it were not all. There is often good organ playing and good singing, and some good things are played and sung. But what shall we say of a city like Boston, with its proud musical memories, now living so far into a winter and having no Symphony, no glorious Oratorio, no classical chamber concert, nothing but Organ (*et toujours Organ*) and miscellaneous concerts of the most provincial kind! Here is a Music Hall, perhaps the noblest in the world, haunted for years in every corner by the echoes of the inspirations of Beethoven and Mozart and Handel, and now furnished, furthermore, with the grandest of organs to give utterance also to Bach. Shall it, as the consequence of this splendid acquisition, become only Organ Hall!

We blame no one; we know not where the fault lies. Perhaps it is in the public. Perhaps Boston has not the eager audience it once had for great music. And yet the *Fidelio* experience of the past month means something! Yet we are sure that Boston people always want to see and hear the best in literature or art, and that the number of persons of cultivated taste for every art is greater in proportion here than in most other cities. Perhaps the musicians, the directors, are too timid, do not trust the public enough. Perhaps the materials of an orchestra, on a fit scale, do not exist among us. The unpleasant fact, is, we are destitute. We hear nothing more of Mr. Zerrahn's fine and confident purpose of "Philharmonic Concerts," except in the dim future. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club seem to have vacated the field of Chamber Concerts, and no new combination rushes in to occupy. The Handel and Haydn Society, to be sure, announce an Oratorio for to-morrow evening; but not one of their great ones (of which they have plenty).—There is just one oasis in the desert,—and that is not advertised! Mr. DRESEL's Piano-forte Concerts begin this evening at Chickering's, and these, to the favored few who can find place there, open fresh springs of unalloyed, unwearying delight.

And this is Boston! This the town which knows the nine Symphonies, and knows *Fidelio*! This is the middle of the fresh forenoon, or should be, of the long musical day or season. And this is—what a moment in the life of all this people! what a time for music! what a need of its sublimest work, its Choral Symphonies, its Hymns of Praise, its Handelian choruses: ("For He hath triumphed gloriously,") for harmonies of kindred inspiration with that which now exalts and gladdens the heart of a great free nation, which feels that it has shaken a horrid nightmare from its breast, and now breathes freely again after a peaceful victory in the sublime discharge of a great duty on a day forever to be counted among the greatest in all human history! Why, at the end of that day the whole popular heart burst forth into song; Faneuil Hall could not contain the multitudes, but the spontaneous music from within went forth and in a magnetic, sympathetic

sense brought all in; the old building rang and shook with the old homely, unartistic strains, and we pity any soul that cared at that time for any better music than "Old Hundred" and "John Brown's soul is marching on" with "Glory Hallelujah!" For everybody seemed to find a voice, a ringing, musical and clear one; it takes a deep pervading inspiration to make such mass-singing truly musical—it was so then. And now, in this great mood of the people, what do we expect of Art? In what tones shall Music Hall respond to Faneuil Hall? In aimless, disconnected scraps of worn-out Italian and English operas? In sentimental ballads and pretty "effects," and things sung just to gratify a curiosity about the singer? In brass band concerts, Heaven save the mark! We are in no mood to listen to any but the real earnest speakers, those who have great thoughts to utter; we are impatient of all babblers and triflers. And is it not the same with music? Who but the Beethovens, the Handels, the Mendelssohns, are fit to speak to such a people now? Their loftiest utterances can by no possibility overshoot us; all but the greatest, or at least the truest, must sound empty, puerile and puny.

We have no objection to "business" concerts, "popular concerts," light and miscellaneous concerts, dazzling virtuosos, brass bands, nor even hand-organs; these all have their "mission" in the world; if any fanatical movement should arise to put a stop to them, as lately to the London organ-grinders, we should be found defending them. We only grumble at the indifference, or whatever it is, of such a musical community in not pre-occupying our fine halls, Art's consecrated places, with enterprises of high Art; in not making permanent and sure provision for Symphony and other classical productions. But on the score of "business," of mere material economy,—the most successful and most thrilling concert, long to be remembered, that ever took place in the Music Hall, was a purely classical one, and in a similar period,—that glorious Emancipation Jubilee on the first of January, 1863. Have we not at least equal motive now, and can we not afford as much? Let the musicians make their appeal to the great spirit of the hour, and try if there be no response. Why has *Fidelio* pleased more than any opera? The appeal need not be directly, literally, ostensibly to any political or humanitarian motives; let it reside simply in the high character of the music offered, and see if like does not draw forth like, see if there is not audience for the greatest as well as for the prettiest, see if there are not thousands of souls tired of Vanity Fair and seeking sympathy and rest in Beethoven. (Not Beethoven imitated on the Organ, but face to face in person, with his Orchestra).

— There! we have had our grumble. It only remains to say that some fine singers and players, some of them new to us, have figured in the kaleidoscopic medley of the week, with more to come, and to spread out the variegated list, which our amiable *Transcript* thinks "cannot fail to please the tastes of all classes of the musical public;" but there are some of us who "cannot see it," some unfortunates who, with all these doors standing open, still feel "left out in the cold," and who in all this abundance are put to it to single out a musical Thanksgiving turkey with much taste to it. (But let those give thanks who can hear Dresel!) Here is the list:

1. *Monday 21st*, Prof. CARNES, the blind musician, "who sings lower on the scale than any other man in the known world," has "five octaves" in his voice (or in his belly), can play the cornet with one hand and the piano with the other, imitate a band with his voice, &c., &c.,—all which one would as lief read of as hear done; for what satisfaction could the realization add to the dream thereof?

2. *Wednesday noon*. Organ at Music Hall. Of which elsewhere.

3. *Thursday* (Thanksgiving evening,) the principal singers of Campbell and Castle's English Opera troupe, after winning high praise at Worcester, where they know something about music, gave a concert at Music Hall. Mr. CASTLE we know to be a fine tenor; Mr. CAMPBELL has a very high reputation as a basso, and Misses STOCKTON and FOWLER have made a fair mark. We go to press before the concert, and can say no more at present.

4. *Same evening*, the "five-octave" Professor again, with the assistance of a steam engine of his own manufacture!

5. *Friday evening*, at the Music Hall, (Beethoven presiding—did no one do him the kindness to throw a veil over his head!), a concert by the American Brass Band of Providence. Doubtless a most worthy Band, such as it might stir one's patriotic blood to hear in street or camp or political meeting, but—in the Music Hall and on the Organ platform!

6. *Same evening*, Grand Operatic Concert (Italian) by the "Associated Artists," Mme. WHITING-LORINI, soprano, Mme. NATALIA TESTA, contralto, Sig. STEFANI, tenor robusto, Sig. TESTA, tenor di grazia, Sig. AMODIO, baritone, and Mr. BEHRENS, conductor.

7. *This evening*, ditto.

8. *This noon*, Mr. LANG at the Great Organ.

9. *This evening*, the first of OTTO DRESSEL's five concerts, at Chickering's. The programme of the very choicest and newest. Among other things, a Concerto by Bach, for three pianos, with the string accompaniments played on a fourth piano, Messrs. LANG, LEONHARD and PARKER assisting Mr. Dresel; a Concerto by Chopin, never hitherto played by Mr. D. in public; pieces by Schumann; songs by Franz and from Mozart's *Seraglio*, sung by Mr. KREISSMANN.

10. *To-morrow, Sunday evening*. Costa's Oratorio, "Eli," a musician-like work, with a certain popularity, by the HANDEL AND HAYDN Society. It will at all events be pleasant to hear the sound of a great chorus, with an orchestra, and the great Organ, and such solo singers as Miss HOUSTON, Mrs. CARY, Mr. WHEELER, Mr. KIMBALL and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN.

11—13. *Monday, Wednesday and Friday* next week, three grand concerts (everything is "grand" now-a-days, from an Oratorio to a parlor concert, from a Symphony of Beethoven to a grand solo on the octave flute or *Vox humana*), at the Melodeon, under the direction of Sig. MUZIO, who will introduce his pupil, Miss LUCY SIMONS, "a young and talented vocalist;" besides GÖTTSCALK, on another round of "farewells," MORELLI, the baritone, DOEHLE' violinist, and ZOEHLE' Brothers, flutists.

—We forgot to mention also Mr. EICHBERG's new operetta, "A Night in Rome," which is to be produced *this evening* at the Museum, with an enlarged orchestra and chorus.

### Great Organ Record.

What has the "Great Instrument" done for us during the past month? It has been played every Wednesday and Saturday noon, every Sunday evening, and during the Sailors' Fair, in aid of that patriotic good work, every day and once in the evening for a week. The selections have been even more promiscuously mingled, and with falling off rather than increase of audience. Mr. PAINE has not played at

all, except as one of several in a patriotic concert, and consequently there has been less of Bach and fewer programmes of pure organ music than usual. The instrument itself, by its grandeur, richness, perfectly musical blending of its tones, and fine individuality of separate stops, continues to grow and deepen into the affections of the frequent listener, and is without a rival.

Mr. LANG, from the last week in October, has played twice, and will play again to-day. Of Bach he has given us a lovely *Pastorale* in F, putting to it a well contrasted *Finale* by Schumann, and that bright Prelude and Fugue in E flat from the "Well-Tempered Clavier," which he played once before. Not an uninteresting experiment (during the German Opera time) was his attempt to render the wonderful Quartet in *Fidelio*; we cannot think that he succeeded, or that it would be possible to succeed; the voice parts would not stand out enough from the equally complex and canon-like accompaniments. But there is always something thoughtful, some idea in Mr. Lang's programmes; his improvisations, too, are the continuous development of a theme, and therefore more interesting than most; while there is taste and feeling always in his execution. He is still fond of repeating that third Sonata of Mendelssohn, and we are fond of hearing him; this time he restored the original order of the movements, putting the pensive little Andante last, which on the whole is best,—Mendelssohn's design at any rate. To his usual overture "transcriptions" he has added some selections from *Tannhäuser*, not with bad effect. Mr. L. likes to compliment his brother musicians, and this last time he made the Organ sing William Mason's "Amitié pour Amitié"—very sweet and pleasing. He still utterly abstains—he only besides Paine—from the French Offertoires; which is refreshing.

Mrs. FRONCK has played twice. On Nov. 2nd, being the anniversary of the inauguration of the Organ, she played a large part of the music on that occasion, though only one of the three Bach pieces, the Toccata in F. On the 12th, she played Bach's Toccata in C, ably as always. Her Andante in the Fifth Symphony was conscientious, well reasoned out as to combination and contrast of stops; but there was great unsteadiness of time. The "Wedding March" and the "Hallelujah Chorus" never sounded better, if so well, to us upon the organ. Fine, too, was the Adagio from Mendelssohn's first Sonata. There was a Battiste Offertoire (in D) for the sake of the *Vox humana*. Her improvisation was quite creditable. Few organists excel this lady in tasteful choice of stops; and should not a lady be a nice judge of colors?

Mr. THAYER has played once (very likely, once or twice also for the Fair). Bach's Toccata in F; a Prelude in C minor by Mendelssohn; the *Qui Tollis* from Mozart's (so called) 12th Mass; his own Offertoire for *Vox humana*; a *Pastorale* from Rossini's "Tell;" the Overture to *Martha* (!); Melodies ("by particular request," and "Star Spangled Banner" variations. This ought to suit "all tastes"; though what suits all, commonly suits none.

Dr. TUCKERMAN played on Sunday evening, Nov. 13. Programme essentially the same as in some of his previous "Sacred Organ Concerts;" from masses, oratorios, *Stabat Mater*, &c., of Rossini, Grun, Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Spohr; a Chorale by Bach; an Offertoire by Wely. All dignified and, mostly, church-like.

We were sorry not to hear Mr. G. E. WHITING (of St. Joseph's Church, Albany), who played Nov. 11th. Sonata in F minor, No. 1., by Mendelssohn; selections from "Tell;" a Bach Fugue in five parts (F minor); Vespers by Donizetti; improvisation on an air by Mendelssohn; and Overture to *Oberon*. Mr. Whiting made an excellent impression on a former visit.

Other visitors have been Mr. C. JEROME HOPKINS and Mr. G. W. MORGAN, both of New York.

The former, who now bears the title "Orpheon Professor in Cooper Union" (meaning, we believe, that he teaches free singing classes of the people under the wing of that institution, somewhat on the principle of the *Orpheonists* in France), played on Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 6th and 7th. Of his first selection, Weber's *Euryanthe* overture was a pretty bold attempt; by a too staccato treatment, it lacked smoothness and clearness. The other pieces, except a charming MS. melody by Schubert, all bore the name of Hopkins, and were so unique and venturesome in title, form, and manner, that we know no more what to say of them than of confused dreams which we might try to unravel in the morning. One of the titles is commendable for its frankness; namely, "Italian Sugarplums;" others have showered these on us in their organ Carnivals, only without the title. Several of his Sunday selections sounded to us more reasonable; for instance his *Nocturne*, but not his "Wedding March." The "Pilgrim Chant" from *Tannhäuser* (from the overture) was worked up with a prodigious *crescendo*, but the fantasia ran wild and stopped not short of the Venus-berg, which was not particularly "sacred," nor organ-like; the "Song to the Evening Star" was better. A Prelude and Fugue by Hummel, another by Bach, a Mendelssohn Adagio, and the Schubert song (in praise of Music) did more to remind one that it was a "sacred" concert.

Mr. MORGAN was welcomed as he always is, and his mastery of the instrument is as superb as ever. In his programmes we could wish that he indulged less in the sensational. He has played three times, last Saturday and Sunday, and again on Wednesday. His best things have been what he has often played here before: the "Israel in Egypt" chorus, the St. Ann's Fugue, the Introduction and Fugue by Mendelssohn; the Andante from a Haydn Symphony, and Overtures in abundance. Four of them in his Sunday programme: "Midsummer Night's Dream," which seemed to us taken too slow, otherwise excellent; Beethoven's to "Men of Prometheus;" Mozart's to *Zauberflöte*, which we think the most clear and organ-like of them, as he transcribes it, and *Der Freyschütz*. The Haydn Andante, the "St. Ann's" fugue, the "Wedding March," a *Nocturne* by Schumann, and a "Melody" too long "varied" and yet encored, filled out the evening.—In the other concerts the "Tell" overture, (which on the organ is Mr. M.'s peculiar property); the slow movement of Beethoven's 2nd Symphony, which he always plays so well; a Prelude by Bach in G, and that exercise-like Fugue in D, are the chief things not already mentioned, except National airs, "Huguenots" fantasia, &c.

"OUR DIARIST" (A. W. T.) We are happy to be able to state that our old friend, Mr. ALEXANDER W. THAYER, now in Vienna, has been appointed United States Consul at Trieste, an announcement which will give joy to a great many of our readers. His long rugged pathway being thus smoothed for him, we may now hope that he will have the time and means and health to finish the darling labor of his life, his *Life of Beethoven*, and give it to the world.

M. Thayer's interesting story of the life of Salieri, which has grown even beautiful toward the end, is concluded in to-day's paper. It shows Salieri to have been much more of a man than the musical world of to-day supposed, and is a most valuable chapter in the history of Music, hitherto unwritten.

WORCESTER, Mass.—The formal inauguration of the Great Organ, built by Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook, and described in our last, took place on the evening of the 10th. Here is the *Palladium's* account of it:

Mechanics' Hall was filled on Thursday evening, 10th inst., by an enthusiastic audience which testified to its appreciation of the noble qualities of the "Worcester Organ" by constant attention and hearty applause. The first performer was Mr. B. D. Allen of this city, who played, in a very acceptable manner, Handel's *Hallelujah Chorus*, also an Adagio and Rondo from a Concerto by Rink, which showed the unsurpassed beauty of some of the softer stops of the great instrument, and the fine combinations of which it is capable. Mr. W. E. Thayer, of Boston, then gave a fine rendering of Bach's Toccata, in F, the massive harmonies rolling forth with fine effect;

the William Tell Overture; and the favorite Offertoire for the *Vox humana*, written by Battiste, played now upon every concert-organ, *encored* by almost every audience, and *doubly encored* by the inauguration audience, who were enthusiastic over the excellence of this curious stop. Mr. J. H. Willcox played with his sure touch and unusual skill in concert-performance, the celebrated Offertoire in G. by Lefebure Wely; an Improvisation, introducing again the *Vox humana*; and Beethoven's Grand Hallelujah Chorus from "The Mount of Olives." The performers for the most part did well. In Mr. Allen, the audience found they were to have a fine interpreter of our noble Organ, which must not too often tickle the fancy with the French sugar-plums of music, but sing for us those sublime strains which were written for the instrument by composers of genius, whose music cannot be ground out by hand-organs, nor drawn out in the "linked sweetness" of a flute solo. The instrument revealed new grandeur and beauty. Delight was manifest upon every countenance, and the Organ was again "accepted" this time by the people of Worcester, as it had been before by the Association who now own it and hold it in responsible charge. The occasion might have been more satisfactory to many had there been more unity in the performances, more of an attempt to give an artistic and significant coloring to the whole—as inaugurating not only a grand Organ, but a new era of music in this somewhat unmusical Heart of the Commonwealth.

"Young America" had its own special Inauguration a few days after the above, in the shape of a free Organ concert for the children of the city schools. The same journal says:

The schools at the north side of the city were assembled on Saturday afternoon, to the number of twenty-two hundred scholars, accompanied by fifty teachers, and a concert was given, the scholars uniting in choruses under the direction of their Instructor, Mr. I. N. Metcalf, Mr. B. D. Allen accompanying them with the Organ. Alternating with the choruses, were performances upon the organ of selections well calculated to impress the young audience with the power and beauty of the instrument. The silent wonder and reverence, the child-like joy and admiration which would break forth when the *Vox humana* sang the *Marseillaise* and "Sweet Home," and the final burst of patriotic enthusiasm with which not only the scholars in the body of the hall, who had been musically drilled, but the little ones in the side-galleries and the suburban scholars in their gallery—hitherto silent, joined in singing "My Country 'tis of thee!"—all this was a scene that would have trebly repaid every donor of the instrument for his share in this gift of Worcester to her children. The children of the schools on the south side of the city will have their concert this afternoon.

FARMINGTON, CONN.—Corn and melons are not more unfailing, than the report we get every autumn of two classical concerts from this quiet village in "the land of steady habits." Within the precincts of Miss Porter's Young Ladies' School, once every year there drop down out of the heaven of New York two baskets of this fairy fruitage of sonata, quartet, concerto; &c., borne by such shining messengers as Mason, Thomas, Mills, and the like. It is because a true teacher and musician, Karl Klausner, has his sphere of labor there. The classic artists like to visit him, and find a pleasant eager audience in his pupils. Here are programmes of the present month:

#### 21st Concert, Nov. 14.

1. Sonata, for Piano and Violin, in B flat, ..... Mozart.  
1. Allegro. 2. Andante. Allegretto.  
S. B. Mills and Theo. Thomas.
2. Phantasio-Stücke, for Piano, ..... Schumann.  
a. In der Nacht. b. Traumes-Willen.  
S. B. Mills.
3. Sonata, for Violin, "Le Trille du Diable," ..... Tartini.  
Theo. Thomas.
4. Etude, for Piano, in C Sharp minor, ..... Chopin.  
S. B. Mills.
5. Adagio Tarantelle, for Violin, ..... Vieuxtemps.  
Theo. Thomas.
6. Fantasia, for Piano—"Faust," ..... Mills.  
S. B. Mills.

#### 22nd Concert, Nov. 15.

1. Sonata, for Piano and Violin, in G. Op. 30, No. 3.  
Beethoven.
1. Allegro. 2. Tempo di Minuetto. 3. Allegro Vivace.  
S. B. Mills and Theo. Thomas.
2. Sonata, for Piano, in D. ..... Mendelssohn.  
S. B. Mills.
3. Concerto, for Violin, ..... Mendelssohn.  
Andante in Finale.

4. Polonaise, in E flat, Op. 22, ..... Chopin.  
S. B. Mills.
5. Sonata, for Piano and Violin, in A minor, Op. 106.  
Schumann.  
S. B. Mills and Theo. Thomas.

Our reporter adds:

"MILLS played here for the first time and with complete success. Of his admirable, solid technics it is needless to speak—except that they were put to a severe test by an (exceptionally) wretched Steinway Grand—a cause of sorrow to every pianist, we have had here; Satter, Mason, Dresel, &c.—Mills's conception of the pieces of the old and new school gave evidence of a decided mental growth. His rendering was unexceptionable—simple and unaffected. To atone for the *Faust* fantasia (cleverly done, but here rather out of place)—he had the good taste to give his very best: the Adagio from Chopin's, F minor Concerto."

HARTFORD, CONN.—Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* were performed last Monday evening, in Allyn Hall, by the "Beethoven Society" with an orchestra of 21 instruments, including the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston. Mr. J. G. BARNETT was the conductor, who also furnished a clear and glowing description of the composition on the bills; and Mr. WM. J. BABCOCK the pianist.

CINCINNATI—Messrs. CHARLES KUNKEL, pianist, and HENRY HAHN, violinist, announces a series of "Concerts de Salon, ou Soirées d'Instruction Musicales," in which they propose to follow "the reigning plan of the Chamber Concerts of London, Paris, and other European Cities, where the cultivation of *L'Art Musical* is conceded the first among their refinements." The style of their Circular is very French, but the list of composers who are to figure in their season of five "Musicales" (which we suppose means Concerts) is certainly rich; they promise "the rendition of the simplest compositions, to the most elaborate works of such masters as Mozart, Beethoven, Liszt, Heller, Chopin, De Beriot, Vieuxtemps, Ernst, Pramo, Thalberg, Schubert, Robert Franz, Lachner, &c."

A CURIOUS LETTER.—The following, of which the original MS. has for many months lain upon our desk, has, by some mysterious agency, found its way into the columns of the London *Athenaeum*, which seems to enjoy such a musical item from America prodigiously. To us there is something touching as well as queer in it, and we could not find it in our heart to publish it. But since the *Athenaeum* has undertaken to give it *verbatim et literatim*, we feel compelled to print it, re-edited and carefully collated with the MS.; premising also, that the letter hails from our British neighbors on the North, and not from Yankeedom.

"Messrs.——, Dear Sirs,—I should of Written to you before this abought the deth of my beloved Daughter, Miss——, she died with hart desies verrey suddenly on the second of June aged 17 years 7 months 14 days she was acknollaged to be the gratest pie onist in this part of the Provence. You will do me A favour by insurting hir deth in your Jurnal. Please continue to send the paper till the year is up and your bill and I will remit to you. Dear Sir many heavvey peases of Musick my daughter had of by hart to 2 of her choise peases was one carnival de venice by J. Schulhoff and others to maney to be menchind her favorite pease was home swete home by thollburgh she could play this in eight minites and all the other peases on or about the same time Dear Sir, she told hir mother A fu days before hir deth When playing sweat home she said Mam do you heare the arc of home sweat home she said listen Mam how beautiful it is When all the angels will join in the arc of home sweat home how beautiful it will be in Heaven. she spoke these words About 15 days befor she died. We had not the slitest thought of hir death at the time. if you would compose a vurs on the happy angels of God I should beglad as I beleave my child Was A heaven born child destined for eternal glorey, I hope you will simpethise with me in my bereavment. Respectfully Yours, ——"

## Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

### LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Kermesse. The "Fair" scene. (Su da bere.)

"Faust." 30

The "fair" scene includes seven pretty solos, and the same solos afterward woven together in the form of a six part chorus. The present piece has the solos without the chorus, and as they occur consecutively, they may all be sung by one voice, like a song. The song of the Students, of Wagner, of the Old men, the Soldiers, the Young Students, the Maidens, and of the Matrons, will be found in the piece.

Angels pure, angels glorious. Song. "First." 30

This is the "death song" of Marguerite in the prison. For pure spiritual beauty, it is the finest in the opera.

Parting kiss at the door. Song and Chorus.

W. O. Fiske. 30

A pleasing good bye song.

God grant our soldiers safe return. Solo & Cho.

O. E. Dodge. 30

A song of the war, which will soon be extensively known to persons attending Mr. D.'s concerts. It is a good song, and different in some things from other "songs for the times."

My gentle Mary. Ballad. G. Barker. 30

"Mary" figures often in ballads, as she should, on account of her very musical name. The ballad is of a quiet and gentle style of beauty.

Row, row, homeward we go. Song. M. J. Sporis. 30

A boat song, with the peculiarity, that it is in rowing time; that is, rowers can sing it, and keep time with their strokes. Good on this account for boat parties and boat clubs.

Won't you tell? Song. S. Glover. 30

Mr. Glover has given us here a musical way of popping the question, which will be very convenient for young men with good voices. A delicate and sweet melody.

Good night, my own dearest child.

(Gute nacht, mein herziges kind). Abbt. 30

The stars of evening remind the good mother of her darling's eyes; and the driving clouds, of his raven curls. An affectionate and heartily good ballad.

#### Instrumental Music.

The Captain. For Violin and Piano. S. Winner. 30

Gondolied. " " " S. Winner. 30

Two favorite melodies, arranged in easy style for Piano and Violin, and will do just as well for Flute and Piano. "The Captain" is the earliest, and "Gondolied," (Gondola song) the richest in harmony.

Annie. Polka Redowa. Schultze. 30

Very melodious.

#### Books.

##### LIBRETTOS OF

Fra Diavolo. By Auber. 30

Bohemian Girl, (La Zingara). By Balfe. 30

La Cenerentola, (Cinderella). By Rossini. 30

La Dame Blanche. By Boieldieu. 30

These four librettos would be worth reading, were it only for the stories contained in them, which are very entertaining. But they become very valuable as "helps" to understand the "drift" of these popular operas, and, with the many choice melodies they contain, will constitute very acceptable additions to an operatic library.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 618.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 10, 1864.

VOL. XXIV. No. 19.

## Shakespeare in his relation to Music.

A Lecture delivered on the 23rd April, 1864. before the "Berliner Tonkünstler-Verein."

BY EMIL NAUMANN.

(Concluded from page 323.)

Let us consider his dramas a little more nearly, in their relation to this circumstance. It is but right that we should begin with the the Kings. In *Richard II.* we suddenly hear music in the midst of the most painfully minute monologue which the king, tired of life and bowed down by misfortune and his own errors, speaks in the solitude of his prison :

"Mute do I hear?  
Ha, ha! keep time: how sweet music is,  
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!  
So is it in the muffle of men's lives.  
And here have I the daintiness of ear,  
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;  
But, for the concord of my state and time,  
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke."

And further on he says :

"This music made me, let it sound no more;  
For though it have holpe madmen to their wits,  
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.  
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!  
For 'tis a sign of love: and love to *Richard*  
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world!"

It would be superfluous to add a single word to the profundity, the wonderful similes, or the last touching observations here in relation to music. We would merely direct attention to the fact that scarcely ever, probably, were tones called upon to play so important a part as on this occasion, where they are made to interrupt one of the most philosophical monologues possible, and and give so new and deeply touching a turn to its course. Another wonderful place does Shakespeare assign to music in the Second Part of *Henry IV.* The dying king says to the princes and lords around him :—

"I pray you, take me up and bear me hence,  
Into some other chamber; softly, pray,  
(They convey the king into an inner part of the room,  
and place him upon a bed.)

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,  
Unless some dull and favorable hand  
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

WARWICK—Call for the music in the other room.

KING HENRY—Set me the crown upon my pillow here."

What deep feeling is exhibited in the fact that the departing spirit of the ruler, who, all through his life, has been combating, full of disquiet, for his crown, should at last, in a strong contrast to the monarch's previous stormy career, desire nothing more than gentle tones to entice it, yearning for rest, over an invisible bridge, to the long sleep leading to a blissful waking, if not to eternal oblivion. With what a saucy play upon musical expressions, forming a strong contrast to the above, do we meet in *Romeo and Juliet* :—

"TYBALT.—Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.  
"MERCUTIO.—Consort! What, dost thou make us minstrels?  
as thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but  
discord; here's my fiddliestick; here's that shall make you  
dance. Zounds! Consort!"

And, when Mrs. Ford says of Falstaff's words :  
"They do no more keep place together than the  
Hundredth Psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*," does  
it not seem as if Shakespeare was acquainted with  
modern Italian opera, and the want of connection  
between dramatic situation and musical expres-  
sion, or the Mosaic-like work of certain other  
musical productions, in which the most contrary  
things are placed in closest juxtaposition?—  
Hamlet's speech to Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern,  
like a hundred similar passages, exhibits Shake-  
speare as a proficient in musical manual skill,  
and other branches of the art. Be it observed that  
we quite leave out of consideration the high tone  
of genius manifested in the similes :—

"HAM. Will you play upon this pipe?" &c.

As it may be said that the whole of Shake-  
speare is filled and permeated with music, it  
would lead us too far were we to go into details.  
I will limit myself to a few important specimens.

Falstaff says of the lean Justice of the Peace,  
Shallow : "The case of a treble hautboy were a  
mansion for him, a court." (Here we have a  
glimpse of Shakespeare's possessing a particular  
knowledge of separate instruments.) On another  
occasion, Falstaff says : "Sblood, I am as mel-  
ancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear.—*Prince*  
*Hen.* Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.—*Fals.*  
Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe."  
—This is a proof that Shakespeare did not enter-  
tain less repugnance than any of us for the music  
played at fairs or ground upon organs, and of  
which I, at least feel such a horror. Song and  
music play a wonderfully spirited part in that  
scene of *Twelfth Night* where Sir Toby, Sir An-  
drew and the Clown, in their cups, horrify all  
ears. "Sir To. Shall we raise the night owl  
in a catch that will draw three souls out of one  
weaver? Shall we do that?—Sir And. An' you  
love me, let's do it; I am a dog at a catch"  
And further on : "*Malvolio.* My masters, are  
you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit,  
manners nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers  
at this time of night? Do ye make an ale house  
of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your  
coziest catches without any mitigation or remorse  
of voice! Is there no respect of place, persons,  
nor time in you?—Sir To. We did keep time  
sir, in our catches. Sneak up."—But Shake-  
speare has also assigned an elevated position to  
music in this same piece of *Twelfth Night*. Never,  
perhaps, has the close affinity of music with  
everything in the shape of love and amorous  
melancholy been more touchingly depicted than  
when the Duke says to his Musicians :

"If music be the food of love, play on;  
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—  
That strain again; it had a dying fall;  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet South,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour."

Or :

"Give me some music that piece of song,  
That old and antique song we heard last night;  
Methought it did relieve my passion much,  
More than light airs and recollected terms  
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times."

Music plays an exceedingly important part in  
*Cymbeline*. The loutish Cloten says to the Musi-  
cians who are about to serenade the fair Imogen :  
"Come on, tune; if you can penetrate her with  
your fingering, so; . . . First a very ex-  
cellent concerted thing; after, a wonderful  
sweet air, with admirable rich words to it, and  
then let her consider." This is followed by the  
charming song :

"Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings."

which Franz Schubert set to music. Cloten then  
continues : "So, get you gone; if this penetrate,  
I will consider your music the better; if it do not,  
it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and cat-  
guts, nor the voice of unpaired eunuch to boot can  
never amend." Fidele's death is announced by  
solemn music from the cave of Belarius. Sub-  
sequently, the two royal youths propose to sing a  
requiem for the beautiful departed one.

"ARVIRAGUS—And let us, Polydore, though now our voices  
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the  
ground."

GUILDENSTERN—I cannot sing; I'll weep and wail with thee :  
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse  
Than priests and fates that lie."

The spirits that appear to Posthumus are, also,  
announced with "Solemn Music," and take part  
in a song.—In *Lear*, Cordelia has her father  
awakened—after she has found him again—with

gentle sounds, because the Physician has so or-  
dered, in order to

"Cure this great breach in his abused nature !

and to "wind up" "the untuned and jarring  
senses. In *Othello*, Desdemona breathes forth  
her anxious presentiments in the "Song of the  
Willow," which her mother's maid sang when  
her lover left her.

"An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune,  
And she died singing it: that song, to-night,  
Will not go from my mind."

In *Macbeth*, the three scenes of the witches are  
accompanied with singing and dancing. The  
eight kings who pass in the vision before Macbeth,  
are made by Shakespeare to appear to the sound  
of "Hautboys." By this, he evidently wishes to  
imply that all he desires is the soft and spiritual  
sound of wooden wind instruments. It is, by the  
way, very remarkable how Shakespeare character-  
izes the various situations in his works by his  
simple directions as to the instruments. Thus,  
at the banquet given by Wolsey to the King and  
the beautiful Anna Boleyn, and at which joking  
love and tenderness play so important a part,  
there is again a stage direction for the employ-  
ment of "hautboys." For grand actions of state,  
on the contrary, for processions and so forth, as  
well as for the solemn entries of generals and  
kings, we regularly have "trumpets," or a "flou-  
rish." In *Hamlet*, Polonius says to Reynaldo,  
whom he sends to his son,

"And let him ply his music."

Tune lightens up the touching madness of Ope-  
lia, and it is scarcely possible to conceive anything  
more touching than the description of her death  
in the stream :

"Her clothes spread wide;  
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;  
Which time she charmed snatches of old tunes;  
As one incapable of her own distress,  
Or like a creature native and indued  
Unto that element; but long it could not be,  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death."

The manner too is significant in which music is  
mentioned in the *Taming of the Shrew* :—

"HORTENSIO—But, wrangling pedant, this is  
The patroness of heavenly harmony :  
Then give me leave to have prerogative;  
And when in music we have spent an hour,  
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much."

"LUCEPIO—Preposterous as! that never read so far  
To know the cause why music was ordained!  
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,  
After his studies or his usual pain?  
Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony."

In *Much ado about Nothing*, Benedick says, while  
Balthazar is playing, "Now, *Divine air*! how is  
his soul ravished! Is it not strange that sheep's  
guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well,  
a horn for any money, when all's done." And  
when the fool has sung, and been overwhelmed  
with praise by the others, Benedick suddenly ex-  
claims, as we ourselves should sometimes like to  
do in the society of amateurs : "An he had been  
a dog that should have howled thus, they would  
have hanged him!"—In his *As You Like It*,  
where song succeeds song, the eccentric Jacques  
says to Amiens, when the latter has finished sing-  
ing : "More, more, I pry thee more.—*Ami.* it  
will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jacques.  
—*Jacq.* I thank it. More, I pry thee more.  
I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel  
sucks eggs. More, I pry thee, more." On  
another occasion, this same Jacques observes : "I  
have neither the scholastic melancholy, which is  
emulation, nor the musician's, which is fantastical."  
The singing Page in the same piece says :  
"Shall we clap into it roundly, without hawking,  
or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are

the only prologues to a bad voice?—We will allude merely in the most cursory manner to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and its fairy dances, which Mendelssohn so re-poetized, in a manner as gentle as it was cleverly musical; to the *Winter's Tale*, and the songs of the rogue, Autolycus, the Shepherd's dances, and the awakening into life, accompanied with music, of the wonderful statue of Hermione; as well as to the varied effects of music, in *The Tempest*, of which effects Shakespeare himself makes the most appropriate remark that can be made, when Caliban exclaims:—

"The isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices,  
That if I then had waked after a long sleep,  
Would make me sleep again."

Lastly, I cannot suppress something Shakespeare says about us musicians, though it is not over-flattering, for it proves at any rate that the great poet knew people like us. In the First Part of *Henry IV*. Hotspur, wishing to excuse the fickle and changeable Glendower, says to his wife:

"And 'tis no marvel he's so humorous,  
By'r Lady, he's a good musician."

To which Lady Percy replies: "Then should you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether governed by humors."

But this must suffice. We should fill a book if we continued as we have begun. So much, I am bold enough to hope, has already become clear to you all, namely, that as regards the innermost tones of the heart, a profound intelligence and appreciation of the effects and of the significance of music, or finally, most undoubted musical knowledge, and the practical attainments belonging to it, no other poet is to be compared with Shakespeare. This is the most important, because in Shakespeare's time, music was in a very backward state everywhere, especially in England, and was limited to spheres very foreign to the great mass of the public, or existed only in national songs. To this must be added that the English are one of the most unmusical, and most musically-unproductive nations in the world.

The most striking musical personage among Shakespeare's contemporary countrymen was William Bird (1546-1628), Court Composer and organist to Queen Elizabeth of England. He wrote a number of masses, graduales, madrigals, very learned contrapuntally for that period, but not suited for our present taste. I do not think that such music, stiff and ossified into a system, could have inspired Shakespeare, supposing he took any notice of it, with a high idea of music as an art. A greater influence appears to have been exerted upon him by a certain virtuosity then pretty general in England, as is proved by the third of his *Sonnets*, in which he mentions very favorably the lute-player Dowland, 1562-1616. Among the musicians, besides Dowland, of that time, with whom we are acquainted were: a John Jenkins, from the county of Kent, 1592-1678, a virtuoso on the bass-viol and violoncello, and a John Bull, 1563-1622, probably organist at Oxford. Compositions undoubtedly genuine, shown me in England, and written for songs in his pieces, by contemporaries of Shakespeare, who are still nearly altogether unknown, furnished additional evidence how small were the pretensions of English music in the sixteenth century.

It was only by the magic power of poetic divination, therefore, that Shakespeare could penetrate so far as to the very core of an art of which only the beginnings were known to him. But the wonderful element in poetic divination consists precisely in the fact that such divination requires only the slightest impulse or hold to go to the very root of a thing. While on this part of the subject, I must not forget to state that in the old English national song, which like national songs generally, is the real expression of the inward life of a nation, Shakespeare found such a hold. Several of the passages already quoted by me suggest this, for in them Shakespeare condemns artificial and pretentious music, praising, on the other hand, those old and simple melodies which find their way direct to the heart.

I will now with your permission, conclude by

quoting a few passages from *The Merchant of Venice*, the most musical, probably of all Shakespeare's dramas.

Bassanio has to choose from three caskets, one only of which contains his mistress's portrait and ensures the possession of her hand. Portia, whose fate is trembling in the balance, and who would fain direct in his selection the man she loves, says:

"Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;  
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end  
Fading in music: that the comparison  
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,  
And wat'ry death-bed for him: he may win;  
And what is music then? then music is  
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow  
To a new-crown'd monarch: such it is.  
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day  
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,  
And summon him to marriage."

The last scenes of this wondrous play contain much more music, derived from the situation, and from what is said of the effects of the art, than from its absolute introduction, according to the stage directions, in various portions of the dialogue. We must read these scenes in connection with each other, if we would obtain an adequate idea of them, and of Shakespeare's profoundly musical spirit. We can here only refer to them:

"LORENZO—How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of Heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;  
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quivering to the yung-eyed cherubins:  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But, while this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

"JESSICA—I am never merry, when I hear sweet music.

LORENZO—The reason is, your spirits are attentive:  
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fretting mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood;  
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of music: therefore, the poet  
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;  
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
But music for the time doth change his nature."

Both Portia and Nerissa appear in the same moonlight scene:

"PORTIA—Music! hark!  
NERISSA—It is your music, Madam of the house.  
PORTIA—Nothing is good, I see, without respect;  
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.  
NERISSA—Silence bestows that virtue on it, Madam.  
PORTIA—The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,  
When neither is attended; and, I think,  
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,  
When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
No better a musician than the wren.  
How many things by season reason'd are  
To their right praise and true perfection!"

We take our farewell of the poet in the celebrated words—the most magnificent, perhaps, ever yet uttered concerning music—with which Lorenzo concludes his eulogy on our art:

"The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus;  
Let no such man be trusted!"

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique,"

AS A PIECE FOR PUPILS.

[Concluded from page 347.]

The first movement of our Sonata, in addition to these three divisions, contains an introduction, parts of which in the course of the movement, and immediately before its close, re-appear. This introduction fitly announces the spirit and tendency of the whole work. What can be more pathetic, more earnest, more solemn, than the motive contained in the very first measure? This motive, having thus with becoming power made its appearance four times in succession, each time with increased emphasis, assumes a more melodious, but decidedly plaintive character; and, though twice admonished by a very energetic, very powerful protest from the lower regions (at the end of the 5th and 6th measures), goes wandering about, more and more plaintive, timid and irresolute,

till finally it vents itself in a wail down the chromatic scale, and remains suspended on the minor ninth, from which it leads over to the movement proper, slightly touching in its passage the natural third. Take care, pianists, not to perform this introduction in too fast a tempo; a mistake too frequently made. The time is indicated by *Grave*; hence, very slow, grave, heavy. But in the stormy *Allegro di molto e con brio*, now following, you may let the reins loose and dash along as fast as your fingers will bear you; of course with continual regard to distinctness, especially with the entrance of the second main subject, (41st measure, 4th page, Ditson's edition). This subject is one of Beethoven's most original thoughts; from its marked, eloquent rhythm it contrasts admirably with the hasty, restless character of the first main subject. It makes its entrance in E flat minor, and descends a few measures later to D flat major. It reminds one of a conversation or dispute between two persons, male and female, which dispute is gloriously ended in the beautiful cadence preceding the rapid chord passage beginning in the 16th measure on the 5th page. On this quick passage follows a running figure of much sweetness and gracefulness (20th measure before the close of the first part), consisting of only four measures, appearing twice in succession, the second time somewhat reinforced. The bass underlying this passage is simple, the modulation not uncommon; yet, both appear new and fresh. Let the lowest bass note fill out the whole measure every time, as it gently falls a third, and have a slight accentuation,—a distinction to which it is well entitled on account of its, so to speak, melodic aspiration. After this, the restless, passionate first main subject breaks forth again, till it stops with full force on a *fermata* over the chord of the dominant-seventh; and thus ends the first part. But there is no actual close, for the tendency of this chord is to lead us back to the beginning of the *Allegro* to witness the same spectacle once more.

The second time, the closing dominant-seventh chord rests on D, instead of G, and leads over to the second part, which begins with four of those slow, majestic measures that opened the introduction. Here, however, they appear in G minor; at the close of the third measure, an enharmonic transition takes place, so as to prepare the key of E minor, in which the quick, stormy first subject makes its appearance again to begin the struggle anew. But its basty onset is several times softened by reminiscences of the pathetic introduction (for instance, 4th and 5th measures of the *Allegro* resumed). Of a peculiar effect is the deep, murmuring passage beginning with the 31st measure; again with the 1st measure of the 7th page. It is followed both times by the inevitable first subject, which, with a desperate effort, runs up to the highest pitch, whence the second time it cannot get loose, all the while screaming, trilling. The whole rests on a pedal bass or, as it is called in German, organ-point. It comes abruptly to an end with a sharp, shrill crash (13th measure, 7th page), from out of which leaps a solitary figure, running about all alone, wailing and whining, lower and lower, apparently afraid of being thus left to fight its way through, till finally it takes refuge in the bass, on the great C, and contentedly murmurs along, with the ever-ready first main-subject above it, as in the beginning. At the same time the third part of the movement has commenced (21st measure, 7th page). This part, as is the custom, in the main is like the first; still, its tints, so to speak, are much darker. Here, all is minor, illumined by hardly one solitary ray of major. The eloquent second main theme appears in F minor (1st measure, 8th page) and then turns to C minor (13th measure, 8th page). It has lost some of its former energy; its expression is more plaintive than before. All that follows has the same melancholy character. Shortly before the close, in the midst of the tumult just renewed, those slow, grave measures

from the introduction appear for the third time, as if to allay the storm. But the restless, turbulent spirit of the movement is not yet curbed; it must needs vent itself once more, if only for a short while. A few violent crashes, and its rapid course is finished. The closing chord is precisely the same, even in the same position, as in the beginning of the introduction. The whole movement is a master-piece of musical poetry. We find in it the greatest variety combined with the closest unity. All its details wonderfully contribute to give it that peculiar expression, which, after all, is better felt than described.

The second or middle movement, *Adagio cantabile*, in A flat major, may be called a sacred song without words. Its entrance, after the fiery Allegro, is most gratifying. It occupies four pages, and yet, when analyzed, shows the simplest structure imaginable; and also shows how little material is required in the hands of a master to work up a piece of considerable length. A plain melody of eight measures, breathing peace and consolation, fills up the greater part of the movement. After appearing twice in succession, first in the lower, then in the higher octave, it makes room for a second strain of a more passionate character (17th measure), which begins in F minor and closes in E-flat major (23d measure). This is followed by a few melodic fragments of a most characteristic expression, very low, like the heavings of a mind oppressed. In their downward tendency they soon reach the same old calm, consoling melody, which now appears for the third time. The field is then given up to the rule of a plaintive and somewhat restless motive in A flat minor (14th measure, 11th page), responded to by a still livelier figure in the bass. The two go on with their interesting dialogue, when all at once the treble, as if to show its superiority over the talkative bass, escapes high up into the (seemingly) distant key of E major (1st measure, 12th page), leaving its companion far beneath it in the dark, and shouting out its heroic strain in a clear, penetrating voice. But this was only sport; it soon descends and joins the bass again. They continue their former theme (4th measure, 12th page), which gains more interest from being in the new, fresh key just mentioned. The bass, however, does not seem to feel quite at ease here, for it suddenly begins to scold, as it were, in a low, unmelodious *staccato* passage, based on that everywhere-at-home diminished-seventh chord (7th measure, 12th page), while the treble looks on, or rather, listens, apparently amazed at the strange demeanor of its grave companion; and, unable to move, it remains transfixed on the same note, till, at length, it ventures to descend half a step lower, when it is relieved by the timely re-appearance of the principal melody. The latter appears here in all its glory, with an accompaniment fuller and richer than before; the bass comes in once more with the above *staccato* passage (5th measure, 13th page), but in a more amiable manner. We have the principal melody now for the fourth and fifth time; yet, to whom did it ever appear monotonous? A short *coda* finishes the movement, which ends in the same quiet mood, in the same low, subdued tones as it commenced.

Beethoven's novel and superior treatment of the piano-forte, it is often said, in comparison with Haydn, Mozart and others of his predecessors and contemporaries, is partly manifest in his frequently using the bass, or rather tenor, for melodies and melodic figures. But this is quite natural, if we remember how much deeper, fuller, more expressive his strains are, for which the lower and middle regions of the instrument, being the most sonorous and sympathetic, are just the right medium. We have in our *Adagio cantabile* an example. Compare the two different positions of the leading melody as it appears in the beginning, first in the lower, next in the higher octave, and judge, which suits its character best. Again, those very expressive melodic fragments, beginning in the middle of the 23d measure,

mentioned before:—play them an octave higher, and observe how the expression is gone.

Before taking leave of this movement, let us briefly notice its structure, which, as intimated, is very simple. Divided in the usual manner of a first, second (or middle), and third part, the three divisions are plainly visible: namely, the 1st closes with the third eighth, or quaver, of the 13th measure on the 11th page: the 2nd, with the end of the 9th measure (connecting with the third part) on the 12th page; the 3d runs to the end. The first is taken up by the principal subject, including the short melody and bits of a melody following it; the second by the motive in A flat minor, as indicated above; the third again by the principal melody, including the *coda*. The first moves (mainly) in A-flat major, the second in A-flat minor, the third again in A-flat major.

The stormy character of the first movement, relieved for a while by the timely appearance of the tranquillizing *Adagio*, resumes control, though somewhat softened, in the third and closing movement, called *Rondo*. This movement forms a picture of the most varied contrasts; of the soft and the powerful, the tender and the angry, the petulant and the grave; in short, it reflects almost all moods and passions which the language of tones is able to express. But however great the variety, there is one spirit pervading, or rather ruling throughout—like the first and second movements, and, accordingly the entire work—which tempers all and renders it a perfect whole. The movement is also technically a welcome task for pianists; there is much opportunity for the accomplished performer to show his powers of execution, and as much opportunity for the unfinished player to improve. As we have seen, it is a *Rondo*; the chief part of it, therefore, is a fully developed, lively melody, which continually reappears, (so to speak, makes its *rond*, according to the length of the piece more or less frequently,—hence *rondo*), and to which all the rest is subordinate; for, with whatever importance this or that phrase besides may make its appearance, its end will always be to hasten to meet and make room for this leading melody. In the present case this melody is as broad and fully developed as is possible; so that one at once becomes aware there can be no increase to it at its re-appearance afterwards. It is a perfect whole in itself, with as perfect a close as might do for the end of a piece. Observe how it labors to impress upon us the fact that it belongs to the key of C minor, how it lingers, how it revels, as it were, in the atmosphere of this key! No wonder, then, that it closes in it and thus leaves the impression as if nothing were to follow (17th measure). But a heavy crash with the full chord of the dominant-seventh, made all the more piquant by the seventh's being in the bass, leading to F minor, announces that something new is to follow. But, this is not the right ground yet; therefore, another crash, and we are led to E-flat major, the lovely companion to C minor.

The sweet melody following comes to a semi-close (1st measure, 15th page), when it changes to a figure in triplets, of a restless, hasty character, which now assumes away, till, having climbed up to the high F (4th measure from below, 15th page), it pauses a moment, dashes down the scale with precipitate haste, and stops on the third of the dominant-seventh chord. The melody, with the figure annexed to it, just described, reappears afterwards in C major (6th measure, 18th page), filling up, next to the leading subject, the greatest part of the movement, and thereby assuming so much importance as to be entitled to be called the second leading, or second main subject. But first we have to notice the new entrance of the spirited principal melody, which again, as in the beginning, closes with repeated emphasis (17th measure, 16th page). Now follows a remarkable phrase in the shape of a choral-like strain, in A-flat major, of only four measures, which undergo numerous inversions, always retaining their solemn expression.

The first sixteen measures decidedly remind one of a piece of sacred music, while the *cassa* or close in the dominant, at the end of every fourth measure, suggests vigor, brevity and distinctness.

A short motive, three times imitated, interrupts this melodic web—the last bass-note of the seventh measure (counted back from the end of the 16th page) being at the same time the first note of this motive;—after which the former choral-like strain appears above in the treble, accompanied only by a *staccato* passage for the left hand (2nd measure from end of 16th page); the order is next inverted, the bass assuming the melody, while the treble undertakes the accompanying *staccato* passage (3d measure, 17th page).

The whole of this part is a most interesting episode, showing how a few measures of melody can be made to appear continually new, by the simplest means. It forms an excellent example in the art of counterpoint, the skill required to construct it being hidden in the simplicity, as well as soul and expression, of the phrase.

The latter must leave the field now, since the chief of the subjects announces its re-appearance from the distance. A powerful *Crescendo*, resting on a kind of pedal-bass, and beginning in the depth with an abruptly broken off chord—passage for the right hand, responded to by the left (7th measure, 17th page) fitly heralds the advent of the ruling melody. There is a slight change this time, in as much as the second half of the melody is given to the bass. It does not close so emphatically as formerly, but by a short passage in the treble it connects by means of a semi-close with the second main subject (6th measure, 18th page) now in C major, as noticed before. This, as usual, ends again by preparing the entrance of the chief melody, which appears here for the fourth time, first simple, then varied in its last part (the variation beginning with the 8th measure, 19th page). That lively figure in triplets, so conspicuous in the train of the second main subject, now appears once more, skipping about here and there, rising finally, as it did twice before, up to the highest F, where it dwells for a moment, while the bass makes a modulation to prepare the key of A-flat major. So our skipping motive has to hasten down the scale of this key with the greatest speed possible, and, as if to show its deference to the modulatory power of the bass, remains suspended below, just on that note, which best characterizes the key of A flat (10th measure before the close). A slight allusion to the leading melody in this new key, first in the bass, then in the treble, another rapid passage down the scale of C minor, and the piece is finished.

For overlooking it better, we may divide this movement also into three equal parts and a *coda*; each part as well as the *coda* being commenced by the leading melody. The first part extends from the beginning to the first *fermata*; the second to the second *fermata*; the third to the last measure on the 18th page, after which the *coda* begins. Modulation:—first part, in C minor and E-flat major; second, in C minor and A-flat major; third, in C minor and C major; *coda* in C minor.

The "Sonata Pathétique" has for fifty years been a favorite with the educated musical world, and will probably continue so for some fifty years more. Its characteristic, striking motives and melodies have induced more than one distinguished musician to attempt arrangements of the work for Orchestra. One of these—by Schindeldeisser, if I mistake not, the composer of the Overture to *Uriel Acosta*—has been performed with great success in some of the leading European cities.

A pupil, who has studied this Sonata properly, it is to be hoped, will not stop here, but desire to rise higher, so as to be enabled to master op. 27, No. 2, in C-sharp-minor, popularly called the "Moonlight Sonata;" that beautiful tone-poem, op. 81, in E-flat-major, called "*Les adieux*;" the great Sonatas, op.

53, in C major, and op. 57, in F minor, called *Sonata appassionata*, or, popularly "The Tempest"—the favorite with musicians and perhaps the *non plus ultra*; and so downwards to op. 2, No. 1, upward to op. 106, where both teacher and pupil may have to invoke the aid of Apollo himself to solve the problem for them.

A. Kk.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Criticism of New Musical Works.

BY TIMOTHY TRILL.\*

Some of the English Journals are very lavish of their praises of Mr. Costa's new Oratorio "*Naaman*." We ask if it is "new?" Perhaps the question itself suggests other inquiries as to what constitutes newness in these, "the latter days" of Art, if not of the world.

Here is a composer who never makes any noise in the world as such until at a mature age, and then, almost his first effort is that kind of composition in which the genius of Mendelssohn culminated. Who but Costa could do such a thing with impunity? Who could string together such a quantity of rehearsed Italian, Anglican, Gallic and Teutonic platitudes as "*Eli*" consists of, but Costa, the autocrat of operatic conductors, the pet of the cocknies, the wiry, slippery, suave musical eel of the past thirty years in London, and not be cut to pieces by the Chorleys, Glovers, and Davisons of that immaculate city?

The way in which this last-named newspaper Boanerges tries to keep from telling the truth, is funny in the extreme; and, with all his care, his wayward but honest pen now and then slips into something which can almost be believed. Be it remembered that M. Costa has had all kinds of modern—and a good deal of ancient—music pounded into his ears for the greater portion of his life. Add to this the fact that he started as conductor and not as composer, and I ask how it is possible for him to own a single new idea? I shall not say that he does not, but would hazard the opinion that any portion of his music, taken for new, owes its fair reputation as such to the very lucky ignorance of the listener.

Mendelssohn found it of the utmost importance to keep out of the hearing of other people's music, in order to retain his own originality unalloyed as much as possible; and where shall we find more perfect individuality than in him, or Bach? Bach did not even travel much, but kept himself closely locked up from the musical world most of his life. Sterndale Bennett was a sort of poodle dog to Mendelssohn for years, and, being of a delicate and absorbent organization intellectually, what was the consequence? Excepting for the dimness of his inspirations, Bennett's works, in every form, might be taken for Mendelssohn's, diluted.

Now let us figure to ourselves Costa, the elegant, the fashionable, the intriguing *impresario*, soaked in operas for thirty years, and then turning out an "original" oratorio! Why, to begin with, the book of *Naaman* infringes on the patent of "*Elijah*;" and the whole work might much better have been called "*Elisha*," since the turning-point of the story depends upon this prophet's wondrous miracle. By calling it "*Naaman*," certain unpleasant and by no means fragrant ideas are awakened, which surely would have presented themselves in no very favorable light to any but a sham artist. I certainly think that one is hard put to it for a subject for an Oratorio, when it must bring into the foreground a loathsome leper, and contain a song called "Come and on thy bosom press me;" which affectionate appeal is enough to show the sad lack of good taste observable in the authors. True, we sometimes see portraits of toads and of great fat swine in picture-galleries; but I ask any refined and candid reader, if such subjects can possibly be selected by the proper personators of poetic and artistic ideals?

\* And for which the said Timothy is alone responsible.—Ed.

Behold how great the retrogression of England's boasted choral societies, when they who first produced the "*Elijah*," and who have feasted on Handel, Haydn and Spohr for so long a time, with their high and sublime texts, can now sing the trash of Covent Garden's musical pet, set to such delicate morsels of Scripture as the above! We shall expect soon to have a grand Sacred Opera called "*Potiphar's wife*," or "*Bathsheba*," perhaps from Sig. Verdi's spotless Traviata pen! And why not? cry some. "Have not these subjects claimed the pen and brush of other kinds of artists, and is not Art, Art?" *Eh bien!* I must then retire from such a verbal contest, when they are my opponents who dissent from Montesquieu in his beautiful tribute to the purity of Music, above all other arts. But I wander, and must quote a little from Mr. Davison.

He commences by saying that: "A work of such dimensions as *Naaman* must be heard several times before a decided opinion \* \* \* can be fairly pronounced." The Oratorio has been produced but *once*, yet the gentleman coolly proceeds to deliver himself of a very long and exceedingly "decided opinion." He goes on to compare *Naaman* with the "*Elijah*" in the usual modern English fashion, which is to ignore the possibility of any higher criterion than Mendelssohn; hence the charming sameness of style, from Bennett down to Costa (for I must say "down" indeed), which exists in most of the new works "allowed" a hearing in London by the critics of that city for the past seventeen years. In this comparison, however, we are told that the composer of the "*Elijah*" "almost wholly discarded the strict scholastic forms." Strange news indeed, to the students of Mendelssohn, that composer of all the moderns who most conscientiously clung to form the most "scholastic" even in his merest bagatelles! He says further:

"In St. Paul, Mendelssohn, though glowing with creative power, looked back to Handel and to Bach—witness his fugues and his chorales; while in *Elijah* he got rid of Handel altogether, though still adhering to the chorales so cherished by the Leipzig cantor. The employment of florid counterpoint as accompaniment during the procession of strict fugue, as it appears in Mendelssohn's works, may be claimed as Mendelssohn's own invention.

Surely another astounding assertion to the student of Mendelssohn's predecessors! What does Mr. Davison call Handel's *Hallelujah Chorus*, in certain parts, I should like to know; or especially, that splendid master-piece of Chorale, strict fugue, and florid counterpoint combined, in his *Judas Macabæus*: "*We never will bow down*." The memory of this renowned feuilletonist has grown rusty, I fear. But here follows a little more conglomerate. My reader will remember that he first credits Mendelssohn with originating what I have shown Handel did before him.

Our critic continues: "Both in *Naaman* and in *Eli* we find endeavors at the Handelian fugue," (rather an equivocal sort of compliment to Costa!) yet, "on the other hand, he neither imitates Mendelssohn nor any other master!" My dear, good-natured reader, is not a man who writes such contradictory stuff a phenomenon? Costa makes "endeavors at Handelian fugue," yet he "imitates neither Mendelssohn nor any other master!"

Our critic now jumps suddenly into a comparison of Cherubini and Rossini, as to their profundity in fugue, in which comparison the latter is the sufferer of course, merely because he had not the stupidity to fill his operas with fugues. He says of him, that he was not "a practiced master of the severe canons of art." Gracious! Mr. D., I presume, was not one of the select few invited to hear the private performance of Rossini's late Mass, in which (on the authority of either Scudo or Fiorentino) there were some of the purest possible specimens of fugal writing. It surprises one to find so veteran a critic making such mis-statements, and all unnecessary to the exaltation of his pet Costa!

Then follows a pedantic episode about Cherubin

and Mozart resembling each other in the former's Mass in F:—an idea so absurd as to provoke a suspicion of the sobriety of the writer!

After the above, Mr. D. proceeds to talk about his (Mr. Costa's) "individuality!" \* \* \* "There is not a weak or uncertain point, not an inharmonious combination, not a single doubtful or awkward passage to be detected from beginning to end of *Naaman*. Everywhere the practical musician, conscious of his power, and using it with sobriety, is apparent."

Bless us! how charmingly dull and soporific it must be! Just as if this same praise could not be awarded to a piece of calico! Yet this consistent writer goes on to remark: "An occasional tendency to superfluous use of trombones Mr. Costa shares with the rest of his contemporaries." He then, *en passant*, administers a paternal rebuke for the same "tendency" to Rossini, Auber, Verdi and Meyerbeer. Truly they should combine in returning thanks! After this parenthetical digression, our critic makes another inconsistent remark about Costa being, "like Mercadante, addicted to an excessive employment of prelude and interlude, which is calculated to arrest the dramatic progress, and thereby enfeeble the interest of the hearer." Astonishing, that such fault can be found with a work which just now was not marred "by a single doubtful or awkward passage," and in which it was apparent that the composer used his "conscious power with sobriety!"

I might fill a few more columns with such quotations; but sufficient has been done of it to show what nonsense even the highest critical oracles may and often do write about new music. I must be worse than a fool to presume to criticize a work before I have heard it; but even after a hearing, how sadly devoid of good taste must he be who launches out into such senseless rhapsodies as those above quoted!

Nor are we without some such literary stars on this side of the water. At a late concert, in New York, of orchestral and vocal compositions, an opportunity was given for various idea-less and unlearned pens to distinguish themselves.

The presumption and self-confidence of these critics has always been a subject for surprise. Despite the incontrovertible facts, that *Don Giovanni* was a failure for three representations; that very few if any of Beethoven's masterpieces were admired on the first hearing; that so great a master as Beethoven, with all his powers of discernment, seemed rather to underrate, if not wholly to despise, the creations of Von Weber; and that the *Fiddio* has been nearly twenty years in becoming what one of Verdi's is generally in as many days, namely a paying opera; these brave judges tell the public, at once, all about the proper status of new works, no matter how elaborate or intricate they may be. While there are such critics, and while they are allowed to scribble for newspapers, which in other departments are considered respectable, there can be formed no too extravagant notion of that sublime nonsense to which they give expression.

Thus, regarding the concert in question:—It was said, in one quarter, that a certain duet was "the essence of mental feebleness," when in the finale two melodies were worked up together, the one forming a triple counterpoint to the other! Musicians will know whether or not this is a harmonic problem to be solved by the exercise of "mental feebleness" alone, although it may have been bad enough otherwise!

Another critic, speaking of instrumentation, remarked, that by using certain kinds of tonal color, certain dissonances were "left unresolved," thus mixing up the two questions of color and construction, pretty much as if I should say that because a painter only used crayons instead of oil-colors, therefore his portraits always had pug noses!

The richest "attempt at failure" in criticism, called forth by this concert, was that of the gentleman who



objected to what he called "*staccato* clarinet passages" in a certain orchestral work, which passages *did not happen to exist* at all!

One also remarked that it was injudicious to have pianos at an orchestral concert, because they "lost by comparison with the orchestra."

Thus it is that Music entraps all would-be critics in her wily meshes. Music, the ever subtle, intangible, deceptive charmer! In no art is deception more easy; in none is it less likely to be detected. The ear is believed to be the least generally educated of all organs of sense; and yet these critical dignitaries persist in ignoring these facts, to the disgust of some, the wonderment of others, and the infinite amusement of the criticized. If these last can only command enough good nature to keep their tempers, and view such common monstrosities from a ludicrous standpoint alone, they have an excellent opportunity of practicing equanimity under difficulties, and of showing the advantage of artistic philosophy by future efforts, such as must eventually convince even the sceptical critics that they are in earnest.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, NOV. 28.—The interest of the opera-loving portion of our community now centres on the long-expected "*Don Sebastian*," which has at last been produced in the most magnificent and gorgeous style, with a liberality quite unusual in opera managers, but a most pleasing and meritorious characteristic of Max Maretzek. To assume the sure success of a new and unknown opera, or even of one that has met with great success abroad, and to prepare for its production, with costly scenery and dresses, at a large outlay of means, requires the nerve of such a man as Max Maretzek, and it is to be hoped that his judgment in the present instance may receive such hearty approval and support, that his treasury may not be empty, and that the substantial appreciation of such labor and pains may lead him again into the field of novelties, to bring back to us such as may be both for his and our enjoyment and improvement.

"*Don Sebastian*" was presented for the first time on Friday evening last, after devoting the whole of Thanksgiving day to a full rehearsal. The Academy was thronged, and "standing room only" was early seen on the walls of the lobby. Seats for this and tomorrow evening had also been secured to nearly the full capacity of the house. The time for commencing was made half an hour earlier, on account of the length of the performance, and it was eleven and a half o'clock before the curtain fell upon the closing scene.

To attempt a detailed account of the music of the opera, would be very unsatisfactory, and occupy too much space. To be appreciated it must be heard and studied. As yet, no definite criticism of the press has been published, although many columns have been devoted to the matter, headed with "*Don Sebastian*" and "*Donizetti*," and "*Maretzek*," in the linked hand style. In description, the press has been more than usually generous, and has given the opera a large amount of valuable space. "*Don Sebastian*" is one of the latest and best works of Donizetti, although it is nearly a score of years since it was written. The libretto is by Scribe, and is founded upon the incidents in the life of the unfortunate King of Portugal, the grandson of Charles the Fifth.

A glance at the argument will suffice to show how admirably adapted it is to the requirements of the composer. As a spectacular work, it abounds in scenic display and picturesque tableaux. *Don Sebastian*, the King, (Sig. MASSIMILIANI), is about starting on his expedition against the Mahomedans to "carry war into Africa," and upon his leaving the shore in a gaily decorated barge, listens to the prophetic utterances of the poet Camoens, (Signor BAL-

LENT), who, while portraying the scenes in the expedition, also solicits the pardon of Zaida, an African maiden captured in Tunis, (CAROZZI-ZUCCHI). The departure of the ship is a scene of lively interest, aided as it is by the salute of *real* cannon (!) and the martial strains of a brass band. The King is defeated and wounded, and Enrico, his Lieutenant, represents himself to Abaidlo, an Arab chief, as the king, and is deprived of his sword and slain. Sebastian escapes with his life, and returns to Portugal, to find another king raised to the throne, and a funeral procession moving along with coffin, horse and greyhound, and the royal banner draped in mourning, for his own reported death. This *cortège* is one of the finest scenes in the opera. It is moonlight, and the immense throng of people on the stage, some three hundred, in the costume of knights, ladies of the court, soldiers, priests, and mourners, bearing torches and banners, all robed in black, moving to the solemn measure of a band, together with the gorgeous catafalque, combine to make this act truly impressive. Its interest is so great as to prevent at first an impartial criticism of the music of the act.

The King proclaims himself to his people, but at the instigation of Giovanni di Silva, the Grand Inquisitor, he is arrested as an impostor, and brought before the Inquisition, when he is tried and immured in a tower, and, together with Zaida, who has endeavored to influence the Inquisitor in his behalf, condemned to death. In this unpleasant predicament, Camoens endeavors to release them from prison, in which he partially succeeds; but, as they are about descending from the tower windows, the guards fire upon them, and they fall into the sea.

The departure from Lisbon, the battle-field of Selim Kebir, and the Tower, are the finest pieces of scenery that have ever been placed on the Academy stage.

The music of the opera cannot be fairly reviewed upon only one hearing, but it has much in it that will be sung and played at every concert and by every band. [A very left-handed compliment!—ED.] The novelty of the scenery attracts and charms the eye, to the great disadvantage of the ear, and it must be heard more than once.

The antiquated, old foggy New York Philharmonic Society, long since distanced by the Brooklyn society in the matter of novelty, variety and general excellence, will soon have another formidable, and I trust, successful rival in a series of "*Symphonie Soirées*," under the vigorous management and leadership of THEO. THOMAS, whose efforts in the cause of classical music have been so widely appreciated. The programme I annex its merit cannot fail to secure a very substantial support. The subscriptions already paid in; ensure its financial success, and there can be no doubt as to its being a most profitable and enjoyable enterprise. The first *soirée* will take place on the 3d of December at Irving Hall, when Beethoven's Symphony in F major, op. 93, Lachner's "*Suite*" in D minor, and the second part of Berlioz's "*Romeo and Juliet*" will be performed, together with vocal and violin solos.

At the second concert, Bach's Toccata (F) will be produced as scored for the orchestra by Esser of Vienna.

At the third concert a symphony "*An das Vaterland*," by Joachim Raff, the one which received the prize at the competition of composers in Vienna, will be performed, together with the Overture, "*Abenceragen*," by Cherubini, and Spohr's "*Jessonda*."

The fourth and fifth concert, as will be seen by the programme, will be of great interest, including Schumann's "*Bride of Messina*." The orchestra will consist of sixty of the best musicians in the city, and a number of vocal and instrumental soloists have been engaged. The following is the programme of the series.

1. Symphonie-Soirée—3d December.
1. Symphony (F major, op. 93, No. 8)..... Beethoven.
2. Song.....
3. Solo, Violin.....

4. Suite (D minor, op. 113)..... Fr. Lachner.
5. Song.....
6. Second Part from the Dramatic Symphony "*Romeo and Juliet*," op. 17..... Berlioz.
2. Symphonie-Soirée—7th January.
1. Symphony (C major, op. 61, No. 2)..... Schumann.
2. Song.....
3. Concerto for Piano (E flat, op. 73)..... Beethoven.
4. Toccata, (F)..... J. S. Bach.
5. Song.....
6. Solo, Piano.....
7. Overture, "*Euryanthe*,"..... Weber.
8. Symphonie-Soirée—18th February.
1. Overture (Abenceragen)..... Cherubini.
2. Song.....
3. Symphony, "*An das Vaterland*,"..... Joachim Raff.
4. Concerto Concertante for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, with Orchestra (C major, op. 66)..... Beethoven.
5. Song.....
6. Overture, "*Jessonda*,"..... Spohr.
4. Symphonie-Soirée—18th March.
1. Symphony (D Major)..... Mozart.
2. Song.....
3. Concerto, for Violoncello..... Rittler.
4. Song.....
5. Overture (Coriolan)..... Beethoven.
6. Symphony (E flat, Op. 97, No. 3)..... Schumann.
5. Symphonie-Soirée—8th April.
1. Symphony..... Haydn.
2. Song.....
3. Symphony Concertante for Violin and Viola, with Orchestra..... Mozart.
4. Song.....
5. Overture—Bride of Messina (op. 100)..... Schumann.
6. Symphony (A Major, No. 7)..... Beethoven.

The second concert of the Philharmonic takes place on the 17th of December, at which time will be performed the following: Mendelssohn's "*Scottish*" Symphony, in A minor, No. 3; Berlioz's overture "*King Lear*;" Overture to Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, and choruses of Schubert and Mendelssohn, by the German Liederkrantz. The concert will be under the direction of THEO. EISELDE.

The first *soirée* of the eleventh season of the "New York Mendelssohn Union" will take place this evening, at the Chapel of the 4th Avenue Church. The programme includes Mendelssohn's "*Lobgesang*" (Hymn of Praise), and Sterndale Bennett's "*May Queen*." Mr. WM. BERG, the accomplished organist and composer, will be the conductor on this occasion.

The miscellaneous concerts at Niblo's Garden, and at the Everett Rooms, a new concert hall of moderate capacity, recently finished up town—have given but little subject for notice, save in the very successful performance on the piano, of Mr. Frank Gilder, a rising young artist of our city. As a teacher of boy choirs, Mr. Gilder is well known among the organists of our city churches, and his system I will endeavor to enlarge upon at some future day. His appearance in the concert room as a pianist has won for him additional commendation.

Numerous concert companies are organized for the winter campaign, and these in connection with the promenade concerts of the different brass bands of the city regiments, which are by no means ordinary, will serve to make the winter a very musical one.

The complimentary concert to be given for the benefit of Mr. Frederick Mollenhauer, the blind violinist and composer, is deserving of mention. It is given under the auspices of Anschütz, Carl Fornes, S. B. Mills, C. Bergmann, and a host of others, and will, I trust, prove a most successful effort for the unfortunate beneficiary.

The inauguration of the Chancel organ recently completed, at Trinity Church, will take place next month, and will attract the notice of all who are interested in the progress of rich Cathedral music, sung by boys, such as those under the experienced tuition of Dr. Cutler, the choir-master of Trinity.

T. W. M.

CHICAGO, DEC. 2.—This city has become quite a centre of musical talent. The name of BALATKA alone is enough to render it famous. In addition to him, we have Lewis and Le Clerque, Staab, Ziegfeldt, Baumbach, and many others of equal merit. Chicago also boasts three large musical Societies:—the "Philharmonic" (orchestral), the "Musical Union," and the "Mendelssohn."

The Philharmonic has just commenced its sixth season of concerts. The second one took place on

Tuesday evening. These concerts, which occur once a month, are the great centre of the musical and fashionable circles of Chicago. The former go to hear a high class of music rendered in an artistic manner; and the latter, to see and be seen. The following was the Programme: Symphony in C minor, by Niels Gade; Overture to "Preciosa," by Weber; Fantasia for Trombone, composed by Balatka; Festival March, by Lortzing; Aria from *Linda*, by Donizetti; ballad, "Good night," by Balfe, sung by Miss Hattie Brown Miller, the excellent soprano of Trinity Church, of this city. The orchestra was a fine one, composed of fifty performers.

A few weeks ago the Musical Union brought out a German Opera, translated into English by Hans Balatka, the "*Czar und Zimmermann*," by Albert Lortzing. The performers were all "home talent," and it was produced in a style worthy of Maretzek or Leonard Grover.

The new Opera House, which promises to be the finest of its kind in the United States, fast approaches completion. It will probably be finished about the first of April, when it is to be dedicated by a grand season of Opera, with artists procured expressly for the purpose in Europe. More in regard to it another time.

CHICAGO.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 10, 1864.

### Otto Dresel's Concerts.

The first of the series of five concerts, announced by Mr. DRESEL, took place at Chickering's Rooms, on Saturday evening, Nov. 26. The hall was full, the choicest music, with such guaranty of fine interpretation, commanding for a certainty the choicest audience;—"fit audience, though few,"—and yet not few for a feast so fine. The appetite was sharpened, too, by the artist's long refusal of himself to public hearing; and expectation heightened by reports of his earnest summer studies on the very matter of these concerts; his searching over all the good fields of pianoforte music, which might yield something fresh and valuable; his labors in digesting and arranging from the scores of larger works, concertos, &c., to make them available without an orchestra, and yet without essential loss; and of the intense and critical practice of a pianist to whom it is easier to please everybody than to satisfy himself. The result appears in most unique and admirable programmes. Such selections are presented by no other concert-giver; it implies not only the uncompromising taste, the sympathy with genius, and the willing, practised art and power to interpret, but shows such extensive musical reading as probably no other pianist in this country has. Every genial writer for the instrument, from Bach to Schumann, Liszt, and Hiller, must yield hidden treasures out of stores so seldom even half explored. But a short series of concerts can exhibit only a small part of the fruits of these researches; and some limitation is therefore necessary to a certain type or style of programme, from which indeed great things might be missed, were not all that enters into their composition so choice, and the unity of each fresh bouquet so charming. If we were to suggest any modification of the plan, it would be to ask (most of the audience adding their voices, we have not a doubt) that Sonatas should not be excluded; what so edifying always, and to the greatest number of such listeners as Mr.

Dresel plays to, as the Sonatas of Beethoven? Or, if we must have something still more untried and out of the common course, there are the wonderful Sonatas of Franz Schubert, which, if faulty in some points of form, teem with most precious inspirations of genius. But we will not quarrel with what we get; it is so clear a gain, that the other things may well wait for their season to come round again.—Here is the first programme:

1. Concerto for three pianos, (C major,) (Accompaniments arranged for a Fourth).....J. S. Bach  
Allegro—Adagio—Finale.
2. Crakowiak, Rondo, Op. 14.....Chopin  
(Orchestral parts arranged for a Second Piano.)
3. Weber's slumber Song, transcribed by.....Liszt
4. Songs by.....Robert Franz  
"Hör ich das Vöglein singen," (Op. 24.)  
"Im Wald, im Wald," (Op. 14.)
5. Three Piano Pieces by.....Robert Schumann  
a. Intermezzo (op. 26).—b. Adagio (from Carnival, op. 9).—c. Finale from Kreisleriana, (op. 16).
6. Valse-Caprice after Waltzes by Schubert, E major.....Liszt
7. Adagio and Finale from 2d Concerto, F minor.....Chopin  
(Orchestral parts arranged for a Second Piano.)

Old Bach heads the list, as he is likely to do in each of the five concerts. Mr. Dresel, in this, is undertaking for us the same good service that Mendelssohn did for Germany; he means to put to flight, if possible, the *Bach bugbear*, by practically showing that Bach's music can be entertaining and delightful, as well as learned and profound. The piano compositions of the great master afford ample material for this, utterly different as they are from any of the modern piano music. Should these succeed in dissipating the bugbear, and actually prove enjoyable to a whole room full of people, then it may be hoped that soon a beginning will be made of some acquaintance with his vocal works, when all who have any piety or music in their souls will be astonished at the revelation of such depth and tenderness of feeling, such unsurpassed richness, truth and beauty of expression, and own that religious music, as such, whether Catholic or Protestant, has reached its highest, purest utterance in Sebastian Bach. The Great Organ is already doing its part—or a part of its part—to prepare the way; but these piano (or *clavier*) compositions are perhaps the readiest entering wedge into the tough knot of anti-fugue and anti-scientific prejudice, since, instead of trying to cleave it by main force, they will gently, unawares, loosen its grasp by showing the old master under a *pleasing* aspect,

Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony.

The experiment, this first time, was signally successful. We verily believe that no piece on the programme was enjoyed so much, on the whole, and by the largest number, as the triple Concerto in C major. The charm, to be sure, was partly that of admirable rendering. The three pianos (Chickering Grands), which share equally the exposition of the themes, were played with perfect clearness, evenness and nicety of expression, and with that absence of all exaggerations of effect, which Bach's music requires, by Messrs. HUGO LEONHARD, B. J. LANG, and J. C. D. PARKER; while the original accompaniments for the quartet of strings were consolidated by Mr. Dresel upon a fourth piano. Mechanically, it all moved like clockwork, wheel within wheel, quietly and beautifully. And such satisfying, rich, fresh, wholesomely stimulating sonority; such full, clear, sweet, delicious euphony! The sound was all-pervading; it seemed to come in all round us and behind us like water, welling up from exhaustless springs of sweet and whole-

some harmony. The first Allegro is remarkable for the exceeding simplicity of its theme, and for the wondrous art with which it is made interesting throughout such long and complex development; its re-appearance now in this and now in that part of the harmony, now in one and now in another piano, being always perfectly natural, so much so that for most hearers the art was hidden in the charm. The expression is simply happy, healthy, sunshiny, full of joy in even-tempered life and solid work. The Adagio touches a deeper chord. That solemn minor phrase in the bass and tenor, which ever slowly climbs and falls, so boldly pronounced through the whole, is most impressive, and haunts you afterwards as it haunts the music. The Finale is a little more formal and less interesting than the other movements. We do not often hear of four pianos working together to so good a purpose.

Next to this in interest,—equal perhaps, only in another way—was what was played from Chopin's F-minor Concerto. Pity only that the great length excluded the first movement! The Adagio is a marvellous creation. After a few delicately suggestive orchestral phrases (played, like all the accompaniments, on a second piano by Mr. Leonhard), it sets forth on a bold, soaring eloquent career of melody, gathering up flowers and pearls and rainbows by the way, the main thought never lost or weakened by the exuberance of flowery fancy; and then it grows dramatic, with long and still flowery sentences of most original impassioned recitative, which, having wreaked itself upon expression to the full, subsides into the continuous melody again. We never heard piano-forte more eloquent than under the hands of Mr. Dresel in this piece. The *Allegro vivace*, brilliant, piquant, graceful, long sustained, and very difficult, was also executed to a charm. We could have wished the orchestra for the sake of the inviting little horn figure; but the second piano, so well had Dresel arranged and so well did Leonhard play, furnished a perceptibly true background.—The other Chopin piece, the Rondo, whose odd name we take to be tantamount to *Cracovienne*, is exceedingly quaint, bright and imaginative, though dealing throughout with a dance form and variations. It leaps and scintillates with life, dainty, yet strong, and represents a mood so individual, with such felicity of utterance, that we shall be glad to hear it again. It realizes Liszt's descriptions of those Polish dances. There's a poetic flash to this dance, like wings of swallows circling in the sun.

There is no need to tell how exquisitely Mr. Dresel plays the Lisztian version of Weber's "Slumber Song." The triad of smaller pieces from Schumann's earlier piano works, written when he was raising his young David standard to do battle against musical old-fogyism and *Philisterei*, and wooing Clara Wieck, were less familiar; to some, perhaps, a little strange and puzzling. The *Adagio*, at least, was lovely and entirely clear. The *Intermezzo*, fiery, rapid, unrelenting, with its spasmodic, still reiterated figure, breaks out like a sort of long pent up divine rage, and storms itself away before the wondering listener. Fully as the master had it in his fingers, its intensity perhaps told more than its beauty to many of the audience. The third piece, from those moody fancies which Schumann has named after Hoffmann's "Kapellmeister Kreisler's" Suf-

ferings," is full of interesting matter, and would be better appreciated on a second hearing. Liszt has woven a number of the charming little waltzes, which Schubert flung off without stint so easily, into a very pretty chaplet, adding gay ribbands to the gathered fresh leaves.—In all these pieces, we may say, that Mr. Dresel never played with surer, fleetest finger, with finer accent, more consummate taste and mastery inspired with truest musical feeling, nor with such calm superiority to his own nervous temperament, which he thus turned to exquisite advantage, as in this return to concert giving.

As for the singing, it was an act of pure loyalty and kindness in Mr. KREISSMAN to appear at all. He was suffering with a physical trouble too near the vocal organs, and the only wonder was that he sang the two Franz songs so well. He did it rather than disappoint the expectation of song entirely; and he was ready to sing other things, in case he found himself in fit condition.

SECOND CONCERT, Saturday, Dec. 3. Some expressed disappointment that there were so many little pieces in the first programme. This time there was unmixed satisfaction.

1. Concerto for three Pianos. In D minor. . . . J. S. Bach  
[Accompaniments arranged for a fourth].
2. Gavotte from Orchestra Suite, and Pastoral Symphony from the Christmas Oratorio, arranged for Two Pianos. . . . Bach
3. Serenade and Allegro Gioioso. . . . Mendelssohn  
[Orchestral accompaniment for a Second Piano].
4. Serenade, from Don Giovanni. . . . Mozart
5. Three Piano Solos:
  - a. "Novellette," . . . . . Rob. Schumann  
[E major]
  - b. Notturmo. . . . . Chopin  
[E major, op. 9.]
  - c. Valse Caprice after Waltzes by Fr. Schubert. . . . . Liszt  
[A minor.]
6. Three Mazourkas. . . . . Chopin  
E minor, op. 41; E major op. 6; and C sharp minor, op. 41.
7. Two Songs. . . . . Rob. Franz
8. Adagio and Rondo from first Concerto. . . . . Chopin

This time Bach advanced still further into the affections of the audience, and still further into the middle of the programme. The *Gavotte*, arranged by Mr. D. from an orchestral *Suite de pieces*, has an irresistibly quaint, life-like charm; it was as fresh as if composed to-day; something triumphantly, playfully good and right about it; not a learned manufacture merely, but a bright poetic God-send. The *Pastoral Symphony* from the *Weihnachts Cantata*, did it not remind you of Handel's? But it is even lovelier, and has more in it. The triple Concerto in D minor (Bach wrote but two of them, though several for two pianos, and for one, and one for even four, all with stringed quartet accompaniment) is the more important of the two, richer in ideas and feeling, equally perfect in art. It is more often played abroad. Mendelssohn played it in the Leipzig concerts with Moscheles and Clara Schumann; also in London, with Thalberg and Moscheles, where Mendelssohn outshone them both when it came his turn to extemporize a cadenza at a given point in one of its three movements. Our artists (Messrs. LANG, LEONHARD and PARKER) attempted no such flights, but kept to the written text, Mr. DRESEL again playing the string parts on a fourth piano. We shall not soon forget the time when Mr. Dresel introduced it here before, nearly twelve years ago, in the first concerts that he gave in Boston. Then the three pianos were played by Jaell, Scharfenberg (of New York), and Dresel, and with the string quartet in kind (Schultze, Meisel, Meyer and Bergmann). It has been played in Boston twice since, we believe; but never so effectively, and with such apprecia-

tive audience, as this time. We have no room for what we have to say about it now, but shall return to it. It was a complete success.

Mendelssohn's *Serenade and Allegro Gioioso* has never been played here before. Next to the two Concertos, it is the largest, the fullest of matter, the most interesting, and by all odds the most difficult of all his piano compositions. It was a consummate feat of execution on the part of Mr. Dresel. Mr. Kreissmann being still disabled, the *Don Juan* serenade was very kindly sung and very acceptably, by an amateur, a pupil of Mr. Dresel, whose capital arrangement of the *staccato* accompaniment for two pianos was anything but labor wasted; we would that Mr. Dresel's spirit might enter into all the pianists who sit down to accompany singers in our concerts.

Now for the "little" pieces,—yet not so very little. The *Novellette*, by Schumann, is one of his most fine and fascinating little poems; the B major *Nocturne* of Chopin, one of the most bewitching of the lovely tribe; and could either of them have been played more perfectly? Another Liszt-ian wreath of Schubert waltzes, and more interesting than the other. We had grown almost cloyed and wearied with Chopin's Mazourkas (such moods will come upon one even with regard to some of the best things); but these three sprang up into new, fresh bloom before us, under the artist's magic touch.

For a finale the Adagio (rapturous love dream of a poet's heart), and the delightful playful Rondo, from Chopin's E-minor Concerto, with orchestral parts on a second piano by Mr. Leonhard. This was always one of Mr. Dresel's favorite pieces, and one of his most perfect renderings. To many of us it recalled many a sweet hour and company, to hear it.

#### Obituary.

GEORGE SANGIER died in this city, November 28, 1864, aged 28 years. He was born in Durham, in England. Developing at an early age a great fondness for music, he became one of the choir boys in the Cathedral of that place. In this position he was found fourteen years ago by one of our most distinguished native musicians, who, attracted by his beauty of person and disposition, and his charming voice, took him under his protection. Since then he has been to this gentleman as an adopted son. During the greater portion of the time, he has been his constant companion in his sojournings in different parts of Europe and this country, co-operating in his various musical enterprises, singing in the choirs under his direction, assisting in the compilation of the works which he has edited, and adding his own exquisite taste and talent to those of his patron in all his labors. For several years he has resided in this city, where he has been well known to all lovers of music, and has won the regard and affection of a large circle of acquaintances.

Mr. Sangier has been for some months suffering from heart-complaint, and his sensitive constitution, enfeebled by disease, was recently still more broken, by distress at the death of an old and dear friend, closely followed by that of a beloved sister. While in this state, he was a few days since attacked by three ruffians in soldiers' dress, whose drunken brawling he had attempted to pacify, and, though defending himself manfully for a time, was overpowered by numbers and fearfully beaten. By this injury, his nervous system was finally shattered, and he was thrown into violent delirious fever. After the lapse of four days, his fever abated to such an extent, that his adopted father, who had nursed him tenderly by day and night, left him late in the evening in charge of the physicians at the hospital, and went home for a few hours' rest, confident that he should find him convalescent in the morning. Another paroxysm of delirium shortly ensued, which however soon passed

away, leaving him calm and tranquil as before. At midnight he started up with a groan, pressing his hand to his heart, and then sank back and died as quietly as a child falls asleep.

It appeared upon examination that he could have lived at most only a few months longer; but the disease of the heart which caused his death, was undoubtedly more speedily brought to its fatal result by the injury which he received.

So has passed away George Sangier, perhaps in good time for himself, for his sensitive temperament and facile disposition were hardly fit to withstand the shocks and temptations of the world. But the void he has left in the life of those who have known his noble qualities of mind and heart, have felt the kindly warmth of his nature, loving and tender as a woman's, and have appreciated the delicate refinement of his character, will not easily be filled.

As these friends gathered to see him laid beneath the church where his voice had so often been heard, there were tears in the eyes of the listeners, and in the voices of the choristers, while they sang, to his loved patron's exquisite music, of those tears which God shall wipe away from all eyes, and of his sun which shall no more go down.

GOUNOD'S "FAUST." Messrs. Ditson & Co. have added to their long list of beautiful editions of Standard Operas, this last favorite, complete, and in their best style. The music is in large, clear and attractive type; the piano part enriched by indications of the orchestral instrumentation. The words are given in Italian and English, the latter being Mr. Chorley's translation, with the exception of those fitted to the principal songs, which were translated, with fidelity and taste, from the original French text by Mr. J. C. Johnson.

Here now is a capital chance for the admirers of "Faust" to revive its fascinations as often as they wish, and for others to satisfy themselves at leisure whether it is indeed a work of genius or not.

This vocal score is soon to be followed by a Piano-forte Arrangement of the opera, which will also be useful.

PROSPECTS. Mr. ZERRAHN'S subscription lists for three Orchestral Concerts, Sunday evenings, at the Melodeon, will be out to-day.—The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB have not abandoned the field, we are glad to say, but will resume their Chamber Concerts on the 20th, playing Beethoven's great B-flat Quartet (posthumous) among other good things.

HANDEL AND HAYDN. The oratorio "Eli" drew a moderate audience, and so much of it as we witnessed (for "Eli" has no charm for us so potent as Mr. Emerson's lectures) was well performed. The chorus force was large and well drilled; Mrs. CARY sang the part of Samuel with touching simplicity and truth of feeling, as well as rich contralto voice; Miss HOUSTON was earnest and brilliant; and Mr. WHEELER and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, the former especially, did themselves much credit. We do not think quite so badly of Costa's work as "Timothy" upon another page; and we do think that a well-conceived, musician-like work, not strikingly "new," is often worth more than such bold, vague aspirations after novelty as set up claims to our attention in these days. Still we agree, that "Eli" is neither a very original nor a great work, and wish the H. & H. Society would spend the same amount of time on matter of more moment.

FOR READERS OF GERMAN. Messrs. De Vries and Iharra, in the Albion building, are issuing a series of charming little German books, in a most tasteful style of print, chiefly for the use of young ladies who have German lessons, but attractive to all friends of German literature. Among them is "*Prinzessin Ise*," an exquisite *Märchen* of the Harz mountains; "*Was sich der Wald erzählt*," by Patitz; and now a couple of Art Essays, on the "Venus of Milo," and on "Raffaël and Michael Angelo," by HERMANN GRIMM, the author of the "Life of Michael Angelo," and son of one of the famous brothers Grimm. He is a devout Art student, a man of fresh, vigorous high thought, greatly in sympathy with our Emerson, to whom these "Zwei Essays" are dedicated.—These little books are cheap, as well as models of artistic print.

CROWDED OUT.—A string of notices of smaller concerts, &c., already in type.

## Fine Arts.

Two old landscapes are particularly charming and instructive, for they exhibit what our landscape painters lack, for the most part, altogether, poetry of feeling and imagination. One by Cole, with a fine sentiment for the grand and distant and aerial, in nature; a rare ripeness and mellowness of tone and color pervading the wide air and tender sky. Incorrect, it is yet deeply poetical, steeped in, and inspired by, the feeling, as is the grand picture of the Shepherds by the same great artist on the Athenæum staircase. The man was a real and great poet in art and has not left his successor. This scene well befits the most tragic and fascinating of Cooper's stories, the Last of the Mohicans; which is in literature precisely what this is in art, an extravaganza, yet a poetic and beautiful work.

The other landscape ascribed to Zucharelli, full of poetic significance and a sweet serenity of feeling, so clear, calm, cool, suggestive of an ideal world. It is an abstraction of the poetic elements in nature, and a composing therewith, out of the mind and fancy and feeling, a thing, to be sure, which has no foundation in real life, but which is nevertheless delightful and beautiful.

More real than living things  
Nursling of immortality.

There is a kernel of truth, and genius and beauty, somewhere in the old masters, even the landscapists, which preserves them. An appeal to one's sentiment, one's aspiration, one's longing. Let our men paint with as much poetry and they will delight the time to come. It is a dealing with the world after the poet's own heart. No literal, dry transcript of reality, which, unless it is inspired, impregnated, transmuted with, the artist's feeling, his soul, and imagination, is ever a *caput mortuum*.

It is true there is little study of nature, no knowledge of rock form; geology, stratification, granulation; substance, texture or color. Exactness is not studied; the beauty of detail not apprehended or felt, nor the geology known; but there is a charm of sentiment and feeling—true, poetic, deep, refined,—there is romance, tone, harmony which comes from the taste, heart, soul; and with which nature, in her loveliness and her perfection, has inspired them; which has entered into their natures, and dwelt there, and is expressed with the added beauty of the spirit which preserves and will continue to do so against all the assaults of modern criticism, its barren knowledge and empty soul.

Imagination redeems a carnal, sensual, material world. It is the heart of humanity, the kernel of hope, the soul of faith, the looking for things to come—This explains the long livedness of the old masters, (poetic name) and their hold upon men's feelings. They touch the heart, and are seated in the warm imagination like a friend. Guests at the hearth, and dear and loved companions for every vacant, casual hour, when they awaken us to new and unexpected beauty. For art like nature and poetry, has many meanings:

A thing of beauty is a joy forever,  
It's loveliness increases,

"All high poetry is infinite. It is the first acorn which contained all oaks potentially. Veil after veil may be withdrawn and the inmost naked beauty of the meaning never exposed. \* \* \*

The source of an unforeseen and unconceived delight."

It is vain to suppose they will ever be obsolete. Any work which has passed the ordeal of successive centuries, and survives to our time, contains within itself the principles of its own immortality. Two centuries are as good as an eternity. Such works are sure to have something precious in them, and to be possessed of genius, which we must labor to find out; and not falsely believing we know more than

they, insult their aged fame with doubt and ignorance. You cannot unseat the old deities, or reverse the verdict of posterity. Logic will not do it. The Greek deities will live as long as the world, alive in the imagination, if dead in the faith. Feeling is finer than thought, truer and keener than knowledge, else had our beliefs long ago vanished, and our faiths dwindled to naught.

The little unfinished picture by Greuse; whether by that master or not, is an exquisite piece of painting, for richness and freshness, and sentiment—very instructive to every artist. The drapery has the character of Greuse, and we cannot judge what it might be had the artist finished it. Perhaps the ivory, enamelled finish, like porcelain, of the picture in the next room, belonging to the Athenæum, would have been given to this. We think it is more beautiful as it is; for exquisite as is the beauty, truth of tint, in that picture, and perfect the silver harmony, yet it is not nature; it does not give the feeling of flesh as this does. Appropriate, if any where, to the subject of a young girl, who in her freshness and perfection, is like a bit of the enamel of nature, it is still hard, and does not please us as this unfinished work, which has more of the true texture, and richness of nature and life. It is like much of the exquisite works of Carlo Dolci, particularly the St. Cecilia at the Manfrini at Venice and the Dresden Gallery; the perfection of prettiness and doll-like beauty in the painting, but a false porcelain style to be done on canvass. But what can exceed the tremulous, budding freshness of the youthful girl, flushed with a breathing beauty; the melting tenderness of youthful feature; sensitive, exquisite form and color; a deliciousness of beauty which makes us think of the old poet:

There is a garden in her face  
Where roses and white lilies blow,  
A heavenly paradise is that place,  
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;  
There cherries grow that none may buy,  
Till Cherry-Eripe themselves do cry.

The picture 443, by Sassoferrato, wrongly put down to Lo Spagno, is a very beautiful and genuine specimen of this peculiar and refined old master. The harmony of it, in this key of white color, relieved by blue, is very perfect, and the hand a wonderful piece of painting. Never was the softness, and roundness, and exquisite beauty of the female hand better given. The delicacy and refinement of it, as to color and feeling, harmonise with the purity of the face. One would make it his fetiche, kneel down to it, worship it, as a savage his idol; for beauty on the sensitive and artistic nature, takes almost the hold of worship. Poets and artists are pagans all, from Schiller to Wordsworth; both lamenting the decay of the antique, which Keats recreated, with refreshed and added glory.

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,  
The fair humanities of old religions."

The peasant girl, 357, by Dana is one of this very artistic artist's best things. Painted in a very free manner, and far removed from hardness or dryness, we have all we need in art; or, at least, the best thing it can give us, the sentiment and feeling of things; not the dull, dreary reality, the poor approximation to the fact, without fancy or feeling, inferior artists give. The French style of Mr. Dana is steeped in sentiment, which is the characteristic of that school, a little too facile,—fatal facility and chic sometimes. It neglects form and line and figure, which were the aim of the old Italian schools—the classical style—for the romantic method,—a thing essentially modern, gothic, reformatory, and which began about the time of Watteau in art, who was followed by Gainshorough and Constable. These men broke up the old schools and introduced the modern feeling.

This picture has great beauty of color, and the face and posture a winning charm. Mr. Dana has great facility, and a wide range, and will do much good, we think, in this country, where although we are not ready to acknowledge it, art is yet in its very infancy.

How delightful is old Vandervelde! He delights in lagoon, which are among the most poetical things in nature, shadowy with clouds, picturesque with craft, burnished with sunsets; gleaming in long, lustrous, lazy lines of silvery light and calm placid as an infant in its sleep, smiling all the day ineffably; as one sees them in Holland, or in the watery enchantment of Venice, where the Alps sun themselves in the sea, reflecting old watch towers and the harbor piles.

"In likeness of a peak of clumped isles"

"Where from their many isles in evening's gleam,  
Its towers and its palaces did seem  
Like fabrics of enchantment piled to Heaven."

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

O blow me a kiss on the wind! Ballad.

C. M. E. Oliver. 30

A very pretty idea for the young sailor and his sweetheart. The music is very sweet.

Jessy Gray. Song and Chorus. E. L. Hime. 30

An English ballad, very simple and pretty. Jessy is the May Queen in the first verse, is loved and deserted in the second, and, of course, rests in the village church yard in the third verse.

The Soldier's request. Dr. Haynes. 30

Another of the appropriate war songs. Soldier's families appreciate and like them all.

I wait my love. Song. H. West. 30

A pleasing and simple ballad.

Happy Boyhood. Song. C. Blamphin. 30

A fine English ballad.

#### Instrumental Music.

Delta Psi Waltz. H. W. and A. T. S. 30

A decidedly good waltz, and not difficult. The D. P.'s to whom it is dedicated, should take it in hand, and cause it to be generally known.

Bay of Quinte. Polka Mazourka.

H. F. Chaloupka. 30

Quite a brilliant piece, and easy for those who play octaves with tolerable facility. Dedicated to the bachelors of Belle-ville, where the belles will play it often, it is to be hoped.

Un ballo in maschero. (Revue melodique, four hands). F. Beyer. 60

Contains the favorite melodies of the "Masked Ball." A very expressive piece. The practice of good duets, by learners, cannot be too highly recommended.

Orfa, Grand Polka. Seven Octaves. 30

Of medium difficulty, and quite light and graceful in character, although showing considerable of that power which is characteristic of "Seven Octaves," compositions.

La Chant du Martyrs. Grand Caprice Religious. Seven Octaves. 30

Very powerful, grand and impressive. It is somewhat difficult to perform, but well worth the time taken in learning it.

Pensive Polka Mazourka. Seven Octaves. 30

A good piece by the same author as the others.

#### Books.

ORGAN GEMS.—A collection of Offertoires, Elevations, Communion, Preludes, Fugues, &c. By Andre, Baiste, Brosig, Hesse, Freyer, and others. Arranged and edited by Frederick S. Davenport. Cloth, \$3.00; Boards, \$2.50

It is getting to be a necessity with organists to have a library of compositions for the instrument. Many to be sure, have great power of extemporisation, but the greatest inventor cannot invent always; and it is quite a relief to have a book of good music to fall back upon, for part or the whole of a voluntary. There is also an evident use and satisfaction in practising the works of the most skillful performers in the world.

The "gems" of the present work are carefully selected. Baiste is organist of the great organ in the church of St. Eustache, in Paris. Hesse, recently deceased, was considered, next to Schneider, to be the best organist in the world.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 619.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 24, 1864.

VOL. XXIV. No. 20.

## Bach's "Triple Concerto" in D minor.

A REMINISCENCE OF BOSTON CONCERTS IN 1853.

The interest attending the revival of this work in Mr. Otto Dresel's present series of concerts, carries us back to the scene of that gentleman's earliest concerts here, held far above the crowd, as it were, in a remote little "upper chamber" upon Tremont Street,—there being no nice Chickering hall at that time. Then it was that he, with brother artists, gave us a first and memorable impression (to "fit audience, though few") of Bach's D-minor Concerto, the last of the two which the grand old master composed for three pianos, or more properly *clavichords*, with accompaniment of two violins, viola and violoncello. Partly to strengthen by comparison the impression made by that work now, and partly for the pleasure of recalling the fine group of pianists who were its interpreters at that time, we reproduce here some portions of our record of Mr. Dresel's fifth and last Soirée, March 5, 1853. (The other numbers of the programme were a highly original and interesting Trio of Mr. Dresel's for piano, violin, and 'cello; Beethoven's Sonata for violin and piano in F; *Etudes* and other smaller pieces from Chopin and Stephen Heller; and Hummel's Septet, the piano part played by Scharfenberg with full accompaniments—flute, oboe, horn, viola, 'cello, and double-bass, by member of the old "Germania Society."

### THE CONCERTO

From the newest to the oldest;—yet to the audience literally new, while in quality it has the perennial newness and freshness of genius. The Concerto of Sebastian Bach, for three pianos, with string quartet accompaniment,—this was really the great feature of the evening. This work has been much played in Germany of late years; and it is the piece in which Mendelssohn once, in London, distinguished himself to such advantage over Moscheles and Thalberg, by the remarkable cadence which he extemporized, after each had by previous understanding essayed the like at points indicated in the preceding movements; that remarkable triumph has become a tradition in London. Our three pianists attempted no such flights, but adhered to the written text. This Concerto was only for the first time published in 1845, and owes its origin, it is said, to the fact that the father wished to exercise his two oldest sons, W. Friedemann and C. Ph. Emanuel, in all sorts of delivery. Friedemann left the paternal house and went to Dresden in 1733, at the age of twenty-three; Emanuel went to Berlin in 1738, at the age of twenty-four. Hence it is presumed that this Concerto was composed before 1733, and in the most brilliant period of the grand old master's creative activity. The editor of the score directs by way of preface that: "The string accompaniments should be kept subdued and delicate; the three pianos must be of equal strength and excellence, but all the better for a little variety in coloring of tone. The three players must wholly lay aside the more modern style of playing, never raise the dampers, but carry their parts through with sobriety, delicacy, and in strict time. Neither one must wish to be prominent over his fellows, since they all three have equal right, and there are only a few passages more for the first piano. The hammering and lifeless mode of play-

ing, now-a-days sometimes esteemed *Bach-ish*, must be utterly avoided; for the old pianists (harpsichordists) sang upon their instruments and delivered the music with warmth, nay with inspiration, and yet *con discrezione*,—or with modesty, as they used to call it."

We think we may say that these conditions were on Wednesday evening pretty nearly fulfilled. Jael took the first piano, his by right of almost unlimited facility of execution; and his was most distinctly heard, as a matter of course, being the highest part and having more of the expansion and ornamental part of the melody; yet that the second and third, Scharfenberg and Dresel, were not wanting, was evident from the perfect unity with which all moved together, and from the general breadth and fullness of tone, especially where the vigorous and noble themes so often ran in unison. The pianos were three of Chickering's newest, (not exactly equal, the first being of seven, the others of six octaves,—but either of them a "Grand" compared with anything that old Bach's boys had to play on;) all of beautiful and refined tone, and great evenness throughout, surpassing even those esteemed his best before his manufactory was destroyed by fire; indeed these new instruments seemed to have come out tried and purified, as it were, from "the refiner's fire." The accompaniments, by Messrs. Schultze and Meisel (violin), Meyer (viola), and Bergmann and Balcke ('cello and contra-basso, on one part,) were delicately and neatly given, though it was difficult to subdue the piercing violin tones fully to the standard of the pianos. Of the music itself what shall we say? Let no one henceforth talk of Bach as "dry" and learned; for here every movement was full of charm, of humanity, of poetry, of wisdom,—in a word of genius, the most sound and wholesome and harmonious. With no pretention, none of the modern straining for effect, no curious episodes, or strange modulations, how the mingling strains of melody flowed on like a full, clear, limpid river, as if from an inexhaustible source, yet with no waste, and to an unwavering goal! The neatness, the transparency, the easy continuous on-flow of the music, so large and strong in the first movement, were perfectly refreshing to the sense and satisfying to the soul; here was "no nonsense," and no stupid gravity in the avoidance thereof. It realized the most loving traditions of Bach. The second movement, in the six eight Siciliano rhythm, opens with the daintiest, and most delicately piquant style of melody that could be imagined—sweet and full of sensibility and poetry, however,—and soon proves its right to be dainty, by melting and running away in a right hearty, frank and affectionately cheerful stream of melody, until the pause, filled by the airy little cadence from Jael's flying fingers, and the good old-fashioned, orthodox Adagio half-close, leading at once into the Allegro Fugue; of course Bach could not get through without that. And how beautiful the theme of that fugue! how gracefully passed about, till its outline, everywhere reflected in the mingling currents of the instruments, had that unity in variety that you see in the wavy surface of the full mountain brook, descending to the plain, and spreading swiftly yet composedly along over the motley, fairy pebbles and mosses. Every now and then there seemed to be little momentary breaks, where one part after another would nimbly shoot across in a spray of soft and rapid little demi-semi-quavers,—and so, merrily and swimmingly on to the end, which seems the outlet into wider and still waters.

### THE THREE PIANISTS.

The Septet was a luxurious feast of tones. So

was indeed the entire concert. And looking back upon it, one of the most interesting features was the marked, yet harmonious contrast of the three pianists. Dresel, nervous, fastidious, self-exacting, critical, anxiously loyal to an artistic ideal, caring mainly for the music and the master's thought, and despising all parade of mere performance, somewhat moody withal, and with a touch of genius in him;—Jael, happy as the day is long, plump-full of music to his fingers' ends, revelling in unbounded faculty of execution, able and happy to interpret (and always with true and characteristic, as well as polished, elegant expression) the works of all sorts of masters,—a sort of young Rossini or Alboni of the piano; and Scharfenberg, the quietest, and most balanced of the three, with less of genius than the first, less of child-like exuberance of strength and nervous energy than the second, yet more of the sound and practical *morale* of a substantial artist, perhaps, than either. He is the natural middle of the group; and all are large and genuine enough to meet like brothers on the common ground of Art. The contrast in their styles of playing is in correspondence with the characters and faces of the men. Jael has a touch unrivalled for limpid purity and roundness of tone, never shows a painful sign of exertion, and marches smilingly through all the difficult music that anybody ever wrote, as through a perpetual banquet hall. Dresel is as unlike this as possible; his nervous manner, as if in close mortal conflict with difficulties, his crisp, *staccato*, critically nice touch, his sacrifice of literalities and common readings to carefully refined, characteristic conceptions of an author or a tempo, his tendency to be himself the poet in his readings of the great-tone poets,—all this charms the like-minded and wins upon the thoughtful, but is apt to prepossess unfavorably those who look most to externals, or who regard a pianist more with reference to his instrument and the right humoring thereof, or his public and the right humoring thereof also, than they do with main reference to musical expression. He does not pretend to the character of a great executant and many times would rather see Jael ride some *cheval-de-bataille* of a favorite master, than mount the hard-mouthed Pegasus himself. Scharfenberg, like a sound, loyal artist, renders all his music with unblemished accuracy, and manly absence of all nonsense and weakness. We may think it a privilege to have heard them all. Would that such fortunate conjunction of good stars might longer last!

### Death of P. Scudo.

(From the Lower Rhine Musik-Zeitung.)

It is not long since Fiorentino died, and musical criticism in Paris has again suffered a severe loss: Pierre Scudo, the musical critic of the *Revue des deux Mondes* and some other Parisian periodicals, fell a victim, on the 21st October, at Blois, to the attacks of madness which, for some months previously, had prevented his pursuing his professional avocations and necessitated his retirement from public life.

Scudo was born on the 8th June, 1806, at Venice. He went, however, at an early age to Paris, and, when about eighteen, was admitted into Choron's Musical Institute. How he found his way to France, and what took him to Paris is something we do not know. His eccentric manners rendered him a favorite with his fellow students, among whom was Duprez, afterwards so celebrated as a singer. Choron usually called him his Court Jester. His voice was insignificant, and his musical knowledge still more so; but he possessed an intelligent mind, to which were

added the impulses and nature of an Italian, together with great confidence in himself. As he was continually engaged in musical pursuits at the Institute, his practical education was advanced by the study of classical works, which Choron made his pupils sing, almost to the exclusion of all others. Technical vocal instruction, properly so called, was imparted only in a defective manner, so that Scudo never properly learned how to sing. Notwithstanding this, he was selected, owing principally to his nationality, to sustain a second part in *Il Viaggio a Reims*, an opera composed by Rossini expressly for the coronation of Charles X. in 1824.

In consequence of the Revolution of 1830, Choron's School for Church-Music was closed, and Scudo compelled to look about for some means of gaining a livelihood. From this period, M. Fétis, as he tells us in his *Biographie Universelle*, vol. VII, lost sight of him, but was informed that he became a clarinet player in a regimental band, and, in 1832, was stationed at Nantes. He is said, at the same period, to have plunged into the writings of the theosophers Jacob Böhme, Van Helmont, St. Martin, and others. Fétis mentions the fact as a mere report, but if it be true, now, that Scudo has so unfortunately fallen a victim to mental derangement, it carries with it greater weight than would otherwise have been the case, since it is suggestive of a previous eccentric tendency in his mind. That, however, he devoted the period in question to the task of making up for lost time seems highly probable, and may be asserted with tolerable certainty, from his subsequent appearance as an author.

After his return to Paris, he gave lessons in singing. He wrote, also, a large number of songs, or romances, many of which were published, and, for a time were popular among *dilettanti*. Fétis gives the title of two or three dozen, but passes a very severe judgment on them. What we remember to have seen of them proves, it is true, that composition was not the sphere in which Scudo was destined to shine. In the accompaniments, also, of these romances we perceive what was either a striking want of acquaintance with the elements of harmony, or unpardonable haste.

He did much more in the way of musical criticism, or, perhaps, to speak more correctly, of reporting matters connected with music; for he did not possess sufficient acquirements to write sterling criticism founded upon theoretical analysis of a work of art. We should, however, be doing him injustice were we to go so far as to deny him the musical knowledge necessary for an independent æsthetic opinion on music; and in exactly the same degree that the judgment Fétis passes on him as a composer is correct, what he says about him as a writer on music is ill-natured and unjust. If we leave out of consideration a partiality for the Italians, his countrymen, which sometimes exercised a strong influence on him, Scudo was, above all, one of the few Parisian critics who gave utterance to his conscientious convictions, and never allowed himself to be swayed by any considerations whatever save those of art. He possessed, moreover, a polished and attractive style, especially and laudably remarkable from the fact of his being free from that continual striving after *esprit* which besets so many *feuilleton* writers, and of his never being tempted into coloring his judgment one way or the other for the sake of a witty idea, or into wounding any one personally, although, especially in the last years of his life, he despatched many subjects very curtly, and was frequently harsh and dogmatical. As one of the writers, for many years, on the *Revue des deux Mondes*, he had, it is true, succeeded in making himself a sort of authority on musical matters, and in asserting his equality with the other talented contributors to that periodical.

His articles in the *Revue* and other publications he gave to the world under various collective titles in the years 1850, 1854, 1859, 1860, and 1864. He wrote, likewise, a kind of art-romance: *Le Chevalier Sarti*, which has been translated into German. The *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung* also reproduced many his articles,

though often obliged to oppose him, especially in his opinions on German art. On the other hand, however, he expressed unbounded admiration of German and especially Rhenish concert performances, with which he became acquainted only a few years since, while, according to his own assertion, the oratorio choruses transported him into a completely new sphere of artistic enjoyment.

His intellect began to be deranged at the commencement of the present year, and at last, his disease degenerated into downright madness, so that his death—which occurred on the 21st October—must be looked on as a blessing, by all who felt any interest in him.

L. BISCHOFF.

Cologne, November 5.

The London *Athenæum*, in announcing the death of M. Scudo, says:

The rank of French journalists has been just narrowed by the death of M. Scudo, whose writings on music have been long popular with a certain section of connoisseurs, and by the chastity and elegance of their style have made themselves welcome elsewhere than in Paris. Tried, however, without reference to manner, their essential weakness, absence of generosity, and ignorance of all that passed, save in one dearly beloved corner of the world of art, render them valueless for the purposes of reference. Devoted to the elder school of Italian Opera composers and singers (many of whom he idolized only by hearsay), M. Scudo was, among all specious critics of modern times, the most resolute to hold no communion with all that was passing round him. It was so easy to talk of *La Coltellini* (afterwards Madame Mericoffre) as a singer to whom no woman in the later degenerate days was worthy to hold the candle; so easy to repeat, for ever and ever, raptures over Cimarosa's "Matrimonio," and Mozart's "Trio of Masks," in "Don Juan," and "Voi che sapete." Nothing could be more absurd (because of its contemptuous ignorance) than the manner in which M. Scudo would lay down the law concerning music in England, which country (he once avowedly declared in our hearing) contained nothing worth the trouble of a visit. And yet he did not hesitate, therefore, to speak, *ex cathedra*, of our oratorio performances, and of Handel as a fossil composer, and to insult Mendelssohn! M. Scudo became more dogmatic and slighter in his criticisms as years went on; more and more obviously carried away by that overweening temper which, by its bigotry, fancies it can defy time and its inevitable changes of loss and gain. At length his mind, which could never have been a strong or healthy one, gave way; and, after a short period of violent distemperature, he died at Blois, in confinement. —The successor of M. Fiorentino as a dramatic critic, M. Horace Viel-Castel, —a duller writer but a far more honest judge than that avowedly purchasable person,—also, died a few days since, in or near Paris.

## Musical Correspondence.

HALLE, PRUSSIA, Nov. 13.—I promised to write as soon as I should have anything to say; four weeks have passed since my arrival, but only the last has brought fruits worth storing. Halle, indeed, is by no means an unmusical place: how could it be so, when it is the residence of ROBERT FRANZ? But it has its season, and that has only just commenced. Every winter brings a series of four classical subscription concerts, alternating with five of the "Berg" Association, a sort of social club. These, as well as the frequent performances of the "Sing-Akademie," are under the direction of Franz, to whom, also, the University Choir (consisting of students) owe their perfect rendering of the sentences, motets, &c., at the bi-weekly academic service. For years past, too, all the artists, great and small, who visit Leipzig, as the central point of all musical interest, let their light

shine also upon Halle, and find there a critical and appreciative audience.

But also in humbler spheres, a healthy taste and love for music cannot but be cultivated, when an obscure restaurant advertises, joined to creature comforts, programmes like this: Trio by Beethoven; 'Cello Solo by Kummer; Quartet by Haydn; or: Sonata for Piano and Violin by Beethoven, Trio by Hummel, Quartet by Mozart;—or when an amateur orchestral Union promises (to the accompaniment of beer and pipes, and for a mere nominal price of admission) Beethoven's 7th Symphony, a Pastoral by Bach, Mendelssohn's "Fair Melusina," and a Fantasia from *Lohengrin*! Several times a week, too, the ears of the people are fed by grand old Chorals and Motets, or beautiful secular Quartets by Mendelssohn, Hauptmann &c., from the throats of the singing boys (the same institution to which Luther belonged in his youth) as they wander through the streets and sing before the houses of their patrons. True, distance sometimes lends enchantment to the sound; for a sensitive musical ear may be hurt by an occasional swerving from the true pitch of one or the other of the fresh young voices; but the music still remains, and cannot fail to find its way into the hearts of the hearers.

No less impressive is another old custom still extant in Halle. Every evening, at 9 o'clock, from one of the five towers that lend such beauty to the market-place, the *Thürmer*, or watchman, on some wind instrument, plays a solemn choral, repeating it to each quarter of the globe. Often this is followed by the touching hymn for the dead: "How they so gently rest," ordered by bereaved friends in memory of their departed. The effect is most beautiful: one would almost imagine the strains to come direct from heaven.

The first subscription concert took place last week; the first of the "Berg" series last evening. The orchestra consists of about 40 performers, who are admirably drilled by their leader, E. John, and inspired by Franz as conductor, and they play with much spirit. An orchestra *Suite* by Bach, Mendelssohn's "Scotch Symphony," a Symphony in D by Haydn, and Cherubini's overture to *Les deux Journées* were the compositions I heard from them. The first pleased and interested me most, in every way. It consists of a *Prelude*, *Aria*, *Gavotte*, *Bourrée*, and *Gigue*, characteristic of the composer throughout, and yet in his most popular and comprehensible style. The first violin was taken by Ferdinand David, (who was announced as one of the solo-performers of the evening), and it was delightful to see how evidently he enjoyed his part, and with what zest Franz and the whole orchestra entered into the thing. The *Aria* was a violin solo inexpressibly beautiful, like a soul; soaring heaven-ward and most exquisitely was it rendered by David. Then came the merry *Gavotte*; fresh and charming as if composed yesterday (only that no one living could have written it); the rough, heavy *Bourrée*, and the stately *Gigue*—calling up to our fancy's eye the lords and dames of old, whose measured movements perchance followed these same strains. In his regular solos, David rather disappointed me. They were more bravura pieces: a Concerto by Viotti, and a composition of his own; and though his execution was admirable, I found the performance rather tedious. Far more gratifying to me was the playing of Edmund Singer, "Court-virtuoso," from Stuttgart, who appeared at the "Berg" concert. (Query: If a piano-virtuoso is one who is perfect on the piano, a violin-virtuoso, ditto on the violin, what is the perfection of a "Court-virtuoso"?) He produced a violin Concerto of Paganini, and Bach's *Chaconne*, in a manner which carried away all his hearers. Ease of execution, breadth and purity of tone, depth of feeling, artistic refinement, all these are his to a rare degree. I suppose none but Joachim can do justice to the *Chaconne* of Bach, or make it quite clear to

to the unprofessional hearer; but Singer threw more light on it than any one from whom I have ever heard it, and overcame its marvellous difficulties in a masterly manner. The vocal part of these concerts was not of sufficient importance to require particular mention.

A few days ago I had the great satisfaction of hearing, for the first time in my life, a "Gewandhaus" concert in Leipzig. It was with strange feelings that I entered that hall, so far-famed in modern musical history, so fraught with associations of the deepest interest. A description is unnecessary, as better ones than mine would be have repeatedly appeared in your Journal;—but for which, indeed, I should have been sadly disappointed in the size and locality of the room. As a whole, the programme was not as perfect as I could have wished to hear; but two of the four numbers were alone worth coming across the ocean to hear.—They were Cherubini's sparkling, vigorous Overture to "*Les Abencerrages*," and Beethoven's *Eroica*. The perfection, the spirit, the *elan* with which these were rendered, surpassed my highest expectations, and delighted me beyond measure. The instruments were so marvellously balanced, the shading so exquisite! there was such unanimity and precision! In the overture, there occurs a *piano* passage for the violins: I never heard anything so beautifully rendered; it was like the soft rustling of the wind in the tree-tops. And in the crescendos, the *forte* passages, there was a vigor, a life, that made one's pulses throb. But all my expressions of enthusiasm will give no adequate impression of the reality to those who have never been so fortunate as to hear this wonderful orchestra; all that I can say of it only appears very tame compared to my recollections.

The remaining numbers of the programme were a *Characterbild*, "*Faust*," by Rubinstein, magnificently played, but inappreciable at one hearing; and a Piano Concerto by Mr. Jacques Rosenhain, performed by himself:—a modern composition, executed with modern brilliancy, and in my humble opinion hardly worthy of a place in a Gewandhaus-concert.

At present the good people of Halle are all excitement over the expected advent of Carlotta Patti and companions. While all laugh and pretend to be disgusted at Ullmann's flaming placards and pompous advertisements, and groan at the unheard of price of tickets, (1½ and 2 Thalers), the latter are nearly all disposed of, and nothing else is talked about. In my next I will tell you how H U M B U G, though not as much at home in Germany as in America, is as omnipotent here as there.

M.

[The following letter, from our Regular Correspondent, though duly mailed, failed to reach us in season for the last number.]

NEW YORK, DEC. 6.—I read your melancholy article on the lost [?]; musical importance of Boston, with the greatest sympathy, and now regret that I have no softer balsam for your wounded heart to offer, than a report of such harmonious enjoyments as you seem so much to feel the need of. And yet you have a splendid organ, around which all the Boston music-making seems lately to have concentrated itself; organists of all kinds springing out of the earth like grass. We have no such organ here; but we have a Philharmonic Society in New York; one in Brooklyn; and, lest a week should pass without a symphony concert, Mr. THEODORE THOMAS has conceived the happy idea of giving five "*Sinfonie-Soirées*" during the winter, in which, besides the classical orchestral works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, and Mendelssohn, novelties of all kinds will be produced.

The first *Soirée* took place in Irving Hall on the 3rd December. The orchestra, numbered some fifty

or sixty of our best orchestral players. Here is the programme:

Symphony No. 8. Op. 93. F major. . . . . Beethoven.  
Scena and Aria, "*Non plu di fiori*," (Clemenza di Tito.) . . . . . Mozart.

Miss Fanny Raymond.

Concerto in F minor. Op. 21. . . . . Chopin.  
Larghetto and Finale.  
Mr. S. B. Mills.

Suite, Op. 118. D. . . . . Fr. Lachner.  
1. Præludium. 3. Variationen und Marsch.  
2. Menuetto. 4. Introduction und Fuge.  
(First time in America.)

Orchestra.

Cavatina, "*Ab s'attento*," (Donna Carlotta), . . . . . Mendelssohn.  
Miss Fanny Raymond.

Dramatic Symphony, Romeo and Juliet, Op. 17. . . . . Berlioz.

Second Part.

"Romeo seul"—Tristesse—Concert of Bal.—Grand Fête  
chez Capulet."  
(First time in America.)

Beethoven's 8th Symphony was a happy choice; every time I hear it, I am struck with the absurdity of Fétis' division of Beethoven's works into three styles, or periods. As he already discovers traces of the third style in the 7th Symphony (op. 92), I presume that he classes the symphony in question as belonging to the third manner. Lenz, however, (and of this Fétis seems to be ignorant), proves that the 8th symphony was composed before the 7th. Here is what the learned *Directeur du Conservatoire de Bruxelles* says of the third period: "Without his (Beethoven) being aware of it himself, his originality lost something of its spontaneity in becoming systematic; the bounds within which he had heretofore retained it, were overthrown. Repetitions of the same thoughts were pushed to excess; the development of the subject he had chosen became rambling; the melodic thought was less clear, as it became more dreamy; the harmony bore a certain stamp of hardness, and seemed, from day to day, to bear witness to the weakening of his memory of sound. Finally, Beethoven affected to find new forms, less from the effect of a sudden inspiration, than to satisfy the conditions of a meditated plan. The works written in this direction of the artist's ideas, comprise the third period of his life, and his last manner. This style is already to be noted in the Symphony in A."—Fétis, who piques himself on having discovered a philosophy of music, by which he is enabled to judge the wanderings of our great masters from the path of the beautiful, has made himself ridiculous by his criticism of Beethoven's works. And this very 8th Symphony leads us to suspect that his philosophy is founded upon little else than arrogance. For this work is so very clear, fresh, original, euphonious in every bar; such a happy mood reigns in the whole, that Beethoven must have been in an excellent humor when he wrote it. Beethoven's philosophy pleases us more than that of M. Fétis.

The orchestral execution was, on the whole, good, although a certain haste and uncertainty were perceptible, especially in the last two movements. It is to be regretted that only two rehearsals were had; and such rehearsals are rather a going through than a thorough study of a work; of course, in them an intelligent penetration of works in all their formal and orchestral details is not to be thought of; nor can the director do everything with his bâton.

The *Suite*, by Fr. Lachner, was played here for the first time. In a favorable sense, it is excellent *capellmeister* music; originality does not come out so strongly in it as the formal and contrapuntal cleverness of the composer; and the effective and thoughtful instrumentation bears witness to the experience of the master in the orchestra. The work pleased very much, and we hope soon to hear the second *Suite*, which lately appeared, by the same composer. The extract from Berlioz's "*Romeo and Juliet*" Symphony pleased us better than most that we have heretofore heard by Berlioz. But in all his works we experience the feeling of "much ado about nothing." If Berlioz had only as many happy ideas

as orchestral effects, he would be a great master. Depth of conception, free contrapuntal handling of his motives, and their organic development into significant periods, is in a great measure wanting to him. This poverty is not to be ignored, in spite of the most refined orchestral effects.

Miss RAYMOND made her début in New York in this concert. The young lady in appearance is pleasing; her voice, a powerful and sonorous mezzo-soprano, exactly fitted for the execution of the broad dramatic *cantilena*. Her upper tones are superb; the medium, of softer *timbre*; and the lower, not yet compact enough. Her choice of the great Mozartean aria from *La Clemenza di Tito*, showed that she had no desire to tread the broad road, laid down with throat-flexibility, which is trodden by most of our concert singers; although in the aria by Mercadante, she gave signs of a desire to acquire the Italian style also—but only as means to an end—not with the selfish aim of satisfying personal vanity. How often has it not been regretted, both publicly and privately, that the choice of arias by our concert singers proves their musical poverty and ignorance! Always the same worn-out arias, the same stereotyped cadenzas, the same ear-breaking high tones, the same sentimental trem o-lizing! If our young singers would only search a little among the rich leaves of the seldom heard Italian, French, and German masters, they would not so soon go out of the "fashion," and we would forgive them a little of their silly "execution." Miss Raymond is at present in the right path, and will not, we trust, wander from it. The Mozart aria she sang finely, and with dramatic truth she gave the great recitative. In the last movement we could have wished for a little more fire; but the miserable accompaniment of the orchestra was anything but encouraging, and had she not been an excellent musician, she could not have carried the aria through in spite of it. In her second aria she was fortunate enough to be really supported by the piano-forte accompaniment of one of our best musicians, Mr. Mosenthal. Miss Raymond had every reason to be satisfied with her success, and the artistic position which she desires as a singer is certain to be hers. We hope to hear her, as she is mistress of the German language, in the songs of Schubert, Schumann, and Robert Franz.

Of the Mozart aria, Otto Jahn says: "The second aria of Vitellia is the pearl of the opera, and unquestionably one of the finest ever written. In a decisive moment, Vitellia resolves to sacrifice her dearest hopes, her life, to the nobler impulses of her soul, whose ambitious striving has been too long directed to a false goal, and raises herself to true greatness thereby. The music characterizes this situation throughout; it becomes a psychological picture which holds its independent signification in itself, and has but a slight connection with the earlier part of the opera, so far as concerns the part of Vitellia. By means of this air, indeed, she steps out of the frame of the opera, and treads the ground of concert music, partly through the introduction of the corno di bassetto, which does not shine by bravura, but is used as a concertizing instrument in response to the voice. Here we have all the elements of perfect unity, the perfect beauty of musical form, while the sharp contrasts of the different motives finely translate the different phases of feeling in detail; and the whole is penetrated with a poetic breath, and is so noble, that the artistic satisfaction it awakens; makes us forget that it is somewhat out of place amid its surroundings in the opera. The introductory recitative is a masterpiece of wonderful expression; and the proud beauty of the aria is filled with deep and heavy melancholy, that ever increases its charm; as, when we gaze on the Niobe, the feeling of pity is transfigured and purified by that of lofty nobleness."

The clever pianist, S. B. MILLS, played two movements from Chopin's F-minor Concerto admirably. His execution is almost blameless. His touch is capable of every shade; and he possesses the certainty and self-possession necessary to play a Concerto. If we have sometimes to find fault with his conception, yet his technical ability is so satisfactory, that it makes us forget in some measure what is lacking in that respect. Mr. Mills has long promised to give soirées of piano-music by classical masters, both old and new. We wish that he would not stay short at promises; he would certainly not fail to obtain the necessary support.

The success of Mr. Thomas's undertaking was encouraging for him. We have seldom seen a more musical and critical audience gathered together. If he could manage to squeeze a few more rehearsals out of his orchestra, (for his players were among our best, so that we should have to attribute failure, not success, to accident), his mission would be satisfactorily fulfilled.

LANCLOT.

(Second Letter from the Same.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—The second Philharmonic Concert took place at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening last. The programme was this: Symphony No. 3, in A minor, Op. 56.....Mendelssohn. Chorus for Male voices, "Die stille Wasserrose".....Abt. German Liederkrans of New York. Under the Direction of Mr. Agricola Paur. Concerto for Violoncello.....F. L. Ritter. Composed for and Dedicated to Mr. F. Bergner. Overture to "The Magic Flute".....Mozart. Chorus for Male voices, "Festgesang an die Künstler".....Mendelssohn. German Liederkrans of New York. Descriptive Overture, "King Lear," in C.....Berlioz. Conductor, Mr. Theo. Eisfeld.

It is so long since we have had a Mendelssohn Symphony on the programme, that the fine "Scotch" one seemed to us almost a novelty—and a very acceptable one. The performance of the orchestra was hardly so careful and refined in some of its shadings as this symphony requires; still the execution was, on the whole, creditable. Strange to say, the lovely "Magic Flute" overture, the marvel of melody and science, was received with almost perfect indifference by the audience. But the sentimental chorus for male voices, by Abt. (well sung, however, by the Liederkrans) was re-demanded. Can it be possible that twenty-three years of Philharmonic concertizing has not yet raised the taste of the New York public above such a stand-point? If this be the rule, and not the exception, then the society must feel but little encouraged in its efforts. Mr. BERGNER played the violoncello Concerto finely. His tone is clear, pure, and full, and he possesses much power of expression, with a rare mastery over his instrument,—and, what is rarer still, a truly earnest and artistic spirit. Berlioz's overture to "King Lear" closed the concert. We like the work much; it opens with a grandiose theme, which, variously treated, leads into a spirited Allegro; the principal motive of this is contrasted with a somewhat tame cantilena, to which, however, much interest is lent by the fine instrumental coloring which is one of Berlioz's peculiar characteristics.

*L'homme propose, mais*—sometimes engagements interpose. We were sorry we were unable to attend Dr. CUTLER's (so-called) historical concert at Trinity church, which, from all reports, was interesting. Choruses and solos from the best sacred works were performed, besides various organ solos, sacred—and profane. Much good might be accomplished towards the improvement of church music in this city,—for, with some few honorable exceptions, the standard of musical taste in our choirs is at a fearfully low ebb—by more frequent undertakings of this nature.

Italian Opera still goes on at the Academy. "Don Sebastian," by Donizetti, has been the last novelty. The melodies of this opera have less freshness than those of his best compositions, but there are some good dramatic points about the work.

LANCLOT.

(Communicated.)

#### CHORAL FESTIVAL AT TRINITY CHURCH.

NEW YORK, DEC. 10. The long expected Choral Festival proved so important and interesting that it demands special notice. The inauguration of the new Chancel Organ was made the occasion for the Festival, and it would have been almost impossible to carry it through successfully without the aid of the new organ, which is intended to supplement the Grand Organ in the Choral service of Trinity Church. It is not a large organ; but a very effective one. It has two manuals, of a compass of 4 1-2 octaves, and a Pedal of a compass of 29 keys; and has 24 registers. Though the number of stops is comparatively small, yet the fact that they all run through the manual will show it to be an effective instrument. It was built by Hall & Labagh, after plans by Dr. Cutler. It occupies a position on one side of the chancel, elevated about eight feet from the floor, and is supported by a frame work extending through the stone wall which divides the chancel from the aisle. It has no case, but the larger metal pipes are displayed at full length, both in front and on the sides, and are to be decorated in gold and colors.

The Festival was of a character common in England, but never before introduced in this country. The exercises began on Wednesday, December 7th, at noon, and were performed by a choir of one hundred male voices, mostly boys, being the united choirs of Trinity Church, New York, Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, and Church of the Advent, Boston, under the direction of Dr. CUTLER, the accomplished organist of Trinity. The singers were clad in surplices, after the manner of the choir boys of the Church of England. The first part of the programme was an interesting lecture on music, by Rev. Dr. VINTON, of Trinity Church, which was illustrated by several choral performances of different styles of music, as follows:

1. Gregorian Chant.....Gregory the Great, A. D. 590. "Cantate Domino Novum."
- All voices on the melody, without organ, as in ancient times.
2. German Chorale.....Luther, A. D. 1529.
3. The Angel Trio.....from Mendelssohn's "Elijah."
- Masters Coker, Ehrlich and Grandin, of Trinity Choir.

This was magnificently sung and commanded the most earnest attention of the audience.

4. Chorale.....James Turle.
5. Chant "7th Psalm of the Psalter."
6. Organ Performance.....Selections from Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

In which Mr. George W. Morgan displayed his wonderful command of the pedals.

7. Organ Fantasia. With Pedal Oblivato.....Cutler. Founded on the Rev. John Henry Hopkins's celebrated Carol, "We three Kings of Orient are."

This fantasia was in polyphonic style, in which Dr. Cutler is especially admirable, both as composer and executant.

8. Solo and Chorus.....Handel's "Messiah." "O thou that talkest."
- Solo by Master Grandin.

Contralto of Trinity Choir. Sung in a very clear and effective voice.

9. Duet and Chorus.....Handel's "Judas Maccabæus." "Hail Judea, happy land"
- Duet, by Masters Tate and Jamison.

10. Solo.....Handel's "Samson." "Total Eclipse."
- Mr. Samuel D. Mayer.

Mr. Mayer's clear voice rendered this beautiful solo with excellent effect.

11. Solo.....Handel's "Messiah." "I know that my Redeemer liveth."
- Master Ehrlich.

One of the sopranos of Trinity Choir. Sung with excellent finish and expression.

12. Luther's Judgment Hymn. Organ Accompaniment by Mr. S. P. Taylor, probably the oldest organist in this country.—Born soon after Handel's time.—Now eighty-five years of age.—Began his musical career seventy-six years ago as a choir boy in England.—Has played the organ since the age of twelve.—Came to America in 1806.—Was appointed organist at Christ Church, Ann Street, New York in 1807.—Was the first to introduce the chant in church service in New York.

#### Part II.

1. Solo.....Handel's "Judas Maccabæus." "Sound an Alarm!"
- Mr. George L. Weeks, Jr.

This was given in a very energetic and effective manner. It was accompanied on the Chancel Organ by Mr. W. H. WALTER, of Trinity Chapel, and on the grand organ by Dr. CUTLER.

2. Solo.....Mendelssohn's "Elijah." "Hear ye, Israel."
- Master Richard Coker, First Soprano Trinity Choir.

This was the most interesting solo of all. Master Coker's beautiful soprano voice created a marked sensation, and was listened to with breathless attention.

3. Air.....from Haydn's "Creation." Mr. George E. Alken.
4. Gloria.....from Haydn's 8d Mass.

The solos were finely rendered by Masters Coker and Pratt, and Messrs. Weeks and Giles.

5. Offertoire, for the Organ (abridged).....L. Wely. Mr. George W. Morgan.
6. Quartet.....from Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

This beautiful Quartet was without accompaniment, and was given with fine feeling and delicate expression. The voices were well balanced.

7. Toccata in F.....Bach. Mr. Charles J. Hopkins.

Here was the true organ music, and justice was done it by Mr. Hopkins. The effect was glorious. If there is an organ in the country which for power and grandeur may dispute the palm with the Great Organ in the Boston Music Hall, it is that of Trinity Church. Let the reader may regard this as an exaggeration let him consider that there are upon the Manuals of this organ six sixteen-foot stops, two of these being 16 feet reeds; besides these, a 32 feet open stop in the Pedals. ["If," indeed.—Ed.]

8. Handel's Grand Hallelujah Chorus.

Accompanied by the full power of both organs, and rendered with splendid power and precision. The vast edifice seemed to surge and rock as wave after wave of the rich music poured into it from the laboring organs and the pealing voices of the choir. It was an admirable and fitting climax to all that had preceded.

The accompaniments on the Grand Organ, whenever it was used in connection with the Chancel Organ, were by Mr. W. H. WALTER, organist of Trinity Chapel, New York.

Though the weather was exceedingly unfavorable, on Wednesday, the church was well filled. It was repeated on Thursday evening, and so great was the desire to attend, that though it was advertised to commence at eight o'clock, at seven every seat and every spot of standing room was occupied; it was estimated that over one thousand persons were unable to gain admission.

For this reason, it was repeated again on Friday evening, and to a crowded audience. It was a notable event in our musical history and will be long remembered by every one who took part in it, or had the pleasure of listening. It is intended to make it an annual Festival, and it will become an important institution; it must have a most pure and healthy influence upon public taste, especially in the matter of Church music. The superiority of a choir of male voices over one of mixed voices, in the elements of unity, precision and energy, must be apparent to every listener. [?—Ed.] The admirable fullness, nerve, and vigor of the boys' voices is the proper counterpart to the solid and substantial timbre of the voices of men.

The responsibility of this Festival has been entirely on the shoulders of Dr. Cutler, and to his untiring zeal and energy is due the credit of it. Those who assisted have faithfully done their best. Their reward will be the remembrance of a true success. \* \* \*

PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 18.—The first soirée of Messrs. WOLFSOHN and THOMAS was a most agreeable affair. The Schumann quartet (piano and strings) was the chief attraction. Mr. Thomas played Vieuxtemps' *Concerto Appassionata*. Despite



fine fine performance, it seemed out of place in a classical concert. The same may be said of Mr. Wolfsohn's "Faust" transcription. A suite of short piano pieces ("Album-Blätter"), by Mr. Wolfsohn, was much admired.

Another active agency in encouraging and improving the taste for good music is the "Philadelphia Quintette Club." This organization was formed early last summer, and consists of Messrs. GARTNER, JARVIS, M. H. CROSS, PLAGEMANN and CHARLES SCHMITZ. Their weekly matinees are well attended, and the enterprise seems successful.

Mr. C. SCHMITZ has been frequently mentioned in these letters as one of our most excellent performers on the violoncello. He was recently elected as conductor of the "Germania Orchestra," vice CARL SENTZ. As Mr. Schmitz is the youngest member of the society, this confidence implies a great compliment. We can only regret that the Germania is the best and largest orchestra we dare boast of. There is certainly enough material among us for the composition of a band larger and better than Mr. Schmitz's orchestra. Why will none of the musical fraternity do something to prove that large orchestral works can be produced in one city. S.

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

**THEATRE LYRIQUE.** The correspondent of the *Orchestra*, Nov. 1, writes:

M. Carvalho, in resuming the management of this theatre, has completely changed the character of its repertoire, and with the exception of "Faust," and Grétry's "Epreuve Villageoise," seems to count on the importation of the works of Italian and German composers as the surest way to induce the public to patronize his theatre. The first opera he produced, "Rigoletto," was successful; "Don Pasquale" was also favorably received, and his third essay, "Violetta," with Mlle. Nilsen as the heroine, will, I think, encourage him to persevere in his idea.

Mlle. Nilsen is a pupil of M. Wartel, who, many years back, held an honorable position in our opera as the supplement of Adolphe Nourrit. Latterly he has devoted his attention to teaching, and his first pupil was Mlle. Trebelli, now Mlle. Trebelli-Bertini. You see he began well. His second is Mlle. Nilsen, for I can hardly mention his son, who has not voice enough to count as one of the singers of M. Carvalho's troupe, but whose excellent qualities as comedian render him very useful in such parts as *Sparafucile*, in "Rigoletto," *Francotrippe*, in "Reine Topaze;" in fact what are technically termed "character" parts. Mlle. Nilsen (country-woman of Madame Lind-Goldschmidt) is very young; only nineteen. She is tall, with fair hair, expressive features, extremely lady-like, and has one of the most beautiful voices (particularly in the upper notes) I have heard for a long time. She was very nervous, and the "Brindisi" was not given so brilliantly as a more experienced artist would have sung it; but she fought bravely against her emotion, and at the end of the first act had made a favorable impression on the audience. This impression increased as the piece went on, and at the end she had achieved a decided success. She sang much better the second time, on Saturday. Some few days ago I expressed a wish that this year might give us some Malibran "en herbe." I'm not quite sure that Mlle. Nilsen will not turn out to be the treasure we seek. If she works carefully, I believe in a great success hereafter. The only objection I have to make is, that I think her a year too young for a Paris theatre. Had she spent some few months in trying her powers in the provinces, I think it would have been wiser. The house was crowded on the first night; and among the persons assembled to witness the *début* I noticed Mlle. Adelina Patti, and Madame Doche, who first played the part at the Gymnase.

**THEATRE ITALIEN.** Among the performances of the last month were *Roberto Devereux*, with Fraschini, Delle Sedie and Mme. De la Grange; *L'Elisir d'Amore*, with Adelina Patti, Naudin and Scialese (whom some call the best *buffo* since Lablache); *Rigoletto*, *Il Barbiere*, *Traviata*, and *Don Giovanni*, of which the *Musical World's* correspondent says:

On Sunday *Don Giovanni* was given at the Italiens

with the following cast:—Donna Anna, Madame Lagrange; Elvira, Mlle. Vanderbeck; Zerlina, Mlle. Adelina Patti; Don Giovanni, Signor Delle-Sedie; Ottavio, Signor Baragli; Leporello, Signor Scialese; the Commendatore, Signor Antonucci. Take away Mlle. Patti, Signor Scialese, and perhaps Mlle. Vanderbeck, whose Elvira was more than respectable, and the cast is literally below criticism, and quite unworthy of the Italian Opera of Paris. I did not witness the performance on Sunday, but shall attend the next, were it for nothing else than to hear and see Mlle. Patti in Zerlina, which is adorable. The Sisters Marchisio appear shortly in *Semiramide*.

**BRIGNOLI**—our spoiled tenor—after hissing discomfort in Spain, which they say was undeserved—made a successful debut Nov. 27th in *Marta*; Patti singing the part of "mi-lady;" Mme. Meric-Lablache, that of Nancy, and Delle-Sedie and Scialese the other male parts. Patti was to sing also in *Linda*, and as Ninetta in *La Gazza Ladra*.

**GRAND OPERA.** The new piece, *Roland à Roncevaux*, by M. Metmel, appears to hold its ground, and has had frequent repetitions, breaking the never-ending round of the Meyerbeer, Halévy and Rossini Grand-Opera works *par excellence*. Of these, during November, there came round *La Juive*, with Villaret as the Jew, Obin, the Cardinal, Mlle. Sax, Rachel, Mlle. de Taisy, the princess, and Warot, as the prince; *Guillaume Tell*, *Le Trouvère* (Trovatore) with Mlle. Sax and Sannier, MM. Morère and Dumestre; *Huguenots* (Sax, Morère, Obin and Faure); Rossini's *Comte Ory*, and on the same evening the first performance of a Conservatory prize Cantata, *Ivanhoe*, by M. Sieg, pupil of Ambrose Thomas.—The *Orchestra* correspondent has had a peep at Meyerbeer's mysterious posthumous "*L'Africaine*," now under rehearsal, and lets this much of the cat out of the bag:

In Act 1 the scene is laid in Lisbon, and we find *Inès* (Mlle. Marie Battu) deploring the loss of her lover, *Vasco di Gama*. She is confirmed in her belief in his death by her father, *L'Amiral* (M. Castelmary), and her future husband, *Don Pedro* (M. Belval), for whom (he being a basso) she has not the slightest affection. (Did you ever hear of a basso who was successful in his love-making? I except of course *Peters* in the "*Etoile du Nord*," but even he is now played by a baritone.)

*Vasco di Gama* is not dead; he has returned from his voyage, and in the finale we find the *Grand Inquisiteur* and other wise men of Lisbon assembled under the presidency of *Don Pedro* to discuss the plans he proposes for a second voyage. He recounts his travels, tells of the countries he has discovered, and the perils he has passed through; and to prove the truth of his statement, he brings forward, as witnesses, two captives: *Celika*, Queen of Madagascar (Mlle. Saxe), and *Nelusko* (M. Faure). They, however, disappoint his expectations, and refuse to say a single word. The council in a scene of great confusion, some being for and some against *Vasco*, proceed to vote; and the result proclaimed by *Don Pedro* (who intends turning his rival's discoveries to his own advantage), is unfavorable to our hero. He, forgetting the respect due to the court, abuses his judges, and is recompensed by a most effective *anathème* pronounced against him by the *Grand Inquisiteur*.

In the second act, *Vasco* is in prison. He sleeps; and in his dreams pronounces the name of *Inès*, much to the sorrow of *Celika*, who, notwithstanding her attack of muteness in the previous act, is devotedly attached to him. *Nelusko* enters, designing to revenge himself on *Vasco* by taking his life. The air sung by Faure in this situation is one of the great effects of the two acts now ready, and will become classic in the Baritone repertoire. *Vasco* awakes, and this would be assassin retires in confusion. Our traveller's thoughts dwell continually on his voyages, and he draws a rude map of his discoveries on his prison wall. *Celika*, who observes him attentively, and who appears to have a natural genius for geography, corrects the faults of his design, and points out the real track he has until now sought in vain, and he in his thankfulness tells her he loves her (of course the "je t'aime"), and we have the necessary "situation" for a love duet. *Inès* and *Don Pedro*, attended by *Nelusko*, arrive just in time to witness the end of this tender scene. *Inès* tells her lover that she has married *Don Pedro* in order to secure his liberation from captivity. *Vasco* declares that he has never loved but her; that *Celika* is only a

slave, and that he gives her into her power. *Don Pedro*, who has also something to say, announces that he is named by the Council chief of the expedition which *Vasco* had promised to undertake, and the second act ends with a finale in which the despair of *Inès* and her lover are the most prominent features.

The song at the commencement of the opera in which *Inès* mourns the loss of her lover is thoroughly German in character, and is one of the most charming "Lieder" I have ever heard. A well written terzetto for *Inès*, her father, and *Don Pedro* follows; but the great effect of the first act is in the finale. It begins with a march as fine as that of the "*Prophète*," which is followed by a phrase sung in unison by the basses, which plays a great part throughout the finale, and is worked out with all the science for which Meyerbeer was so distinguished. We have *Vasco's* grand recitative, the *anathème*, and the act finishes with a well written and exciting *allegro*. In the second act I noticed a *berceuse* for *Celika*, the second part of which, sung when she hears *Vasco* pronounce in his sleep the name of *Inès*, is by its passionate character in strong opposition to the quiet charm of the opening phrase. I have already mentioned the great effect of Faure's air. In the finale there are a fine sextuor without accompaniment and a well written *strette*; and the act concludes with a new effect, an unaccompanied *ensemble* which (unlike "*La Caltunnia*" in Rossini's "*Barbiere*") *va diminuendo* until the curtain falls. Every one is doing his best to make the execution worthy of the great composer. The two *chefs de service*, MM. Vanthrot and Victor Massé, are indefatigable. M. Naudin is working hard to rid himself of his Italian accent, and no doubt when the opera is ready for the public our new tenor will be quite equal to the difficult task he has undertaken.

**PARIS POPULAR CONCERTS.**—A correspondent of the *London Musical World*, writes:

"Being in Paris last Sunday, the 6th inst., I attended the "*Concert Populaire*" of classical music, given at the Cirque Napoléon, under the direction of M. Pasdeloup. It is now four years since M. Pasdeloup so successfully inaugurated these Sunday afternoon concerts; and the one I am going to notice was the third of the first series of the present season. The following was the programme:—

Overture, "Ruler of the Spirits".....Weber.  
Symphony in G minor.....Mozart.  
Allegretto un poco agitato (Lobengang).....Mendelssohn.  
Concerto in B flat (No. 2).....Beethoven.  
Suite in D, for Orchestra.....Franz Lachner.

I was agreeably surprised to find a closely packed audience of nearly 4000 persons, listening with the most religious attention from first to last, to a kind of music with which certainly they are not familiar, and showing, throughout, real judgment in their manifestations of approval. The orchestra over which M. Pasdeloup presides is both numerous and efficient, and I was particularly pleased with the precision and brilliancy of the stringed instruments. The double basses especially (twelve in number) appeared to me strikingly sonorous. The flutes, oboes, and clarinets on the contrary, I found rather weak, and altogether not to be compared with the performers in our London orchestras. Weber's overture was correctly played, but lacked spirit and enthusiasm. Mozart's symphony went better, although the *andante* was taken provokingly quick. The minuet, however, made amends, and pleased so much that it was vociferously encored. The beautiful movement in G minor from Mendelssohn's symphony to the *Lobengang*, was taken a shade too fast, and was rather deficient in accent and color. A repetition, nevertheless, was unanimously called for, and granted accordingly. Beethoven's easy, but not the less acceptable, piano-forte concerto was the most complete and satisfactory performance of the whole concert, firstly because M. Ritter really played it to perfection (introducing a clever and effective *cadenza* of his own); and, secondly, because it was splendidly accompanied by the orchestra. M. Ritter was greatly applauded at the end of each movement, and after the *finale* was rewarded by a general call, in which the orchestra joined. Of F. Lachner's *Suite*, the variations had the lion's share, being the most attractive part of the work, and meeting with a very animated performance on the part of the orchestra. As conductor, M. Pasdeloup seems very zealous and painstaking, though at times he is over anxious and gets fidgety in consequence. His readings are generally correct enough, but mostly wanting in refinement.

**DRESDEN.**—Here is the programme of the whole series of the six monthly subscription Concerts by

the Royal Capelle (orchestra), beginning October 26th :

Among the works performed will be, at the First Concert : Overture to *Anacreon*, Cherubini ; "Suite," No. 2 (E minor) Franz Lachner (first time) ; *Sinfonia Eroica* (No. 3, E flat major), L. v. Beethoven.—Second Concert : Overture to Byron's *Manfred*, R. Schumann ; Serenade, composed in 1779 at Salzburg ; Mozart (first time of performance ; this work is at present entirely unknown) ; Concert-Overture (A major), J. Rietz ; Symphony (D major), J. Haydn.—Third Concert : Symphony (D minor), R. Volkmann (first time) ; Overture to *Die Schöne Melusine*, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy ; Concert-Overture (D minor), F. Heller (first time) ; Symphony (No. 1, C major), L. v. Beethoven.—Fourth Concert : Overture, Op. 124, L. v. Beethoven ; Symphony (A major), C. Reinecke (first time) ; Concert-Overture (D major), F. Grützmacher (first time) ; Symphony (D major), Joseph Haydn, No. 33 of Simrock's edition.—Fifth Concert : Symphony (F major), Theodore Gouvy (first time ; Overture, Scherzo, and Finale, R. Schumann ; Symphony (No. 3, A minor, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.—Sixth Concert : Overture ("Im Hochland" N. W. Gade ; Symphony (No. 1, C major), C. M. von Weber ; Overture to *Rom-munda*, F. Schubert ; and Symphony (No. 4 B flat major), L. v. Beethoven.

LEIPZIG.—Classical Leipzig has been wandering after strange gods, going into a *furor* about Ullman's blazing posters and his Carlotta Patti concerts. Shades of Bach and Mendelssohn, what are we coming to ! "All we like sheep have gone astray !" Luckily a day of repentance was at hand ; the good old Saxon autumnal *Bussstag* (i. e. Fast Day), which was improved (so writes the *Orchestra man*) after this manner :

On the *Bussstag* itself, as is here the custom, the *Riedelscher Verein* gave a concert of sacred music in the Thomas Church. Herr Riedel may have thought that our constitutions were so enervated by the Patti dissipation of the previous days that nothing but a strong course of Bach could restore their tone ; for the programme was entirely selected from the works of that uncompromising composer, who himself, though, dearly loved a trip to Dresden to hear the "pretty Italian songs." The specimens selected were the "*Magnificat*," the cantata, "*Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit*," and the Second Part of the "*Weihnachts-Oratorium*." The unfavorable position of the orchestra and the bad acoustical properties of the Thomas Church are even more painfully perceptible in the elaborate part-writing of Bach than in the broader style of Handel. Few of Bach's works are more elaborate than this five-part "*Magnificat*," for to these five voice parts a most complicated orchestral accompaniment is added, the instruments themselves being sometimes divided into two, at times even into three, choirs. The performance, mainly, perhaps, owing to the above-mentioned causes, was most unsatisfactory. But some parts still showed how grand they might be if heard under favorable conditions.

The "*Weihnachts-Oratorium*" is a collection of six cantatas written for the festivals at Christmas, New Year, and the Epiphany. Bach could never write a piece of music at any length without some amount of complication ; but, as a whole, the "*Weihnachts-Oratorium*" is less elaborate and more genial than many of his larger works. It also offers a striking instance of the great Cantor's prudent economy. In his time hardly any festive event was celebrated without the aid of music, and composers were continually called upon to provide occasional compositions, which, as is, and has been, the fate of such works, enjoyed (and deserved) the most ephemeral existence. Bach was not content to compose worthless music, even to oblige a crowned head ; still less to allow his work to fall into oblivion. He set himself to the task with a will, and generally, although the texts he had to set to were anything but inspiring, succeeded in producing a masterpiece. But how was a piece written for a special occasion to survive for future generations ? Bach went very simply to work ; he merely struck out the old text, and with little or no alteration of the music, except, perhaps, occasional transpositions and changes of obligato instruments, substituted a new text suitable to some church festival. Such proceedings were only possible at a time when the distinction between church and secular music was so little marked. No less than eleven of the most important numbers of the "*Weihnachts-Oratorium*" owe their origin to occasional cantatas in praise of various royal personages. The portion heard in this performance treats of the Angelic vision

of the Shepherds. The Pastoral Symphony is most lovely ; the orchestra is divided into two groups, one consisting of flutes, strings, and organ, the other of two oboi d'amore and two oboi da caccia, now represented by clarinets and "English horns ;" these two choirs respond to and mix with each other, but always keep their own character. Very sweet and soothing is the alto air "*Schlofe mein liebster*," in which the four oboes are again employed ; few more tender cradle songs have ever been written. The "Angels' Hymn" is a noble composition. In the last number, a choral, the four oboes bring in, as a counterpoint, the subject of the opening symphony. The whole oratorio would be too long for performance, but a most interesting selection might be made from it ; it would show the master in his most amiable, as well as in his learned humor. The solo singers were Fräulein Alvsleben and Frau Krebs ; Michalesi of Dresden, Herr Schild of Leipzig, and Herr Krause of Berlin. They all acquitted themselves satisfactorily ; of the chorists I have already spoken. The orchestra could hardly be recognized as that which plays in the Gewandhaus, so deleterious is the effect of the locality. When will wealthy Leipzig build a proper concert room ?

DRESDEN.—The Dresden Theatre has been trying an interesting experiment—the performance of Sophocles, great trilogy, on three successive evenings. The first tragedy "*Oedipus*," was given with Lachner's music ; the others, "*Oedipus in Colonus*" and "*Antigone*," with Mendelssohn's. Some friends who were at the second concert of the Dresden Court orchestra speak of a serenade by Mozart, composed in 1779, but only now publicly performed, as an unlucky experiment in exhumation, the work being tedious and without a spark of the Mozart fire. The orchestra, they add, is not to be compared with that of the Gewandhaus.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 24, 1864.

### Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

#### SIXTEENTH SEASON.

A fine clear winter evening, a rarity in these times, favored the opening of a new series of classical chamber concerts. Right welcome was the opportunity, for some time deferred and doubtful, to not a few who hardly know how to pass a winter without any hearing of the Quartets, Quintets, Trios, of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c. We are sorry that our friends of the Quintette Club felt obliged to begin so timidly, announcing only half as many concerts as they used to do in better times, when they occurred once a fortnight. Now the promise is of four monthly feasts. So few, and far between, they ought to be very good ones ; so choice in programme, in style and feeling of interpretation, and in the quality of the outside assistance, as to really satisfy the exacting few who can always be relied upon to show an interest in such concerts when they are up to the mark, and to radiate abroad some new and more wide-spread enthusiasm for the thing. Last Tuesday's experiment was measurably successful. The audience at Chickering's was more than middling, though not so large as we could wish to see ; nor did it contain nearly all of just the persons whom one likes to see. The Club, so far as their own performance went, seemed to have studied well to do their best, and in their rendering of the two main articles, the Quintet and the Quartet, were at least well up to the more creditable records of their fifteen years' experience. The concomitant "attractions" (to speak after the manner of managers) were more or less potent and rewarding as they chimed in with the tone and temper of this, that and the other individual listener. Let the programme tell the story.

1. 15th Quintet, in C Minor—in four parts.....Onslow.
  1. Moderato espressivo.
  2. Presto (Dellre).
  3. Andante (Convalescenza).
  4. Allegro Vivace (Guarigione—Recovery).
2. Songs, "Supplication" and "Summer".....Robert Franz.
  - Miss Addie S. Ryan.
3. Rondo Brillant, for Piano and Violin.....Frans Schubert.
  - Allice Dutton and Wm. Schultz.
4. Song, "The Cottage," No. 1. Op. 119. Robert Schumann,
  - Miss Addie S. Ryan.
5. Scherzo, in B flat Minor, for Piano Solo.....Chopin.
  - Allice Dutton.
6. 13th Quartet, in B flat. Op. 130.....Beethoven.
  1. Adagio non troppo and allegro.
  2. Presto.
  3. Andante con moto ma non troppo.
  4. Allegro Assai—Alla danza tedesca.
  5. Adagio con molto espressione—Cavatina.
  6. Finale—Allegro.

The great feature of this concert was, of course, that second of the six so-called "posthumous" Quartets of Beethoven. As long as we could have that alone, we had no right to complain. The Club first introduced it to us four years ago, when they played it twice ; since then they have suffered it to remain silent, while they have given us some first tastes of the next in order of those great and wonderful tone-poems, the Quartet in C-sharp minor. Who was not glad to come back to this one in B flat again ? It is the more readily appreciable of the two ; at least, the more engaging at a number of points which are pretty sure to take hold of the listener and carry him along with wonder and delight. If we could judge by our own feeling, and by that sort of still magnetic sense of sympathy which one always has in a like-minded audience, the power and beauty of the work as a whole were generally felt and owned, however imperfectly it was understood. To know and understand such a work fairly, is only possible after many closely attentive hearings and in happy moments. It is no small credit to the skill and unanimity with which the performers dealt with this difficult problem, that they secured such continuous and pleased attention throughout the six important movements. The first movement is a perpetual struggle and alternation between two moods, the sombre, musing *Adagio*, and impatient snatches of *Allegro*, in which one of the four parts by a sort of pointed challenge seems to set the others whirling off in mad roudades ; these two moods dispute the field a long time. What does it mean ? Why ask ? The *Presto* in B-flat minor is exceedingly bright and light and humorous ; and the way that the Trio thereof (in the major) seems to weep itself down through several chromatic scales, in the upper violin, back to the minor theme, is strangely original. The long Andante (No. 3) is most crowded with meaning and with original traits of beauty, as well as most complicated in its polyphonic structure, its interweaving and offsetting of voices, its restless refinement of rhythmical variation. Yet what a unity you feel in it, what a hold it keeps on you ! What a richness of soul in it ! Surely loneliness and deafness had their compensation ! Again the mood shifts from serious to gay ; the *Danza Tedesca*, German dance, is so exquisitely graceful, with such a swing to it, that you are at once among the *Bürschen* and the *Mädchen* joining hands and swinging with the music. What remarkable variations it takes on too, as it waxes more excited ; how the quick semiquaver figure of the violin keeps widening its intervals, like the widening circles of a top *wobbling* off its centre ; think of the caprice of letting the upper violin, going on in this swift figure, suddenly dip once from the G in *alt* to G below the lines, three octaves, and back again ! No wonder the other parts just touch a

note here and there breathlessly, in their effort to keep up. And then the dance retreats in fragments out of hearing, like the waltz in *Frey-schütz*. The *Adagio* (No. 5) has a heavenly depth, serenity and fulness; and then the *Allegro Finale* goes off happy and jubilant, with a sort of pastoral contentedness; some marked phrases, especially one that runs along in the bass, recalling well-known features in the Pastoral Symphony.

The Quintet by Onslow undertakes a like variety and contrast of expression, but how much more consciously and superficially! We liked the first and third movements best; especially the third, which treats of "convalescence," and by its rich, tranquil harmony, relieves the not very edifying "delirium" of the *Presto*.

Miss ALICE DUTTON, "the child pianist," pupil of Mr. Lang, has most remarkable execution and musical memory for a child. If this were not the age of "wonder children," it would have been astounding to hear her play that Scherzo of Chopin so correctly, clearly, with instantaneous firm grasp of its crowded chords, with due regard to contrast, and entirely without notes. So too in the Schubert Rondo with Mr. SCHULTZE. Extraordinary for a child; but then these things are not child music. They belong to the deeper experiences of adults. No child can *feel* them, or do more than imitate their outward expression from some model;—at least, except in the cases of rare spiritual precocity and *genius*. There was nothing to show that this precocity was anything more than mechanical, executive, this expression anything more than imitation. The inevitable consequence is, that a real lover of such music misses the soul of it in any such rendering, however remarkable in a technical point of view. What deeper and more inward qualities are yet to develop themselves in this young girl, we may not conjecture; but now it looks very much as if all composers, all music of all moods, were pretty much alike to her, and that the docility and energy and skill we see were merely gymnastic. It is well to learn all that, and we hope it is laying the foundation for much more in due time. But we do not believe in bringing child players before the public, for their own sakes; while, for the sake of classical music and classical audiences, we think the Quintette cannot hold their own by bringing in the aid of "wonder children" instead of artists. The selection of the *music*, however, showed the best intention. So did the selection of Miss RYAN's songs. She sang the two by Franz better than that by Schumann, especially the first one: "*Weil auf mir, du dunkles Auge*. Her voice grows richer and more sympathetic, with a little too much still of the unmodulated all-open organ tone. The songs required a finer and less mechanical accompaniment.

The second concert will take place on Tuesday evening, Jan. 17.

#### Otto Dresel's Concerts.

Mr. DRESSEL must have the feeling of success, both with himself and with his audience; such success as does not always crown effort so high and uncompromising. His last two concerts came upon the stormiest and worst of nights; and yet all were there, and many more. The last time, Chickering's Hall was more than comfortably filled.—The programme of the third Concert (Dec. 10) was as follows:

1. Concerto for Three Pianos in C major... J. S. Bach.
2. Pastoral Symphony from the Christmas Oratorio, J. S. Bach.
3. Concerto... Rob. Schumann.
4. Intermezzo and "Phantasietück"... Otto Dresel.
- Impromptu, E flat... Ferd. Hiller.
5. Larghetto, from 2nd Symphony... Beethoven.
6. "Novelette," E major... Rob. Schumann.
- Liszt's Transcription of "Der Schalk," Song by Rob. Franz.
- "Child falling asleep" from the "Kinderszenen" Schumann.
- Liszt's transcription of "Der Bote," Song by Rob. Franz.
7. Adagio and Finale from Second Concerto... Chopin.

The selections from Bach and from the Chopin Concerto were repetitions from the two first concerts. The triple Concerto was played by the same three pianists (Messrs. LANG, LEONHARD, and PARKER), and with the same admirable artist unity and true feeling as before, Mr. Dresel playing the string accompaniments on a fourth piano. We need not say that it was keenly relished. Still more so the Pastoral Symphony; that leaped into popularity at once. The two pianos (Dresel and Leonhard) embodied, we suppose, the two contrasted groups of orchestral instruments described in the account of a Fast Day concert in Leipzig (in Bach's own *Thomas-Kirche*) in another column.

The principal novelty of the evening was the Concerto by Schumann (orchestral accompaniments on a second piano), which is a work of great reach and remarkable interest. It is as brilliant as it is genial, taxing the powers of the pianist to the utmost. The first and last movements may have seemed long to many; and indeed they are long, considering to what an intense pitch the *appassionato* is strained up. But the lovely *Intermezzo* is a most refreshing rest between the two; and there are charming and original side thoughts and surprises in the midst of the two long fiery movements, especially that *staccato* chord theme in the first, which relieve the strain. The execution was masterly.

Of the smaller piano pieces, none seemed to give greater satisfaction than the two of Mr. Dresel's own composition; dainty thoughts moulded into perfect form. The *Novelette* by Schumann, was a most acceptable repetition. Liszt is the master of masters in the art of transcription of songs, making the piano at the same time sing the song, clothe it with its own accompaniment, and illustrate it with significant embellishment which is the true reflection of its own poetic spirit. It is here, we think, that we find Liszt's *genius*, rather than in his large efforts at original production. "*Symphonies-Poetiques*," or what not. It is to his credit that he so appreciates and loves to illustrate the songs of Franz. Nothing could be more exquisitely fine and truthful than his æolian harp-like embellishments of the song "*Der Bote*," which means "The Messenger;" the maiden hangs her cytherea at the door, and tells the night breeze to creep over its strings and bear the tones away over the hills to her sweetheart. It was played to a charm.

Mr. Dresel finds great enjoyment in arranging choice movements of Symphonies, &c., for the piano. And few musicians can do it so well, retaining and reproducing so much of the essential instrumentation; in fact, giving a faithful and effective line engraving, as it were, of the masterpiece of painting. We have heard orchestras play that Larghetto of the 2nd Symphony when we have realized its beauty less. After such a *study*, you will hear it from an or-

chestra the next time with a new interest and a more *clairvoyant* sense.

This was the programme of the fourth concert:

1. Concerto... Rob. Schumann
2. Mazourka, B major, op. 66... Chopin.
- Etude, G flat... Chopin.
- Mazourka, B minor, op. 68... Chopin.
- Impromptu, F sharp... Chopin.
3. Brakowiak, Rondo... Chopin.
- (Orchestral accompaniment for a Second Piano).
4. Sonata, D minor... Beethoven.
- Allegro appassionato. Adagio. Finale.
5. "Kinderszenen," Etude... Moscheles.
- Liszt's Transcription of the Hungarian March, by Schubert.
6. Recitativo and Finale from Second Concerto... Chopin.

This time, for a variety, nothing of Bach. The old fellow will be the more eagerly welcomed the next time. In place of him we had the splendid Schumann Concerto again, placed at the beginning, while all were fresh, so that its length did not dull the sensibility to its beauties. And, better still, what almost everybody would have asked for had he dared, a Beethoven Sonata,—one of the most thoroughly poetic and romantic of them all, that Sonata in D minor, concerning which and the other in F minor called the "*Appassionata*," Beethoven said to some one curious about the origin: "Read Shakespeare's *Tempest*." How much of the "*Tempest*" may be traced in it, depends on the ingenuity or fancy of the student. All that we feel with certainty is, that the spirit of the music and the spirit of the play are one; they leave a wonderfully like *feeling* in the mind. It is the same sort of enchantment, though the language and the action differ. How wild, tempestuous and billowy, how full of awe and marvel, is the first part! You may fancy, if you please, that you hear the pleading voice of Miranda in those human bits of recitative after the repeat. The stately, full-fraught, deep Adagio is at least in keeping with the wisdom and moral majesty of Prospero, and the sublime sentences oft quoted from his lips. The Finale is the airiest of inspirations, graceful and fine and free as Ariel. But it is idle to carry the correspondence into any detail. Never have we heard the Sonata so poetically rendered as it was, its delicate life so clearly liberated from all clogging thought of notes or mechanism; and we are sure that to the greatest number that was the most quickening and most satisfying thing of the whole evening. Chopin's "*Krakowiak*" lost nothing of its piquancy and brightness by this repetition.

The four smaller pieces by Chopin were delightful. The *Etude* in G flat, a rapid, sparkling figure carried through in octaves, seems to play upon the walls like dancing sun-gleams from the water. The *Impromptu*, in F sharp, with its thoughtful opening in which the chord of the ninth is so characteristic, then the sudden change to a bold martial motive in D, then the rapid, liquid, running variation, surprised and charmed alike by its originality and by the masterly perfection of the execution.

The glory of these concerts goes out with the old year,—but, like that, to be renewed, we trust. Mr. Dresel's fifth and last concert, skipping Christmas Eve, will be given on Saturday evening, Dec. 31.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC. True to the good old custom, the Handel and Haydn Society will perform Handel's "*Messiah*," not only this evening (Christmas Eve), but to-morrow (evening of Christmas) also. And to add interest to repetition, they have engaged different solo singers for the two performances. To-night we have the old favorite and Queen of Boston Oratorio, Mrs. ELLIOT, (formerly Miss ANNA STOWE) in the great soprano solos; there will be great interest to hear her voice after so many years of residence in another city; also that delightful singer, Mrs. M. H. SMITH, Miss RYAN, contralto, Mr. WHEELER, tenor, and Mr. WHITNEY, bass. To-morrow evening, these (except Mr. Wheeler) will be replaced by Mrs. LONG (another of the long withdrawn), Mrs. J. S. CARY and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN. ZERRAHL conducts, as usual, and LANG rolls in the floods of the Great Organ behind the mighty choruses; SCHULTZE will lead the orchestra.

"OUR YOUNG FOLKS." Here it is! Number One, January, 1865, of the Illustrated Monthly Magazine for Boys and Girls, which Ticknor & Fields have been promising to Young America. And it comes with such a radiant, handsome, happy, wholesome, generous face, so full of intelligence and entertainment, so trustworthy and good, so moral without intrusive sentimental *moralism*, that all we children, young and old, feel we have got a new friend. Blessed be they, and are they, who know how to write for children. And here the "Atlantic" publishers have brought them together and set them to work under the inspiration of the pleasantest surroundings; for what an attractive exterior the young Monthly has! how elegant in paper and print, how beautifully and copiously illustrated, by the best designers, such as Darley, how tasteful and refined in its whole aspect, (assuming, very properly, that all *American* children shall be young gentlemen and ladies); and then how large and generous in quantity! The vignette on the outside is really artistic. Inside we have a fine steel portrait, full length, of a capital friend of boys, the author of "School days at Rugby." Then there are fairy and giant pictures, patriotic pictures, pictures of travel and adventure, &c., &c., illustrating admirable articles.

Mrs. Beecher Stowe leads off with a pretty narrative called "Hum, the son of Buz." Lucy Larcom sings the young "Volunteer's Thanksgiving," brave and glad-hearted, though away from home and turkeys. "Thumbling," of course, is little Thumb, and of course, outwits a giant and marries the king's daughter; this purports to come from the *Finnish*. Gail Hamilton overhears and tells the life of the little people of Leaf-land, under the title of "The Red Coats." J. T. Trowbridge's patriotic little poem, "The Color Bearer," has poetry and vigor. Dr. Dio Lewis gives good hints about health, with pictures of boys in all sorts of postures. Carleton begins "Winning his Way," which as a real live boys' story would be hard to beat. But we cannot name all, and there is Mrs. L. M. Child yet to come; and Miss Allcott, and Rose Terry, and Whittier, the poet, and no end of wise and clever and counsellors and entertainers, bards and sages and romancers, whose own hearts are fresh and childlike.

We are almost alarmed to find ourselves enjoying 's young Magazinery so much; it makes us suspect ourselves too near the second childhood of old age. But is it not the best test of such story-telling that, while it interests the children directly, it interests grown people indirectly and directly too? Here is a happy hit for a beginning, we are sure. The book is as good as music; it rings with the frank, fresh, merry voices of children; it is brave and wholesome in its tone; it has the sparkle and the sweetness of clear cold winter days; and therefore is well-come at Christmas!

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERTS; BIRDS OF PASSAGE. (Crowded out last time). The list recorded as in prospect, in our last, furnished a few pleasant notes.

1. We gladly recognized a most agreeable baritone in Mr. CAMPBELL; a rich, telling, unctuous voice, with ripe and easy style, and a certain *aplomb*, both in singing and in personal bearing, which we are sure would make their mark in the best comic operas. Mr. CASTLE's tenor, too, has gained in firmness, evenness and roundness, and he sings so well that we try in vain to recall an American tenor who can dispute the palm with him. Miss STOCKTON was not in voice; and the selections were quite humdrum: Verdi, Verdi, Balfe, Balfe, Verdi, Balfe, and so on.

2. Sig. MORRELLI (one of the few good Don Giovanni) is an excellent baritone, especially in comic pieces like Figaro's *Largo al Factotum*. Miss LUCY

SIMONDS, young and slender, both in voice and person, has a very flexible and rather high soprano, trained to great agility in florid airs like *Qui la voce*, the *Faust* waltz, &c., but distressingly afflicted with the chronic *tremolo*, screaming in the highest tones; true in intonation; style mechanical. And we must protest against such heavy and mechanical accompaniment as Sig. MUZIO's; how can a delicate wildflower of song thrive under such hard wheeling of the dusty highway! Mr. GOTTSCHALK was as usual.

3. We own to being much charmed by the singing of Miss LAURA HARRIS. A youthful, pretty, *petite* person, she has a small, but musical, penetrating, and so to speak, elastic soprano voice, always true, and with very facile and expressive execution; and she sings as if she dearly loved it, from a bird-like uncontrollable impulse of song. Her manner is uncommonly natural. Miss BLANCHER CARPENTER, too, a pupil of Wm. Mason, surprised us by the remarkable perfection of her pianism. And Mr. FARLEY, from Dublin, for some time in the German Opera, a man who looks not unlike Salvi, showed himself, in *Il mio tesoro*, much more than an average tenor; a sweet, firm voice, and refined style. Boston desires more of their acquaintance.

WORCESTER, MASS.—The *Spy* understands that arrangements have been completed for a series of five grand choral concerts at Mechanics Hall during the present winter, which will bring out the great power, beauty, and variety of the Worcester Organ, in connection with a heavy chorus. Four of the series will be given under the auspices of the Worcester Mozart Society, and one by other eminent musical talent. The Mozart Society will perform Handel's Oratorio of the Messiah at Christmas, and the Oratorio of the Creation on the evening of our annual Fast, with full organ accompaniments by Mr. B. J. Lang, organist of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society. The intervening concerts will be of a miscellaneous character, yet of the same high order of merit as those first named. The programmes will contain a great variety of choruses, quartets, duets, solos, and organ pieces from Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and other distinguished composers.

PHILADELPHIA. The last programme of the Germania Orchestra "Rehearsals" was as follows:

1. Overture, *Le Roi d'Yvetot*. . . . . Adam.
2. Song, Parting, Cornet Solo. . . . . Boettger.
3. Waltz, Hymen's Festive Sounds. . . . . Lanner.
4. Second Part of Symphony No 2 . . . . . Beethoven.
5. Overture, *Melusina*. . . . . Mendelssohn.
6. Second Finale from the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. . . . . Nicolai.
7. Galop, *Ching Kong*. . . . . Toller.

CINCINNATI. The first "Concert de Salon" of Messrs. KUNKEL and HAHN took place Dec. 8. Their programme contained Beethoven's piano and violin Sonata, No. 1, op 12; tenor solo, "Thro' the forests," from *Freyschutz*, sung by Mr. E. M. Powers; Liszt's 2nd Polonaise (in E); Prume's *La Melancholie* (violin solo); three piano solos (Jaell's arrangement of the everlasting "Faust" march, a *Gondellied* of Mendelssohn, a *Danse rustique* of Schullhoff); a cello solo, "Last Rose," &c., by Matter M. Brand; tenor song, "The Recognition," by Proch, and Trio (piano, violin and cello) by De Berliot.

ST. LOUIS PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. The second concert, under the direction of E. SOBOLAWSKI, was given Nov. 24, with this programme: Overture to *La Gazza Ladra*; Chorus "All we like sheep," Handel; Mendelssohn's D-minor Concerto (piano); Septet from Lortzing's "Two Hunters;" Overture to "The Secret Judges" (*Vehmgericht*), by Berlioz; Introduction and Bridal chorus from *Lohengrin*; Adagio and Minuet from Haydn's Symphony, No. 8; Cavatina by Mercadante; Finale of "Autumn" in Haydn's "Seasons."

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

I'm a child of the mountain. Song. *W. Kittredge*. 30  
Destined to be very popular. It is in the compass of almost every voice, is simple and easy, and yet spirited.

Taploca. Minstrel melody. *E. Warden*. 30  
A jolly negro song, more like those that are really sung at the south than the generality. The words are nonsense of course, but the music is very taking.

A horrible tale of the suicidal family. *E. L. Blanchard*. 30  
A "horrible tale" surely, intended as a solemn warning to us all, not to have the blues. The music is striking and animated.

Make your home beautiful. Song and Chorus. *H. S. Chandler*. 30  
A plan for beautifying home with flowers and all other refining things that can surround it. The poem is capital, and the music well adapted to the words.

Three fishers went out sailing into the west. *F. Boott*. 30  
Kinsley's well-known poem, set to music.  
The black friar. Song for Alto and Barytone. *F. Boott*. 30  
Like the above, a song that may not take perfectly on its first appearance, but improve on acquaintance, and likely to have a lasting reputation.

#### Instrumental Music.

Morgenblätter Walzer. (Morning journals waltzes). *J. Strauss*. 60  
A set of brilliant dances, in Strauss' best style.

Overture to "Poet and Peasant." Four hands. *Fr. von Suppe*. 1.00  
A good overture to an opera not generally known. It is not difficult, and is excellent practice. Its novelty also recommends it.

Three offertories for the organ. *Eugene Thayer*. 50  
Grand offertoire de concert. 30  
La Priere. Offertoire for bassoon. 30  
La Meditation. Offertoire for vox humana. 30  
Three very acceptable additions to our musical literature. The vox humana and bassoon are not as yet common stops in our organ, but the melodies prepared for them can be very well played upon corresponding stops. Send for the piece, and introduce them in your course of voluntaries.

#### Books.

THE MODERN SCHOOL FOR THE ORGAN.—A new, progressive, and practical method. In three parts. No. 1; History and description of the Organ; elementary instruction and voluntaries in all styles, (without pedals.) No. 2. Pedal playing. No. 3. Combinations of stops; voluntaries, and pieces suited to all occasions. By John Zundel. \$4.00

A new edition of this standard work, brings it again under the eye of the reviewer. It has been a noted book from the time of its first publication, and is valuable to any organist. The parts may be had separately, at \$2.00 each.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 620.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 7, 1865.

VOL. XXIV. No. 21.

## Music at the Foundling Chapel, London.

[The following is one of a series of articles. In the *Orchestra*, on "Church Music in London."

Some apology may be necessary in an article ostensibly on London Church Music, for the discursiveness of the following remarks; but the Foundling Hospital has been so long and so intimately connected with musical progress, and the nature of this connection is so little known or appreciated by the musical world, that we think our readers will pardon the introduction of matter apparently remote from our immediate subject, for the sake of its intrinsic interest. The mention of this Institution at once brings to the mind the extraordinary efforts of the founder, Captain Thomas Coram, who some hundred and thirty years ago—when the frequent destruction, unhappily again prevalent in our own time, of illegitimate children by their mothers, horrified and alarmed society—took the work in hand of providing an asylum for Foundlings, which had been often talked of and recommended, but the institution of which was owing to the indomitable energy of the staunch sea-captain, who devoted his whole fortune and nearly twenty years of his life to the carrying out of his darling project. In the year 1739 he succeeded in obtaining a Charter appointing a goodly corporation of peers, judges, distinguished lawyers and others, including Coram himself, to carry out his views and administer the affairs of the new institution, which found a local habitation in Hatton Garden in the following year. Four years after, a portion of the present building—the facade of which has been pronounced the ugliest in the world—had been opened, but the Chapel was not commenced until 1747. In April, 1751, this building received the remains of the Founder, which were deposited immediately under the altar. He had attained the age of eighty-four, and, as we have said, had sacrificed his whole fortune, so that about two years before his death a subscription was opened, and arrangements made which would give him a sum of about 160*l.* annually. The funeral, conducted with great solemnity, took place in the evening, when the chapel was filled with a crowd of notabilities, the St. Paul's choir performing the burial service, and Dr. Boyce presiding at the organ. This tribute of respect and affection to Captain Coram, was also a solemn inauguration of the building, which was afterwards to become celebrated by its connection with the greatest musician that ever lived, as well as for those musical services in which the children themselves take so conspicuous a part, and which, instituted at a period when no church music worthy of the name was to be heard away from our cathedrals, have not only maintained their interest and *prestige*, but have now reached a degree of excellence unsurpassed—probably unequalled—by anything of a similar kind. Though our present concern is with the Chapel and its services, perhaps a few more words may be excused with respect to the Hospital itself. It was originally intended to receive applications for the admission of children, but the provision for Foundlings became so popular that, with Parliamentary authorization and assistance, the Governors made arrangements for receiving all children—*without inquiry*—under twelve months old, taking care thoroughly to advertise the comprehensiveness of their benevolent intentions. They had soon enough on their hands, for from three to four thousand children were annually deposited at the Hospital, during the four years this system lasted. We have no space to go into detail, but after a fearful mortality, and the establishment of various evils in connection with an organized supply of infants, the Parliament—having incurred a liability of above half a mil-

lion sterling—abolished their rule of indiscriminate admission, and gradually the establishment has been brought to its present state.

The Institution now maintains some 500 illegitimate children, received after application by their mothers, who must be qualified by previous good character, poverty, desertion by the father, and the prospect of retaining or regaining their position—in other words, of concealing their misfortune from the world. It will be perceived that there is a question of dubious morality involved here, on which, however, we need not linger. The Hospital undertakes the sole charge of the children, who of course, after their abandonment by the mother, have no natural tie whatever; they are for a time sent into the country to nurse, and on their return are educated and cared for in the Institution until they attain the age of fourteen, when they are apprenticed to various trades, or sent out as domestic servants, &c. The musical instruction which the boys receive here in connection with the Chapel services, and from the establishment of a band of wind instruments, procures appointments for many of them in regimental bands, in various parts of the kingdom. The Hospital always assumes to stand *in loco parentis*, and the well conducted may receive advice and necessary assistance in any critical part of their future lives.

Ere we return to the immediate subject of our paper, we may notice the obligations of the Hospital to Hogarth, who, after Handel, was its greatest benefactor. Many of his finest pictures were painted for and presented by him to this Institution, and still adorn its walls; perhaps the most interesting, the portrait of Captain Coram, now in the girls' dining-room.

What alone would suffice to render the Foundling Chapel celebrated is its connection with the immortal Handel, who, in aid of its completion, conducted a concert of his own compositions, including his "Fireworks Music," which produced a considerable sum, in gratitude for which he was enrolled as a governor of a Hospital. Here, too, "The Messiah" was performed year after year, the composer himself, even after his blindness, presiding at the organ—his own munificent gift, eleven performances realizing about £7,000 to the charity; while after Handel's death, seven more performances, conducted by his amanuensis Christopher Smith, and eight by John Stanley (the blind organist), brought in above £3,000 more. The governors' attempt to monopolize all property in "The Messiah" is well known, and they certainly evinced little gratitude for the great obligations they were under to the composer. It was, indeed, proposed that he should be buried in the Chapel, but his own wishes and the public voice demanded a grave in Westminster Abbey.

Some fourteen or fifteen years after this a project was discussed, which, had it not been nipped in the bud, might, perhaps, have prevented the establishment of that laughing-stock of foreigners—our Tenterden-street Academy. This was the proposal by Dr. Brnney to establish a musical school, somewhat similar to the continental "conservatorio," the pupils to be selected from such children in the Hospital as had natural musical gifts. From the high patronage this scheme obtained, and its favorable reception by the governors, there seemed a fair prospect of its being carried out; but ultimately, after discussing the matter with great display of metaphysical subtleties, and curious disquisitions on the comparative social status of the children, &c., it was negated by the governing body, apparently on the ground that the profession of music was too agreeable and too aristocratic for the poor little foundlings. And yet the weakest and most helpless of these

were destined to form the nucleus of the present Chapel choir. Three blind singers and a blind organist, all foundlings, comprised the first regular musical establishment in the Chapel, which was afterwards to engage the highest talent that could be procured, and a place in which was to be sought after and considered as a mark of professional eminence.

It was not long before the Governors, seeing the use that might be made of a musical service in the Chapel, resolved to engage a party of highly cultivated professional singers, and at the same time to have the children taught sufficiently to take part in the music performed—and this arrangement has obtained to the present time, with the exception of a short interval. This occurred during the attempt, some dozen years ago, to do away with the professional ladies engaged, and to assimilate the service as much as possible to that of a cathedral. Accordingly, four men and half a dozen boys were robed in surplices, and the latter (selected from the foundlings) received some extra instruction. But *cucullus non facit monachum*, and the surplice did not create the choir; while the music to which the congregation had been accustomed became impossible, and what was possible was very indifferently executed. The folks who had been accustomed to the mellifluous vocalization of Louisa Pyne, were by no means contented with the interesting efforts of "little Squeaky;" and the great purists were forced to confess that the surpliced foundling was but a very poor apology for his bonneted and crinoline-dressed predecessor. The attempt, having given rise to great dissatisfaction, was therefore abandoned, not without reluctance on the part of some of the Governors; but though the experiment failed, the result was good: for all the children who sing are now well-grounded in the rudiments of music, and thoroughly practised in the occasionally difficult pieces they have to execute.

Proceeding to the present state of affairs, we may remark that the interior of the Chapel has a very fine effect; it is surrounded by galleries receding from the lower walls, the end opposite the altar being occupied by the organ, on either side of which are ranged the children, forming one of the most interesting and impressive sights possible. Paintings and engravings of this portion of the Chapel are, no doubt, familiar to many of our readers; a peculiar effect is commonly shown, produced by rays from a yellow skylight being thrown on the gilded front of the organ; but the case of the present instrument has been brought more forward, and though the skylight exists, the peculiar effect is gone. It is difficult to look unmoved on this body of boys and girls cut off as they are from all those ties which form the happiness of other children. Some of the girls are strikingly handsome; in many a sad, in some a playfully mischievous expression shows in the countenance; but almost all appear bright and intelligent. The boys are less remarkable, and they have a generally morose aspect, while an intellectual countenance is the exception. The occupation of the girls in looking after the younger children and other domestic duties may possibly account in some measure for their superior and more kindly appearance. After the children, the most attractive feature is the organ, which has attained a development unimaginable by the donor of its first predecessor. Handel's original instrument had been from time to time altered and added to, while some kind of partial enharmonic arrangement had been attempted with the usual unsuccessful result; but under the care of Mr. Bishop the organ had been brought to a considerable pitch of excellence, though far behind modern requirements. In the year 1855 the governors determined to have it entirely remodelled and re-

built, and the task was assigned to Messrs. Bevington, who, in accordance with the plans drawn out by the present organist, have produced one of the finest instruments in London. It contains all that was worth retaining of the previous one, and has sixty stops, with the usual composition pedals and couplers. Some of the solo stops are very fine, but the pedal organ is hardly satisfactory.

In the front of the organ, and between the boys and girls, are seated the five professional singers—two ladies, soprano and contralto; and three men, alto, tenor, and bass. As occupants of their pew, without going far back, we recall the names of Atkins, Pyne, Hobbs, Lawler, Hawkins, Horn-castle, and Robinson; of the Misses Cause, Miss Birch, Miss Rainforth, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Lockey, and Miss Lonisa Pyne. With these recollections we can hardly assert that the present singers—excellent though they be—surpass all that went before them; but the musical proficiency of the children has never been so conspicuous as at present. They chant the Psalms admirably, take part in the 'Services' of our best cathedral writers, and in their anthems, as well as in adaptations (not, by the way, always most happy as regards the words) from Handel, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Hummel, Gluck, Himmel, and Spohr; and in these they will take up a point or a difficult lead with a readiness and certainty not often found in a "professional" vocalist.

But seeing that the girls sing the treble and the boys the alto, and the choir contains only one tenor and one bass, it is obvious that there must exist a disparity between the parts which no exertion on the part of the singers, or skill of the organist, can conceal; and we would suggest that if, as we are informed, the contributions to the Chapel funds yield a considerable surplus, a portion of this might be devoted to the engagement of three or four tenors and basses for the chorus. If, indeed, the governors, in addition to this, would also double their present quintet, we think little more could be desired; but the adoption of the former suggestion would remove the weakest point in the present arrangements.

Our visit to the Foundling was on the first Sunday of the ecclesiastical year, when we found "Comfort ye" posted on the door as the anthem to be sung. But, though Mr. Sims Reeves was not the tenor to whom the solo was allotted, a severe hoarseness, we presume, or some other ailment incidental if not peculiar to tenors, caused the substitution of "O thou that tellest," which was assigned to and very tastefully executed by the contralto—if our vision served us, Miss Lascelles; Mozart's accompaniments being capably played on the organ. The chorus was given with the greatest effect, the precision of the children not being inferior to that of Mr. Costa's Exeter Hall chorus. Indeed, Mr. Costa himself paid the children and their instructor the highest possible compliment, when, not very long ago, he wished some of the boys to assist at the Sacred Harmonic Society's concerts, although the governors saw objections which prevented their entertaining his proposal. We were glad to find that the Advent Hymn did not necessarily involve Madan's puerile tune. It is the practice here for five principal singers to sing one verse of the psalm or hymn without accompaniment, and the effect is certainly very good when executed as we heard it; for the changing of the anthem seemed to have had a curative effect on the tenor's indisposition. A somewhat florid *Jubilate*, we know not by whom, was very nicely executed, as indeed was all the music; and the whole service reflected the greatest credit on the organist, who, we believe, has the entire musical training of the children, and direction of the Chapel choir.

In concluding our lengthy and discursive sketch, we would recommend such of our readers as may think it more panegyric than critical, to go and judge for themselves; and we are confident that every one—musical or not—will experience a new and highly-refined pleasure from their first visit to the Foundling Chapel.

### Donizetti's "Don Sebastian."

The following description of one of the novelties promised us by MAREZK in the present series of Italian operas, at the Boston Theatre, is from the *Evening Post* of Nov. 26. It was written by an enthusiast about the modern Italian music after the first production of the work, with unusual pomp and splendor, at the New York Academy of Music:

#### THE PLOT.

As opera-goers will find it in their libretto, we consider that one such an infliction will be enough for them; and we prefer here to give a briefer synopsis, which will merely give the outlines of Scribo's play and Cammerano's translation, on which this opera is founded.

Don Sebastian was a King of Portugal, who lived in the sixteenth century, and is deemed important enough to find a place in biographical dictionaries, and in that enormously wide field known as "the pages of romance." Don Sebastian, with a laudable desire to carry the war into Africa, embarks, says the libretto, "at the head of a valiant army," to subjugate the Moors in Algiers. About to sail, he is detained by a soldier, who addresses him on the wharf, and proves to be the Portuguese poet, Camoens, who is patriotic enough to volunteer to go to Africa without a bounty, for martial purposes. As a casual incident, Zaida, a lady of African descent, passes by, on her way to the scaffold—for all the world as if it were a pleasant morning stroll—where she is to be burnt as a witch. Camoens, the poetical soldier, begs from the King her pardon, and she is sent back to her father, who is an African prince, and has probably been awaiting her for some time "beneath the cocoa-tree."

In Africa Zaida has a lover, an Arab of the Othello type, called Abaidlo, played here by Lorini, the mildest and most polished of gentlemen. Zaida is played by Zucchi, Camoens by Bellini, and Sebastian by Massimiliani. The king is beaten in the great battle of Alcazar Gebir,

—si cadde di Alcazar nella pugna famosa,

as the libretto hath it. But he is only wounded. And Zaida, who is prowling around the battle-field, begs his life of Abaidlo, informing him that she had been saved in Portugal by a Christian, and had vowed in return to save the life of some poor wretch of a European. Abaidlo, after ejaculating *Ma perché?* and receiving a satisfactory explanation, gives the wounded soldier life and liberty—never for a moment suspecting he is the king. An accommodating gentleman, named Enrico, had kindly sacrificed himself for the king, the libretto "argument" thus tersely, if not grammatically, relating the incident:

"The battle is fought on the field of Alcazar Kebir, and Sebastian is mortally wounded. His true friend Enrico lays him down, when the victorious Abaidlo and his Arabs arrive in search of the king. Enrico, asked whether he has seen Sebastian, says: 'I am it!' and is killed immediately; Sebastian remains fainting on the battle-field, where he is found by Zaida, who has followed the warriors. She promises to save him, but he refuses, until she declares that she loves him."

Conspirators in Portugal, thinking and desiring to think that the King is dead, make peace with the Arabs, by whom the fierce Abaidlo is sent as an ambassador. Zaida accompanies him; but they must have proved a rather inharmonious pair; for, in the inimitable language of the "argument,"

"He takes Zaida with him, who has shown him her contempt. When she asks him why he has taken her with him he tells her that he wants to revenge himself on her, and will treat her as his slave. She scorns his threats, and tells him that she is ready to die for Sebastian, whom he has pardoned upon her promises to marry him (Abaidlo), and whom she represented to be a poor soldier, while he was the King."

Camoens and Sebastian, having both escaped from Africa, meet in the streets of Lisbon in time to encounter an elaborate funeral procession in honor of the King, who is supposed to be dead. Not approving of these premature posthumous honors, Sebastian declares his identity, but is treated as an impostor and put into a prison instead of on a throne.

A trial takes place, at which Zaida appears as a witness. Women's rights movements were at that period unknown in Portugal, for the chorus of judges lift their hands with horror and exclaim:

"A woman!"

Whereupon Zaida argues the point, and the following characteristic lyric conversation ensues:

ZAIDA. Why not?  
Cannot a woman tell the truth?  
Listen! Abaidlo has been imposed upon,  
I swear it. The man whom he saw fall  
Was the noble Don Enrico,  
Who died as a hero for his master!

Giov. What did you say?

ZAIDA. The king was saved  
By a woman.  
Who loved him!

Giov. What new trick is this!

SA. O, noble heart!

ZAIDA. Hear then! The woman  
That saved the king's life,  
I swear it before God. [unveiling herself.  
It was me! [The judges rise up in surprise.  
My heart is in uncertainty  
Between hope and terror!  
O, if I could save his life  
By my death!

Of course this leads to a concerted piece, in which various characters express their feelings simultaneously. Zaida observes:

I am not guilty! Thy furor  
Is little to me. You cannot  
Take away my honor.  
Which will accompany my death!  
The pang of a poor  
Faithful girl are joy for thee!  
Heaven will punish you  
I leave to it my vengeance.

Sebastian at the same time remarks:

Miserable! Your furor  
Is not satisfied by my death?  
Pity does not enter their hearts;  
There is no more hope!  
The death of an innocent girl  
Is joy to them!  
You are blessed by Heaven  
And by me!

And Abaidlo, Giovanni and some fifty or more miscellaneous people vent their emotions in the following mild adjuration:

Go, perjured woman! My wrath  
Is not satisfied by thy death!  
Shame and dishonor  
Shall accompany it!  
For thy wickedness  
Death at the stake is not enough;  
Go to death cursed  
And lost forever.

Zaida and Sebastian are sentenced to death and imprisoned in the Tower of Lisbon. To save her life he is willing to sign a paper stating that he is an impostor; but she will not permit it. Camoens finds his way to the prison, provided with ropes, and all the three lower themselves out of the window, intending to reach a boat in the water below. And now occurs one of the oddest catastrophes any dramatist ever thought of. While the soprano, the tenor and baritone are sliding down their rope, that villainous creature Abaidlo comes in and cuts the rope with an axe. "A cry is heard, and the fugitives are precipitated into the abyss." This, at least, is the catastrophe mentioned in the libretto; but it has been altered in the version given here, and the unfortunate trio are shot while embarking in boats from the outside of the tower of Lisbon.

#### THE MUSIC—ACT I.

To this tragical plot Donizetti has wedded some of his most pompous and elaborate music. He has aimed at grandeur and colossal effects more than in any other of his works, and though he has not equalled Meyerbeer in this respect, he has yet produced some very effective and telling results.

The work is preluded not by an overture, but merely by two pages of musical preface, in which the chorus of nuns and the dead march of the third act are foreshadowed; and which leads into a jubilant chorus in D major—*Su presti all'opra*. Several pages of recitative are next followed by an indifferent baritone air for Camoens, in which the poet modestly praises his own poem, "the Lusiad," and expresses his desire to go the war. More recitative, a brief soprano romanza, *Signor, clementi*, and a piece of concerted music, lead to a "prophecy" in which Camoens predicts the success of the African expedition, closing with a spirited air and chorus—*Su Corriamo*—which will soon be whistled and street-organised all over town. A sonorous concerted piece and chorus, in which the composer makes a liberal use of the unison effects for which Verdi is hyper-criticized, finishes the act, as the King of Portugal sets sail, amid the blare of trumpets and the booming of cannon, for his expedition against the Moors.

The second act opens with a delicate little chorus for female voices, something in the style of Bellini. It is pretty, without being specially noticeable, and is followed by an elaborate romanza, *Terra adorata*, sang by Zaida, and written in Donizetti's most graceful manner.

The ballet is here introduced, and the composer has written for it some very taking and sprightly music, which will soon find its way to our theatre orchestras. Most of it was omitted at last night's performance, but enough was given to show how

light and sparkling Donizetti could be in ballet music. Ernestine and Auriolo were the leading dancers, and were cordially applauded.

The course of the opera is resumed, after some not injudicious cutting, with a noisy chorus of Arabs, who fortunately unite brevity with a musically chaotic fierceness; and a charming duet for soprano and tenor follows, in which the orchestral accompaniment is unusually neat and elegant. The *allegro* movement of this duet—

Fa cor, mio re, fa core!  
La gioia è presso al duol;  
Pi notte al cupo orrore  
Succede il chiaro sol—

is a bold stirring strain, in character very much like the popular closing duet of the last act of "Favorita," and demanding the passionate vocalization of a Zucchi for its proper effect. It is, indeed, one of the most taking numbers of the opera.

More Arabs and chaos are followed by what will be considered by many to be the gem of the opera—the exquisite tenor air, *Deserto in terra*, one of the sweetest strains that Donizetti ever produced. It is a melody which will soon find its way into the concert room and parlor. But it must be transposed for ordinary use, as it is written in D-flat major and runs up to C and even the D flat above the staff—a round in the musical ladder of ledger notes which it needs an extraordinary voice to climb to.

#### ACT III.

The act is preluded by a short and exquisitely beautiful orchestral introduction, in which the theme is played in ear-haunting thirds, the violoncello being the prominent instrument. A duet between Zaida and Abiallo is omitted, and we then come to the simple and beautiful romanza for the baritone,

O Lisbon, alfin ti miro,

in which Bellini made so handsome a success. The air is of that kind which is sure to have a concert room popularity, though it is not followed by the usual *allegro*.

In the next scene occurs the meeting and recognition of Sebastian and Camoens, and the quaint duet "*O fausto di*," which follows, will attract attention rather than admiration.

Then comes the celebrated funeral procession. The voices of choristers inside the cathedral are heard singing the hymn *Eterno riposo*, broken into by the beat of muffled drums and the subdued fanfare of trumpets.

The orchestra plays the slow, well-marked march, and the chorus take up the solemn strain. The imposing effect of the stage, crowded as with "an army of banners," the glare of torches, the solemn darkness of standards draped in crape, and the sable gloom of the funeral catafalque, the steady throb of the dead march, all combine to make it difficult to judge dispassionately of this scene apart from its accessories. Yet there is no doubt that the march is really grand; it is simple rather than sensational; and must ever be considered one of the leading features of the opera. The concerted piece which follows and concludes the act is, however, something of an anti-climax, and is more noisy than meritorious.

#### ACT IV.

This act is devoted to the trial of Sebastian and Zaida. A stately prelude and chorus is separated by a gulf of recitative from the septet, on which, as in that in "Lucia di Lammermoor," the eminent composer seems to have showered his richest wealth of harmony, melody and characteristic effect. It is one of those pieces which will most frequently challenge an encore. A martial air for the baritone, reminding one of the *Speranza di Vendetta* in Verdi's "Lombardi" (though, of course, the resemblance is but accidental), is the next feature, and leads to an intricate and long concerted piece, which closes the act.

#### ACT V.

An orchestral reverie on a theme which is subsequently sung by Bellini opens the fifth act. Dialogue in recitative is followed by an *allegro* air for soprano—(omitted here)—and a plaintively pretty duet in A flat—*Me qui desio*—for tenor and soprano, which closes with a curious and highly passionate *allegro*. Suddenly there is heard outside the prison where the scene takes place the voice of Camoens singing, by way of signal to the prisoners, a gracefully undulating barcarole, in which some novel enharmonic changes vary without disturbing the wave-like flow of the melody. As an invisible chorus re-echoes the strain, Camoens enters, and a very pleasing trio,

"Moriam guardighi,"

sung *sotto voce*, may be considered the musical *finale* of the opera; for the few remaining pages are but recitative or orchestral, leading to the catastrophe.

## Fine Arts.

### The Old Masters as Portrait Painters, and the Modern. — Copley and Stuart. — Staigg's Portrait of General Stevenson.

Perhaps the greatest portrait painters who ever lived were Titian, Vandyke, Velasquez, Rembrandt. They were great men—great painters—painting portraits; but they would have been great had they painted nothing else but portraits; for there can be no finer field for the highest artist's genius than to do justice to the human face divine.

These great artists painted their figures so that they seem projected on space and retire in a dream land, ("gorgeous land," as Coleridge says of cloud land), in that ideal region of the mind, that pale-clear visionary world, where the old portraits dwell, and which they seem naturally to possess and gracefully to occupy. They pass by in their graciousness and beauty. There is something ineffable about them, and mighty in the eye, looking out of the depths, as in a vision; as if the subtle spirit had indeed been arrested in its mortal transit, and fixed forever there for posterity's admiration. They are refined into spirituality, poetry and truth; and look as we would one should look, or come back to us, in spirit, when one is gone, defecated of the mortal and taking on immortality, when with Cowper, gazing, we exclaim, "Oh! that those lips had language!"

These great old masters abstracted by their insight and their art, their genius and sympathy, the fine essence, the soul of the man. Working from within outward, through matter to spirit, substance to soul, form to feeling: evolving the character, developing the individuality, the personality, they gave the soul looking through the eyes, speaking in the form, shining in the movement, in the hue, the presence, the pose.

No obstructive accessories served to disturb and distract the senses, or jarred upon the finer feelings of the mind. All was harmony and highest truth, because they felt—and knew because they felt—the higher law of their art, which assimilates and subordinates all things to imaginative impression. Art is valueless without ideality, and is ever wrong in proportion to the straining after reality and illusion; its function being, to paint the soul as it inheres in, and informs the body; not body without soul, the objective without the subjective, as Copley painted.

Titian painted senatorial dignity, the presence and bearing, and the superb character of Venetian beauty, which may still be found lingering in the obscure, decaying lanes of the princely city, in a style which was dignity and splendor itself. Vandyke, patrician elegance, courtly refinement and high breeding, in a style itself high-bred. Velasquez, the Spanish character, firm and tenacious; the grandees of the empire, and the princess, with something of their own pride and mastery—a style incomparable for breadth and execution; quiet yet powerful, solid yet fluent and free, secure yet easy. Rembrandt gave the picturesqueness of his age, its light and shade; the Cavalier in his dark, slouched, feathered hat, broadly shadowing the massive features, the superb costume; and his style is picturesqueness itself, unique and inimitable. Each of these great masters, inspired by the times, did all that was suitable and successful. We call them up in their majesty and refinement—these impressive figures—from their stately shrines, the galleries and palaces of Austria, Spain and England, and they come home to us like a poem. We are afraid to say what we think of a great picture, for we feel as if Nature were there, and we had met

her. Such things seem painted, as Hawthorne said, with bated breath.

If we will compare this supreme manner, so powerful, majestic, intense or refined, according as in the hands of Velasquez, Titian, Rembrandt or Vandyke, with what has, but now, been seen at the Athenæum, we shall notice the essential difference, the distance most modern portraiture holds (excepting Allston) when compared with the glorious old masters. Allston was an old master, in the same sense as Shelley said Keats was a Greek, and Goethe, by common consent, a Pagan:—the four imbued with their ideal, and full of sensuous, yet ideal and intellectual beauty.

In these regards how different the old masters from the later schools, and from modern art, where the figures come inharmoniously forward, and protrude, in their coarse reality and cold materiality, from the wall; as if the canvas disdained, and could not contain them, and the frame rejected and cast them forth. They spring upon you, worry you, and obtrude themselves. The old works are as agreeable as a vision. Portraiture, through genius, lifts the life, the person, the object, into poetry and ideality; or, through literalism and materialism, degrades it into prose, mechanism, daguerrotype.

If what we have said about the old art be true—and who is presumptuous enough to dispute the verdict of ages—all works which survive through many generations, and pass the ordeal of many times and countries, and the varying and diverse judgments of men, are sure to contain within themselves the principles of their own immortality. Hence the incomparable fame of the old masters, coming down through the centuries, growing with age, and culminating in endless time.

Stuart had a feminine refinement and delicacy, but also a feminine weakness of style, at his best: a thinness and wateriness or looseness of color, and flatness of painting, which fails to give form, or convey the sense of body and substance, yet fresh and silvery, and pleasing for its healthfulness, its truth and harmony. He gives a prim, precise elegance of expression, and a formal character of refinement, especially as to the eyes,—a little stiff and meagre—which makes one think of old maids rather than men. He painted easily and freely, but too slightly and slovenly. The expression not unfrequently degenerates into a mild insipidity, an amiable vacuity of look (too much the case with the unfinished Washington). The countenance was washed of all strength and manliness. It expresses a conscious effeminacy, a painful, constrained desire to be elegant or mild, correct and well-mannered—a something provincial, as if the sitter did not feel quite assured of himself and his position, and were doing his best to look brave and fine for posterity. His own portrait, by Neagle, strikes us as more vigorous and successful in his own vein and manner.

Stuart had a nice sense and fine sensibility to the impression of things, but lacked genius to give their full imaginative significance, an achievement which is the last success of art, whether music, poetry, sculpture or painting. His painting is refined and delightful, but too much on the surface, and wants intellectual depth and vigor of style. He painted the impression, and in so far is imaginative; but he failed in that subtle apprehension and feeling for life in portraiture, the indwelling spirit, in its meaning and expression, which alone makes portraiture high art, and lifts it into the universal, from which it flows (of which the absence leaves it dead, flat, unprofitable; mere dexterity, vacuity and prettiness):—into those fields of truth and beauty where all art and perfection meet in one supreme accord, unity and congruity, dwelling in effluence and light:—which makes the great masters immortal, and stamps God-like character upon the figures of the Parthenon, and the Venus of Milo, alone worthy to be the divinities of time.

In the endeavor to give the gentleness of gentility,

he sometimes fell, though refined in feeling, into sentimentality, and a kind of mawkish sweetness. Yet we would not depreciate the refinement, far removed from coarseness and brutal materiality—from the aggressive insolence of bearing, the pert conceit and consequential air, of Copley—which honorably distinguishes Stuart's pleasant and harmonious pictures. He would not, could not, paint where he did not fancy the subject, the sitter. In this, sensitive, as every true artist must be.

His style is charming in its kind and degree. It is easy, fluent, graceful, rapid and free, but superficial, and is achieved at the expense of depth, emphasis, contrast and chiaroscuro. It is deficient in subtle life; shadow, gradation, suggestion; area and atmosphere—the spiritual vitality; the wondrous imaginative sense; the depth, the subtle withdrawing, and tracing of life upon space and consciousness, of the old masters—their high poetry of feeling and of thought.

It is almost impossible to paint in high lights throughout, and produce harmony, and a sense of space. Rubens and Paul Veronese, alone, have done it perfectly.

Let all Stuart's excellence be acknowledged and receive its due praise; only forbear to exalt his elegant, but precise manner, and formal expression into comparison with the grand style. He painted the impression, and in so far, was spiritualistic and true, in his art; but the impression was weak, and the objectivity, the strength, the body and form were wanting. Copley painted the converse of this. The one painted feeling, the other fact; the one the impression, the other the reality; the one the thing, the object, the other the idea, the spirit, the subject. In Copley's realism and objectivity, there is no sense of the impression or the subjectivity and soul. The one was materialistic, the other supersensuous—refined to effeminacy.

The harsh, strong rendering by Copley, of what we may call the objective personality, the manners and body of the dignified, but provincial figures of the last century, with all their pert conceit which stares you out of countenance and seems to say, still, from the canvas, "I am better than thou"—the consequential air and aggressive superiority; the cold, indifferent look, with hardly a glimpse of the soul or inner man afforded through all these clothes and postures, almost gives one pain, so materialistic is it in feeling and mistaken in tendency. It gives the idea of refinement, it is true, but in the painter, not in the style. It is apparent that Copley was a gentleman and a most vigorous, prolific painter, but no poet: that he possessed no imagination, without which art is but an indifferent thing, and dry as verisification without sensibility, fancy or feeling. He knew not how to give attraction to the face, to seize it in its best hour and momentary elevation. There is no softening of ugly feature. He made plain people plainer by his manner of doing them; by his cold hard lines; his implacable rigidity, grim reality, and almost ghastly presence. His truth consists in costume, and occasional brightness and beauty of positive color, with no imaginative sense of it; and this in clothes rather than in flesh painting, in which, though truthful in tint, and sometimes soft and delicate, he was deficient in the luminous transparency and sensuous life of the great painters. Fidelity to facts, fabrics, forms and features; no softening of harsh, hard lineaments and outlines, or subtle mastery of expression; no poetry of nature. But it is the inner man we prize, need for our consolation, and value for our delight. We do not want haberdashery, nor the fantastical fashions of the past. We want the man as he lived, as he loved, and as he moved; his firmness; his heart and soul; his strength, reliance, gentleness, and spirit.

These remarks are needful if we would enter into the excellence of Mr. Staigg's work; needful to interpret and illustrate the rare excellence of his performance; for he has succeeded in doing something of that which made the old masters so great and enduring.

If Mr. Hunt's portraits recall the ineffable refinement, the grace, elegance, and fineness of Vandyke, with something, in his grand portrait of the late respected Chief Justice, of the power and mastery of Velasquez; Mr. Staigg's work, with less subtlety of execution, less perfection of practice and handling; and a certain lack of clearness in the painting, makes

one think of the Venetians, the dignity of Titian, the luminous richness, power and breadth of Rembrandt. —The picture is a little thick in color, lacks clearness and transparency, though eminently luminous. It is vitalized throughout—a quality we admire in Turner, and the present French school: Lambinet, Brissot, Micas, and others—the feeling for nature in parts and detail, as well as in the whole and in the impression—a true pre-Raphaelism. With a certain brilliance throughout, it is nicely graduated from the tender, suggestive shadow below, to the high lights centred very properly on the face, and the broad commanding brow. We think the sword is worn a little wrongly, and should have been more by the side. Forbearing theinsano attempt to paint up to life and nature, and rival her lights—a mistake so common and fatal to modern art; but the rather subduing all things to the one grand impression of life, form, and character;—representing nature, not reproducing, Mr. Staigg has achieved a work, which, for harmony, brilliancy, beauty and richness of color, and true grandeur and dignity of style, would do no discredit to the old masters; a work which is rarely equalled, certainly not excelled in our time and country.

The aplomb; the soldierly air and bearing; the firmness, strength, self-reliance; the innate manliness; the dignified yet youthful features, the peculiar and luminous purity of the lofty brow; are all admirably given. The strength tempered with gentleness, heroism with tenderness: that rare perfection and chivalric ideal of manly character, which endeared the lamented dead—the soldier, the hero, the friend, and favorite—to all who were fortunate enough to know him, and who are now called upon to lament, at the same time that they rejoice in, a death heroic and glorious as a martyrdom.

The work is a triumph, and the artist may be congratulated in words that are, at once, his best eulogy and highest reward, that it is done in a manner worthy the hero it represents, whose noble patriotism and self-sacrificing devotion may it serve to transmit for the admiration of posterity, among the generous youth who have fought for liberty, and offered up their lives, as Mr. Emerson has said, that all life may be more precious, more noble, and more free! The likeness, we are told, by one of all others best qualified to judge, is natural and perfect. Here is preserved all of that mortality which in life charmed, and was held precious and inestimably dear to family and friends; to all who knew General Stevenson, and the entire community, which loved and honored him living, and now laments him dead; which cherishes his memory; and mourns in his untimely end, a patriot and a Christian—a youthful sacrifice upon the altar of his country's good.

Catching sight of this picture in the front room of Messrs. Child & Jenks, before it was taken away, it came across us with a fresh sense of its beauty, and gave us a new insight into its peculiar merit and charm. A luminous picture is its own light. It glows, illuminates, and seems to give forth its indwelling life and splendor, irradiating the darkness—spreading a subtle charm—emitting light. In old halls and palaces, Newsteads and Hampton Courts, how the majestic past comes again to life—the ancestry traced upon canvas—and "walks abroad in the storm," and in the dusk twilight is all about us in the room, as if the life of the spirit were indeed there—nothing less than the soul itself—inhabiting those cold walls, powerful to attract and cunning to detain! We are held by strong portraits. Titians look down upon you, and follow you about through the vast galleries: Vandyke's courtly company passes by, and melancholy Charles, with a sadness which is immortal.

Subdued, reflected light is better than direct, which glitters, distorts and reflects. It tempers the hardness, tones the freshness, not yet passed, into harmony.

Seeing the fine face so expressive, we could not but call to mind all his fellow soldiers have told us, of his womanly care and tenderness; the authority tempered with kindness and concern: a solicitude and respect, mutual and profound, honoring human nature, which all true authority inspires. We thought of the sentinel, whose guard he kept, while: he went for his capote, dispatched by his commander: of the inexpressible tone of kindness, solicitude, and commiseration, mixed with confidence and command, with which he ordered his corps to the front at Newbern, which, as one of his officers has told us, would have sent them all, officers and men, through fire and death to obey him and to serve—a tone inspiring heroic daring.

The "Messiah" was performed on Monday evening, Dec. 19, in New Haven, by the Mendelssohn Society of that place, with the aid of Mr. J. R. THOMAS, basso, of New York, and with full orchestra, Mr. GUSTAVE J. STOECKEL conducting.

## Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, DEC. 24, 1864.—Since I last wrote, cal matter have been active here. The GOTTSCHALK-SIMONS Troupe has given five concerts in Smith & Nixon's new Hall, which, by the way, is a very valuable addition to Chicago. The first night the Hall was filled, a large number being present to view the new Hall, and not on account of the music. The succeeding nights, the audience were thinner, being composed mostly of music lovers.

It is the prevalent opinion here, that these concerts, musically considered, were inferior to those which have been given by Mr. Gottschalk in this city on a previous occasion. A large amount of dance music was played by Mr. G.; which may be very pretty, but which we do not think is worthy of his abilities. Two Sonatas were given for piano and violin, one of Mozart and the other of Beethoven, played by Mr. Gottschalk and Herr Doehler. These Sonatas were not given as they should be; as Mr. Gottschalk evidently performs his own compositions with better relish. However, we have said enough about the noble chevalier. Let him rest in peace.

Miss Simons created a very agreeable impression here. She has a clear, sweet, flexible voice, and has evidently been well trained. Miss S. was suffering from a severe cold during the whole of her stay, which of course marred in some degree her execution. Still it was made manifest that Miss Simons is an artist of more than ordinary talent. Of Signor Morelli and Herr Doehler, we need not speak. Both are careful, conscientious performers.

On Monday, Jan. 2d, Grover's German Opera opens at McVickers's Theatre for a season of fifteen nights. Mr. Grover promises us *Faust*, *Mireille*, *Huguenots*, *Fidelio*, *La Dame Blanche*, &c. We hope that he will take as much pains to please our Chicago audiences as he did those of Eastern cities,—and we can assure him that he will meet with a hearty reception.

The third Philharmonic comes off on Wednesday evening next. A brilliant programme is announced, which I will discuss in my next. A new soprano will then make her appearance: Mlle. Maria De Rhode, of Cincinnati, formerly a pupil with Colson at Paris, and, like her, a member of the Conservatoire. We anticipate a highly successful concert.

CHICAGO.

NEW YORK, DEC. 19, 1864.—The Choral Festival at Trinity Church, incident to the opening of the new chancel organ, has been the musical feature of the season. Performances were given on Wednesday, the 7th inst. at noon, and on Thursday and Friday evenings. The whole entertainment was one of rare merit and success, and reflected great credit upon Dr. CUTLER, who has been the leading spirit in personal services and means, not only in the preparation for the festival, but in the purchase and erection of the new organ. The fact that he has contributed so largely from his own funds, is a somewhat unusual instance of liberality on the part of a church organist. \*\*\*

The chorus consisted of over one hundred male voices, boys and men, selected from the choir of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, the Church of the Advent, Boston, and Trinity Church of New York. Dr. Cutler presided at the new Chancel organ, and Mr. W. H. Walter of Trinity Chapel, at the large organ, the two playing in unison, and with great success, considering the distance and the position of the organist. \*\*\*

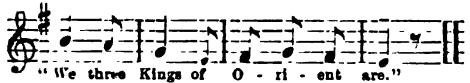
The choristers were robed in white surplices, and entered the chancel in procession, preceded by the rector and ministers of the parish, together with Bishop Talbot and several other representatives of the clergy. After the intoning of several of the prayers



of the church, one being a special one for a blessing upon the performance, Dr. Francis Vinton ascended the pulpit, and began the programme, by reading a short sketch of the rise and progress of church music from the time of the Jewish nation to the present day. The music of the different eras was interpreted by the choir at intervals during the lecture, and opened with a Gregorian chant of the sixth century: "*Cantate Domino Novum*," all voices singing the melody unaccompanied. A German Choral of 1529, by Martin Luther, illustrated the reference made to that person. The peculiar feature of this was the playing between lines instead of verses.

Some very interesting facts in relation to Handel were given, and his compositions illustrated by an organ performance—on the large organ—of selections from "Israel in Egypt," by Geo. W. Morgan. In addition to this the following vocal selections: Solo and Chorus, "O thou that tellest," from the "Messiah," by Master Grandin; Duet and Chorus, "Hail Judea, happy land," from "Judas Maccabæus," by Masters Tate and Jameson; Solo, "Total Eclipse" from "Samson," by Mr. Samuel D. Mayer, an effort which in any other place than a sacred edifice would have demanded and received a most hearty encore; Solo, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," by Master Erlich; Solo, "Sound an alarm," from "Judas Maccabæus," by Mr. Geo. L. Weeks, Jr.; and the grand Hallelujah Chorus, by the full chorus of over one hundred voices, with the powerful accompaniment of the two organs. Mendelssohn was represented by the following: Solo, "Hear ye Israel," from "Elijah," by Master Richard Coker, the first soprano of Trinity Choir; and Quartet, "O come, every one that thirsteth," from "Elijah," by Messrs. Mayer and Giles, and Masters Coker and Grandin. Mr. George E. Aiken, the basso of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, sang "Now Heaven in fullest glory shone," from Haydn's "Creation," and in an artistic and finished manner, showing an admirable control of voice, and an enunciation most remarkable. Every word could be heard at the remotest part of the church, and nothing gave more general pleasure and satisfaction than this gentleman's rendering of the portion of the programme allotted to him. A "Gloria in Excelsis," from Haydn's 3d Mass was also sung by a quartet and chorus.

The instrumental portion of the programme consisted, further, of one of Wely's "Offertories," by Mr. Morgan; Bach's "Toccatina" in F, performed in a very creditable manner, by Chas. Jerome Hopkins, and an Organ Fantasia with pedal obligato, by Cutler, founded on Rev. John Hopkins's Carol, "We three Kings of Orient are," a curious theme admirably worked up and performed by Dr. Cutler.



One of the features of this festival was the introduction of Mr. S. P. Taylor, probably the oldest organist in this country. He was born soon after Handel's time, being now in his eighty-fifth year. He began his musical career seventy-six years ago as a choir boy in an English Cathedral, and has played the organ since he was twelve years of age. He came to America in 1806, and was appointed organist at Christ Church in Ann Street, this city, in 1807. Mr. Taylor was the first to introduce the *chant* in church service, and under his supervision Oratorios were performed in St. Paul's Chapel.

During the festival Mr. Taylor, a venerable looking old gentleman, ascending the Chancel steps, preceded by Mr. Cutler, and seating himself at the Chancel Organ, played the accompaniment to Luther's Judgment Hymn, with a firm touch, and with a look of childish pleasure. Seventy-three years at the organ board! What a crowd of memories must have flashed through his mind as he sat at that organ playing that grand old choral!

T. W. M.

[Occasional].

NEW YORK, DEC. 30, 1864.—Our Philharmonic Society, besides the works of masters, has occasionally given room to productions of composers who live among us, and are unknown as yet to fame or established reputation. It is undoubtedly right to encourage the aspirations of rising minds, and bring their efforts to the verdict of the musical community; provided, however, that the Society watch with a jealous eye against a latitude which would open the door to intruding nepotism, and make the concerts the workshop of some musical alchemist.

Among the "novelties" of the season, there was one in the last concert, which deserves more than the passing notice of your regular correspondent. I mean the Concerto for Violoncello, by Mr. F. L. RITTER.

It is a composition of no common merit. He has given us a work, which, while it is pleasing and adapted to the capabilities of a mixed audience, is still a work of art; it possesses that substantiality which satisfies the thinking musician. It has nothing of that hollow emptiness of a gaudy bravura, laden with flimsy ornaments, or that sickly sentimentality of the salon-piece, that catching after effects by means of musical monstrosities, which only violate the better feeling. There is an earnestness, a certain dignity in the natural flow of the melodies, true to the character of the instrument, interspersed just sufficiently with passages to give life and brilliancy. The conception is modern, the elaboration is of that compact solidity of by-gone days, with rich harmonies, and an instrumentation sometimes really exquisite. There is musical logic in it. Clear, digested, matured, it shows that mastery of the techniques of composition, which is the result of deep study and intimate acquaintance with the masters. We miss that in our composers here, and miss it sadly. A happy idea, sketched on paper, is not yet a work of art. One flash of bright imagination shows the chaos only to be still—void and without form. It is the composer's business to make the idea of his soul a reality, and that requires work, artistic work. Mr. R. showed in the Concerto that he understood himself, and knew how to handle his ideas. The fine nose of the critic may "smell the oil of the nocturnal lamp;" when the morning mists disperse, his eye must see order, symmetry and beauty, those eternal principles which, like adamant columns, support the arch that the builder in sound rears heavenward.

Mr. R. has solved his problem well. We do not mean to eulogize him; but in justice we are bound to acknowledge, that there is musical form, musical workmanship in his composition. And that is his merit.

It is a great gain, a decided progress in the growth of music, to have this fact once acknowledged and appreciated. It will lead further. It will induce the student to look closer at works hitherto neglected; the player, to select more carefully and delight in a better class of compositions; and even the musical public, to demand a higher style, which, in the end, will give more real satisfaction, and a higher enjoyment than they ever had before.

We only hope that Mr. R. will follow up the course he has begun, and that we, at no distant day, shall hear again from him, and see him supported by the friends of music in raising the standard of art.

EFFENEZ.

## Music Abroad.

### Leipzig.

The correspondent of the *Orchestra* continues his interesting letters as follows (Dec. 2):

With full readiness to recognize the enterprise of the directors of the Gewandhaus concerts as deserving the highest praise, it may yet be questioned whether three new works in one evening, as was the

case in the seventh concert, are not too great a tax upon the audience. The first of these novelties (which, by the way, though new in the Gewandhaus, was written some four years ago) is an old friend in a new dress—Bach's well-known organ Toccata in F major, instrumented by Herr Heinrich Esser of Vienna. The effect is excellent; especially successful is the treatment of the pedal points. It is curious how the sense of life and intellectual strength manifested in Bach's compositions invest them with a charm we should hardly look for in works where sensuous beauty is so frequently absent.

Burgmüller's Symphony, No. 2, in D, which was the second novelty, is but a fragment, the composer, who died in 1836, in his 27th year, having only lived long enough to write three movements, and even a portion of the last of these had to be instrumented by Schumann from the composer's sketches. Burgmüller's life was one of great suffering, and yet, as Dr. Hauptmann says of him: "There is not a trace of anything sickly or morbid to be found in his works."

All that he has created is poetically and artistically healthy, has a natural flow, and is of the most beautiful proportion and construction. Would that our young, healthy, not talentless composers, who so often fall into assumed despair, and thus would make themselves interesting, would give us anything so healthy as one who had to struggle with troubles of so many kinds! It is difficult to be entirely just to a work which is not heard until 30 years after its composition. This symphony shows how great was the composer's promise; what there is, is good; but Burgmüller had yet to learn that in a long movement contrast of themes is necessary, if monotony is to be avoided; this want is most felt in the first and second movements; in the third, the *Scherzo*, there are life and spirit, and some very happy changes of rhythm: the instrumentation is good in all the movements.

The third novelty was a Concerto (MS.) for the violoncello, by Herr Kapellmeister Reinecke. I had hoped that the scanty repertoire of the violoncello would have been enriched by a really valuable work; but it seems as if a fatality attended all who write for that instrument. That the Concerto is musical and elegant is a matter of course, when Reinecke is the composer; but it lacks distinctive features; it is not solid enough for a great musical work, nor brilliant enough for a display piece. The slow movement pleased the most. Herr Grützmacher, formerly first violoncellist in the Gewandhaus, and a master in the Leipzig Conservatorium, but now a member of the Court Orchestra, enjoys the reputation of being a brilliant player. Upon the present occasion he seemed to be suffering from indisposition, and hardly did himself justice. In addition to the Concerto, he played a *Nocturno* and a *Burlesque* of his own composition; the former is graceful, but too long; the latter is so burlesque that it sometimes exceeds the bounds of good taste; as a display piece, however, it showed what Herr Grützmacher could do in the way of overcoming difficulties.

The singer of the evening, Fräulein Amélie Weber, from Strasburg, had but just recovered from a severe and long continued indisposition, during which she had entirely lost her voice. Under these circumstances, coupled with the evident nervousness from which she was suffering, it would be unfair to express an opinion as to her powers. The "*Der Freyschütz*" overture, with which the concert closed, was a glorious performance. The last part of it was a wonderful example that railroad speed may be combined with perfect clearness of detail.

In the second Gewandhaus Chamber Music Concert, Herr Grützmacher took the place of Herr Lübeck, the other performers being, as usual, the Herren Reinecke (piano), David and Röntgen (violins), and Hermann (tenor). The works selected were Cherubini's Quartet in E flat, Mendelssohn's Sonata for pianoforte and violoncello in D, and Schubert's Quartet in D minor. The grand Cherubini Quartet at once excited the enthusiasm of the audience, who insisted on the *Scherzo* being repeated. Full of beauties as is Schubert's Quartet—the slow movement being one of the most touching things he ever wrote—it suffers from its extreme length, a fault which characterizes too many of its composer's works; the effect is not felt so much when listening to them, for then the beauty and interest keep the attention alive; but fatigue and exhaustion come when the performance is over.

The fifth Euterpe concert was devoted to chamber music, the performers being the Gebrüder Müller. These gentlemen are the sons of one of the four brothers who years ago enjoyed such a reputation for the excellence of their *ensemble* playing, and the fine artistic elegance of their reading. The present quartet may be said to have inherited, to a certain extent, the reputation of the elder, but more so in exquisiteness of *ensemble* than in the very highest

musical endowments; the quartet is the strongest in the violoncello and tenor, these instruments being most excellently played. The programme consisted of the following quartets: Haydn, D major; Schumann, A minor, Op. 41, No. 1; and Beethoven, E flat, Op. 47. In Haydn's quartet the playing was perfect; but in the other a greater amount of warmth was wanted. Schumann's quartet, as is the case with so much of his chamber music, is not (!) enjoyable; the want of clearness, the prevalence of gloom, and the apparent groping for something which never comes, are at length painful. Beethoven's quartet, in itself a work difficult of comprehension, demands higher musical qualifications in its interpreters than were to be found upon the present occasion.

A most remarkable appearance has been that of Herr Satter, a pianist from Vienna, who at the invitation of the directors has played in the Conservatorium. His brilliancy of execution and strength of finger surpass anything I have ever heard. In a transcription of the Tannhäuser overture the violin passages, which are difficult enough to play smoothly in single notes, were given by him in octaves; the rendering of the orchestral effects was marvellous. Nor is it only as a player of display pieces that he excels; his interpretation of the piano-forte part of Mendelssohn's quartet in B minor was excellent in every respect. He also possesses the gift of musical extemporizing—one now so rarely cultivated. Two themes by Gluck and Weber were given him, and he at once sat down and worked them out so as not only to dazzle by the mechanical brilliancy, but also to astonish the mind by the exceeding cleverness of the work. The highest judges here, who have heard him in private, speak of the extraordinary instinct with which, when playing at sight, he seems at once to grasp the intentions of the composer.

BERLIN.—The Government has ordered of Micheli, the sculptor, a marble bust of Meyerbeer, to be placed in the concert hall of the *Schauspielhaus*.

The passage of the Austrian troops through Berlin, on their way back from Denmark, suggested to Herr Emil Bock the idea of a grand concert of military music, in which the Austrian and Prussian bands took part both together and separately. It is still a question which of those two organizations of military music is the best; but opinion was nearly unanimous in according more of fire and *brío* to the Austrian, and more of precision and artistic sentiment to the Prussian. The Prussian bands are all subject to the uniform rule of a great *generalissimo* in his sphere, Herr Wiprecht, who has even drilled monster bands of many hundreds of wind instruments to perform symphonies of Beethoven, arranged for them by himself!

The "Dom-chor," or royal Cathedral Choir of Berlin, now justly celebrated for the best church music in the world, commenced its annual series of concerts on the 1st December. The programme contained an *Adoremus* of Peri, a motet of Bach, a *Salve Regina* of Barnabei, the 100th Psalm of Mendelssohn, Handel's *Hallelujah*, a couple of church airs sung by Fräulein Malvina Strahl, and a *Pater Noster* by Meyerbeer, which excited particular interest.

COLOGNE.—Herr Richard Wagner's opera of *Rienzi* has been produced on a scale of almost unequalled splendor. The scenery was beautiful; the dresses gorgeous; and the number of supernumeraries greater, perhaps, than was ever known in this ancient city. Herr Niemann represented "the last of the Tribunes." The public were divided in opinion as to the merits of the music, but they all agreed in praising the magnificence of the *mise-en-scène*, and the manner in which singers and musicians performed their respective tasks. The Concerts at the Gürzenich, which have now become a regular institution, calmly and triumphantly pursue their course under the excellent guidance of Herr Ferdinand Hiller. The programme of the third concert commenced with Beethoven's Symphony in F major, No. 8. This was followed by a manuscript *Agnus Dei* and *Dona nobis Pacem*, from the pen of Cherubini, for Chorus and Orchestra. On the copy in Cherubini's own hand is the inscription: "Agnus Dei à 4 parties avec accompagnement à G. O. (Grand Orchestre), composé à Paris par L. Cherubini, et offert par le même à son cher ami Ferdinand Hiller." It contains an Adagio of thirty-one bars (4-4, in G minor) and a

second movement, "Modéré sans lenteur," of 106 bars (3-4 in G major).—This was succeeded by two movements (the Adagio and the Allegro) from Spohr's Concerto, No. 6, played by Herr Joachim; the Overture, by Niels W. Gade, to *Hamlet*; Fugue, No. 3, in C, by Bach, played by Herr Joachim; "Abschiedslied" by Schumann: "Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath"; and Beethoven's Fantasia, No. 80, Herr Ferdinand Hiller taking the pianoforte part.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 7, 1865.

### Christmas Music.

Our old HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY, "in accordance with a time-honored custom," gave their annual Christmas Oratorio—Handel's "Messiah" of course—on Saturday evening, Dec. 24, Christmas Eve, and repeated it the following evening, changing the group of solo singers, with the exception of the tenor. The Sunday evening performance was by far the best, and had the inspiration of by far the greatest audience; indeed it was a scene not surpassed by the Birmingham Festival,—our Music Hall, with its imposing Organ front, its bronze colossal Beethoven, and so utterly crammed as it was that night with so fine a looking and so enthusiastic a multitude.

On Saturday evening, church or home engagements probably kept many away; yet the Hall was quite well filled. The Oratorio did not seem to begin with the usual spirit; nor, through a large part of it, did it so deeply appeal to us, or transport us with the old feeling of its sublimity and beauty, its holiness and tenderness, its joyful encouragement and glory. It was, perhaps owing partly to our own mood and mental condition; in the case of a very familiar great work, like the "Messiah," the interest of the listener must be more or less accidental; and we, with all our old admiration unabated, still find it hard sometimes to hear it otherwise than listlessly and dully, unless there be some rare and special excellence in the performance,—a great singer, for instance, one of genius and inspiration, as well as noble voice and art, to rekindle its divine fire. Every habitual concert-goer, of course, has had more or less of this kind of experience; and it becomes a question, therefore, whether it is doing justice to any great work, even Handel's greatest, to let it get identified with conventional and periodical occasions, lest it should contract some of the dullness of all ceremonial ordinances whatsoever. But not all musical occasions are for the *habitué*; he must remember, what the Society does remember, that every year there has a fresh crop of eager audience grown up; a new generation has musically come of age, as it were, who wish to realize in their turn all that enthusiasm with which we, their elders, may have talked to them of Handel's great work. And it speaks badly for ourselves, too, if (in spite of occasional moods or accidents) we cannot feel more and more that speaks to our inmost soul in it as we grow older.

One experience in regard to the "Messiah," we are sure, many old lovers of the music must share with us. We found on Saturday, what we have found more and more from year to year, that it is the latter portions of the work which take the deeper hold upon us, and to which we listen with the fresher interest. The profound passages relating to the Passion; the choruses:

"Behold the Lamb," "And with his stripes;" the Quartet and Chorus: "Since by man came death," &c., as well as the great solos:—these reveal more and more musical and spiritual beauty and significance; they come nearer and fill out more of the whole after impression of the oratorio; and so it should be, naturally, with more experience of life.

It seemed to us on Saturday that the singers warmed up to their work more as they passed the middle portion. The latter choruses, and solos also, were given with more unction and effect. As for the artists, if they were not great, they were all good ones. Mrs. ANNA STONE ELIOT, returning to the scene and the great music of her old Boston triumphs, could not but excite much interest. She sang the great soprano recitatives and arias with the intelligent, well-studied conception and the same largeness of style as formerly—better, if anything, intellectually considered—and with only something less of the old brightness and clarion ring of voice. This time she took what is commonly given to a contralto, the air, "He was despised," with fine expression. Mrs. SMITH sang "Rejoice greatly," and "How beautiful," with charming purity, sweetness and evenness of voice, and with simplicity and truth of feeling. Miss RYAN did herself credit in the contralto pieces, the chief drawback being that she over-exerted her voice, very naturally magnifying to herself the terrors of singing for the first time in the great Hall. Mr. WHEELER, who sustained all the tenor solos on both evenings, having scarcely risen from an illness of some weeks, deserves praise for such loyalty to art; his voice was weaker than we could have wished, although it seemed to summon up a good degree of power in "Thou shalt dash them;" but all his renderings were musical, refined and tasteful. Mr. M. W. WHITNEY made a decidedly good impression in the bass solos, both in voice and execution; his tones and manner are alike musical and manly.

On Sunday evening, the special feature of interest was the re-appearance, after several years retirement from the concert room, of Mrs. J. H. LONG, who took upon her the entire soprano part with even more acceptance, more sustained ease, power, eloquence of delivery, more sweetness, evenness and reach of voice, more finish and maturity of style, than in the days when these great songs were thought to be hers by right among all our native singers. There are singers in the world, to be sure, in whom one feels, besides all this, the spell of genius, and of that more inward, soulful character of voice, which sometimes works rarer miracles with less art. But certainly Mrs. Long's delivery of "I know that my Redeemer liveth," is no ordinary achievement. She seemed to have the sympathies of the vast audience completely. We need not say that Mrs. J. S. CARY's warm and sympathetic contralto made itself felt, and made those sweet and touching strains felt. The bass songs fell to the share of Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, who continues to acquire more mastery of our English accent, and whose substantial bass voice sustains itself through the Handelian roulades gracefully and well. The choruses went remarkably well that night, the Great Organ accompaniment by Mr. LANG replenishing them with great waves of harmony; and, as we said before, the whole ensemble, chorus, orchestra and soli, must have lifted the heaviness of labor into

the joy of success for Mr. ZERRAHN and the Society whose forces have grown into such good rapport with him as teacher and conductor.

We hear of numerous performances of the "Messiah in smaller cities, in some cases for the first time as a whole. In Hartford, the "Beethoven Society" gave it, assisted by the "Germania Orchestra," under the direction of Mr. BARNETT, with the soprano and alto arias distributed among a large number of singers. Dr. GUILMETTE in the bass, and Mr. WANDER in the tenor. In Worcester, it was given on Tuesday evening by the "Mozart Society" without orchestra, Mr. LANG accompanying on the great Worcester Organ, and Mr. B. D. ALLEN conducting. Both of these performances were eminently successful, it would seem. The Christmas musical service in many of the churches of this city and vicinity, was in some instances rare. Most noteworthy must be reckoned the performance of Beethoven's earlier Mass (in C) at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, under the direction of Mr. WILLCOX, who played the orchestral accompaniments on the noble Organ which the Messrs. Hook have placed there. It was an enterprise quite honorable to Mr. Willcox and his choir, and we regretted that we could not be there to hear.

#### Otto Dresel's Concerts.

Mr. Dresel's fifth and last concert shared the stormy fate of the four others with regard to weather. Yet the audience, which quite filled the Chickering Hall during the fourth Saturday snow-storm, more than filled it this time. So large, so eager, so respectful and even appreciative an audience for piano music of the finest and the rarest sort is seldom seen in an American city, if indeed anywhere. These were the compositions interpreted:

1. From the "Skizzen für den Pedalfügel," (op. 58. No. 1.) Schumann.  
Sarabande and Rondo from Partita, in G minor. J.S. Bach.  
From the "Skizzen für den Pedalfügel," (op. 58. No. 2.) Schumann.
2. Sonata, E flat (op. 31). Beethoven.  
Allegro. Scherzo. Menuetto. Presto con fuoco.
3. Gigue. . . . . Mozart.  
Allegretto in form of a Canon, from the "Studien für den Pedalfügel," op. 58. Schumann.
4. Presto Scherzando. . . . . Mendelssohn.
5. Septet. . . . . Hummel.  
(Arrangement for Two Pianos).
- Allegro con spirito. Scherzo. Andante con Variazioni. Finale.
6. Notturmo, (D flat, op. 27). . . . . Chopin.
- Valse, (A flat, op. 31). . . . . Chopin.

This programme was in some respects a departure from Mr. D.'s original intention, which included still a third Concerto by Bach (for two pianos, with accompaniments on a third); but the third pianist was called to other and sadder duties. One change (where programme-making is an art) involves another; the same cause robbed us of Chopin's remarkable Fantasia on Polish airs, which would have been a fresh addition to our knowledge of him. But it gave us, in the place of both, another Beethoven Sonata, one of the most interesting, finely imaginative, delightfully original and Beethovenish of them all, the op. 31, in E flat. Surely it would be hard to name anything by any composer, which the more musical, or indeed the larger, portion of that audience would willingly have taken in exchange for it,—at least after such a masterly, thoroughly poetic and sympathetic, as well as technically perfect rendering as we had of it. It was the very soul of Beethoven that vibrated upon those strings and through us all.

We could not but admire the happy grouping of the three (or rather four) little pieces included in the opening number of the concert. How bright and altogether piquant and delightful the Saraband and Rondo of Bach sounded between the two more deeply shaded "sketches" which Schumann wrote for a piano-forte with pedal bass, hence somewhat in the organ style. Mr. LEONHARD played the pedal part on a second piano. Both are compositions of great beauty, dignity and rich suggestion, especially the second one. But it was a nice thought to place the Bach things between them; it set them in the clearest and most genial light and made them unmistakable.

This placing of a piece in a programme is as important as the hanging of a picture in a gallery; the best thing of a quiet sort may be extinguished, all its light put out, by the wrong sort of neighbors, or be framed into its own native halo by the right ones. Everybody was charmed by the leisurely, composed, thoughtful movement, the quaint imaginativeness and grace of the Bach Sarabande, and by the dancing sunshine of the Rondo, which is a perfect instance of the art of composition in only two parts, each part so covering, answering to, reflecting and illustrating the other, so flinging back the same ideas and phrases with new flashes of meaning, that all the purposes of full four-part harmony are virtually answered by this interplay of two twin melodies.

Mendelssohn's Presto Scherzando is one of his finest and freshest piano-forte creations; full of fire and life, and charming in the more quiet cantilena-like episodes. The Septet by Hummel was far more effective than we should have imagined without the wind instruments. The witching little horn passage in the Trio of the Scherzo was palpably enough suggested, and the perfect grace and neatness of that little movement made a repeat imperative. The whole work is full of elegance and genial beauty, and it brought Mr. Dresel's cleanness, fluency, brilliancy and consummate grace of execution to the most triumphant test. It is not necessary to tell again (or rather, try to tell) how he interprets Chopin.

These concerts have been a most remarkable success in all respects; and there is a very general and eager appetite for more from the same source.

#### Italian Opera.

MAX MARETZKE, with his Italian singers and singers in Italian, holds the Boston Theatre this week and for a few weeks to come. Our New York correspondence has already furnished us with some anticipations of the artists and the repertoire. Donizetti's *Polio* (or, "The Martyr,") was chosen for the opening on Monday night; a very poor, uninteresting opera, as many of us had had cause to know before; and a thin house was the consequence. Indeed we can think of no work even of Donizetti's which is so commonplace (hear the beginning of a melody, and you know just how it will end); so full of the feeble intense as a make-believe for passion; so empty and so noisy, trying to hide the lack of inspiration, or to enforce the semblance thereof, by dreadful hounding on of drums and brass. This is strikingly the case in the overture—especially if you happened to sit near the drum end of the orchestra, where you could hear almost nothing else. The arias d'entrée in which the tenor, the soprano and the baritone respectively introduced themselves, are all uninteresting. In the finale of the second act there is some pomp and grandeur of musical ensemble, as well as of scenic display; but you almost fancy you are listening to *Lucia* again, and wondering whether it is quite the same. The part which brings the house down, more thanks to the singers than the music, is the duet of the martyr lovers in the prison scene; but here the rapid final movement, coupled with the most exalted situation, and designed to express the heavenly ecstasy of wedded souls about to lay down their lives for truth, is a most trivial, unmeaning, vulgar brass band sort of tune, strangely belying the rapt faces and the earnest tones and gestures of the singers.

The piece was doubtless chosen for the leading singers, and not the singers for the piece. Mme. CAROZZI ZUCCHI, the new prima donna, is evidently, at home in parts of such tragical intensity and vehemence. Her voice is large, clear, firm, alike telling in the higher, middle, and lower registers, and able to cope with long and arduous reaches of such music. She has a fine presence, a great deal of dramatic force, filling out the part completely and not overdoing. There was no lack of delicacy in the tenderer passages; yet the voice, although not unsympathetic, has not the fine, soulful quality, which would lead us to remember her with Bosio, Griis, Lagrange, Frederici, and others. It is of somewhat coarser fibre, more physical in its intensity, and indeed one of the better instances of the kind of voice which seems naturally to grow out of the singing of the *Polio* and the *Travatore* kind of music.

Sig. MASSIMILIANI, the new tenor, has little grace of person, and a rather hard, close quality of voice; yet some splendid tones came out of him, as he warmed up into greater freedom and abandon; for he began with saving his real force. It is said that Polio-

to and Polio are his peculiar parts; if so, his sphere is not a very thankful one. BELLINI, the able baritone of last year, sang and acted admirably, so far as an uninteresting part allowed him. A second tenor, Herr REICHART, in the smaller part of Nearco, made a good impression as far as it went. The chorus, male and female, was quite full and strong and accurate, and the orchestra excellent, bating the excess of drums and brass.

Martha was performed on Tuesday, to a large house, with Miss KELLOGG, Miss MORENSI, and Sig. or Herr LOTTI in the principal parts. We were not able to be present.

On Wednesday night, an uncommonly good performance of *Don Giovanni*, which drew the first really large audience. The orchestra was admirably subdued and true to its fine task; as well it might have been, seeing that CARL BERGMANN occupied the conductor's seat. The leading parts were remarkably well cast; very seldom do we have all three prime donne so effective. Mme. CAROZZI's Donna Anna was full of dignity, dramatic truth and force, not of the finest kind, but always effective, especially in the excited recitative and aria in which, he denounces Don Juan. She did not sing the "Letter" aria. Nor did MORENSI sing Elvira's best piece: *Mi tradi*, with the recitative preceding; but her rich and powerful contralto voice, well trained and even, of good compass, her broad, true, honest style of singing, her grace of person and dramatic truth of action, made hers one of the best of the Elviras. Miss KELLOGG, as Zerlina, sang more exquisitely than ever, and she was full of life and pretty by-play; but we cannot like her conception of the character; it lacks simplicity, unconsciousness, and that refinement which the music reveals in the nature, underneath the rustic garb, of the innocent little coquette. M. DUBREUIL is always in his right place as Masetto; he does it to the life.

BELLINI made an excellent Don Juan; courtly, splendid, fascinating, with no trait of vulgarity. His voice told far more effectively than poor SUSINI's, who either had a very bad cold, or is losing the lower part of his once kingly basso. He grew more and more husky; yet his Leporello had excellent points. There was by no means a Commendatore comparable with that of Hermanns; but Herr WEINLICH's voice, though hard and rough, was telling, and filled out the trio of busses very well.

LOTTI's small, sweet, flexible tenor, has some very fine notes; his rendering of *Il mio tesoro*, and of all the music was artistic and agreeable. His fine extra song, too, (*Dalla sua pace*) was omitted. Strange to say, it was as a whole a better performance than the Germans gave us. But there can be no question that *Don Giovanni* sounds better than *Don Juan*; the Italian language suits its musical periods best; for it they were originally written.

[The most of the following paragraphs were prepared for our last paper, but crowded out for want of room.]

"COURS D' HARMONIE." We had the pleasure of witnessing the first of Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMORTE's lessons in the rudiments of Harmony; and we were astonished at the clearness and fluency, the mastery of her subject and of the English language, with which she explained point after point, with illustrations on the black-board. Her ideas are well systematized, (making of course no pretension to novelty,—though there was a certain originality in the way of presenting the thing); her method lucid and progressive; and the wonder was that she held the attention of her class throughout two hours, without once touching a piano or letting the ear realize a single tone. We cannot think, however, that she will go on far teaching the science of tone only through the eye.

FROM THE MOUNTAINS. There is to be a grand choral visitation from New Hampshire to our Music Hall, on the evening of January 6th. The "N. H. State Musical Convention," holding its annual session that week at Concord, is to descend upon us, a thousand voices strong, under the direction of Mr. L. O. EMERSON, and sing great choruses from Handel, Mendelssohn, &c., in connection with the Great Organ. May they bring as bracing an air with them, as the annual descent of the Yorkshire singers upon London!

MR. HERMANN DAUM. This gentleman, as many of our readers are aware, has been for many months confined by painful and exhausting illness, disabling him entirely, and for some time to come, we fear, from all professional exertion. We are glad to hear that his fellow artists are arranging a concert for his benefit, to take place in a few weeks, when many of our best singers and players (The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, the "Orpheus," Miss Houston, Miss Ryan, Mr. J. K. Paine, the organist, &c.,) will do their

best to make a most attractive programme. It will be but a just tribute to one of our most earnest, accomplished and amiable musicians and teachers. Further particulars in due time.

Messrs. Hook, the builders of the celebrated Worcester Organ, have finished a large and beautiful instrument for Sacramento, Cal. It comprises two complete manuals, in which every stop extends through the whole compass of 56 notes; and two Pedal stops of two octaves.

The case is of Romanesque design, built of black walnut, forming a pleasing contrast to the rich silvery appearance of the front pipes, which are of burnished tin.

The organ contains many excellent solo stops, which allow of the most beautiful combinations and orchestral effects. The effect of the full organ is exceedingly grand and beautiful, giving a volume of tone full and broad in its foundation, and very rich and brilliant in choruses.

Great care has been taken in the selection of materials and in the workmanship throughout, to make this a model organ. Indeed we think it just the instrument to be sent to California as a representative of Boston skill in organ building, which, having reached a very creditable height before, has been so greatly quickened by the presence of the magnificent German Organ in the Music Hall.

**A NEW BUFFO COMPANY.** The *Evening Post* tells us of a new Italian buffo company, with an American prima donna, consisting of Laura Harris, Mongiardini, Ardiani and Fellini, which will play next week at Niblo's Saloon and in Brooklyn. The programme includes Rossini's "Gazza Ladra," which has not been sung here since the days of Steffanone in 1852—and his "Barbiere." Donizetti's "Don Pasquale" and "L'Elisir" will also be produced. As this troupe will appear in unpretending style and a small room, adapted to the light voice and florid execution of the young prima donna, there is every prospect of the enterprise meeting with success.

**A SCOTCH CRITICISM.**—The New York *Albion*, in noticing the last Philharmonic concert, has this queer theory of the origin of Mendelssohn's A-minor Symphony. We do not think, however, that the composer visited Scotland with any such *malice prepense*. And we suspect that this Englishman underrates Mendelssohn's genius quite as much as most Englishmen are inclined to overrate it.

Mendelssohn was not blessed with the lazy inspiration of genius. His was a talent of the highest possible order—but still a talent, and dependent therefore on industry, taste, and outside impressions. After much reflection he thought, in the present case, that he would write a Scotch Symphony. When he had entirely mustered this resolve, there remained but one other preliminary—namely, to buy a portmanteau and go at once to Scotland. There, amid wild glens, the shimmering lochs, the towering bens, did he conscientiously study the style and form that were needed. To us—of grosser fibre—who have smoked cuttie pipes, and laddled out punch by the hour, there is nothing very strong in the flavor thus laboriously procured. A gentleman who habitually took snuff with a spoon, and lived a life of bound captivity in a plaid shawl, once informed us that "Maindlesoon" couldn't play the pipes. This we readily can believe; but this in the mind of our Northern friend, accounted for all the imperfections of his character, and, if we are not mistaken, explained the reason why he had a cough. It may also serve as a key to the defects of the symphony. The *scherzando* is dimly sprinkled with *Ess. Caldonia*, but it lacks the true Northern strength, bearing to the latter about the same relation that *Charlotte Russe* does to *Uggis*. Nevertheless it is piquant and pleasant. The fourth movement is really grand, especially the "Finale Maestoso." Throughout the entire work there are indications of extreme care, of exquisite taste, of thorough culture, and of supreme talent. For these reasons, it must always afford pleasure to a cultivated audience, to hear this composition carefully performed—and the more cultivated and refined the audience, the greater will be the esteem in which the master is held. He is essentially a carpet musician. Nothing on earth could have induced him to stagger into society, with dirty boots and a belcher handkerchief round his throat, like that great shaggy Beethoven.

**QUEER MISPRINT.** The mischievous small types smuggled into our last number, in the programme of Mr. Dresel's concert, an R instead of a K, which ludicrously changed the meaning. *Kindermärchen* (or, fairy tale for children) is the title of the little piece by Moscheles; it was printed "*Rindermärchen*," or fairy tale for cattle!

**POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.** Our columns of Musical Correspondence have before now borne witness to the great attention paid to music, and especially to classical music, at Cottage Hill Seminary, the flourishing school for young ladies, of which the Rev. GEORGE T. RIDER is the Principal. Not only is music treated as one of the most important branches of a lady's education; not only does the pupil have good music set before her for practice, instead of glittering trash; but the aid of artists is from time to time called in, to let the pupils and their friends hear a concert made up from the works of the master composers. The last occasion of the kind was on the evening of Dec. 22, when the first "Soirée Classique," or "Evening with the Great Composers," was given by a quintet of solo performers from the West Point Band, under the direction of Mr. APPELLES, Band-master, assisted by Miss GEORGINA PAIGE. The programme included: Quintet (strings) in G minor, by Mozart; Scene and Aria from *Der Freyschütz*, by Miss Paige; a Violin solo, by Klingebiel, played by Appeltes (not the old Greek painter, any more than a certain Herr Plato whom we saw in Berlin, is the old philosopher); Quartet in G, op. 96, by Haydn; Adagio from Spohr's Quartet, op. 43; song, Beethoven's *Adelaide*; Solo on the French Horn; and Quintet in E-flat, op. 4, by Beethoven.

**NEWPORT, R. I.** Music has been paying pleasant winter visits to the all-the-year-round inhabitants of the famous old watering place, in the shape of a series of Chamber Concerts by the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, assisted by Miss RYAN, the singer. The Newporters appear to appreciate the privilege, which is something new to them, and which they owe to the zeal for all good things æsthetic, as well as patriotic and humane, of Col. T. W. HIGGINSON, who is passing the winter with them.

**THE QUESTION SETTLED!** A certain "Aylmer" writes a musical letter to the *Springfield Republican*, about the late "Choral Festival" in New York, in which he tilts against the windmill of Bach's Fugues, with such annihilating vehemence, that the opinion of Mozart and Mendelssohn, and all the really great composers, not excepting jovial Rossini, must henceforth pass for nothing. Read! Master Paine, and tremble, and be silent evermore:

Mr. C. J. Hopkins gave the Toccata in F, which has claimed an ex-officio place upon many of the programmes of the Boston Music Hall, and—shades of Bach, forgive—it was, as usual with fugues, a chaos of sound and fury, signifying nothing. It is all very well to talk of the fugue as classical. Is it any more classical than the chromatic scale? And is there any music in the chromatic scale itself? If any disciple of Bach can tell what the fugue means, he will seem to many to hold a more reasonable position after he has interpreted it, than while he rails at the multitude for their lack of appreciation.

Read, Master Dresel, and forsaking the wrong way, humbly crave permission to sit at the feet of Master Gamaliel Gottschalk! As for you, Master Robert Franz, what can you do but leave editing of Bach, and devote the rest of your life to pious meditation on the operas of Verdi, or the pretty Offertoires of Batiste; or come over here and fatten on the broad fields and pastures green of Yankee psalmody? Peradventure, in due time, you may become sleek and prosperous enough to exchange the German Doctorate for a fresh "Mus. Doc." from some New York University.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Gentle mother calls us home. Song with Cho. *H. Fontrill. 30*  
A very sweet poem, with music better than common.
- Molly Bawn Asthore. Ballad. *H. S. Thompson. 30*  
Mr. Thompson seems to catch the spirit of Irish song with ease, and his music warbles about the charming Molly with a very perfect "at home" air, as if used to the green bogs and brass of the "old country."
- Little Nell's lament. Song & Cho. *H. Fontrill. 30*  
So little yellow Nell has come North at last; and the contraband's daughter seeks an audience. A simple and natural ballad.
- Home once more. Ballad. *S. Glover. 30*  
A "homeward bound" song, with good words, and good, classical melody.
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A simple and pure song of a country bridal morning. The bride rejoices in her "chaplet of blue-bells," which "Donald" has sent her, and prepares to walk over the path, strewn with flowers by "sweet Mary and Alice." Melody pretty.
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Introduces the call of the whippoorwill, with brilliant variations, which the bird would do well to learn. Quite pretty.
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Another favor to the public by this excellent leader and composer. Buy it soon, so as to be able to play it these winter evenings.
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Two good pieces by well-known composers.

#### Books.

- Excelsior Collection for the Accordion. *75*  
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Excelsior Collection for the Flute. *75*  
*By S. Winner.*  
These three books are similar in design, and each contains a large number of pleasing familiar and unfamiliar melodies, selected and arranged with the tact and skill for which Mr. Winner is so noted.

**MUSIC BY MAIL.**—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 621.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 21, 1865.

VOL. XXIV. No. 22.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## The First Opera.

A NOVELETTE OF THE PAST (1555).

Translated from the French of HECTOR BERLIOZ

by KATHARINE FRANCES M. RAYMOND.

ALFONSO DELLA VIOLA TO BENVENUTO CELLINI  
Florence, July 27, 1555.

I am sad, Benvenuto; I am tired, disgusted; or rather, to tell the truth, I am ill; I feel myself growing thin, as you grew thin before you had revenged the death of Francesco. But you were soon cured, and will the day of my cure ever arrive? God knows. Yet what suffering is more deserving of pity than mine? To what unfortunate would Christ and his holy mother render more justice in according to him that sovereign remedy, that precious balm, which has most power to calm the bitter pains felt by an artist, outraged in art and in his person, vengeance? Oh no, Benvenuto, no; without wishing to deny your right to stab the miserable officer who had killed your brother, I cannot help placing an infinite distance between your offence and mine. What had that poor devil done, after all? Shed the blood of the son of your mother, it is true. But the officer was commanding a night round; Francesco was drunk; after having insulted and thrown stones at the detachment, without any reason, he even went so far, in his extravagance, as to try to carry off the soldiers' arms; they made use of them, and your brother perished. Nothing was more easy to foresee, and you must admit that nothing could have been more just.

But I am not in such a position. Although they have done worse than to kill me, I in no way deserved my fate; it was just when I had a right to reward, that I received insult and outrage.

You know with what perseverance I have striven for long years to increase the force, to multiply the resources of music. Neither the ill will of the old masters, nor the stupid jokes of their pupils, nor the mistrust of the dilettanti, who look on me as an eccentric man, more nearly allied to folly than genius, nor the material obstacles of all kinds created by poverty, have been able to arrest me, as you know. I may say it, as in my eyes the merit of such a course is perfectly null.

The young Monteccho, named Romeo, whose adventures and tragic death made so much noise at Verona a few years ago, was certainly not able to resist the spell that attracted him to the lovely Giulietta, daughter of his mortal enemy. Passion was stronger than the insults of the Capuletti, stronger than the steel and the poison with which he was ceaselessly threatened; Giulietta loved him, and for the sake of an hour passed near her, he would have braved death a thousand times. Well! my Giulietta is music, and, by heaven! I am loved in return.

Two years ago, I formed the plan of a theatrical work unknown until now, in which singing, accompanied by various instruments, was to take the place of spoken language, and to awaken, by means of its union with the drama, impressions

such as even the highest poetry has not yet produced. Unfortunately, this project was very expensive; only a sovereign or a Jew could undertake to realize it.

All our Italian princes have heard of the bad effect of the pretended musical tragedy executed at Rome towards the end of the last century; the ill-success of the "Orfeo" of Angelo Politiano, another essay in the same style, is not unknown to them; and nothing would have been more useless than to request their aid in an enterprise in which old masters had so completely failed. I should have been taxed anew with pride and folly.

I did not think of the Jews for a moment; all that I could reasonably hope from them, was to be shown out, on the simple enunciation of my plan, without insult, or the hooting of the servants; besides, I did not know one sufficiently intelligent for me to count on so much generosity with certainty. I renounced hope, not without sorrow, you may believe; and with an oppressed heart I again returned to the obscure labors, by means of which I live, but which are only accomplished at the expense of those which would probably be rewarded by fame and fortune.

Another new idea began to trouble me soon after. Do not laugh at my discoveries, Cellini, and beware, above all, of comparing my young art to yours, long ago formed. You know enough of music to understand me. In good faith, do you believe that our heavy madrigals in four parts are the last degree of perfection to which composition and execution may attain? Does not good sense tell us, that, in regard to expression and musical form, these boasted works are mere childishness and stupidity?

The words express love, anger, jealousy, courage; but the melody, always the same, resembles the dull psalmody of the mendicant friars. Is this all that melody, harmony, rhythm, can accomplish? May there not be a thousand applications of these different parts of the art which are yet unknown to us? Does not an attentive examination of what is, lead us to a presentiment of what will and ought to be? And who has drawn all their power from the instruments? What is our miserable accompaniment, which does not dare to leave the voices, but continually follows them in the unison or octave? Does instrumental music, individually taken, exist? And in the manner of employing the voice, what prejudices, what routine! Why always sing in four parts, even when it is a person complaining of his isolation?

Is it possible to hear anything more unreasonable than the canzonets lately introduced in tragedies, where an actor, who speaks in his own name and appears alone on the stage, is nevertheless accompanied by three other voices placed behind the scenes, from whence they follow his voice as well or ill as they can?

Be sure, Benvenuto, that what our masters, intoxicated with their works, call the height of

art to-day, is as far from what will be called music in two or three centuries, as those monstrous little bipeds, made by children out of mud, are far from your sublime Perseus, or the Moses of Buonarrotti.

There are numberless modifications to be brought into an art as yet little advanced—it must yet make immense progress. And why should I not help to give the impulsion that will produce this?

But, without telling you of what my last invention consists, it will suffice for you to know that it was of such a nature, that it could be brought out with the aid of ordinary means, and without having recourse to the patronage of the rich or great. Only time was wanting, and, the work once finished, it would have been easy to find an opportunity of producing it during the festivals, which attract to Florence the elect among the noble and the lovers of art of all nations.

Well, here is the cause of the heavy and bitter anger which gnaws at my heart:

One morning, while I was busied on this singular composition, the success of which would have rendered me celebrated all over Europe, my Lord Galezzao, a confidant of the Grand Duke's, who, last year, much liked my scene of Ugolino, came to me and said:

"Alfonso, your day is come. There is no more question of madrigals, cantatas, or canzonets, Listen to me: the marriage festivals will be splendid, and nothing will be spared to give them a brilliancy worthy of the two illustrious families about to be allied; your last successes have created confidence; at they court they believe in you now.

"I knew of your plan of a tragedy set to music, and have spoken of it to my lord; your idea pleases him. Set to work, then, and may your dream become a reality! Write your lyric drama, and fear nothing as to its execution; the best singers of Rome and Milan will be ordered to Florence; the best virtuosos of every kind will be at your service; the prince is magnificent, he will refuse you nothing; if you equal what I expect from you, your triumph is certain and your fortune made."

I cannot describe what passed within me on hearing this unexpected intelligence. I remained silent and motionless. Astonishment and joy deprived me of speech and gave me the air and attitude of an idiot. Galeazzo understood the cause of my trouble, and, pressing my hand, said: "Adieu, Alfonso; you consent, do you not? You promise me to give up all other composition, to devote yourself exclusively to that which his highness demands of you? Remember that the marriage will take place in three months!" and, as I only answered by an affirmative movement of the head, without being able to speak, "Come, be calm, Vesuvius, adieu! To-morrow you will receive your engagement; it shall be signed this evening. It is a settled affair. Courage! We reckon on you."

When I was alone, it seemed to me that all the

cascades of Terni and Tivoli were seething in my head.

It was worse when I fully comprehended my good fortune, when I again pictured to myself the grandeur and beauty of my task. I throw myself on my libretto, which had been yellowing in a corner so long; I once more behold Paolo, Francesca, Dante, Virgil, the shadows and the damned; I hear that ravishing love sigh and complain; tender and graceful melodies, full of abandonment, melancholy, chaste passion, unroll themselves within me; the horrible cry of hatred of the outraged husband resounds; I see two corpses roll together at his feet; then I find the ever united souls of the two lovers, wandering and blown by the winds through the depths of the abyss; their plaintive voices mingle with the dull and distant noise of the infernal floods, with the hissing of flame, with the agonized cries of the unfortunate whom it pursues, with the frightful concert of eternal torment.

For three days, Cellini, I walked about without an object, in a continual vertigo; during three nights I was unable to sleep. It was only after this long attack of fever, that clear thought and the feeling of reality returned to me. I needed all this period of ardent and desperate struggle to conquer my imagination, and control my subject. At length I became the master of it.

In this immense frame, every part of the picture, in simple and logical order, revealed itself little by little, clothed in simple or brilliant colors, in half-tints or decided tone; human forms appeared, here full of life, there under the pale and cold aspect of death. The poetic idea, always submissive to the musical sense, was no obstacle; I strengthened, embellished, and enlarged one by means of the other. Finally I did what I would, as I would, and with so much ease, that at the end of the second month the entire work was finished.

I confess that I felt the need of repose; but in thinking over all the minute precautions which I must take in order to ensure the success of my work, vigor and vigilance returned to me. I superintended singers, musicians, copyists, machinists and decorators.

All was put in order with the most astonishing precision, and this gigantic musical machine was about to move majestically, when an unexpected blow broke the springs, and annihilated at once, the fine endeavors, and the legitimate hopes of your unhappy friend.

The grand duke, who of his own free will had requested this drama in music from me; who had made me neglect the other composition on which I counted to render my name popular; he whose gilded words had swollen the heart, and inflamed the imagination of an artist,—he plays with all this now; he tells this imagination to cool itself, this heart to calm itself or break; what does it matter to him! He is opposed, in short, to the performance of "*Francesca*;" the Milanese and Roman artists have been ordered to return home; my drama will not be placed on the stage; the grand duke does not want it any more; *he has changed his mind*. The crowd already assembled in Florence, attracted less by the splendor of the marriage festivities than by the interested curiosity awakened throughout Italy by the promise of a musical festival,—this crowd, hungry for new sensations, deceived in its expectations, inquires what may be the motive which thus bru-

tally deprives it of the spectacle it sought, and unable to discover it, does not hesitate to attribute it to the incapacity of the composer. Every one says: "This famous drama was absurd, no doubt; the grand duke, aware in time of the truth, is not willing that the powerless attempt of an ambitious artist should throw ridicule on the solemnity in preparation. It cannot be anything else. A prince does not break his word in this way. Della Viola is still the vain, extravagant fellow we knew him to be; his work was not presentable, and, out of regard for him, they abstain from saying so openly." Oh, Cellini! oh, my noble, proud, and worthy friend! Reflect an instant, and judge from yourself of what I must have suffered from this incredible abuse of power, this unheard of violation of the most formal promises, this horrible and unexpected affront, this insolent calumny on a production which no one in the world, save myself, knows yet.

What is to be done? What is to be said to the herd of imbecile cowards who laugh when they see me? Who is the author of this diabolical plot? and how to be revenged? Cellini! Cellini! why are you in France? why can I not see and ask advice, aid, and assistance from you? By Bacchus, they will make a madman of me! Cowardice! Shame! I feel the tears in my eyes. Away with all weakness! On the contrary, strength, attention, and coolness are indispensable to me; for I will revenge myself, Benvenuto, I will. When and how, matters not; but I will be revenged, I swear to you, and you will be content. Adieu! The fame of your new triumphs has reached us; I congratulate you, and rejoice with you on account of them, with all my soul. Heaven grant only, that king Francis may leave you sufficient time to answer your suffering and yet unrevenged friend!

ALFONSO DELLA VIOLA.

BENVENUTO TO ALFONSO.

Paris, Aug. 20th, 1555.

I admire, my dear Alfonso, the candor of your indignation. Mine is great, be convinced of that, but it is more calm. I have too often met with similar deceptions, to be astonished at what you have lately passed through. The trial of your youthful courage was rough, I allow, and the revolt of your soul against an insult so grave and so little deserved, is as just as it is natural. Your retired life, your meditations, your solitary labors, can teach you nothing of the intrigues that agitate the loftiest regions of art, or of the real character of men in power, who are too often the arbiters of an artist's destiny.

Some events in my own history, of which I have until now left you in ignorance, will suffice to throw some light on our position in general, and yours in particular.

I do not fear the effect of my story on your constancy; your character reassures me; I know it, I have studied it well. You will persevere, you will arrive at the goal in spite of every thing; you are a man of iron; and the stone aimed at your head by the low passions that lie hid on your road, far from bruising your forehead, will strike fire from it. Learn, then, all that I have suffered, and may these sad examples of the injustice of the great serve as a lesson to you.

The bishop of Salamanca, ambassador to Rome, had requested me to make a large ewer for him, the workmanship of which, extremely minute and

delicate, occupied me more than two months, while it had almost ruined me, in consequence of the enormous quantity of precious metal necessary to its composition. His Excellency was lavish in praise of the rare merit of my work, had it taken away, and left me for two whole months without mentioning anything more of the payment than if he had received an old saucepan, or a medal of Fioretti from me. Good fortune ordained that the vase should again fall into my hands for a small repair which it needed; I refused to give it up again.

The cursed prelate, after having covered me with insults, worthy of a priest and a Spaniard, tried to get from me a receipt for the sum which he still owed me; but as I am not a man to be taken in so coarse a trap, his Excellency sent his valets to attack my workshop. I expected the trick; so, when the rascals advanced to break down my door, Ascanio, Paolino and I, armed to the teeth, gave them such a reception, that the next day, thanks to my carbine and my long dagger, I was paid at last.\*

Something worse happened to me afterwards, when I had made the celebrated button for the pope's cape, a piece of wonderful workmanship, which I cannot help describing to you. I had placed the large diamond precisely in the centre of the work, with the figure of God above, in so easy an attitude, that the jewel was not at all embarrassed by it, but a fine harmony resulted from it; he gave the blessing by raising his right hand. Below, I had grouped three little angels, who sustained him with upraised arms. The centre angel was in alto, the two others in basso-relievo. Round them were a number of other little angels arranged with other precious stones. God, the Deity, wore a floating mantle, from which issued cherubim and a thousand ornaments of admirable effect.

Clement the Seventh, full of enthusiasm when he saw the button, promised to give me all that I asked. But the affair stopped there; and as I refused to make a chalice for him which he asked from me besides, always without giving me the money, the good pope, become as furious as a wild beast, had me sent to prison for six weeks. That was all that I ever obtained from him.\* I had not been at liberty a month, when I met Pompeo, the miserable goldsmith who had had the insolence to be jealous of me, and from whom I had for a long time defended my poor life with difficulty. I despised him too much to hate him; but, on seeing me, he affected an air of raillery that was not common to him, and which, embittered as I then was, I found it impossible to bear. At the first movement I made to strike him in the face, fear caused him to turn his head, and the dagger stroke hit him just above the ear. I only gave him two, but at the first he fell dead. It had not been my intention to kill him, but in such a state of mind as I was, who can be sure of his blows? And so, after having suffered an odious imprisonment, I was obliged to fly, because, under the impulse of the just anger caused by the avarice and bad faith of a pope, I had crushed a scorpion.

Paul the third, who overwhelmed me with commands of every kind, did not pay me for them more punctually than his predecessor; but, to make it appear as though I was in the wrong, he

\* Historical.

invented an expedient worthy of him, and truly atrocious. My enemies, of whom I had a great number about his holiness, accused me one day to him, of having stolen the jewels belonging to pope Clement. Paul the third, who was well aware of the contrary, affected, notwithstanding, to believe me guilty, and had me shut up in the castle of Saint Angelo; in the fort which I had so well defended some years before, during the siege of Rome; under the ramparts from whence I had fired off more shots than all the cannoneers together, and from whence I had, to the pope's great joy, killed the constable of Bourbon. I succeeded in escaping. I reached the exterior walls; suspended to a rope above the moat, I invoke God, who knows the justice of my cause, and cry to him, as I let myself drop: "Help me, oh, Lord, since I help myself!" God does not hear me, and in my fall I injure a leg. Exhausted, dying, covered with blood, dragging myself along on my hands and knees, I reach the palace of my intimate friend, Cardinal Cornaro. This scoundrel traitorously gives me up to the pope, in order to obtain a bishopric.

Paul condemns me to death; then, as though he repented of putting too speedy an end to my tortures, orders me to be plunged in a fetid dungeon, filled with tarantulas and venomous insects; and only at the end of six months of such suffering does he, gorged with wine, in a night of orgy, accord my pardon to the French ambassador.\*

Such, my dear Alfonso, are terrible sufferings, and persecutions difficult to support; do not imagine that the wound recently given to your self-love can yield you a just idea of it. Besides, does not an insult addressed to the work and the genius of the artist, appear more painful to you than an insult intended only as a personal one? And tell me if I failed to experience such a one, at the court of our admirable grand-duke, when I cast Perseus? You have not forgotten, I think, either the grotesque surnames which were bestowed on me, or the insolent sonnets which were placarded every night on my door, or the cabals by means of which they persuaded Cosimo that my new method of casting would not succeed, and that it was folly to confide the metal to me. Even here, at this brilliant French court, where I have made a fortune, where I am powerful and admired, have I not to struggle every instant, if not with my rivals (they are now disabled), at least with the king's favorite, Madame d' Etampes, who has taken a deep dislike to me, I cannot tell why? This wicked creature says all the bad things she possibly can of my works,\* seeks, by a thousand means, to injure me in the opinion of his Majesty; and indeed, I begin to be so tired of hearing her constant barking on my trail, that were it not for a great work that I have recently undertaken, and from which I hope for more honor than I have obtained from my preceding works, I should be already on the road to Italy.

Go to! I have experienced every species of evil that fate can inflict upon an artist. And yet I am alive, and my glorious life is the torment of my enemies. And that I foresaw. And now I can overwhelm them with my contempt. This revenge marches slowly, it is true, but for the inspired man, sure of himself, patient and strong, it is certain. Think, Alfonso, I have been insulted more than a thousand times, and I have only

\* Historical.

killed seven or eight men; and what men! I blush to think of it. Direct personal vengeance is a rare fruit, and not given to everyone to gather. I never got the better of Clement the Seventh, Paul the Third, Cornaro, Cosimo, or of Madame d' Etampes, or of a hundred other powerful cowards; how then will you revenge yourself on this same Cosimo, this grand duke, this ridiculous Mæcenas, who knows no more about your music than my sculpture, and who has so stupidly offended both of us? At any rate, do not think of killing him; that would be undoubtedly folly, and would have by no means doubtful consequences. Become a great musician, and when your name is illustrious, should his silly vanity one day prompt him to offer you his favor, refuse it; accept nothing from him, and never do any thing for him. This is the advice I give you, this the promise I require of you; and, believe in my experience, it is also the only vengeance within your power.

I have just told you that the king of France, more generous and more noble than our Italian sovereigns, has enriched me; it is then for me, an artist who loves you, to keep the promise of the heartless and mindless prince who cannot understand you. I send you ten thousand crowns. With this sum, I think you may succeed in worthily mounting your musical drama; do not lose an instant. Let it be performed at Rome, Naples, Milan, Ferrara, anywhere but at Florence; not a ray of your glory must be reflected on the grand duke. Adieu, dear child; vengeance is fine, and for its sake one may perhaps be tempted to die; but art is far finer, and never forget, that in spite of all, we must live for that.

Your friend,

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

(Conclusion next time.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### An American Standard Diapason.

The observation has been made, wherever and whenever proper attention has been paid to the subject, that the *Musical Pitch* has been, and is still rising, through causes not sufficiently ascertained.

The following brief explanations may render this assertion more intelligible to the less initiated in musical science, (who nevertheless are invited to take an interest in this matter).

#### Sound.—Tone.—Pitch.

If by any means the air is put in motion, a *noise* is produced. If there is a continuity between such noise and our hearing apparatus, we *hear the noise*. Any thing audible, or perceptible by the sense of hearing, we call *sound*. If the motion of the air is produced by the vibrations of certain regularly shaped solid bodies, and the air is kept moving in regular vibrations, and if these vibrations are numerous enough within a certain given time, *tones* are produced. Each *tone*, then, is a *sound*, but not *vice versa*. This quality of a sound which renders it a tone is called *musical pitch*, for the discernible degree of height or lowness of a tone. The pitch of a tone is entirely dependent on the rapidity with which the vibrations of the air follow each other within a given time. We say a tone is higher in pitch than another, if it is the effect of a larger number of air-vibrations within the time of a second. About 500 vibrations of the air, for instance,—caused by a wire about 4 feet in length during a second of time—produce a tone, which we call in music the *once marked C*, or *tenor C*, which is the middle C on the piano-forte, and is represented by a note standing just above the lower, and just be-

low the upper staff in music, with an additional line through its head, thus:



Any tone higher than this is produced by more; any tone lower than this, by fewer vibrations in a second.

According to these explanations, neither time nor place should seem to have the power to create a change in the pitch of a given tone; and yet the fact is that in different times and places the middle C has been considered to be the result of from 480 to 560 vibrations of the air in a second; and, as above stated, there is still a rising tendency in pitch, where steps have not been taken to check it.

For the fact that this rise in the musical pitch has really taken place, abundant and undeniable proofs exist. Organs built one hundred years ago, or still farther back, are tuned to such a pitch that other instruments (wind or stringed) can hardly be tuned low enough to be fit to accompany them. In some instances the organ accompaniment has had to be transposed even a whole tone. Gluck's Operas, Handel's Oratorios, and the productions of their contemporaries, prove by the arrangement of the vocal parts that, at those remote times, the pitch must have been much lower. It occurs in them that the Bassi are required to sing the Tenor A. Moreover at the Grand Opera in Paris, a record is kept in regard to this rising tendency in the musical pitch, dated back as far as 1699, when for the middle C, four hundred and eighty vibrations were recorded. From 1699 until 1857, a period of one hundred and sixty years, the pitch of this tone had risen sixty vibrations per second, which is equal to three-quarters of a tone; and in London, Petersburg and Berlin, the opera standard was at that time even higher by nearly twenty vibrations.

No one will deny that such a state of things can only be productive of very great inconveniences; nay, to some it must prove very annoying and detrimental; particularly as recent composers of the Italian school have, in spite of this already too high pitch, written vocal parts in their operas so enormously high that very few singers could or would attempt them. Besides this danger resulting from an enormously high pitch, to which all singers more or less have to expose themselves, the inconvenience to instrumentalists coming together from different countries in Europe for international mass performances, by the difference in pitch in their respective native countries, was felt so intensely that for more than thirty years it has been under consideration to settle this matter in some way satisfactory to all concerned.

The first proposition in regard to checking the rising tendency in the musical pitch, that has come to my knowledge, was made in the year 1830 by Dr. Muzenbecker, the president and director of a musical society in the city of Altona (Holstein). He gave, in one of his annually published reports on the progress of his society, a scientific deduction on the matter of pitch in general, and showed the necessity of devising means to regulate it by the introduction of a universal standard diapason.\*

In 1832 an attempt was made by Broadwood, in London, to introduce a tuning fork for the Philharmonic Society in that metropolis, giving the middle C at five hundred and twenty vibrations per second.

In 1834 we find a number of German musicians, convened in Stuttgart, adopting a diapason or tuning fork, producing A (of the middle or once marked octave) by eight hundred and eighty vibrations;

\* The word *diapason*, used in this connection, means a certain simple contrivance, in the shape of a steel fork or tube, for the purpose of producing a certain tone always of the same pitch. Most of the diapasons give the tone C or A.

which is equal to five hundred and twenty eight vibrations for the C of the same octave.

In 1842, Mr. Hullah introduced tuning forks in London, producing C at five hundred and twelve vibrations. The year 1858 was marked by an act of the French imperial government with a view to regulating the matter in question. A committee was appointed to inquire into the best mode of establishing a "Diapason Normal." Meyerbeer, Berlioz, Auber, Rossini, Halevy, and other distinguished musical men belonged to this committee, which, in 1859, presented its voluminous and highly interesting report.\* In this report it was unanimously admitted that the standard of pitch in music differs very materially in different countries, and even among different musical establishments in the same country. It was stated that there still exists a tendency every where to a rising of pitch, and that great inconvenience and confusion must come of it.

Tuning forks from all parts of Europe had been collected by the committee; they had tested them and solicited opinions about their possessing the best requirements for a standard and normal Diapason. Finally they concluded that the wishes of nearly all musical people would be met by lowering the Paris Opera pitch about one half-tone. Consequent upon their recommendation to lower the Opera A fork from eight hundred and ninety-six to eight hundred and seventy vibrations per second (equivalent to lowering middle C from five hundred and thirty-eight to five hundred and twenty-two) a decree of the Emperor Napoleon sanctioned this standard pitch, and this "Diapason Normal" is now in force in France since July 1859. No musical instrument is admitted into public establishments, unless constructed and attuned to this standard. Besides having rendered a material service to all interested in musical matters, Napoleon in the meantime has created by this decree a new income to the state; as every instrument has to be marked by a government officer, to show that its maker has complied with the law, for which service of the officer a certain fee has to be paid to the government.

Since the introduction of this Standard Diapason in France, the same has been adopted by Russia, Austria, Saxony and some other minor states in Europe. In Vienna, Marschner's opera "The Templer and Jewess" (Ivanhoe) was the first performance (November 4, 1862), after the adoption of the new pitch in Austria.

Notwithstanding the political *entente cordiale* between France and England, they have not been able to agree in musical matters. In 1859, Henry Chester and Mr. Dilke, both members of the Council of the Society of Arts, suggested that the Society convene a conference of musical magnates, amateurs as well as professors, composers, instrument makers, vocalists and instrumentalists, to discuss the subject whether the Society should frame a resolution to have it extensively signed in favor of the newly adopted French Diapason. In the absence of any legal authority, such proceedings of the Society of Arts would be received as a kind of voluntary law, and public opinion, thus manifested, would lead the instrument makers to conform to that standard.

In a meeting called by the Society of Arts for this purpose on the 3d of June, 1859, a strong muster of musical men of all classes, (among whom was one lady, Mrs. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt,) was present, all agreed, like those meeting for the same purpose in other countries, that the pitch had been and was still rising; that a further rising should be checked, and that this could be accomplished only by the adoption of a Standard Diapason once for all. A committee was then nominated and charged with an examination of the subject. While this committee were engaged in their investigations, Sir John Her-

\* This Report in full was printed in Vol. XV. of this Journal.—Ed.

schel sent to them a communication expressing his opinion in favor of adopting five hundred and twelve vibrations for middle C, instead of five hundred and twenty-two, adopted by the French, on account of its being better divisible for the C's of lower octaves (viz., two hundred and fifty-six, one hundred and twenty-eight, sixty-four and thirty-two.) In June, the committee reported. They had decided in favor of five hundred and twenty-eight vibrations per second for middle C, this being the Diapason established in 1834 by the Stuttgart musical conclave. The instruments generally could not well be brought down from five hundred and forty-six to five hundred and twelve, but easily to five hundred and twenty-eight, which is midway between the two. By a nearly unanimous vote this compromising step was sanctioned, and five hundred and twenty-eight vibrations thereby acknowledged to be the standard pitch for middle C in England at the present time.

Nobody will deny that matters on this side of the Atlantic are just as bad in regard to equality of musical pitch, as in Europe before the adoption of five hundred and twenty-two or five hundred and twenty-eight vibrations for middle C, and many will agree that a change with us in this respect might be acceptable.

As a first step toward accomplishing this object, the writer of this communication solicits the co-operation of his musical brethren throughout the United States, and the Canadas, requesting those who take an interest in the matter, to furnish him a written statement in regard to the pitch of several *keyed* instruments, or *orchestras* or *bands*, in their respective places of residence, according to the following model:

Statement of Pitch,  
as ascertained in Chicago, (Ill.) in January, 1865.  
by ——— Prof. of Music.

- 1<sup>st</sup> Organ at St. Mary's Episcopal Church.  
Maker (H. C. Erben) of (New York), A 1-4 of a tone below accompanying fork.
- 2<sup>nd</sup> Piano (grand), maker (Steinway Bro's. New York), A 1-4 of a tone above accompanying fork.
- 3<sup>rd</sup> Philharmonic orchestra. A 1-2 tone above accompanying fork.

Such statements from East and West, North and South, accompanied by the tuning forks according to which the pitch was ascertained, would give a true picture of the enormous variety in pitch in this country. The writer of these lines would publish, at some future time, the results of his experience in this matter, and would return, with thanks to their owners, the tuning forks, with a statement in regard to their Pitch, as compared with the new French five hundred and twenty-two vibration C, "*Diapason Normal*," imported by him from Paris.

EDWARD WIEBE.  
Box 79, Brooklyn, (N. Y.) P. O.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN. 15.—The second Symphonic Soirée given by Mr. THEODORE THOMAS, took place in Irving Hall, on the evening of the 7th. I enclose the programme.

- Symphony, No. 2, Op. 61, C.....Schumann.  
1. Sostenuto assai.—Allegro ma non Troppo.  
2. Scherzo.—Allegro vivace.  
3. Adagio espressivo.  
4. Allegro molto vivace.  
Aria, "Di' placar"—(La Gazza Ladra).....Rossini.  
Mrs. Jennie Van Zandt.  
Concerto for Piano, No. 5, Op. 78, E flat.....Beethoven.  
1. Allegro. 2. Adagio un poco moto. 3. Rondo.  
Mr. Carl Wolfsohn.

- Toccata, F.....Bach.  
Arranged for Grand Orchestra by H. Esser.  
(First time in America.)  
Aria, "Qui la voce"—(I Puritani).....Bellini.  
Mrs. Jennie Van Zandt.

Fantasia, for Piano (Reminiscences of Robert le Diable.)  
Liszt.

Mr. Carl Wolfsohn.  
Overture.—*Euryanthe*.....Weber.

The manner in which the orchestra played Schumann's Symphony betrayed the interest taken by the members in that most beautiful work. The first movement was taken a little too slow; but, on the contrary, the last movement was justly given in a slower tempo than we have been accustomed to hear it in New York; the effect was consequently that intended by Schumann; and the Allegro came out more clearly, and not less brilliantly. The beautiful Adagio was especially well rendered, and its details carefully brought out. The whole Symphony made a deep impression on the audience.

Bach's Toccata has been finely instrumented by Esser; to be sure, the rolling swell of the 32 foot pedal could not be altogether supplied by the basses; but the noble composition is, to say the least, unspoiled by its transportation to the orchestra and concert room.

Weber's *Euryanthe* overture was brilliantly played, as usual. Mrs. VAN ZANDT was the vocalist on this occasion. The lady has a naturally facile, but inexpressive and somewhat hard voice. She sang the two arias with piano-forte accompaniment.

MR. CARL WOLFSOHN, the well-known pianist from Philadelphia, was the "guest" of the evening. This was, we believe, the gentleman's first appearance before a New York audience; his selection of Beethoven's Concerto showed that he aims at a high position among our virtuosos, and we must, of course, honor him for that aim; since Beethoven's piano-forte music is too seldom heard in our concert rooms. Mr. Wolfsohn has already attained considerable facility of execution, although his trill leaves something to be desired; his touch gives rather the impression of an industrious than a genial artist; his piano passages are neat and clear, rather than mellow; in his forte we miss breadth. Although Mr. Wolfsohn's rendering of the Concerto gave us a great deal of pleasure, we should have been better pleased, could we have more frequently lost sight of him and felt more impressively the true Beethoven spirit. The orchestra accompanied him admirably. The attempt to establish Italian buffo opera at Niblo's Garden has fallen through "for various reasons." The Philharmonic Society is now rehearsing Schumann's Symphony in B flat, Beethoven's "Egmont," and Gluck's "Iphigenia" overtures.

MASON's and THOMAS's soirées for classical chamber music, will commence here shortly. The first programme will include Beethoven's delightful Septet, a Sonata by Chopin for Piano and Violoncello, and Schumann's A-minor Quartet.

LANCLOT.

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 15.—The season is at its height, and concerts follow one another so rapidly that it is difficult to keep the run of them.

I cannot forgo mentioning Mr. JARVIS's performance of the Mendelssohn D-minor Concerto, in a recent public rehearsal of the Germania. His conception of the composition was truthful; his interpretation of it artistic. He never played better, and in the somewhat sentimental Adagio actually surprised some of his friends by the fine feeling with which he rendered it. The orchestral accompaniments were too loud. Were it not that the piano tone was of a different quality from those of all the other instruments, Mr. Jarvis's performance would have been drowned by the Germania. It is to be hoped that future artists may receive the benefit of more judicious accompaniment.

The Quintette Club gives its matinées weekly, and generally presents interesting programmes. As the gentlemen who compose the club probably expected more pleasure than profit from their enterprise, it may well be deemed successful.



Hitherto, classical concerts in this city have not been remarkable for crowded audiences. Now and then some extra attraction, in the shape of a favorite singer, would draw some of that large and estimable class that "don't like concerted music." The few who usually attend such entertainments are, for the greater part, well known to each other, and from this circumstance, a gathering of this kind occasionally bears some resemblance to a family party.

From some occult cause or other, the soirées of Messrs. CROSS & JARVIS are exceptional in this respect. With a programme on which there was no bait for the unmusical, there was a crowded house. The Foyer of the Academy was actually filled and, with the exception of some magpies from a notable boarding school, the audience seemed to enjoy the music. There can be no doubt that they applauded judiciously, since they showed their approbation of every thing but the Schumann Andante and variations, though these were well performed. Messrs. C. & J. deserve congratulations upon the fact of their great success.

This is the programme of their first soirée.

Triola E flat.....Schubert.  
Paraphrase de Concert, "Midsummer Night's Dream,".....Liszt.  
Andante and Variations, for two pianos.....Schumann.  
Quintet in E flat (op. 16).....Beethoven.

Mr. CARL SENTZ contemplates giving a series of Symphony concerts. Mindful of a concert in which Beethoven's Fifth Symphony drew an audience which scarcely outnumbered the orchestra, he has wisely chosen to secure a sufficient number of subscribers to insure the success of his undertaking. It will be well for all of us if he meets with the support so well deserved by him.

JACUINO.

PHILADELPHIA, JAN 18.—The first of the series of CROSS & JARVIS's Classical Soirées was given on Saturday evening at the Foyer of the Academy.

[Programme in preceding letter.]

It is to be borne in mind that these concerts are intended to be as popular as possible for entertainments of this character. The aristocratic and exclusive tendencies of classical music in general, are to a great extent disregarded; and with the purpose in view of dismissing the audiences in as pleasant a frame of mind as may be, the arrangers of the programmes eschew the more severe of the musical classics, and introduce matter of which the above well-known items are fair specimens.

Somewhat difficult is it, indeed, to write anything new of these compositions, so thoroughly familiar as they are to the musical world;—though one may refer to the performers in place of any reference to the music. So it is worth while to chronicle the universally expressed opinion that Mr. Jarvis never played so well, despite a "Steck" piano. The performance of Mr. Gaertner was in marked contrast to his fine playing of the ever welcome though secular-classical "Fesca No. 2," or of "Rode's" Concerto at the Quintette Club matinee at the Assembly Buildings on Wednesday last,—and,—to anticipate,—to what, it is believed, will be his equally artistic rendering of the "Kreutzer" Sonata of Beethoven, with Mr. Jarvis, at this week's matinee.

The well known Beethoven quartet for piano and wind instruments, which seems to have been, and naturally enough, a great favorite of the composer, was creditably rendered. The opportunities presented to wind instrumentalists for performances of this music, are so unfrequent, that one may hardly look for a perfect performance even though the parts are filled by thoroughly skilful artists. I augur a happy result, if the concert-attending public,—that public that rushes so readily to hear Gottschalk & Co. bang away at the inveterate "Faust" march on five grand pianos,—can be induced to patronize the matinees of the Quintette Club in great numbers. But progress in these matters is especially slow, and classical concerts, but a recent novelty in Philadelphia, have yet many obstacles to overcome in the way to substantial popularity.

Mr. WOLFSOHN's next soirée will shortly take place. It is one of the greatest pleasures a real lover of the art can anticipate. Mr. Wolfsohn's character as a conscientiously true musician, is a guarantee to all who have a true feeling for the highest and best in that art, that nothing will ever be done by him to inspire aught but the most elevating sentiments. It is gratifying to know of this gentleman's recent very successful appearance in New York. His cordial reception there was a deserved testimony to his great ability and eminent talent. I may refer, in this connection, and with approbation, to a series of "Album Leaves," by Mr. Wolfsohn, recently published by André, and dedicated to Miss Mary Howell of this city. They are all very creditable to the composer, and it is allowing much, to say that each is up to its subject. I beg to commend them to the notice of your readers,—suggesting as a trifle of criticism, the propriety of exchanging the titles of the last two of them.

Recent advices from across the water report our old friend and artist, Mr. CARL HOHNSTOCK, —whose violin, I trust, I may hear once at least, before all earthly sounds shall cease to echo in these ears,—physically and musically flourishing.

Admirers of superior church music may be greatly gratified by a visit to St. Stephen's Church in this city. The choir is composed of very excellent material, and justice is done here, where the most flagrant injustice is so generally perpetrated elsewhere. The soprano is Miss SOLLIDAY, whose voice and method are of the finest, and especially adapted to the requirements of sacred music. I recall with much pleasure and satisfaction this lady's singing of "He shall feed his flock," at the performance of the "Messiah" last winter, and great was my regret after anticipating the pleasure of hearing it from her lips, that a lady so inferior to her in voice and style, should be intrusted with "I know that my Redeemer liveth." While upon the subject, might I suggest a more than probable benefit to the public from the republication of a short article on "Church Music," signed "J. S. D.," and originally published in one of the numbers of the "Christian Examiner" for the year 1836?

MERCUTIO.

CHICAGO, JAN. 10.—As you are not overburdened with correspondents from this place, I propose contributing my portion. "Grover's German Opera Troupe" is "all the go;" and having gone to hear them in "Faust," "Don Giovanni," and "Der Freischütz," I wish to "speak my sentiments."

But before commencing, I would say that "Faust" is the only opera to be repeated. Now manager Grover knows his own business, but I doubt that this repetition is in accordance with the musical taste of our people. The performance of "Don Giovanni" and of "Freischütz" was good enough to satisfy even critical Boston; indeed it is safe to say that the rendering of "Freischütz," by the troupe is unequalled in the annals of opera in the West. (I profess to know good music when I hear it). Grau's apology for an opera is now glaringly absurd; let him not repeat the inflection.

Having carefully listened to "Faust," I conclude that the instrumentation is the most elaborate treatise on the art of modulation ever heard out here. Now if this is superior to the treatment of "Giovanni," "Freischütz," and other operas of the older German masters, then have I been misled and fooled by my teachers.

To-night we are to have "Fidelio," and we anticipate a rich treat. The orchestra under Anschütz is good; there is a bassoonist among the performers who excels any performer on that instrument I have ever heard.

The state of Church Music, so-called, in Chicago, is nothing to boast of. Most of our organists are sadly in want of a teacher. They will roar you Ver-

di like any nightingale. Baumbach, Knopfel, McCurly and Byrd constitute the pick.

Our Opera House is fast approaching completion, and when finished will be a very great addition to the town.

MUSICUS.

CHICAGO, JAN. 14. Grover's Opera Troupe has just closed its second week here, there being one week more of a musical feast such as Chicago has never before enjoyed. The orchestra and chorus are all that can be desired, and we have rarely had a better company of leading artists.

The operas presented are, with a few exceptions, new in Chicago, and have been put upon the stage in a fine manner.

The first week opened with the ever pleasing *Martha*, and was followed by *Faust*, *Dame Blanche*, *Don Giovanni*, *La Juive* and *Stradella*. *Faust*, *Don Giovanni* and *La Juive* drew crowded houses,—*La Dame Blanche* had the smallest audience of the season.

This week we have had crowded houses to hear *Der Freyschütz*, *Fidelio*, *Robert*, *Faust* again, and *Tannhäuser*. To-night we are to have *Martha* once more, with "A Night in Grenada" at the Matinée. *Der Freyschütz*, *Fidelio* and *Tannhäuser* were the chief attractions, and were brought out in a superb manner.

For a wonder, the artists have all been in good voice, with the exception of FORMES, whose once noble organ is evidently failing him. HERMANS, HABELMAN and HIMMER are superior artists, and have made themselves great favorites here,—while FREDERICI and JOHANSEN, by their powerful and graceful acting and fine voices, have established no ordinary claims. Frederici, as Margaret in *Faust*, Agatha in the *Freyschütz*, and Alice in *Robert*, has displayed great dramatic talent, and a splendid voice and execution, worthy of the first artists of the day. TAMARO, STEINECKE, LEHMANN, GRAFF, CANISSA, and DZIUBA have also acquitted themselves very creditably in their respective roles!

Too much praise cannot be awarded to the superb orchestra and chorus, which under the able direction of CARL ANSCHÜTZ have gained for themselves unbounded applause and admiration.

Next week, the last of the season, opens with the "Barber of Seville" and the "Magic Flute," which will undoubtedly be brought out in a fine manner. We hope that this will not be the last time that Mr. Grover favors us.

CHICAGO.

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

THEATRE ITALIEN.—We have already spoken of the successful debut of Brignoli, which was more than confirmed in his second appearance. Here is the opinion of *La France Musicale*, of Dec. 1864, as translated in the *Philadelphia Bulletin*:—

Brignoli wanted not an ordinary success, but a triumph, such as he obtained among the Americans of the North. He must feel satisfied. His second appearance, which took place on Wednesday last, in *Don Pasquale*, was truly an event. Mario, in his best days, never sang the serenade better, and that piece, it must be remembered, was the favorite one of that tenor. In the rest of the role Brignoli completely outstrips him. He must be heard in the duo with Mlle. Patti, as well as in the quatuor. What charm in his voice, and what power of expression! But, let us add, what gratification, what jubilee for the appreciators of fine singing!

We have stated with what sweetness he sang the serenade; all we could add would convey but a feeble idea of the enthusiasm he produced.

To the soft murmur of approbation which served as an accompaniment to his singing, succeeded the warmest and most enthusiastic applause, and after being twice recalled, Brignoli had to sing over that admirable melody. He had been recalled after the duo in the first act, as well as after the quatuor in the second; he was called for again with his companion artists, after the rondo finale, which Mlle. Patti carried with dazzling effect.

The part of Norina, we have repeatedly stated, suits admirably this young Diva. This last representation has given new proof of it; it is impossible to sing it with more spirit. We could not state how often she was recalled; but we can assert the fact that at no time since the opening of the season did she exercise such a fascination.

The duo of Scaless and Delle Sedie was encored. It was but just. Those two artists are in every respect irreproachable. To conclude, *Don Pasquale* left no room for criticism, and will undoubtedly be an epoch during the present season.

(Signed) E. ESCUDIER.

The "Société des Concerts du Conservatoire" gave its second extra concert Dec. 17. The programme was as follows:—

Symphonie No. 23. en Sol. Haydn.  
Psame à Double Chœur. Mendelssohn.  
Concerto en si bémol pour piano. Beethoven.  
(Solo de Piano, par M. Theodore Ritter.)

Ave Verum (Chœur. Mosart.  
Symphonie en Ut mineur. Beethoven.

M. Pasdeloup inaugurated the second series of popular concerts on the same day. The programme included Beethoven's *Entr' Actes* to "Egmont" and Mr. Wallace's charming overture to "Lovelei," which was as successful as at the previous concert. The Opéra Comique announces "Le Capitaine Henriot" for next week, and at the end of the year we are to have a new theatre opened on the recently constructed Boulevard Richard Lenoir, near the Bastille. Vaudeville, Drame, Comédie, and Operette are to be given. Two performances daily are announced, and the prices are very low: the dearest places being 1fr. 25c. M. Offenbach's "La Belle Héloïse" was given on Saturday at the Variétés with doubtful effect.

VIENNA.—Mlle. Artôt commenced a starring engagement, on the 10th Nov., at the Imperial Opera-house. The part she selected for her first appearance was that of Angela in Auber's *Domino Noir*. The local papers praise her singing, but say that in her acting she is inferior to Mlle. Wildaur. The engagement of Mlle. Artôt is about the sole present fact worthy of being recorded in connection with the Imperial Opera house. According to report, the management intend to produce shortly in addition to Löwe's *Concino Concino*, Spontini's *Vestalin*, with Madame Dustmann, Mlle. Bettelheim, and Herr Schmid, in the principal characters. Should the report be true, the Imperial German Opera will possess as satisfactory a repertory as can possibly be desired; for among their stock pieces will be *Die Vestalin*, *Iphigenia in Aulis*, *Euryanthe*, *Fidelio*, *Don Juan*, *Die Hochzeit des Figaro*, *Das Nachtlager*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Jessonda*, *Der Wasserträger*, etc.

The first Philharmonic Concert, under the direction of Herr Dessoff, opened with Mendelssohn's magnificent overture to *Athalie*. This was succeeded by Bach's antique "Suite" in D; and Beethoven's Symphony in C minor. The whole concert went off splendidly, though Bach's "Suite" did not, it is true, meet with quite the reception it deserved. At the first concert to be given in the Imperial Redouten-Saal by the Society of the Friends of Music, under the direction of Herr Herbeck, the attraction was to be Handel's oratorio of *Judas Macabbeus*, the principal parts being sustained by Madame Wilt; Mlle. Seehofer and Waldmann; Herren Walter and Panzer. The Society will give four ordinary concerts this season, and produce the following interesting and classical pieces: new "Suite" in E minor by Franz Lachner, under whose personal direction it will be performed; the "Sanctus," never before heard here, from Bach's Grand mass in B minor; two scenes from Franz Schubert's opera: *Fiera bras*; a Fantasia on Schubert's "Wanderer," and F. Liszt's "Ungarische Rhapsodien," performed by Herr Taussig; a Violin Concerto, with orchestra, played by Herr Joachim; and several smaller instrumental pieces. At the two extraordinary concerts given by the Society, on the 18th of December, and on Shrove Tuesday, 1865, the works performed were to be Beethoven's Grand Mass in A, and Bach's *Matthäuspassion*. Dr. Gunz, of Hanover was engaged to sing the tenor music in the last.

### Leipzig.

GEWANDHAUS CONCERTS. In the eighth concert the orchestral pieces were Haydn's E-flat Symphony (the one with the roll of the drum), and the "Dance of the Spirits of the Blessed" and the "Furies' Dance" from Gluck's *Orpheus*. Fräulein Julie von Asten, from Vienna, played Beethoven's first piano Concerto (in C), a *Novellette* by Schumann, and a *Scherzo* by Mendelssohn,—in a manner refined and musical, rather than dazzling, we are told. The

singer was Fri. von Edelsberg, from the court opera at Munich, a contralto of rich, extensive voice, dramatic instinct, but more dash than schooling; she sang airs by Mozart and Pergolesi, and *Lieder* by Schumann. She seems to have been more successful at the Leipzig theatre in the parts of Romeo, Rosina and Nancy.

Schumann's *Manfred* overture and Beethoven's 4th Symphony were the orchestral features of the ninth concert. The pianist Lübeck, of Paris, played Mendelssohn's G-minor Concerto, with more of virtuosity (it seems) than feeling; also "own compositions" and a *Tarantelle* by Heller. Herr Dagele, of the Dresden opera, sang arias from Marschner's *Hans Heiling* and Boieldieu's *Jean de Paris*.

The tenth Gewandhaus concert, just before Christmas was devoted to a couple of choral works: Reinecke's "*Belshazzar*," and Mendelssohn's "*Walpurgisnacht*." Of the former, the *Orchestra's* correspondent writes:

Herr Kapellmeister Reinecke's cantata, which was first produced two years ago, has for its subject the last days of Belshazzar's life, the text being written by Fr. Röber; both in words and construction this text is miserably inferior to the simple grandeur of the Bible narrative, besides violating historic truth and probability. Successful as Herr Reinecke has been in works where his thorough command of form and instrumentation were employed to illustrate graceful and elegant ideas, his style is less suited to subjects where strength and grandeur are required. The cantata consists of an overture and eleven numbers. The overture seems intended to depict the arrogance and tyranny of the Babylonians, and the longing for release of the oppressed Israelites, the latter being suggested by the introduction of an ancient Hebrew melody. The construction and instrumentation of this overture are excellent. No. 1 is a chorus of Babylonians, who are taking part in a wild orgy, and ascribe divine honors to the king; the music is spirited; the almost savage exclamations, "Belshazzar ist Gott!" contrast well with the fugal treatment of the words with which the people urge each other on to still wilder revelry; a remarkable effect, too, is gained by the introduction of the theme afterwards heard accompanying the handwriting on the wall, and which, whenever it is heard, seems for a time to check the blasphemy and revelry of the people. In the midst of this wildness, a very graceful melody for the soprano solo, afterwards repeated by the female chorus, represents the women of the royal harem paying homage to their king and god. These "dark-eyed" beauties seem to be very closely related to the hours and gipsies of whom Schumann has sung. In No. 2, Belshazzar asserts his divinity, and orders the sacred vessels of the Hebrews to be brought to add to the splendor of the banquet table. Musically this number is not very successful; the tone is somewhat commonplace. No. 3 brings the prophet Daniel before us. Nowhere throughout the cantata is this great character worthily treated by the composer. It is difficult to imagine why, when the prophet is expressing his righteous indignation, and is calling down the fires of heaven to consume the blasphemers, he is made to speak in the form of a short and by no means spirited recitative. A short contralto recitative leads to No. 4, a prayer for help uttered by the Israelites. This is the gem of the cantata, and is a beautiful composition; even by itself it would be most effective. In No. 5, in some very clever canon writing, the Babylonians demand that the Israelites shall be forced to join in the worship of Belshazzar. This is also an excellent piece of choral composition. The next number is given to an Israelite and a chorus of her people, who express their determination to die rather than apostatize. No. 7 consists of a double chorus (Babylonians and Israelites) and tenor solo (Daniel). The musical construction is elaborate, but the result is less commensurate with the labor expended upon it. The subject of the part in which the Israelites call upon their God to awake and deliver them (the Babylonians meanwhile defying Belshazzar, and calling for the destruction of the captive people), is of too familiar a cast to express the character of prayer to an Almighty Being. No. 8, containing the scene of the miraculous handwriting, ought to have been the culminating point of the cantata; but to do it justice, requires a composer with qualifications the very opposite of those which Herr Reinecke possesses. The means by which the awful terror of the scene are depicted are far too stagey. The writer of the text has here gone very awkwardly to work; he makes Daniel appear as if he had been present during the whole

of the banquet. Quite out of keeping, too, with the character of the Jews, is the next number (9), a lament for Belshazzar—sorrow for the sufferings of one's foes was reserved for a purer religion to teach. The music, however, is good. In the following numbers (10 and 11) the author has been guilty of a strong violation of historic truth; he makes the restoration of the Jews follow immediately upon the death of Belshazzar. Daniel, in a recitative and *arioso*, proclaims the freedom of his people, who, in the final chorus, express their joy at the prospect of their return to Canaan. This chorus is written with much spirit, and contains an excellent double fugue. Should Herr Reinecke again attempt a choral work, it is much to be desired that he should choose a subject the prevailing tone of which is lyrical or elegiac. Should he do this, I have very little doubt that he would produce a work that would live; whereas, in "*Belshazzar*," the weakness of what should have been the grandest scenes will, I fear, act as a bar to its frequent repetition, and thus prevent much that is really of high merit from being appreciated as it deserves.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 21, 1865.

### Concerts.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The second concert (Tuesday evening, Jan. 17) was particularly enjoyable; and there were a goodly number to enjoy it, in spite of the snow-storm. Mendelssohn's early Quintet in A, written in the same year with the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, at the age of sixteen, carried us back to the early days of the Quintette Club, and sounded delightfully buoyant, fresh and clear. The first Allegro is in the vein of the "*Heimkehr*" overture and the opening of the Italian Symphony; the Scherzo is one of his earliest and happiest visitations from the fairies. The instruments went truefully and well together. The novelty of the evening was the Quartet in F (No. 2 of op. 41) by Schumann; a charming composition, thoroughly clear and genial, though a much lighter work (excepting the Finale, *Allegro molto vivace*) than the two which the Club gave us a year or two ago. The first Allegro is pleasantly suggestive in its simplicity and brevity; the *Andante quasi variazione* (why *quasi*?) is full of originality, and interesting, sometimes startling transformation and development. This too sounded finely on the strings. WULF FRIES played a fantastic and yet tasteful *Reverie* for violoncello, by Bergner, in his finest style and feeling. Mrs. H. M. SMITH's clear and sweet soprano, and her chaste and honest style of singing, albeit a little cold, gave general pleasure. Her selections, too, were excellent: a noble Mozart song, that of Sextus from the "*Clemenza di Tito*" ("Parto, ma tu ben mio"); "My dream of life is over," by Spohr; and Schubert's "Hark, hark, the lark," in which he has caught the very ecstasy of Shakspeare's strain;—all well accompanied by string quartet with clarinet.

ORCHESTRAL UNION. Orchestral concerts after all! Let us be thankful, though it be on a small scale. The first was given in the Music Hall last Wednesday afternoon, at rather short notice, or the audience would doubtless have been larger. The band is about the same as last year, with four violins on each part. In the opening piece, the only one our engagements allowed us to hear, the instruments sounded remarkably well together. The selections, too, were good: for an overture, that fine concert one in A by Julius Rietz; for a Symphony, Gade's in B flat:—both of them novelties of last year. The rest was lighter miscellany. Can we not have two good overtures each time, one solid classical, one light?—especially now that the orchestra is "uncoupled" from the Great Organ, and is making music purely on its own account.

MR. J. C. D. PARKER'S SINGING CLUB. Invited

audiences, such as one only sees on choice occasions, have filled Chickering's Hall on the last two Monday evenings, to listen to some of the very best of amateur singing, in choral compositions by the highest masters. The voices are more numerous (about thirty) and better even than in former years, and their singing was so admirable, so pure, refined, well blended, nicely shaded and euphonious, as to reflect the highest credit on their devoted teacher and themselves.

The first piece was a noble Choral by Bach, harmonized as Bach alone could do it, unaccompanied, very impressive. It went particularly well the second time. Then came Mendelssohn's beautiful Hymn: "Hear my prayer," the soprano solo sung by a young lady, lately returned from studies in Europe, with finely cultivated voice and style. Then a couple of capital part songs: "Hunter's Song," by Schumann, and "The Nightingale," by Mendelssohn.

But the chief subject of the winter's practice has been Schumann's Cantata, "The Rose's Pilgrimage." The poem is quite a touching and imaginative little romance, relating how the Rose longed to be like the maidens, and to love and be loved, and how the fairies granted her wish and let her try it. The ideas are beautiful, and the translation shows here and there fine touches of a poet's practiced hand. We would fain copy it entire, but for its length. There is much fine music in it, though as a whole it is far inferior to "Paradise and the Peri." Often the inspiration flags; the long narrative recitatives, given to the tenor, seem monotonous and forced, making the singer's task not a grateful one. So too, several long stretches of dialogue. But there are some exquisite choruses, such as the light ones of the Fairies, the chorus of Hunters (as fresh and ringing as that in *Preciosa*), the funeral chorus, and "O happy time," with its solemn, pensive hopefulness. The opening soprano solo, duet and trio about Spring are delicately Spring-like, and were charmingly sung.

All the music of the Rose is beautiful; and we wish we had words to convey our sense of the truly musical, artistic, heart-felt, womanly style in which it was sung by a lady whose retirement from public life is a perpetual theme of regret with music lovers. Among all our native singers, we know no voice so musically bright and sympathetic, so fresh in its maturity, no art so simple and so perfect, no clearer instance of fine musical feeling. Here was the spirit of Schumann's melody completely realized. Our comfort is, that what is lost to the concert room comes back to the musical community in another way, that, namely of wise and quickening influence upon eager troupes of pupils. We can scarcely speak less warmly of a short contralto solo by Mrs. J. S. CARY (we may mention her); it was a gem of song. If other nice contributions are not named, it is not because they did not deserve it. The accompaniments were very tastefully played by Mr. Parker on a most melodious Chickering "Grand."

We must again reluctantly postpone our review of the Great Organ concerts, notices of new music received, welcome to a whole crop of new musical journals lately sprung up in New York, and many other matters.

### Italian Opera.

The first week closed, as it began, with pieces quite familiar to opera-goers. Nor did the week offer any thing very notable, except that performance of *Don Giovanni*, which we have already said was an uncommonly good one. But this was not saying that it was the best we had ever had here, or that any one rôle in it had not been better filled before. Admitting that Bellini's Don and Morensi's Elvira do not suffer by comparison with any of their predecessors, who will say that the very effective Donna Anna of Carozzi is yet equal to that of Grisi, or La-

grange; that Kellogg in Zerlina is as beautiful as Bosio, Sontag or Patti; that Susini has not been many times outdone in Leporello; or that Iotti in Ottavio can make us forget Mario or Habelmann? But Maretzek does well to announce it again for the matinée of to-day; for as a whole it is one of his most successful productions. If he will only restore one or more of those missing arias, which belong to the very best part of the music, the success will be still greater; indeed such completeness would count more, in our estimation, than the acquisition of the best of singers in any one part.

We willingly take the word of others for it, that *Il Trovatore* was performed as well as it deserved and better too. There can be no doubt that Carozzi and Morensi, Massimiliani and Bellini would do it well. Gounod's *Faust*, on Friday, made one of the best of occasions for Miss KELLOGG, who is in remarkably good voice this time, not only as to flexibility and sweetness, but also as to substance, roundness, power of tone, and whose Gretchen everybody must admire, even if it have not all the natural and native charm of Frederici's. LOTTI can sing sweetly, but lacks presence, magnetism, force, for Faust. The part of Mephisto suddenly fell to the lot of BELLINI, who sang the music glibly and with all his might, but not subtly or Mephistophelishly, while he looked the bravo rather than the polite, intellectual fiend. He won those unstinted plaudits which mere intensity and vigor are so sure of in a distinctively Italian Opera audience. The pretty little part of Siebel was very nicely filled, both in voice and person, by Mlle. MORENSI. The same young lady, in the following day performance, left very little to be desired in the music or impersonation of Maffeo Orsini; rich and well trained in voice, graceful in person, true to character throughout. In singing she has much improved. With CAROZZI and BELLINI as the Duchess and the Duke, with LOTTI's tasteful if not powerful singing, and with good ensemble generally, the old charm of *Lucrezia Borgia* did not fail.

The second week (last week) was wholly occupied with the two novelties of the repertoire, except Saturday's matinée, which brought *Faust* again. The first of these novelties (if anything by Donizetti now can be a novelty) was Maretzek's great card in New York, his famous "twelve-thousand dollar" piece, which ran "twelve nights" there, "*Don Sebastiano*." This we had on Monday. Tuesday and Friday evenings. It is the last but one or two in the list of Donizetti's 64 operas, and was composed at Paris in 1843, for the Grand Opera. The rapid composer, happiest in his least studied efforts, laid himself out here, and sought to produce something larger, more elaborate, learned, finished than before. He had trouble enough with it; manager and singers plagued him in rehearsals; the piece utterly failed before the public. It is said that this was the beginning of the melancholy, followed by the insanity, which lasted till his death in 1847. Probably the piece was not judged fairly at that first performance.

We can give only an honest impression from two hearings of the opera. We think "*Don Sebastiano*" is by no means the worst, nor yet the best of Donizetti's operas. In real musical interest, invention, beauty, it will not compare with *Lucrezia Borgia*; it seems less inspired in the same degree that it is more elaborate. To us it lacks, save in certain passages, the genial element, which makes *Lucrezia*, and even so light a work as *L'Elisir d'Amore*, more sure and more worthy of immortality. Great men, like Mozart and Beethoven, and Rossini too, are genial in all, even their most serious works; Donizetti can be genial in light efforts, but grow solemnly tedious, feebly, painfully intense, when they strain themselves to do great things. In "*Don Sebastiano*" there are large, involved, ingenious combinations; a few concerted pieces, like the Septet (or Quartet, eked out with ejaculations from bystanders) in the

fourth act, the funeral march, &c., in the third, which are effective and imposing; there are conscientious and nice traits of instrumentation; there are a few, and but a few, taking bits of song, neither of them first-rate or in a particularly new vein; but there is more, much more of music which is coarse and noisy, brassy and fatiguing, where physical intensity of effort seeks to hide intrinsic feebleness and lack of inspiration.

The general result of the whole is heaviness, unedifying, unrefreshing. You do not go away from it feeling better, feeling lifted up and lighter, stronger, with new life and faith in you, as you do after the most serious and yet most cheerful of all operas, *Fidelio*. It carries the house by storm sometimes, and you sit there cold and unmoved as you might under a loud-voiced, rhetorical, physically forcible revival preacher, all too eager to be carried away if possible, yet experiencing no transport, never losing yourself in it, and rather demoralized and stultified than blessed or quickened by all this desperate assault upon your sensibilities; and yet how often have they yielded, unsuspectingly and sweetly, to a mere whiff of playful melody out of the musical heart and brain of a genius like Mozart! But we have been describing the whole modern fashion of Italian opera. Perhaps the most genial touch in "*Don Sebastiano*" is the little Zitti, Zitti-like trio, sung *sotto voce*, just before the end. The barcarole (serenade), sung by BELLINI, in the part of Camoens; the well-known tenor air of the king: "*Deserto in terra*," finely sung by MASSIMILIANI, a duet between these two, a duet between the king and Zaida, the Arabian girl, and much of the music of the latter, in which CAROZZI-ZUCCHI sang and acted finely (in spite of that unheard of, shall we say hermaphroditic sort of costume), are among the best things in it that appeal by beauty and expression, rather than by weight and grandeur. As a whole we find *Don Sebastiano* heavy. Fortunately, its music does not haunt us. Of the performance, including the scenical splendors, we can speak in high praise.

Far more enjoyable was the light and playful *Fra Diavolo* of Auber, in the Italian dress he gave it a few years ago. It is a charming opera and wears as well as ever. By no means equal to another light French opera which we have lately been enjoying, the *La Dame Blanche* of Boieldieu. There is more heart and feeling in *La Dame Blanche*; more that is sincere and earnest. Equally bright and graceful, equally light and unpretending, it goes deeper. Auber is fairly characterized in these words of a German critic:

"Auber wants for a complete genius the heart of Boieldieu. He has *esprit* enough for three Frenchmen, and melodies worthy of the richest Italian. He is elegant as an Athenian, and as full of imagination as a Southerner; but deep passion he is as little capable of feeling as expressing; in this he distinguishes himself from Meyerbeer merely by the fact that he does not *try* to express any. He often lacks in unity and grandeur of song, but he supplies this want by elegance and richness. Auber is an individuality, a French individuality, and even in his orchestration he has the precision, the clearness, the sparkling, many-colored quality of the French mind, but at the same time its superficiality and limitation. As a spring breeze merely stirs the surface of the lake to gentle ripples, so the music of Auber merely moves the surface of our sensibility."

There is no need to speak of the musical, the comical, the melo-dramatic qualities of *Fra Diavolo*, made familiar, long ago, to us by the Seguius, by the Louisa Pyne and other English troupes. Suffice it to say, that it never was so capably done for us before. Orchestra, chorus, principal singers and actors—all but one—were as nearly perfect as we could wish. It all flowed and sparkled musically, naturally, clearly; all entered into the humor of the thing delightfully; and it was picturesque from first to last. The one drawback was, that Herr LOTTI could not by any miracle of art swell to the dimensions, vocal, personal, or histrionic, of the daring brigand chief.

That was not his fault; he won respect by his painstaking fidelity to just conceptions of the part and by several pieces of sweet and tasteful singing. But for Miss KELLOGG this Zerlina was just the part; it suits her far better than the other Zerlina, sweetly as she sang that also. This was in all respects a capital performance, as naive, natural and lively as could be wished; as pretty and as graceful; while her principal melodies, and the highly florid, graceful bravura piece, full of rapidly descending scales, in the chamber scene, was of the purest and most liquid sort of vocalization. BELLINI, in grotesque make-up, voice and action, caricatured the travelling English *milord*, after the continental tradition, to a charm; it was inimitably droll. Mlle. MORENSI looked and sang the handsome young *milady* capitally also. And there was no end of true Italian brigand by-play and clever mimicry in DUBREUIL and WEINLICH. In short, *Fra Diavolo* is the thing which this company do the best, and, after *Don Giovanni* (a long way after), it is the best thing they do. It was given on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, and on Monday of this week, and the week is filled out with *Ernani*, *La Fille du Regiment*, *Lucia*, *Don Sebastian*, and *Don Giovanni*.

**A DESERVED COMPLIMENT.**—Mr. J. Q. WETHERBEE, one of the best vocal artists and teachers in our city, and a gentleman of high character and culture, not long since honored with the diploma of the Royal Academy of Music, in London, has received the following flattering note from the Old South Society, accompanied by a handsome New Year's gift:—

Boston Jan. 24, 1865.

"J. Q. Wetherbee, Esq.:—

"Dear Sir.—At a meeting of the Standing Committee of the Old South Society, held this day, before the transaction of the regular business of the meeting, conversation was had in reference to the Old South choir, and a cheerful recognition of their services was expressed by all the members of the committee present. And they desire to say to you, that during the nearly eight years of your connection with them as conductor of music in the Old South, they have had the highest appreciation of your excellence in the whole matter;—and especially do they desire to say, that during the six months last past the singing on the Sabbath has been uniformly better than at any former period. The committee would also add, that they have enjoyed their intercourse with you as a Christian gentleman, and are happy to have, as the conductor of so important a part of the religious services of Sunday, one for whom they cherish so much regard, and in whose moral character they can place so much confidence. They need not speak in this connection of your reputation in your profession, for that the community know and appreciate as well as ourselves.

"Please accept the enclosed sum, as a slight expression of the kind regards of the committee.

"George Homer, Chairman.

"James C. Howe, Charles Blake, Simon G. Cheever, Joshua B. Kimball, Increase N. Withington, Samuel Coverly, Samuel Johnson, William Hilton.

"Loring Lothrop, Clerk of the Corporation.

**VICTOR SCHÖLCHER.** Among the deputation from the British Emancipation Society, who waited upon the American Minister to offer their congratulations on the re-election of President Lincoln, was the biographer of Handel, who, as every true lover of great and generous music naturally must be, is a friend of freedom and humanity. The London correspondent of the *Independent* says of him:

There was one man present at the interview with Mr. Adams, of whom I should like to say a word or two. I refer to Victor Schœlcher, formerly Under Minister of Marine in the French Provisional Government of 1848. M. Schœlcher suffers greatly in his bodily health, and his public appearances are, therefore, few and far between. He is a Republican, and has been an exile since the *coup d'état*. He is a scholar no less than a politician, and his "Life of Handel" has given him a conspicuous place in the ranks of literary men and musical critics. Need I say more to enlist your sympathy? But I can say very much more. To him more than to any other man in France is due that noble act of the Provisional Government which emancipated the slaves of the French colonies. He framed the measure and gave it effect; and, through good and evil report, he has been true to this cause during the weary years of his exile. Victor Schœlcher is the Wilberforce of France; and, although Imperial usurpation may defraud him, while living, of the homage which is his due, it requires no prophet to foresee that posterity will be more eager to erect his statue than that of the hero of the 2d of December.

**Mr. HERMANN DAUM.**—Once more, and very earnestly, we beg our readers hereabouts not to forget the Complimentary Benefit Concert to be given to this gentleman by a large number of his fellow artists. Seldom are such compliment and such benefit more justly due; for it is the case of a musician of right pure and earnest purpose, loyal to the noblest models, accomplished as an interpreter of the classics of his art, faithful as a teacher, amiable and esteemed wherever known, relying on his art and pupils for support, and now for the larger part of the year past precluded from all professional activity by a most painful and exhausting illness.

The time of the concert is fixed for next Saturday evening, Jan. 28, at the Boston Music Hall. The names of the artists who have volunteered their services are guaranty enough of an excellent entertainment. They are: the Orpheus Musical Society, led by Mr. KREISSMANN; the Mendelssohn Quintette Club; Miss HOUSTON and Miss RYAN, as solo singers; Mr. LANG and Mr. DOWNS, as pianists; and Messrs. PAINE, TUCKERMAN, WILCOX and THAYER, as performers on the Great Organ.

**SACRED CONCERTS.**—Two concerts of church music ("grand" of course, like everything else in these days) are in preparation at our Music Hall. The first, to-morrow evening, is under the direction of Dr. S. P. TUCKERMAN, and will engage the choir of St. Paul's, the choir boys of the Church of the Advent, Mrs. SMITH, Mrs. FISK, Mrs. GILBERT, Mr. WHITNEY, and Mr. POWERS, as vocalists, and Mr. GEORGE WHITING, the new organist of King's Chapel. The selections will be interesting, of a similar character with former concerts of Dr. Tuckerman, and partly historical, including the famous *Miserere* of the pope's chapel.

The second, on the 7th of February, will be a repetition of the late "Choral Festival" at Trinity Church, New York, under the direction of Dr. CUTLER, who brings with him his famous choir boys, and other valuable assistants. The whole solemnity, as we understand, will be literally (as far as possible) retransacted in front of our Great Organ. We had the pleasure a few days since of hearing Master COKER, the leading choir boy of Trinity, and must say that it is the most remarkable boy soprano that we ever heard, in point of beauty, power, expression, even development and training. From such a voice, (with such a talent), could it only last, what might not be expected!

**CHOICE SPECIMENS OF TRANSLATION.**—Did you ever compare the Italian with the English in the librettos sold at the Italian Opera? It is amusing. In the book of "Don Sebastiano," for instance, the line:

*Già d'Imen le faci splendono.*

(Already the torches of Hymen shine),

is thus ingeniously turned: "The faces were resplending from love!" "*Signor clemente e pio*" is rendered: "Mild and pious Sir!"

**HARTFORD, CONN.**—The "Beethoven Society," which performed the "Messiah" during Christmas week, numbers, we are told, over 200 intelligent vocalists, mostly of the *élite* of Hartford, and is conducted by Mr. BARNETT, an Englishman long resident in this country, a graduate of the Royal Academy of Music, London. He is an earnest, thorough musician, perhaps too modest for this brassy age in music as in all things. Under his direction, the Society last year gave the "Elijah" twice, and with great success. No other "provincial" town has yet had the courage to attempt a work so difficult. Such aspirations surely must bear good fruit, and help to make our people truly musical.—Apropos of the performance of the "Messiah," we may print the following testimonial, which speaks for itself:

HARTFORD, Dec. 30th, 1864.—At a meeting of the Board of Conductors of the Beethoven Society held on the evening of Dec. 30th, 1864, Dr. C. A. GULMERT, of Boston, was elected an honorary member for life without fee.

WILLIAM HILLS,  
Secretary Beethoven Society.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Beauties of Don Sebastian. Donizetti.  
The night is serene (*La notte è serena*). Barcarole. 40  
While on earth lonely. (*In terra solo*). Song 30  
Lisbon dear, at length I see thee. (*O Lisbona, alfin ti miro*). Song 40  
O happy day! O day of pleasure! (*O fausta di! Suprema gioia!*) Duet. 40  
"Don Sebastian" is most known as an opera of splendid pageants and tableaux, but contains, nevertheless, a good number of gems of song. The first, mentioned above, is a charming serenade, sung by Camoëns before the King's prison. The second is widely known and used, the third is the singer's welcome to his native city, and the fourth is the duet between Don Sebastian and Camoëns. All are of standard merit. Two favorite instrumental pieces are noticed below.

- When you and I were soldier boys. Song.  
J. G. Clark. 30  
A reminiscence of war scenes. Good for "Johnny" to sing, in the months and years after he "comes marching home."

#### Instrumental.

- Beauties of Don Sebastian.  
March Funebre. (Funeral march). 30  
Pas des Esclaves. 35  
The first piece mentioned, is the impressive march, heard and witnessed by the returned king, who had the gratification of being present at his own funeral. The second belongs to the scenes in Africa.  
Choice Morceaux from Beethoven's Symphonies.  
Arr. for Organ, by *Batiste*.  
Communion. Andante. Fifth Symphony.  
Op. 32. No. 2. 50  
An organ is surely the next best thing after an orchestra, for Beethoven's immortal works. This is a skilful arrangement, and the set are well worth having.  
Social Pastime. Violin and Piano. S. Winner.  
Sultan's Polka. 30  
Peabody Schottische. 30  
Easy and pretty air.  
Radiense. Grande valse de Concert. Seven Octaves. 1.50  
Another production of this powerful composer, whose fictitious name illustrates the breadth of his genius.  
Bridal Wreath Polka. A. P. Lighthill. 30  
Pretty and original.

#### Books.

- TECHNICAL STUDIES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.  
By Louis Plaidy. Professor of the Pianoforte at the Conservatorium of Leipsic. Published with American, and also with Foreign fingering. 2.00

These truly valuable studies are extensively used by teachers, yet many, doubtless, have not heard of them. They are by an eminently practical man, and contain, in addition to a very sensible theory of piano study, exercises in scales, five finger runs, arpeggios, thirds, sixths, and octave passages of all possible variety, and all carefully fingered. Few will wish to use all of them, but one can select just what he wants from them.

**MUSIC BY MAIL.**—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 622.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 4, 1865.

VOL. XXIV. No. 23.

## "With Heaviest Sound a Giant Statue Fell."

So fell our Statesman, for he stood sublime  
On that proud pedestal, a people's heart,  
As when some image, through the touch of time,  
That long was revered in the public mart,  
Or some tall clock-tower that was wont to tell  
The hour of duty to the young and olden  
With tongue most musical of every bell,  
Bends to its base and is no more beholden.  
So fell our Everett; more like some great elm  
Lord of the grove—but something set apart—  
That all the tempests could not overwhelm,  
Nor all the winters of its seventy years,  
But on some peaceful midnight burst his heart,  
And in the morning men behold the wreck,  
(Some with grey hairs who cannot hold their tears,)   
But in the giant timber find no speck  
Nor unsound spot, but only wholesome wood;  
No secret worm consuming at the core  
The stem that ever seemed so fair and good;  
And aged men that knew this tree of yore  
When but a sapling, promising full well,  
Say to each other, this majestic plant  
Came to full growth: it made no idle vaunt;  
From its own weight, without a flaw it fell.

T. W. P.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## The First Opera.

A NOVELETTE OF THE PAST (1555).

Translated from the French of HECTOR BERLIOZ  
by KATHARINE FRANCES M. RAYMOND.

(Concluded from page 379).

BENVENUTO CELLINI TO ALFONSO DELLA VIOLA.

Paris, June 10, 1557.

Wretch! College-scout! Merry-Andrew!  
Mountebank! Flute-player!\* Was it worth  
while to cry so loudly, to breathe forth so much  
flame, to howl about insult and revenge, rage and  
outrage, to invoke hell and heaven, and finally to  
arrive at so vulgar a conclusion? Mean and  
impotent mind! Was it for you to utter such  
threats, while your resentment was of so weak a  
nature, that, scarcely two years after having re-  
ceived the insult, you kneel like a coward to kiss  
the hand that inflicted it upon you?

What! Neither the promise you made to me,  
nor the eyes of Europe fixed upon you, nor your  
own dignity as a man and an artist, were able to  
preserve you from the seductions of a court,  
where reign intrigue, avarice, and dishonesty!—a  
court where you were disgraced, despised; from  
which you were driven like a faithless varlet! Is  
it true, then? you compose for the grand-duke!  
It is even said that there is a vaster and bolder  
work in question, than any you have hitherto  
produced. The whole of musical Italy is to take  
part in the festival. They are arranging the  
gardens of the Pitti palace; five hundred expert  
virtuosos, united under your direction, in a vast  
and splendid pavilion decorated by Michael An-  
gelo, will pour the waves of your splendid har-  
mony over a panting, delighted, enthusiastic peo-  
ple. It is admirable! And all this for the grand-

\* It is well known that Cellini professed a strong dislike to this instrument.

duke, for Florence, for the man and the town  
that treated you so unworthily! Oh! what  
ridiculous faith was mine when I strove to calm  
your anger of a day! Oh! the miraculous sim-  
plicity that made me preach continence to the  
eunuch, slowness to the snail! Fool that I was!

But what powerful passion has brought you to  
such a degree of baseness? The thirst for gold?  
You are richer than I am, now. The love of  
fame? What name was ever more popular than  
that of Alfonso, since the prodigious success of  
your tragedy of Francesca, and that, no less  
great, of the other three lyric dramas that fol-  
lowed it? Besides, what has prevented you  
from choosing another capital as the theatre of  
your new triumph? No sovereign would have  
refused you what the great Cosimo has just offered  
you. Your songs are now loved and admired  
everywhere; they resound from one end of Eu-  
rope to the other; they are heard in town, at  
court, in the army, at church; king Francis is  
never tired of repeating them; Madame d'  
Etampes herself thinks you are not without tal-  
ent for an Italian; the women, the priests espe-  
cially, universally profess a real worship of your  
music; and if you had chosen to carry to the  
Romans the work you are preparing for the Tus-  
cans, the joy of the pope, the cardinals, and the  
whole ant-hill of Monsignori would only have  
been surpassed by the frenzy, the transports of  
their fair friends.

Perhaps pride has seduced you.—or some  
puffed up dignity—some vain title—but I lose  
myself in conjectures.

Whatever it may be, remember this; you  
have been found wanting in nobility, pride, and  
good faith. The man, the artist, and the friend  
have equally fallen in my eyes. I only accord  
my friendship to upright people, incapable of a  
disgraceful action; you are not one of these; my  
friendship is therefore not for you. I gave you  
money, you chose to return it to me; we are now  
quits. I am about to leave Paris; in a month I  
shall pass through Florence; forget that you  
have known me, and do not seek to meet me.  
For even though it were on the day of your suc-  
cess before the people, the princes, and the (to  
me) far more imposing assemblage of your five  
hundred artists, should you accost me, I would  
turn my back upon you.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

ALFONSO TO BENVENUTO.

Florence, June 25, 1557.

Yes, Cellini, it is true. To the grand-duke I  
owe an unpardonable humiliation; to you I owe  
my celebrity, my fortune, perhaps my life. I  
swore to revenge myself upon him, and I have  
not done so. I promised you that I would nei-  
ther accept labor or honor at his hand; and I have  
not kept my word. It was at Ferrara that  
"Francesca" was heard (thanks to you), and ap-  
plauded for the first time; at Florence it was  
treated as a work devoid of sense or reason. And  
yet Ferrara, that asked my new composition

from me, has not obtained it, while I offer it as  
homage to the grand-duke. Yes, the Tuscans,  
formerly so disdainful in regard to me, rejoice at  
the preference I accord to them; they are proud  
of it; their fanaticism for me far surpasses all  
you have told me of that of the French.

A real emigration is commencing among the  
greater part of the Tuscan towns. The Pisans  
and the Siennese, forgetting their old hatred,  
implore in advance, for the great day. Floren-  
tine hospitality. Cosimo, delighted at the success  
of him he calls *his artist*, founds brilliant hopes  
on the results which the drawing together of  
three rival populations may have for his politics  
and government. He loads me with flattery  
and kindness. Yesterday, he gave, in my honor,  
a magnificent collation at the Pitti palace, at  
which all the noble families in the town were  
present. The beautiful countess of Valombrosa  
was lavish of her sweetest smiles to me. The  
grand-duchess did me the honor of singing a  
madrigal with me. Della Viola is the man of  
the day, the man of Florence, the grand duke's  
man; there is no one save him.

I am very guilty, very contemptible, very  
mean, is it not so? Well, Cellini, if you pass  
through Florence on the 28th of next July, wait  
for me from eight to nine o'clock in the evening  
before the Baptistery gate, and I will seek for  
you there. And if, in the very first words I ut-  
ter, I do not completely justify myself from all  
the crimes with which you reproach me, if I do  
not give you an explanation of my conduct with  
which you may confess yourself perfectly satis-  
fied, then redouble your contempt, treat me as  
the worst of men, tread me under foot, strike me  
with your whip, spit in my face, and I will ac-  
knowledge in advance that I deserve it all. Un-  
til then, preserve your friendship for me; you  
will soon find that I was never more worthy of  
it.

Ever yours,

ALFONSO DELLA VIOLA.

On the evening of the 28th of July, a tall man,  
of gloomy and discontented appearance, directed  
his steps through the streets of Florence, towards  
the Place of the Grand-duke. Arrived in front  
of the bronze statue of Perseus, he paused, and  
looked at it for some time in deep thought: the  
stranger was Benvenuto. Although the answer  
and the protestations of Alfonso had made but a  
slight impression on his mind, a sincere and live-  
ly friendship had so long united him to the young  
composer, that it was impossible for a few days  
to efface it forever. Besides, he felt that he had  
not courage enough to refuse to hear what Al-  
fonso might have to allege in his defence; and it  
was while on his way to the Baptistery, where  
Alfonso was to join him, that Cellini desired to  
see once more, after a long absence, the master-  
piece that had once cost him so much fatigue and  
chagrin. The Place and the adjoining streets  
were deserted; the most profound silence reigned  
in this quarter, usually so noisy and populous.  
The artist contemplated his immortal work, ask-

ing himself whether obscurity and an ordinary intellect would not have been better for him than glory and genius.

"Why am I not an ox-herdsman of Nettuno or Porto d' Anzio!" thought he; "like the animals confided to my care, I should have had a coarse and monotonous existence, but sheltered, at least, from the agitations that have tormented my life since childhood. Perfidious and jealous rivals—unjust or ungrateful princes—implacable critics—stupid flatterers—incessant alternations of successes and reverses, splendor and misery—excessive and always renewed labor—no repose, no comfort, no leisure—using one's body like a mercenary, and ever feeling one's soul burnt or paralysed—is this living?"

The noisy exclamations of three young artisans, who rapidly emerged on the Place, interrupted his meditation.

"Six florins! 'tis dear!" said one.

"And if he had asked ten," said another, "we should have had to submit to it. Those cursed Pisans have taken all the places. Besides, think, Antonio, the gardener's house is not ten steps from the pavilion; seated on the roof, we shall be able to hear and see wonderfully well; the door of the little underground canal will be open, and we shall enter without difficulty."

"Bah!" added a third, "to hear that, we can well afford to fast for some weeks afterwards. You know what an effect the rehearsal produced yesterday. Only the court was admitted to it; the grand-duke and his suite never ceased applauding; the executants carried della Viola in triumph, and finally, in her ecstasy, the Countess of Vallombrosa embraced him; it must be wonderful."

"See how empty the streets are already; all the town is already assembled at the Pitti palace. It is the moment. Let us be off!"

Cellini only then understood that the day and hour of the great musical festival had already arrived. This circumstance in no way agreed with the choice Alfonso had made of this evening for his meeting. How, in such a moment, could the maestro abandon his orchestra, and leave the important post, to which so great an interest attached him? It was difficult to comprehend.

Cellini, nevertheless, walked towards the Baptistery, where he found his two pupils Paolo and Ascanio, and horses; he was to depart that very evening for Leghorn, and was to embark there for Naples on the morrow.

He had waited but a few moments, when Alfonso, his face pale and his eyes burning, presented himself before him with a sort of affected calm, that was not natural to him.

"Cellini! you are come; thanks."

"Well!"

"It is this evening!"

"I know it. But, speak; I await the explanation you promised me."

"The Pitti palace, the gardens, the courts, are crowded. The people cover the walls, the roofs, the trees, the basins half filled with water, everything."

"I know it."

"The Pisans are here, the Siennese are here."

"I know it."

"The grand-duke, the court, the nobility are united, the immense orchestra has assembled."

"I know it."

"But the music is not there," cried Alfonso,

"the master is not there! you know that also?"

"What do you mean?"

"There is no music, for I have carried it off; there is no maestro, for here I am; there will be no musical festival, for the work and its author have disappeared. A note has just informed the grand-duke that my work will not be executed. 'It does not suit me,' I wrote, making use of his own words; 'in my turn, I have changed my mind.' Fancy the rage of these people, disappointed for the first time! of the people who have left their towns and occupations, and spent their money to hear my music, and who will not hear it! Before joining you, I took a glance at them, and saw that impatience was beginning to master them, and that they would visit it on the grand-duke. Do you see my plan, Cellini?"

"I perceive it."

"Come, come, let us get a little nearer the palace, let us see my mine explode. Do you not already hear the cries, the tumult, the curses? Oh my brave Pisans, I recognize you by your imprecations! Do you see the stones, the branches, the broken vases flying? Only the Siennese can throw them in that way! Take care, or we shall be thrown down. How they run! Those are the Florentines; they mount to the assault of the pavilion. Good! there is a block of mud in the ducal box; it was a lucky idea for Cosimo that he left it. Down with the platforms! down with the desks, the benches, the windows! down with the box! down with the pavilion! There it falls. They ruin everything, Cellini! It is a magnificent riot! Honor to the grand-duke! Ah! the devil! you took me for a coward? Are you satisfied? Tell me, is not this vengeance?"

Cellini, his teeth fixed, his nostrils extended, watched, without answering, this terrible spectacle of popular fury; his eyes, in which a sinister fire burned, his square forehead, down which rolled drops of perspiration, the almost imperceptible trembling of his limbs, testified the savage intensity of his joy. At last, seizing Alfonso's arm:

"I am going to Naples at once; will you come with me?"

"To the end of the world, now."

"Embrace me, then, and to horse! You are a hero."

### Obituary.

WILLIAM HENRY FRY.

(From the New York Tribune.)

The death of our friend and fellow-laborer, William Henry Fry, took place on the twenty-first of December at Santa Cruz, whither he had recently gone for the benefit of his broken health. For several years past he had been the victim of consumption; his physical sufferings at times were of a severer form than was known except to his most intimate friends; he cherished the habitual consciousness, that his recovery was past hope; yet the force of his masculine will was an almost perpetual triumph over the ravages of disease, his cheerfulness never forsook him for a moment, and often rose to the tone of joyous hilarity; his interest in his favorite artistic pursuits scarcely abated till his final departure from among us, and his energy of thought and expression remained in striking contrast to the effects of his malady as seen in his wasted frame and faded cheek. Mr. Fry was born in Philadelphia, and had attained the age of about fifty years at the time of his death. He was the son of William Fry, a prominent journalist of Philadelphia, and proprietor of the celebrated "National Gazette," which under the editorship of Mr. Robert Walsh formed a new epoch in the history of the American press.

He received his early education partly at the schools of his native city, and partly at the Roman Catholic College of Mount St. Mary's at Emmittsburg, Md. At an early age, he exhibited the talent for music, in which he subsequently attained such honorable distinction. His first orchestral compositions were four overtures performed by the Philharmonic Society of Philadelphia, for which he was complimented with an honorary medal. In 1845, he wrote the opera of "Leonora," which was produced by the Seguin company at the Chestnut Street Theatre, in the month of June of that year, and an Italian version was performed at the Academy of Music in New York in the Spring of 1858. After a connection of several years with the Philadelphia press, in 1846 Mr. Fry visited Paris, and other European capitals, where he remained for six years. His vigorous and racy correspondence from the former city with the *Tribune*, attracted not a little attention, and designated him as one of the most original and brilliant off-hand popular writers on the staff of American journalism. After his return to this country in 1852, he delivered in New York a remarkable series of lectures on the history of music, illustrated by two new symphonies of his own composition, which, with two others symphonies, "Santa Claus" and "Childe Harold," were soon after played by M. Jullien's orchestra in many of the principal cities of the United States. His next original work was the music to an ode written for the opening of the Crystal Palace in New York in 1858. In 1855, he composed a "Stabat Mater" with full orchestral and vocal score for performance at the New York Academy. During the past year, his "Leonora" was produced with great splendor in Philadelphia, for the benefit of the Fair of the Sanitary Commission. For the last twelve years, Mr. Fry had been attached to the editorial corps of this journal, and our columns richly attest the remarkable fertility of his mind, his lively and opulent imagination, the acuteness and subtlety of his critical powers, and his peculiar gift of quaint and striking, though not unfrequently erratic expression. Mr. Fry was an ardent and efficient politician. Never a seeker of office or emolument from the public service, he was greatly in earnest in his devotion to principle. His convictions possessed the tenacity of steel, and flamed out like the fires of a glowing furnace. For everything that approached the character of compromise, of faltering conciliation, of a dread of consequences, he exercised a sovereign and refreshing scorn. On several occasions, he took an active part in election campaigns, and always made his mark where his foot was planted. He possessed, in no small degree, the eloquence of nature, but held in cordial aversion the oratory of the schools. His public speaking was vehement, impulsive, caustic, often extravagant, no doubt, but always terribly in earnest, tearing up the soil like a ploughshare. As a man, Mr. Fry was generous to a fault, of a convivial temperament and fond of the excitements of gay companionship. He expressed himself with impetuosity, with none of the usual caveats of reserve or discretion, and for this reason, was probably often misunderstood. But no one could call in question the native kindness of his heart, the sincere earnestness of his apparently reckless individuality, or the shining originality of his mental endowments.

(From the Independent.)

William Henry Fry, musical composer, and long an editor of the *N. Y. Tribune*, died at Santa Cruz, December 21st, in the 50th year of his age. For several years before his death, Mr. Fry steadily declined in health, showing in his face and frame signs of a slow consumption. When in November last he sought a warmer climate, it was with no hope of recovery, but only of relief; yet, like many other invalids he breathed the West Indian air only to taste its disappointment, expressing his regret at quitting the colder and more bracing climate of New York. Incautiously one day falling asleep on a sofa where a draught of air blew upon him, he awoke to find himself seized by a violent cold and fever,

which so prostrated his feeble strength as to give his physicians no hope that he would rally under the attack. His last hours, which came speedily, afflicted him with weakness rather than with pain. When death threatened, he was asked by his brother Horace, "Do you know you are dying?" "Yes," he replied, and, after partaking of the sacrament, in a few hours breathed his last. A private letter tells us that his face in death wore a look of unutterable majesty and nobility. His last intellectual work was a musical mass, which he began and completed shortly before his death—leaving on his writing-table the corrected manuscript, concluding with the grand old words (the last his pen ever wrote) *Dona nobis pacem!* ("give unto us peace!") Not a more eccentric, nondescript, unaccountable man have we ever known than William Henry Fry. And to all others who knew him, he was the same delightful enigma. Chiefly a musician, his genius nevertheless was universal—running like a gadding vine over almost every subject. An orator, a writer, a politician, a conversationist, he was one of the most versatile of men—a rare wit, a self-poised gentleman, a true friend, a charming playmate of children, and one of the most unselfish of human beings. Frailties, virtues, and genius all had equal part in this strange and fascinating man. By none who intimately knew him can he ever be forgotten, or will his name be ever spoken untenderly. He was as rare a man as "rare Ben Jonson."

### The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society.

(From the New York Tribune, Jan. 24.)

Brooklyn was for many years dependent upon New York for its amusements; our Opera House, out concert rooms and our theatres derived an immense revenue from the inhabitants of the City of Churches, voluntarily given, but given at a large sacrifice of time and personal convenience. Especially did the New York Philharmonic Society profit by this outside contribution, and no small amount of its pecuniary success in the past may justly be attributed to that source. For fifteen years Brooklyn paid tribute to New York, and certainly, as far as the N. Y. P. Society is concerned, the account is square, and may be written down, so much paid, for which full value was received.

Eight years ago a number of the prominent musical amateurs of Brooklyn, who were at the same time thorough business men, determined to establish a Philharmonic Society in that city, so that they might enjoy the performance of the highest class of instrumental music, nearer home, than heretofore. At first it was hard to make the people believe that anything good could be got up within the circle of their own city limits; but the directors of the enterprise pursued their course with dogged perseverance, calculated their resources, secured the co-operation and advice of Mr. Theodore Eisfeld, the most experienced of our Philharmonic directors, and after the expenditure of much patience, and the sacrifice of much time and unusual labor, to say nothing of personal obloquy and ungenerous innuendoes, finally succeeded in arousing the local pride of the citizens, and the Philharmonic Society became an established fact in Brooklyn, and may now be considered the sister society and the only rival of the New York Philharmonic Society on the continent.

Its constitution differs from ours, inasmuch as it pays all its performing members, orchestral and solo, from the funds derived from the subscriptions and the sale of tickets, the surplus receipts being reserved for contingencies which might occur, the creation of an extensive musical library, or such other objects as properly belong to such an association; while ours is purely a professional society, governed by professional members, the performing members being paid a pro rata dividend from the proceeds, while the residue, which may be called profits, is funded for certain purposes, which have yet to be developed.

The labors of the gentlemen who first took the matter in hand have been crowned with a success which has exceeded their most sanguine expectations. Commencing in a small way in all except the excellence of their orchestra and its director, they gave their concerts in a hall of small dimensions; but year after year their audience increased in numbers, until now, the eighth year of the existence of the Society, the Brooklyn Academy of Music is too small to accommodate its subscribing members and casual visitors. This is the natural result of a broad and liberal management, which looks to excellence as the end, and spares no expense, consistent with

the amount of its resources, to secure its aim. At one time it adopted our system of changing conductors for each concert, but this season, taking the common sense view of the subject, it has appointed one conductor for the whole series, thus securing a unity of action and an intelligent correspondence between the leader and those who are led. This Society can better afford to pursue this wise system than we can in New York, where there are so many aspirants to the distinguished position of conductor, all of whom have friends in the Society to urge their claims, and to deny, whether justly or not, the right of any one man to an eminence so coveted.

On a permanent basis the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society has built up its success, and it is a point of gratification to all who have the true interests of music at heart that there is yet one more society laboring honestly, intelligently and earnestly in the good cause.

The first concert of the eighth season, though unnoticed in our columns, was excellent, both as regards selections and performance. The programme of the second concert, which took place last Saturday, the 21st inst., at the Academy of Music, was as follows:

Symphony No. 3 in E flat major. (first time.) Haydn: Cavatina—"Linda"—"O luce di quest' anima." Donizetti. Miss Laura Harris; Solo—violin—Andante et Rondo Russo. De Beriot. Madame Camilla Urso; Second Concerto, for the piano-forte, in B flat. (first time in America.) Beethoven, (with Cadenza by Ant. Rubenstein.) Mr. J. N. Patterson. Intermission. Poeme Symphonique. Tasso. "Lamento e Trionfo." Liszt: Solo—violin—Elegie, Ernst. Madame Camilla Urso; Cavatina—"Lucia"—"Ritorno nel silenzio." Donizetti. Miss Laura Harris; Festival Overture. (by request) Ries.

The Symphony by Haydn is fresh and charming, the introduction grave and thoughtful, the *Vivace* light, pleasing and melodious, but small in its general attributes. The *Adagio* is graceful and tender, containing some lovely passages for the wood instruments, in which the bassoon is treated admirably, and finding its relief in a holder subject before its return to its first theme. The *Scherzo* is light and sprightly, and has a graceful and lovely *Trio*. The *Finale* is a vivacious movement, containing a clever fugue, and drawing its contrast from a marked change in the tempo, which is both artistic and effective. Its execution throughout was excellent. It was marked by delicacy, refinement and precision. Clearness of outline and attention to detail were particularly observable, and the minute and beautiful coloring so imperative to a just rendering of Haydn's music, and so different from the broad and massive effects of Beethoven, was developed with a poetic sentiment but rarely found in our orchestral performances. But charming as this Symphony is, it is not strong enough as a *pièce de resistance* of a Philharmonic concert. It would have opened the second part advantageously as a sequence to a Symphony by Beethoven, Mendelssohn or Schumann, and one of the solo performers could have been well dispensed with. It would be still better, in our judgment, to have such a work for the closing piece of a concert, instead of a lesser work, such as an overture, as it would be certain, from its importance, to retain the audience to the end.

Miss Laura Harris sang two Italian operatic scenes, which are entirely out of character at such concerts, while we have so many grand concert arias which should be heard very acceptably. She has a light and charming voice, small in its volume, but neither thin nor wiry. It is, however, quite unadvised to the expression of passion or emotion, but well adapted to the demands of ornate and superficial compositions. Her voice is fresh, having lost nothing of its spontaneity; her intonation is admirable, and her execution is fluent and well-defined. She was well received, and her two solos were spontaneously encored.

Madame Camilla Urso also played twice. She is an artist of unquestionable ability. The violin, by usage, is not a lady's instrument; but the mastery of such as the sisters Milanollo, and now of Camilla Urso, may make it a disputed point between the sexes. Camilla Urso has acquired a fine tone, full and equal throughout; her intonation is pure and just, whether in single or double stopping, and through all the intricacies of the manipulation. She has exquisite taste, tenderness of manner and delicacy of refinement, but her style is small, and unequal to the broad interpretation of the larger pieces of the master-writers of the violin. Still she plays delightfully, and we listen to her with pleasure as the exponent of the tender, sentimental, dreamy and sensuous elements of violin music. Both her pieces received and merited the redemand which was awarded them.

The most important solo of the evening was the Beethoven Piano Concerto, performed by Mr. J. N. Patterson. It is no child's play to interpret such a work where the piano-forte has to contend with the orchestra, the plan of the composition being carried out

with equal importance to both, but with inevitable disadvantage to the single instrument. Beethoven never lowered the artistic standard. He always preserved the unity of thought, and never exalted the solo instrument at the expense of the integrity of the whole idea. It is therefore no slight task to undertake to interpret a piano concerto by Beethoven. Mr. Patterson brings many requisites to develop the undertaking. He has a fine technique, an excellent equality in the education of both hands, a scholastic appreciation of the subject, and he is besides, an earnest and faithful worker, acting under the belief that diving below the surface is the only sure way to develop the inner heart of the composition. His performance was in every way satisfactory, in some parts admirably and beautifully played, with the single exception that a certain breadth was lacking in the general development of the idea—a something of grandeur that was needed to fill out the simple majesty of Beethoven's thought. Still, we acknowledge it as a performance of great merit, and in the added *Cadenza* by Rubinstein, we recognize a facility of manipulation, a comprehension of the scope of the thought in connection with the leading idea of the movement, and an appreciation of the relations one to the other, which prove that Mr. Patterson is on the right path, and needs but a little longer experience to walk upright before the best interpreters of the works of the great masters.

The *Poeme-Symphonique*, "Tasso," by Liszt, is a work of unequal merit, of rare apparent beauty, and of metaphysical mystification difficult for the hearer to trace out, unravel or comprehend. It is replete with instrumental resources, and the episode of the Gondolier's song is wonderfully treated by varied and imaginative figures, but the general effect is that of a thought undefined, an undeveloped transcription of an idea, which the creative faculty of the author could not master.

The Festival Overture by Ferdinand Ries is an antiquated specialty not worth reusucitation by a Society where the concerts are few and the repertoire of first-class works unlimited. The programme for the third concert offers a selection far more worthy of the Society than the one under notice. The instrumental performance throughout the evening was in every way worthy the high reputation of the orchestra, and of the acknowledged skill of the conductor, Mr. Eisfeld.

## Music Abroad.

### London.

#### THE MUSICAL YEAR OF 1864.

The Orchestra furnishes the following review of the music of the metropolis during the past year.

As the most important period in the musical history of the year, the Italian operatic season claims precedence in our record. Both opera houses were open this year—Covent Garden under Mr. Gye, with Mr. Costa as conductor; Her Majesty's under Mr. Mapleson, with Signor Arditi as conductor. The Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, opened on Tuesday, March 29th, with Bellini's "*Norma*," Madame Lagrue making her first appearance in this country as the Druid Priestess. She subsequently appeared as *Demonia* in "*Otello*," and *Leonora* in "*La Favorita*," and established a position for herself as one of the best tragic singers now on the stage. Flotow's "*Stradella*" was the only novelty produced during the season, but with little success. Meyerbeer's "*L'Etoile du Nord*" was performed for the first time in the new theatre at the end of the season, Saturday, July 23rd, and on Saturday, July 30th, the season ended with a representation of the same opera. The extensive repertoire of the establishment was well used during the season, each performance being distinguished by that attention to detail and lavish expenditure so characteristic of Covent Garden Theatre. Signor Mario, made his re-appearance in "*Masaniello*" on April 5th, appearing frequently during the season, principally in "*Faust*," and despite occasional drawbacks manifesting that he still remains in the proud position; so many years accorded to him, of *primo tenore*. Herr Wachtel appeared as *Manrico* in "*Il Trovatore*," on April 7th, subsequently appearing as *Arnoldo* in "*Guglielmo Tell*," *John of Leyden* in the "*Prophete*," and *Stradella* in Flotow's opera. Gifted with a magnificently powerful voice, he created his greatest success by the unsparing use of a high C chest tone, which, on his first appearance, threw his critics into ecstasies. Mdlle. Pauline Lucra created a strong impression in her favor by her singing in the "*Huguenots*" and "*Faust*," but from some unexplained cause her engagement came to an abrupt termination after she had appeared but a

few nights. Mlle. Artot also essayed the part of *Marguerite* in "*Faust*," and much additional interest was given to this already popular opera by the various readings given to the part of *Marguerite* by the several *primo donne* who represented it. Principal among these was Mlle. Adelina Patti, who, by her original rendering and exquisite singing, added to her many triumphs. She continued, as in previous years, one of the chief attractions of the season, appearing for the first time on May 9th in "*Il Barbiere*." Madame Didiée, Mlle. Frizzi, Signor Tamberlik, M. Faure, Signori Ronconi, Graziani, Naudin, and other less prominent artists, contributed their share to render the season one of the most brilliant on record. Few weeks passed without four and sometimes five performances. On Thursday, April 14th, a state visit was paid to the opera by General Garibaldi, when Bellini's "*Norma*" was performed.

The season at her Majesty's Theatre commenced on Saturday, April 9th, with a performance of Verdi's "*Rigoletto*." The mainstay of the season was undoubtedly Mlle. Tietjens, and that lady fully maintained her great reputation, singing nearly every night. The novelties produced were Nicolai's "*Falstaff*," on May 3rd, and Gounod's "*Mirella*," on July 5th. Beethoven's "*Fidelio*," revived on June 23rd, was an event of real importance. Weber's "*Oberon*" was revived after the regular season was ended. These operas, added to the repertoire of the establishment, gave the public an opportunity of seeing and hearing Mlle. Tietjens to the best advantage. Mlle. Bettelheim made her first appearance on the opening night, and filled for some time the place of Madame Trebelli, whose indisposition kept her from fulfilling her engagements. Signor Giuglini shared with Mlle. Tietjens the honors and at first the hard work of the season, and being in better health and voice than he was the previous season, increased his popularity. Towards the end of the season the principal tenor work was shared by Signor Gardoni and Dr. Gunz, the latter making his first appearance in this country as *Florestan* on the production of "*Fidelio*." Mr. Santley retained his position as leading baritone singer, and worked hard to gain those laurels which he so richly merited. Madame Trebelli joined the company some time after the season had commenced, adding to her customary rôles the part of the old fortune-teller in "*Mirella*." Other prominent members of the company were Mlle. Volpini, Mlle. Liebhart, Madame Harriers-Wippen, Mlle. Grossi, Signor Junca, and Signor Gassier. Of the operas produced during the season, "*Faust*" bears the lion's share in number of representations; "*Mirella*" was performed nine times, "*Falstaff*" seven times, "*Roberto*" six times, "*Traviata*" seven times. General Garibaldi also paid a state visit to this house on Tuesday, April 19th, when "*Lucrèzia Borgia*" was performed. The subscription season ended on July 16th, but a series of "farewell performances at cheap prices" was continued until August 13th. A short season, during which "*Faust*" monopolized the greater number of nights, was commenced on October 24th, ending November 5th.

At the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society, all departments of band and chorus under the direction of Mr. Costa maintained their high state of proficiency. Haydn's "*Creation*" was given on January 15th; Mendelssohn's "*Hymn of Praise*" and Rossini's "*Stabat Mater*" on January 29th and February 8th; Handel's "*Israel in Egypt*" on February 19th and May 13th; "*Judas Maccabeus*" on March 11th and December 9th; the "*Messiah*" on March 23rd, December 16th and 23rd; Mendelssohn's "*St. Paul*" on April 15th and November 25th; "*Elijah*" on April 29th, and "*Samson*" on May 27th. This latter brought the thirty-second season to a termination, and that of 1864-5 commenced on Friday November 25th. The principal singers during the year have been Mlle. Parepa, Mlle. Sherrington, Mlle. Rudersdorff, Mlle. Sinton-Dolby, and Mlle. L. Baxter; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Santley, Mr. Weiss and Mr. Patey.

The National Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, now in its fifth season, gave performances of Mendelssohn's "*Elijah*" on February 3rd, March 2nd, and December 14th; "*Messiah*" on March 21st; Dr. Arnold's new oratorio "*Ahab*" on April 5th; Mendelssohn's "*Hymn of Praise*" and Rossini's "*Stabat Mater*" on June 8th; "*Judas Maccabeus*" on July 6th. The concert of June 8th was remarkable as affording the first appearance of Signor Giuglini at Exeter Hall. The other principal singers during the year have been Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Sherrington, Madame Parepa, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Santley, Mr. Weiss and Mr. Patey.

Madame Lind Goldschmidt sang at several concerts during the year, attracting on all occasions large audiences, composed of those who, with the recollection of Jenny Lind in their minds, came to recal past

times, and of a younger generation wishful to hear that voice that had so enchanted their predecessors. Her first appearance in 1864 was in the "*Messiah*" at Exeter Hall on Tuesday, January 5th. On this occasion the performance was for the benefit of the funds of the Friends of the Clergy Corporation.

Gounod's "*Faust*," the greatest success of all operas of the present age, was brought out in English for the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday, January 23rd; libretto by Mr. H. F. Chorley. The music was already familiar to the opera-goer, and the numerous arrangements and adaptations for all instruments, from the full orchestra to the barrel organ, had rendered the principal airs of the opera tolerably well known to the general public; but it was reserved for Mlle. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Marchesi, and Mr. Santley to interpret in a style worthy of an English opera house the enchanting music of Gounod. \* \* \*

The Musical Society of London commenced its sixth season on Wednesday, January 27th, at St. James's Hall; other concerts were given on April 21st and June 15th. Original works by J. F. Barnett, Harold Thomas, &c., were produced, besides instrumental works of classical composers, varied by occasional vocal pieces, which were rendered by Mesdames Dustman-Meyer, Bettelheim, Liebhart, and Parepa, and Mr. Santley.

The Philharmonic Society took the occasion of the first concert of their fifty-second season, Monday, February 29th, being the birthday of Rossini, to concoct a commemorative programme, six out of the ten pieces performed being by that composer. Other concerts were given by this old-established society on March 14th, April 18th—this concert was announced as "in connection with the tercentenary anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare," and consisted of a selection of compositions illustrative of the poet's writings; May 2nd, May 16th—Prince and Princess of Wales present; May 30th—first performance of Schumann's second symphony; June 13th—"by special desire," the Princesses Helena and Louisa present; and June 27th, at which last concert, the Prince and Princess of Wales present, and a new violin concerto by Herr Joachim and a new symphony by Professor Bennett were performed.

The twentieth season of the Musical Union commenced on Tuesday, April 5, and terminated on Tuesday, June 28. The concerts of the year preserved the reputation of the Musical Union as expositors of the highest class of music, and experienced, as in previous seasons, the most distinguished patronage.

The season of opera concerts at the Crystal Palace commenced on Saturday, May 7, terminating in July. These concerts were as successful as their predecessors had been, and the services of artists of both opera houses were engaged. The series of Saturday Winter Concerts commenced on October 8. Madame Grist sang at the concerts of December 17th and 31st. This series of concerts is characterized by the production of classical and popular music performed in the best style by Mr. Mann's band; several symphonies, &c., have been here performed for the first time in this country.

The English Opera Association, which had been formed a year or two previously, having failed in effecting the purpose of its formation, was, about the end of June, wound up and its business transferred to the hands of the "Opera Company, limited," authorized capital £30,000. In the preliminary prospectus issued by the directors, it was stated that "the first operations of the Company would be the production and performance in this country of English Operas, of adaptations from the foreign schools, and for other musical purposes." Great things were expected from this company: it was rumored about that now at last we were to have an independent management, who would foster and encourage native talent, bringing out works of English composers, and engaging the best English singers. Time will show how these expectations will be realized. Large promises are made of the production of works by our leading English composers; but those produced since the opening night are hardly likely to keep a place on the stage. With regard to engagements of singers, the directors allowed Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and Miss Louisa Pyne, certainly the three leading stars among English singers, to be engaged elsewhere. Covent Garden Theatre was opened under the auspices of the company on Saturday, October 15th, with a performance of "*Masaniello*," introducing Mr. Charles Adams, an Englishman by birth, an American by education and musical training, as the mad fisherman king. Macfarren's "*Helvellyn*" was produced on Thursday, November 3rd; Hatton's "*Rose*" on November 26th; and Benedict's "*Bride of Song*" on Saturday, December 3rd. The company have since produced a Christmas Pantomime, expending an enormous sum in its preparation, in which

Donato, a young Spaniard, who performed evolutions on one leg, and who was paid for so doing £40 per night, appeared. So much has been done this year for English art by the company that was to found a home for English Opera.

Mr. Alfred Mellon's Promenade Concerts, a most acceptable annual to a very large section of the public, commenced at Covent Garden Theatre on Monday, August 8th, and terminated on Saturday, October 8th. During this, his fourth season, Mr. Mellon maintained his well-earned reputation, collecting a band of one hundred of the best performers, engaging Miss Carlotta Patti for every concert, with Mr. Santley, Mr. Thomas, Madame Parepa, and others occasionally, and concocting programmes which included music of all kinds, from the symphony to the polka; it is scarcely necessary to add that, as usual with these concerts, the theatre was crowded every night.

M. Jullien commenced a series of promenade concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre in the month of September. Mr. Santley and Mlle. Liebhart were the vocalists, and on Sept. 26th a party of Danish vocalists with the band of the Danish Guards made their first appearance in London.

It would be impossible, within our limits, to give an account of all the benefit concerts of the year, or of the concerts given by professors and teachers of music, to audiences of admiring friends and pupils. It would be unjust, however, to pass all over, and we, therefore, give a list of the principal. Madame Sinton-Dolby and Mr. Sinton gave a morning concert at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, June 1st. Mr. W. G. Cousins' annual concert took place at the same hall on Wednesday, June 8th. Mr. Lindsay Sloper gave two performances of pianoforte music, assisted by other artists, at the same hall, on June 15th and 20th. Mr. Benedict's annual concert is always one of the attractions of the season, the programme being longer, and the number of artists larger, than generally provided; this year was no exception to the rule, and accordingly his concert held at St. James's Hall, on Monday, June 20th, was very numerous attended. Mr. Kuhe gave a recital of ancient and modern pianoforte music at the Hanover Square Rooms on Thursday, June 23rd. Signor Ciabatta's Concert, at St. James's Hall, on Saturday, June 25th, was remarkable as affording one of the very few appearances in London of Madame Grist. Series of concerts were given by the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music. The Mouday Popular Concerts continued their course, and as rendering the works of the best composers popular, at the same time in the best manner, reflect very great credit on their spirited promoter, Mr. Arthur Chappell.

Mr. Howard Glover gave several concerts in the course of the year, the first being at St. James's Hall, on Saturday, January 2nd; a series of "Grand Musical Festivals" was commenced by him at Drury Lane Theatre, on Saturday, October 1st. It is sufficient for us to say of these concerts that all available talent was engaged by Mr. Glover, and that all classes of artists, from Signor Mario and Madame Grist downwards, sang or played.

Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, the best in the metropolis for the performance of glees, madrigals, and part-songs, gave concerts at intervals, the subscription season, 1863-4, ending Thursday, May 26th.

## Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, DEC. 1864. Carlotta Patti's concert in Halle, an account of which I promised in my last, was as great a success as I anticipated. Every regular seat in the very handsome new hall of the Volksschule, (people's school), was engaged several days beforehand, at the unprecedented price of 1-2 Thalers (the front rows even at 2 Thalers), and the aisles and corners were filled with extra benches, swelling the number of seats to 700, and leaving but little room for those unfortunates who had paid a Thaler for a "standing-place." A concert audience in Germany has a much more brilliant appearance than with us, owing to the custom which requires the ladies to dress more, at least to remove their bonnets and cloaks, and wear light or gay colored dresses or wrappings. The programme was a very miscellaneous one of the kind that has for years been stereotyped in America, only that the quality of some of its ingredients was superior. Among Mlle. Patti's assistants, I recognized two old acquaintances: Alfred Jaell and Vieuxtemps, who opened the concert



with the Kreutzer Sonata, or rather two movements of it, omitting the first for some unaccountable reason. In point of execution, blending with each other, and even spirit, their playing was faultless, but it did not warm the listener. The same could be said of the respective solo playing of the two. A violoncellist named Steffens showed his instrument to best advantage in some sentimental French composition. Patti, charming and blooming as ever, delighted her hearers much as would a bird, by her wonderful roudades, trills, cadenzas of every kind, and by her really marvellous high notes, struck by her clear ringing voice with unwavering precision. She sang: "*O luce di quest' anima*," the shadow dance from "*Dinorah*," a Mazurka for the voice, and in answer to an encore, a laughing song by Auber, which latter was rendered with charming naïveté and astonishing skill. Yet it was nothing but skill, and a wonderful natural gift—the soul, the feeling, were wanting, as also the higher cultivation which could make of so glorious a voice what ought to be made of it, and render it capable of worthier efforts and the interpretation of nobler works. A small portion of the audience felt this, but the greater part were dazzled by the brilliant halo of humbug around the whole affair, and overflowed with blind, unqualified admiration and enthusiasm. In short, Ullman has played his cards so well, that another concert was announced, which, when I left, promised to be as great a success as the first.

And now, how shall I begin to tell you of Berlin, and all the attractions it holds out to the lover of music! Oh for the time, the physical and mental endurance, and the money, to give heed to them all! What a store of treasures one might lay up in the course of a single winter! To begin with concerts, those of the royal orchestra, of the Cathedral choir, (Dom-chor), the Sing-Akademie and the Sternsche Verein occur, in regular series, every year. Besides these there are Quartet, Trio, and miscellaneous classical Soirées by eminent artists, mostly in series of three or more, not to mention occasional concerts of the most attractive kind. These are the expensive aristocratic entertainments; but in addition to these, every day of the week brings one, if not two cheap concerts, at 5 Silbergroschen (or by subscription 3) a ticket, held in the various "*Locale*," i.e. halls attached to coffee gardens where the same entertainments are held in summer. The best of these are those of Liebig, well-known to Americans who have ever been in Berlin. But he has a worthy follower in Oertling, whose orchestra plays nearly as well as Liebig's, and who also has established a series of cheap Quartet concerts; in which, however, there is room for improvement as far as execution is concerned. At these concerts the audience are none the less attentive because they are seated at small tables, drinking coffee or beer, and often smoking, and the ladies with their work. They are, indeed, so much frequented by ladies, that within a few years an attempt has been made to do away with the smoking, at least on some days of the week, which has been partially successful. The programmes are never poor, and often faultless; as for instance, one which I heard recently, when the pieces played were Mozart's "*Jupiter*" and Beethoven's 5th Symphony, the Overtures to *Coriolanus* and *Melusine*, and an exquisite "*Nordisches Lied*" by Schumann.

The Sternsche Verein have opened their season with "*St. Paul*," and the "*Creation*;" the Sing-Akademie with the "*Seasons*;" the Cathedral Choir, incomparably fine as ever, have given one of their regular concerts, at which nothing but sacred music, ancient and modern, is performed, and are now singing twice every afternoon in connection with the Christmas exhibition of Transparencies, which is held every year for several weeks at holiday time. This exhibition is unique of its kind. In a darkened room, a quiet, expectant audience is assembled. Sud-

denly the lights are entirely extinguished, and a heavenly music begins. At the same time a curtain opens, and an illuminated transparent painting, on some Scriptural subject, appears. The music continues while the curtain is open, and is of a character befitting the subject of the picture. The effect of the whole is indescribable. A sort of hushed awe pervades the audience; no one speaks above a whisper; there is something magic in the transparencies, and the voices of the invisible singers seem like those of angels. This year there were six paintings by resident artists: the Annunciation, the Baptism of Christ, Christ and the Samaritan woman, the Adoration of the Magi, the two Mary's at the Tomb, and Resurrection of Christ. The music was mostly modern, by Reichardt, Taubert, Nicolai, Naumann, and Reissiger; the only exception, and the pearl of the whole, was a composition by an unknown composer of the 15th century: "*Alla trinità beata*," &c., a work of strange beauty and simple grandeur. The Cathedral choir can still be heard every Sunday at the regular service in the Cathedral or "*Dome*;" and on high festivals, as well as at the liturgic service on the eve of every holiday, their singing is peculiarly impressive. They were called, not long ago, to mourn the loss of Dr. Neithardt, their leader and instructor for many years; but as yet no had effect of his absence is discernible in their singing.

I regret not to be able to speak as favorably of the Opera here in Berlin as of concerts. That institution is in a very indifferent state. A few stars serve to attract audiences; but when they are announced, it is almost impossible to get tickets at ordinary prices, on account of the impudence of the ticket speculators, who buy them up, and sell them at enormous premiums. In this way the residents of Berlin, with the exception of the wealthy Jews, are kept away, and the audiences are composed mostly of these same Jews and strangers, with whom it is a point of honor to have heard an opera in Berlin. The forces of the opera are very unequally balanced, there being, for instance, three superior sopranos, with two or three good ones, but no mezzo-soprano or alto worth speaking of, and, shame to say, no tenor of peculiar merit. This "*Tenor calamity*," as a Berlin daily calls it, has lasted for some time, and various attempts have been made to end it, but without success. Theodore Formes's voice has lost sadly with time, it being twelve or thirteen years since he was engaged for this stage. A short time ago it was thought that the *rara avis* had been hit upon, and a gentleman named Woworski was engaged, but only to raise vain regrets for overhastiness. It is curious that one of the best of the tenors employed here is said to be an American by the name of Adams, who was formerly connected with some minstrel troupe at home. The basses are not much better represented: Krause, Fricke, and Salomon, are all old stand-bys. The first is decidedly the best, and a real artist, with a fine voice. Of the sopranos, Lucca is decidedly the favorite. Owing to the difficulties above mentioned, I have not yet heard her, nor De Ahna, nor Harriers-Wippert, whom the best judges place in the same rank with, if not above her. The "*Marriage of Figaro*," in which the three appear together, is called the best-performed opera now on this stage, and I hope in a further letter to give you an account of it. So also of Gluck's *Orpheus*, in which Wagner-Jachmann still appears occasionally, the title-part being the only role to which her voice is still equal.

Altogether, my next letter will treat more of particulars; in the present one I wished to give your readers a general idea of what is done for music in this capital, and as more details would lead me too far on this occasion, I reserve them for another time.

M.

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 28.—Mr. GOTTSCHALK has been crowding Concert Hall with his "*Concerts d'Adieu*," of which there have been three,—in which we

may fancy the amiable, but lackadaisical pianist emulating the love-lorn Romeo in his protracted parting from the indulgent Juliet:—

"Good night! good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,  
"That I could say good night! till it be morrow!"

It was my misfortune to be present at one of these painful leave-takings, and I rejoice to note that "the great American pianist" seemed to be in no wise melancholy or depressed. I presume the grief of the parting hour was greatly assuaged by the prospect of the pecuniary benefit following the presence of large audiences. Yet the triumph of a resolute mind was never more completely manifested than by the serenity and cheerfulness, withal, with which the illustrious artist contemplated the separation from his dear public.

It is, indeed, somewhat strange that people will deplete their resources to the extent of One Dollar *per capita*, for the sake of hearing "*Faust*" on five grand pianos, when one can hear it any day of the seven, on twenty-five, with the additional pleasure of having the *tempo* varied according to individual caprice by each performer, and on instruments of the most diverse qualities and pitch.

Mr. Gottschalk's concerts are not, it must be owned, rendered additionally attractive by the presence and assistance of either Miss Lucy Simons, or Mr. Muzio. The lady has a voice rather inferior in quality to that of the fine Chickering piano which is half the pleasure of the pianist's performance;—and Mr. Muzio, competent as he may be as an *entrepreneur*, plays accompaniments as wretchedly as I suppose is possible. He is the very worst of that class of musicians that I have ever heard. Really, there is truth in that oft quoted bit of Brillat-Savarin's pleasantries, that a pianist can be made, but accompanists are only born.

To refer to something attended with more grateful reminiscences:—the second of the WOLFSOHN and THOMAS series of Classical Concerts was given on Saturday evening, Jan. 21, at the Foyer of the Academy. The programme was the following.

- Trio—(D minor, op. 62.) Piano and Strings. Schumann.  
Messrs. Wolfsohn, Thomas and Ahrend.  
1. Andante and variations for Piano and Cello, Mendelssohn.  
Messrs. Wolfsohn and Ahrend.  
2. Ballade—(G minor, op. 23.) ..... Chopin.  
Carl Wolfsohn.  
Quartet—(F major, No. 1.) ..... Beethoven.  
Messrs. Thomas, Roggenburger, Kammerer and Ahrend.

The Schumann trio, undoubtedly one of the most enduring monuments of the composer's genius, was very finely performed. Naturally enough, it did not excite a great deal of enthusiasm in the audience, select though it was,—a hundred and odd people having braved a terrible storm to be present. It was its first production, I think, in this city; of course it did not receive the welcome it deserved, although the discriminating few who know Schumann were enraptured with the many beauties that were made manifest through the superior playing of Messrs. Thomas and Ahrend. Mr. Thomas was unable to perform the Tartini Sonata, which was advertised, in consequence of a recent injury to his hand, and the exquisite Duo of Mendelssohn was substituted.

The Chopin *Ballade* in G minor, although a work replete with beauties, is not, to my fancy, one of his best efforts; why Mr. Wolfsohn should have selected it, I can scarcely imagine, especially when there are others of his works to which many of us are entire strangers, and which it would have afforded greater delight to hear.

All present agree that such perfect quartet playing had never been heard as delighted us in the Beethoven String Quartet. The Adagio, in the hands of four such artists, was a revelation even to many who had thought themselves familiar with its many beauties.

At the 11th Matinée of the Philadelphia Quintette Club, Jan. 25, the following programme was presented:—

- Quartet, op. 76, in C.....Haydn.  
Messrs Gaertner, Jarvis, Cross and Schmits.  
Sonata, C major, op. 58.....Beethoven.  
Mr. Jarvis.  
Quartet, C major.....Mozart.  
Messrs. Gaertner, Jarvis, Cross, Plagemann, and Schmits.

I was present and particularly delighted with the conscientious rendering of the Beethoven Sonata, by Mr. JARVIS. I hope to find it in the programme soon again. If Mr. GAERTNER could for once relieve himself of that habitual nervous irritability which seems so often to possess him in his climaxes, and which too often sadly mars the beauty of his performances, and endeavor to be more like those, "who, moving others, are themselves as stone," the distance between him and the summit of perfection would for once be greatly abridged.

Mr. ISAAC L. RICE, the youthful pianist, whose hopeful debut, some two years since, was noticed with commendation in your columns, gave a concert, on the evening of Jan. 26, which proved to be a very pleasant affair. I add the programme:—

1. Duo—Sonata in B, op. 45, Piano and Violoncello.  
Messrs. I. L. Rice and Theodore Ahrend.  
Mendelssohn.
2. Song—Romanza, "Va, dit elle."—Robert le Diable.  
Meyerbeer.  
Miss Henriette Behrens.
3. Violoncello Solo.—Fantasia—Lucia.....Platti.  
Mr. Theodore Ahrend.
4. Piano Solo—Rigoletto—Paraphrase of Concert...Liszt.  
I. L. Rice.
1. Violin Solo—7<sup>me</sup> leme Air varié.....Beriot.  
Mr. A. Roggenburger.
2. Song—Serenade, [first time.].....Behrens.  
Poetry by Marie de Marguerittes.  
Mrs. Henriette Behrens.
3. Piano Solo—Scherzo in B flat minor.....Chopin.  
I. L. Rice.
4. Song—Valse de Concert—"L'Ardite,".....Arditi.  
Mrs. Henriette Behrens.
5. Piano Solo,—{a. Au Bord du Ruissseau.....Gutmann.  
b. Redowa de Concert.....Wolfssohn.  
I. L. Rice.

To succeed in attaining the perfection necessary to a correct performance of such music as the Mendelssohn Sonata, and the Chopin Scherzo,—by which I choose rather to rate Master Rice's ability, than by the less exacting "Rigoletto" Fantasia—is creditable to the young artist's industry, and, unquestionably, indicative of talent. Should he continue to progress in the future in proportion to his past advancement in the mastery of the instrument, and a true idea of art, his friends may, I think, confidently anticipate for him no mean position in the ranks of our native virtuosos.

#### MERCUTIO.

CINCINNATI, JAN. 27.—Our three choral societies have been very active this winter. What we lack, is a good orchestra. We have the materials for it; but we have here every evening such a crowd of shows and popular amusements, and our musicians are thereby so much engaged and divided up in their respective little bands, that it is impossible to unite the best of them, to form an orchestra of a higher order, and to find the time for proper rehearsals. Notwithstanding this difficulty, our active leader, Mr. BARUS, has managed with his German Society, "the Maennerchor," to get up another short season of German Opera, and to have a pretty good orchestra to accompany them. This year they have given us *Masaniello*, *Stradella*, and *La Dame Blanche*. As professional assistance they had Madame Rotter, of the New York German Opera, who made a very agreeable impression as a careful and expressive singer and a good actress. The performances have been quite pleasing, and certainly very creditable for amateurs. As in former years, they excelled principally in the choruses.

Our American choral society, the "Harmonic," Mr. Barus leader, gave a largely attended concert a week ago with a chorus of about 80, and about 30 in the orchestra, when they performed the first part of the "Messiah" and the "Song of the Bell." The performance was good, but might have been improved by a little energy and more attention to light and shadow. The chorus sounded full and well balanced; the Society is very flourishing.

The German "Cecilia Society," who are in their ninth season, gave us some very interesting compositions at their concert last night; viz: the "New

Year's song" by Schumann, "Spring's Message, by Gade, and the Finale from the unfinished opera "Lurline" by Mendelssohn. The chorus numbered 40, and was accompanied by a Steinway Grand piano; but the singers are so well drilled by their new leader, Mr. Andres, and the piano was played so finely and with so much force and expression by him, that the result was a very artistic and highly enjoyable performance. May we have many more such concerts, with a truly fine programme and a skilful rendering of it.

In a week we shall have the New York German Opera with us.

X.

CINCINNATI, JAN. 16. The second "Concert de Salon" of Messrs. KUNKEL and HAHN came off on the 12th inst., and was attended by a highly appreciative audience. It is really gratifying to see the marked attention of the listeners throughout, and the very enthusiastic reception of each piece. It speaks well, not only for the performers, but for the decidedly growing musical taste of our "Western Village."

Mr. Hahn is fast gaining favor as a vigorous and correct performer. With an even tone, graceful and easy bowing, well marked staccato, and a tasteful discrimination, he renders anything which he undertakes in a masterly and impressive style.

The *Nocturne*, Op. 38, of Chopin, and "*La Truite*," op. 38, of Heller, were finely performed by Jacob Kunkel, pupil of his talented brother, Chas. Kunkel. This *Nocturne* is without doubt one of the finest inspirations of Chopin, and was handled with that delicacy and spirit which showed the careful and appreciative study of the performer. In the Transcription by Heller he developed great clearness of execution. The triplets in the right hand were perfectly distinct, and pearl-like throughout; his improvement has been very marked and rapid.

The artistic inspiration with which Charles Kunkel played the *Nocturne* of Schumann, and "*Auf Flügeln Des Gesanges*," by Heller, rendered them the gems of the evening. Schumann's noble *Nocturne*, with its rich harmony, and Heller's exquisite *Improvisata*, which Mr. Kunkel had the kindness to give us complete, with the beautiful middle part in C minor (as published by O. Ditson & Co.) were faultless in the rendering. In fact, in the West, Mr. K. has no superiors, and very few equals as a pianist.

G.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 4, 1865.

### Concerts.

As our review must be brief, we begin with the long neglected, and, looking over the programmes of two months and more, endeavor to bring down to the present time our

GREAT ORGAN RECORD. Since the last Saturday in November we have not reported, inasmuch as things were going on in pretty much the same way as during the whole summer and autumn, while other and newer musical doings claimed precedence. The Wednesday and Saturday "noonings" and the somewhat graver Sunday evening concerts have been uninterruptedly kept up; the audiences small, to be sure, but often numbering two or three hundred people, mostly visitors drawn by enthusiasm or curiosity to see and listen for the first time to the wondrous instrument. Each time you see for the most part new faces; and it is pleasant to observe the rapt attention and radiant expression. Properly speaking, there have not been many real organ concerts, concerts of organ music; for the noonday performances are mainly convenient opportunities for seeing and hearing the Organ

as such, (although the Sunday evening concerts serve to some extent a more purely musical purpose). There has been a great deal of light and pretty and showy music, of course; more of transcriptions, orchestral imitations, Vox Humana and other solo exhibitions, fantastic variations, vague improvisations, than of strictly organ compositions; more of Harlequin than of Bach. And yet, considering the circumstances, it is remarkable how much the name of Bach has figured on the programmes,—almost always once, on Sundays twice or thrice—and how many times several of his grandest pieces have been played. Naturally, too, there has been a great deal of repetition; each organist has settled into a certain round of pieces, which he can feel sure of doing well, and which he has "tried on" so often that he knows that they will please; yet one or two are more adventurous and use the "noonings" also for explorations into fresh fields, for readings of hitherto untried compositions, thus enlarging the repertoire, sometimes with valuable accessions.

Of the organ concerts, in a general way, we have only a note or two more to make. In the first place, it is remarkable in what perfect tune and working order, the most complicated instrument has been kept through all the variations of weather; the like has never before been known, we suspect, of organs in this country; we can only remember one or two days, of sudden and extreme cold, when one or two stops were out (in the wrong sense). The limited supply of Cochituate power, too, while the lake ran low, not only threw the organist out of practice, but may have at times balked somewhat his intentions in the public concert.—Again, it is undoubtedly an accident, and yet remarkable, that among so many organists, this great organ has never once been played upon by a German (!)—although Germans built it, a German keeps it in tune, true organ music is mostly German music, and in all our cities the Germans make most of the good music for us. The organists who have sprung up at the call of the Great Organ are nearly all Americans; the exceptions English.—Still more remarkable is it, that Mr. PAINE, our organist *par excellence*, at least when we speak of the great school of Bach, has not once been called upon to play during the last three months or more.—And now for our very brief review.

Mr. LANG, in the two months past, has taken his turn six times. Of Bach, he has played a Prelude and Fugue in C; a sweet and naive *Pastorale* in F; the deep, majestic *Grave* for full organ from the *Fantasia* in G; a Prelude and Fugue in E flat from the *Well-tempered Clavichord* (twice), and the Allegro from a Concerto in G. From Schumann, twice more the Fugue on B, A, C, H.—Mendelssohn: the third Sonata again, and the Allegro of the first Sonata.—Rinck's Flute Concerto, twice.—He has eschewed the French Offertoires, but has dealt largely in transcriptions, to-wit: Overtures to *Dinorah* (twice), *Egmont*, *Freyshütz*, "Midsummer Night's Dream;" also Wedding March and Nocturne from the last; March from "Eli," &c.—The Quartet from *Fidelio*, Beethoven's *Hallelujah*; Dresel's "Slumber Song," and a Danish melody figure among his always graceful and effective arrangements. Of his improvisations, too, we might recall pleasant things, if memory served.

Mrs. FROMOCK has played seven times. Bach: Toccata in F, and a new one, less interesting, running a long way in unison, in C; Fugues, the great one in G minor (twice), the smaller one in the same

key, and one in G major. Mendelssohn; 4th Sonata; 1st do, in F minor, twice; Prelude and Fugue three times. A curious, dry old Fugue in G by Zachan, Handel's master; a fine Adagio in A flat by Fischer; Schellenberg's Fantasia on "Ein feste Burg;" Kullak's *Pastorale*; Rinck's variations on an air by old Corelli (twice); a Battiste *Offertoire*; Variations on a Russian Hymn, and Concert Fantasia in F minor, by Freyer:—thus much of organ music. Her transcriptions have included Handel's chorus: "He led them," &c.; Andante (with var.) from 7th Symphony, and an Adagio, by Haydn; a splendid and exuberant Fantasia (orchestral) by Mozart (three times), and a *Jesu bone pastor* in the lighter style of his masses; a pleasing *Pastorale* (three times) from Beethoven's "Men of Prometheus;" an Allegretto by Schumann; a Franz song and an *Idylle* by Lysberg for the Vox Humana; Overtures to *Oberon* and *Tell*; Wedding March; Beethoven's Turkish March; and the Andantes to his first and fifth Symphonies. Mrs. F. is one of the most earnest, most technically skilled, intelligent, most enterprising in the enriching of her repertoire, and least condescending to clatter, of all the organists.

Mr. THAYER, six times. Bach: Toccata in D minor, twice; smaller Fugue in G minor, twice; grand Prelude in B minor, truly grand; Trio Sonata in E flat, twice; *La Musette* (new) twice. Handel's *Pasacaglia* again (three times over) has been one of the most rewarding of Mr. T's explorations. Mendelssohn: 2nd and 3rd Sonatas (twice each); Fantasia in D minor. Schumann: Prelude in C, and Canon in C, from op. 56, for pedal piano (new). An *Offertoire* by Battiste; a *Pastorale* (new) by Kullak. The name of Thayer has appeared more often than any other; his three secular *Offertoires* (for Vox Humana, for bassoon, and *de Concert*) have had another turn each; his Variations on the "American Hymn" also, thrice; a Sonata in F, and a Canzonetta from another; and two quite popular little fancies, which he calls "Reverie of Home" and "Idylle of the Rose." In the shape of transcriptions, we have had from him: slow movements from the 2nd, 5th and 7th Beethoven Symphonies, and a "Marche Religieuse" by Beethoven, which we did not hear and can but guess what work was meant; Overtures to *Semiramide*, *Tell*, *Dame Ilanche*, and (Heaven save the mark!) Balfe's "Bohemian Girl"; Wedding March from the *Huguenots*; *Incarnatus* from Mozart's 12th Mass, &c. Mr. T. is as enterprising and as popular as ever; but popularity is a much greater danger to a young artist than the want of it.

Mr. G. E. WHITING (just transplanted from Albany to King's Chapel in this city) has played thrice. Two good Bach fugues, in G minor and E minor; the 1st Sonata by Mendelssohn; Fantasia and Fugue in A flat, by Brosig; Wely's *Offertoire* in G, and a Fantasia by his master, Best, of Liverpool, for organ compositions. Transcribed overtures (*Oberon*, *Preciosa*, *Tell*); the Larghetto from Mozart's Quintet, op. 18 (twice); Andante of Beethoven's 1st Symphony; Minuet from "Samson;" Chorus: "Be not afraid," from *Elijah*; Weber's "Mermaid Song" (on Vox Hum.); part of a Vesper Service by Donizetti, and an air from his *Don Sebastian*, for the rest. Mr. W. has a very clear, firm, ready mastery of the instrument; we have had to miss most of his concerts, and have not yet heard him enough to fully judge of his tone as a musician.

Mr. WILCOX has played once. Programme: *Credo*, *Et incarnatus*, and *Et vitam*, from Haydn's 1st Mass; Andante, Beethoven's 1st Symphony; *Offertoire*, Battiste; Andante, Wely; Improvisation; *Kyrie*, Haydn; Fugue in D minor, Wely.

The only new addition to the list of organists has been Mr. JAMES PEARCE, Cathedral Organist at Quebec, a well-trained, intelligent, modest, manly young English musician, whose two performances (Dec. 31st and Jan. 1st) made a particularly good impression, so much so that we hope he will repeat

the visit. His clear, firm, easy handling of the Organ, after only a couple of days acquaintance with it; his tasteful and ready selection of stops, through a large range of combinations; his precision of touch, well outlined phrasing, and unswerving tempo, quite surprised us. And there was no nonsense about it. His programmes covered a wide range. That of Saturday: Prelude and Fugue in E flat, by Bach; Schubert's *Ave Maria*, Haydn's motet: *Insane et vana caræ*; Mendelssohn's 4th Sonata; Barcarole, transcribed from Bennett's 4th piano Concerto; a part-song: "The last night in the year," by young Arthur Sullivan; and a chorus: "Fixed in his everlasting seat," by Handel. On Sunday evening: March from *Athalie*; German Choral, varied by Rinck; *Agnus Dei*, from Mozart's 1st Mass; *Kyrie*, from Haydn's 2nd; Andante (varied), Beethoven; Allegro, by Rinck; Bennett's Barcarole again; Aria, "Battle Prayer," by Himmel; Prelude by E. J. Hopkins (of Temple Church, London), and Chorus: "Sing unto God," Handel.

ORCHESTRAL UNION. The audience and the interest at the Wednesday Afternoon Concerts keeps increasing. The second, last week, offered Stern-dale Bennett's best work, the "Naiads" overture; a Strauss waltz; Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; Schubert's "Serenade" (with solos for 'cello, oboe and cornet, by WULF FRIES, RIBAS and ARBUCKLE); Chopin's *Marcia funebre*, arranged for orchestra, which we should have been curious to hear; a caprice *heroique* by Kotsky, called "The rousing of the Lion," which must have been very terrible.

The third concert was equally interesting, and particularly good in execution. The Overture seemed shy of answering to its name; one printed bill said Rossini's "Siege of Corinth;" another, "Fra Diavolo;" but the first burst of the *tutti* revealed our old friend "Die Felsenmühle," by Reissiger. The Strauss waltz was a new one, "Carnivals Botschafter" (Carnival messages), quite original, piquant and luscious; the mysteriously solemn introduction (cloud out of which the auroral streamers spring) very clever. Mozart's exquisite Symphony in E flat, with its profoundly beautiful Andante and captivating Minuet and Trio, followed, and held the audience in silent delight. The rendering was good, but might still be refined upon to the last degree of light and shade and fine nervous accent. The Finale to the last act of *Der Freyschütz*, richly and broadly instrumented, was quite effective. The Concert concluded with Schubert's "Elogy of Tears" (arranged), and a Gallop (new) by Somerlatt.

DR. S. P. TUCKERMAN'S Concert of Sacred Music, on Sunday evening, Jan. 22, was eminently successful. The programme was largely made up of the same materials as his concerts at St. Paul's church in past years. The pieces were all good, or historically curious; but, short as they were most of them, there were too many (23 numbers in all), and not all so well related to each other as to prevent the impression of a medley, which is always more or less wearisome. For instance, the two organ solos by Mr. WHITING, introduced in the middle of the concert, between the *Miserere* and "The Lord is a man of war," sounded apropos to nothing: the first (Prelude in G, by Mendelssohn) startled by harsh contrast of stops, while the second, the jubilant March finale from the C minor Symphony, had no possible connection with it, or with the tone of the whole concert, as truly set by Dr. Tuckerman's chaste opening voluntary.

The most impressive things of the evening were the Chorals: that from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," that by Bach ("Jesu, king of glory") in four and five parts, and "Ein feste Burg" in unison, with organ accompaniment, at the end of the concert. The Anthem by Mendelssohn, opening with the Choral, "In deep distress I cry to Thee," followed by Soprano solo, sweetly and purely sung by Mrs. GILBERT, and closing with Quartet; the Terzetto for female

voices, two on each part, also by Mendelssohn; the *Benedictus* (Quartet) from Haydn's 15th Mass, were all interesting.

Part II. and the first number of Part III. consisted of curious specimens of ancient church music: from St. Ambrose, Guido Aretinus, Palestrina; an anthem by Dr. Croft (17th century), in which a bass solo was bravely rendered by Mr. WHITNEY; and Allegri's *Miserere*, with responsive choirs, one outside of the Hall, which must have given some faint notion of its peculiar effect in the Pope's chapel.

Bravely sung, too, was the duet from *Israel in Egypt*: "The Lord is a man of war," by the strong bass voices of Mr. POWERS and Mr. WHITNEY. Other capital solos, both in voice, style and feeling, were the *Ave Maria* of Franz, by Mrs. SMITH, soprano, and "O rest in the Lord," by Miss ANNIE L. CARY, contralto. The anthem by Farrant, the *Benedictus* from Weber's Mass in G (Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Shattuck, Mr. —, and Mr. Powers), and Dr. Tuckerman's beautiful Quartet for female voices: "Their sun shall no more go down," were all finely rendered. The Angel Trio from "Elijah" by the three boys from the Church of the Advent, had the charm of fresh, pure, penetrating voices, and of good ensemble, though it was taken too fast, and lacked the soul and feeling of women's voices; there is a crudity, after all, about the best of boy singing, which is less offensive, however, where they are massed in chorus. It pleased the multitude, of course, and had to be repeated.

MR. HERMANN DAUM'S Concert was a "Benefit" indeed. The great assemblage at the Music Hall, last Saturday evening, showed the esteem and sympathy in which the young artist is held. The concert musically was of a high character, for so miscellaneous a programme resulting from the eagerness of so many brother artists to testify their good will. Mr. J. K. PAINE (his first public appearance for a long time) opened it with a noble organ Prelude in E flat, by Bach, played in a noble manner, and not unappreciated. Other good things and good people followed, more than we now have room to notice.

ITALIAN OPERA.—The season at the Boston Theatre came to an end on Wednesday afternoon, three extra performances (*Faust*, *Norma*, and *Martha*), having been added to the four weeks. Since our last record it has offered nothing new, except a new soprano, Mrs. JENNIE VAN ZANDT, of New York, in *Lucia*, of whom report speaks well. *Ernani* has been given twice in a very spirited, intense, loud style, to the delight of a loud audience; Sig. MACCAFERRI, as Ernani, made up in energy and gesture what he lacks in sweet or agreeable quality of voice; and all went with him, loud and harsh, in the famous ensembles; in truth it seemed to us not only a "spirited," but a tearing performance; it was the Verdi style of singing run mad. But it is peculiar to Italian Opera audiences, to be carried away by anything that is physically intense and strong; they love whatever is done much, as A. Ward would say, whether it be done well or not. Let the baritone spread his arms, and rush to the footlights, roaring out a long loud note, the basso receiving him in like style, and Oh! how happy the burly "gents" are who haunt the opera lobbies, just as they haunt the door-steps of hotels! how the house comes down! But do not think that we deny all merit in that performance of *Ernani*.

CAROZZI'S *Norma* was superior, chiefly in the intenser tragical parts, such as the denunciatory passages and Trio of the second act. There it rose to tragedy-queen dignity and fire. Her singing of *Casta Diva* lacked fineness, sweetness, and was full of tremolo. MORENSI'S Adalgisa was excellent; so was MASSIMILIANI'S Pollio. Altogether we prefer this troupe, as we do most Italian operas of late, in their lighter and more natural pieces, those in which Miss KELLOGG finds her best parts, as *Linda*, *La Figlia*, *Sonnambula*, and above all (as the best success of this time), *Fra Diavolo*. Most of the tragedy of recent Italian opera, like most of the serious plays in the theatres, tries to make physical intensity pass for passion, startling sensation for wholesome quickening of heart and brain, sentimentalism for sentiment, and lacks the genial element.

Our New York "Regular" fails us again, and so New York does not report herself; but she has "five new musical journals" of her own.

Do not forget the Choral Festival in Music Hall on Tuesday, nor Master COKER'S Concert on Wednesday, evening. Nor the Quintette Club on the 14th.

**A MUSICAL CONSERVATOIRE IN RHODE ISLAND.**—We find the following in the Providence *Daily Post*, under the head of a "Proposal for a Musical Conservatory at Elmwood :"

"Prof. EBEN TOURJEE, the accomplished head of the Musical Institute, connected with the Providence Conference Seminary at East Greenwich, proposes the establishment of a musical college or conservatory at Elmwood. His plan is the formation of an association or corporation with a capital of \$100,000, and the purchase of a section of land at Elmwood, with the erection thereon of suitable buildings, to be furnished with the necessary furniture and instruments, said buildings and movable property to be leased to him for a term of years, at a rent equivalent to eight per cent. per annum on the amount expended.

Mr. Tourjee brings to the enterprise, as his contribution towards his carrying out the plan, an experience of fifteen years as a successful teacher, an extensive acquaintance with the musical men of the country, and the benefits derived from a tour in Europe, embracing visits to the principal cities and towns, and an investigation into the different methods of instruction pursued in all the principal conservatories and musical schools. This plan has the warm sympathy and approval of our most eminent clergymen, musical men and public educators."

**HARTFORD, CONN.** Here is a record of musical performances in Hartford and vicinity during the month of January.—The Meriden Musical Association, numbering one hundred voices, gave a fine performance of Haydn's "Creation," under the direction of Mr. J. G. Barnett, of Hartford, with Mr. C. J. Preston, Mr. Sumner Smith and Mr. Geo. E. Aiken for the solos.

"A concert by the singers of Hartford, for the benefit of the poor. Haydn's 3d Mass, Beethoven's 5th Symphony, and "William Tell" Overture, with two classical songs, resulted in a crowded house, and \$600 in the poor box.

"A Chamber Concert in the Seminary, at which were performed Spohr's Nonet, Schumann's Octet and other classical gems. In West Hartford, an exhibition of a new and beautiful organ, built by Johnson of Westfield; several of the best of the Hartford singers had the benefit of a fine sleigh ride and sumptuous supper, prepared for them by the good people of West Hartford; in return, they paid them by some delightful notes, manufactured by Mendelssohn, Spohr, Handel, Himmel, Rossini, J. G. Barnett and others. Mr. Barnett presided at the organ, and his long experience as a musician and organist enabled him to bring out all that was grand and beautiful in the instrument.

"A Grand Promenade Concert and Donation Supper, for the purpose of aiding in the establishing of a Soldiers' Home for disabled and invalid soldiers, comes off Friday night; it will be a great success.

"The Beethoven Society, under the direction of Mr. J. G. Barnett, will also perform the "Creation" for the same special object in the course of a few weeks.

"Another new \$2000 organ will be exhibited by Mr. J. G. Barnett at West Winsted, on Friday evening. The organ is built by Johnson of Westfield, and is said to be a very perfect instrument. A quintet of the best voices of Hartford, will perform some fine selections from the "Creation," "Messiah," "Fall of Babylon," and other classical works.

"In Rockville, also, there is a very fine organ now being put up by the above named builder.

"The instrumental portion of all the above named concerts came, with two exceptions, from Boston, and consisted of the Quintet Club, a part of the Germania Band and others. No performance is now satisfactory unless the above named skilful and long tried musicians form a part of the programme.

There have also been Masonic and Burns Festivals, at which music has been a great and interesting feature of the entertainment."

**NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE MUSICAL CONVENTION.**—Such is the title of the gathering which took place at Concord in the first week of January. One who "assisted" sends us the following account:

This Convention held its first session last year, in response to a call from Messrs. J. H. Morey and B. B. Davis, teachers of music, of Concord, for the singers in different parts of the State to meet together for one week, for the purpose of mutual improvement. Mr. L. O. Emerson was engaged as conductor, and the experiment was successful beyond the most sanguine expectations, 750 singers being present.

The session of this year was organized Monday, Jan. 2, in Eagle Hall, a large number of singers being present. Mr. L. O. Emerson was again conductor.

On Tuesday the numbers rapidly increased until Eagle Hall was nearly filled with singers, and by Wednesday the number had reached one thousand—the largest gathering of singers ever convened in New England, outside of Boston.

A part of each day was occupied in the practice of church music from the "Harp of Judah;" an hour for the practice of songs, quartets, piano-forte solos, &c.; an hour for remarks from different members of the convention on musical topics; and the remainder of the time in the practice of choruses from the *Messiah*, *Creation* and *Elijah*.

Mr. Emerson conducted the various exercises with evident satisfaction to the singers, and much credit to himself. He is especially happy in his manner of rendering church music, much attention being given to the sentiment of the words. We were somewhat surprised to hear so many good voices, and find so many good leaders in such a miscellaneous crowd. The oratorio choruses were taken up with as much readiness as our Boston chorus societies would take music with which they were not fully acquainted. Public concerts were given on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings. Among those taking prominent parts we remember the names of Miss Anna Granger, of New York (formerly of Boston), Mrs. Wadleigh, Miss Theresa Davis, Messrs. W. Perkins and H. E. Holt, of Boston; Miss Jenny M. Keyes, of Hartland, Vt.; Mr. E. P. Phillips, of St. Albans, Vt.; Mr. James Whitney, of St. Johnsbury, Vt.; and Mr. A. N. Whitney, of Derby Line, Vt. Among those from New Hampshire, whom we recollect as worthy of mention, are Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard, the talented pianist, of Holderness; Miss Kate Wood, of Concord; Miss White, of New London; Mr. C. C. Gibson, an excellent violinist, of Herkimer; and the "Arion Glee Club," of Nashua, consisting of Messrs. C. N. Merrill, N. O. Prescott, A. B. Dodge, and V. B. Watson.

On Thursday evening a series of resolutions, highly complimentary to the conductor and the managers of the convention, and to the citizens of Concord, were unanimously adopted. On Friday morning a very pleasant episode occurred. Mr. Emerson dropped his baton, and Mr. J. H. Morey, who was presiding at one of Chickering's Grands, asked Mrs. Shepard, who was sitting on the other end of the stage at another Chickering Grand, to come forward, as he wished to speak to her. She did so, entirely unconscious of what was about to occur, when Mr. Morey, in behalf of the convention, presented her with a handsome solid silver tea-caster, as a slight token of their appreciation of her valuable services as pianist. This was well merited, as Mrs. S. had been at her post early and late, and exhibited an amount of skill, energy and strength which not many ladies possess. Many of your Boston readers remember the performances of this lady—Miss Martha Dana—at the Temple (about two years since, if we recollect rightly).

The closing concert, Friday evening, passed off to the satisfaction of all, and the convention adjourned to meet again the first week in Jan. 1866. Saturday morning there was an informal meeting at Eagle Hall, to exchange congratulations, say "good bye," and express the hope that all may meet again next year. Much praise is due to Messrs. Morey, Davis, Jackman and others for the successful management of the enterprise, and to the citizens of Concord for their hospitality. An announcement was made in our daily papers that the convention would make an excursion to Boston and give a concert in the Music Hall. It is to be regretted that they did not do so, as they would have been sure of a full house. As it was, five or six hundred people sought admittance to the hall at the appointed hour, although notice had been given of its postponement. It is due to the managers of the convention to say that no blame can attach to them, as the arrangements were made in good faith; but the members voted, at a late hour, that they thought it best to remain and continue the regular exercises.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

On guard to-night, or The Soldier's dream. Song with Chorus. *W. O. Fiske.* 30

This is one of a series of "Songs of Home" by the same author. The words were written by one of our soldiers, who was killed in the battle of the Wilderness, and are very good.

Won't you tell me why, Robin? Song. *Claribel.* 30

A very pretty and plaintive song, and is commended, especially, to any young lady who is having a "miff" with her lover. Sing it. It is just the thing to bring him round!

A welcome home to thee, my boy! Song.

*J. Harrison.* 30

A hearty home welcome to the returned son and brother, who left, a boy, and returns, "a stately man." The chorus may be added, or not, at pleasure.

At last I've found some one to love me. Song with Chorus. *C. Blamphin.* 30

A pleasing ballad with a good sentiment.

Jolly old Pedagogue. Song. *E. Bruce.* 30

Mr. Bruce here sets to music the capital poem of the old schoolmaster, who was so fond of looking on the bright side of things, and who, a poor man, was exceeding rich in love and cheerfulness. It will do you good to sing the song.

Pompey Jones. Song and dance. *F. Wilder.* 30

A lively "colored" song with a merry dance at the end.

#### Instrumental.

Carnaval's Botschaft Waltzes. *Strauss.* 60

A set of brilliant waltzes, in Strauss' well-known style.

Love me dearest, (A te, O cara). Operatic tit-bit, No. 39, from I Paritani. *C. Grobe.* 40

Good piece for learners, and contains a favorite melody.

De quella pira. My pulse with anger. Op. tit-bit, No. 40. From Il Trovatore. *C. Grobe.* 40

A companion to the above. Skillfully arranged by Grobe.

Fantasia brillante. "Masked Ball." *Leybach.* 1.00

A most admirable and showy piano piece.

Croquet Galop. With colored title. *Coots.* 75

The fascinating game of Croquet deserves, surely, music in its praise; and the composer has done the best he could, and produced a very sparkling, pretty, and easy piece, which is adorned with a fine illustration of the game.

La Muscovite Mazurka. Piano and Violin. Social pastime, No. 6. *Sep. Winner.* 30

Light and pretty.

#### Books.

**CHORAL CLASSICS.** A collection of Cantatas and Choruses, with Solos.

"Many times, choirs and musical societies are 'hungry' for new music, and yet they do not wish to buy expensive collections to supply the want. These little books contain nothing but good music. One has Mendelssohn's 'Lauda Sion,' another Mozart's 'Ave Verum,' others, 'Hymn of Praise,' 'Hear my prayer,' 'Praise of Friendship,' 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' 'Chorus of Pilgrims,' from 'Tanhauser,' 'Armida,' 'Miriam's Song' by Schubert, 'The Morning' and 'The Calm at Sea.' Cost from 30 to 50 cts each, only, and any choir can afford that.

**MUSIC BY MAIL.**—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 623.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 18, 1865.

VOL. XXIV. No. 24.

## Laus Deo!

(From the Independent, Feb. 9)

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

*On hearing the bells ring for the Constitutional Amendment abolishing Slavery in the United States.*

It is done!

Clang of bell and roar of gun  
Send the tidings up and down.  
How the belfries rock and reel,  
How the great guns, peal on peal,  
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!

Every stroke exulting tells  
Of the burial hour of crime.  
Loud and long, that all may hear,  
Ring for every listening ear  
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:

God's own voice is in that peal,  
And this spot is holy ground.  
Lord forgive us! What are we,  
That our eyes this glory see,  
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord

On the whirlwind is abroad;  
In the earthquake He has spoken;  
He has smitten with his thunder  
The iron walls asunder,  
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long

Lift the old exalting song;  
Sing with Miriam by the sea:  
He hath cast the mighty down;  
Horse and rider sink and drown;  
He hath triumphed gloriously!

Did we dare

In our agony of prayer  
Ask for more than He has done?  
When was ever his right hand  
Over any time or land  
Stretched as now beneath the sun!

How they pale,

Ancient myth, and song, and tale,  
Is this wonder of our days,  
When the cruel rod of war  
Blossoms white with righteous law,  
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!

All within and all about  
Shall a fresher life begin;  
Freer breathe the universe  
As it rolls its heavy curse  
On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!

In the circuit of the sun  
Shall the sound thereof go forth.  
It shall bid the sad rejoice,  
It shall give the dumb a voice,  
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,

Bells of joy! on morning's wing  
Send the song of praise abroad;  
With a sound of broken chains  
Tell the nation that He reigns,  
Who alone is Lord and God!

## Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

### HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND CHARACTER.

[Leypoldt, of Philadelphia, has in press the "Life of Mendelssohn," by LAMPADIUS, translated and edited by WILLIAM LEONARD GAGE, from which we are kindly permitted to make the following extract in advance of publication.]

\*\*\* He was a man rather under the ordinary stature and size, somewhat neglectful of his personal appearance, yet graceful in his walk and bearing. His head was covered with glossy black hair, curling in light locks; his forehead, as befitting the head which teemed with such a burden of thought and feeling, was high and arched; his features sharply cut, but noble. His eyes were unspeakably expressive: when they glowed with indignation, or looked at you with estrangement, too much to bear; but, in his general friendly mood, indescribably charming; his nose, noble, and inclined to the Roman type; his mouth, firm, fine, in his serious moods more than dignified, authoritative I might say, yet capable of the sweetest smile and the most winning expression. In this graceful, finely moulded form was hidden not only a royal spirit, but a most kindly heart. To speak out in a single word what was the most salient feature of his character, he was a Christian in the fullest sense. He knew and he loved the Bible as few do in our time: out of his familiarity with it grew his unshaken faith, and that profound spiritual-mindedness without which it would have been impossible for him to produce those deep-felt sacred compositions; and, besides this, the other principle of the genuine Christian life, love, was powerful in him. God had blessed him with a large measure of this world's goods; but he made a noble use of them. He carried the biblical injunction into effect, to "visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction;" and he knew that to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked is a fast acceptable to the Lord. His threshold was always besieged by the needy of all sorts, but his kindness knew no bounds; and the delicacy and consideration with which he treated the recipients of his bounty largely increased the worth of his gifts, valuable as they were, even in a merely material sense. Since he died, deed upon deed has come to light, which I am not at liberty here to relate, out of courtesy to the receiver, out of consideration to the giver, which only shows how literally he fulfilled the Saviour's injunction, not to let the left hand know what the right hand doeth.

But what is to be reckoned largely to his credit is, that, with his worldly advantages, he cherished such a love of work; that he was a man of such restless activity. Many successful workers of the German Muse have been the children of poverty, and, without the stimulus of necessity, would have always been unknown: in many a man of genius, the sad experience has been repeated, that, so soon as Fortune smiled, his genius has been soothed to easy slumbers; but Mendelssohn, born in the lap of luxury, never gave himself with easy resignation to a life of contentment with worldly comforts: he only used his wealth as a

means of giving his talents the more exclusively to his art; he did not compose in order to live, but he lived in order to compose. I must grant that this impulse to labor was the law of his nature. To be idle was for him to die. Sometimes, while his pupils in the Conservatorium were engaged on their tasks, he would execute charming little landscapes with his pen, which he used to gather up, and carry home. No little thing was able to disturb him when he composed. The place was indifferent. Sometimes, on his journeys, he would seat himself at a table as soon as he had reached an inn, and had established himself for a tarry, long or short, for dinner or for the night, "to write his notes," as he used to say. What he was to his wife and his children, despite this ceaseless activity, I need not try to tell. Enough to say, that he was the most devoted of husbands, the most affectionate of fathers. Whoever did not know him intimately, and perceive how careful he was to shield himself from over-excitement, and every kind of influence which should jar upon him, would hardly suspect that his heart was framed for friendship, and that he was a very approachable man. But the large number of his intimate correspondents; the openness with which he revealed himself to them; the hearty interest in their work and welfare; and especially the close bonds which bound him to his friends in Düsseldorf, London, and Leipzig; the rich store of communications which his friends still hold,—declare the very opposite. Of course, a man like him could not open his nature to every one who approached: this was sheerly impossible. He was in much the same position as Goethe, though with a far warmer and more communicative nature than he. But Mendelssohn carried to an almost morbid extent an unwillingness to allude to anything pertaining to himself. From principle, he almost never read what was written about himself; and he was very unwilling that anything, musical criticism excepted, should be published about him. The will of a living man must be law in such a matter as this: I trust that a desire to paint him worthily, now he has left us, would not offend his pure nature. Enthusiasm, such as greeted him so often, indeed so constantly, was not grateful to him: he had seen so much that was factitious, that he distrusted the real, excepting upon the fullest evidence that it was real. Discriminating praise, however, gratified him. That he was sometimes irritated, and out of tune, so to speak, as one may of a musical artist; that he was occasionally subject to a temporary ill-humor,—no one who knew him well, will deny: but so finely strung a nature must be exceedingly sensitive; and one who carried in his mind such a burden of thoughts might well be pardoned for neglecting other men's talk sometimes, and giving full vent to himself. His whole education and training had been such as to fit him for the most polished society. In large gatherings he was, for the most part, very much reserved; especially where he did not think it worth while to make much effort: but, if he did once break

the silence, word followed word, each weighty and comprehensive; his enunciation became very rapid; his countenance was all aflame; and, as his knowledge compassed all departments of learning, he wandered at his will over the whole domain of science and art. In circles of his nearest friends, where he felt entirely at home, and did not fear being misunderstood, he was often merry and free to the very last extent of unrestraint. Larger circles he used often to enliven with graceful contributions of his art; and the social gatherings of the Leipzig singers remember his presence with the greatest interest. Especially his four-part songs, both in the rehearsals and when they sang them at the table, gave to all the highest pleasure. At such times, Mendelssohn was the very picture of amiability, the personification of a lovely character.

A very beautiful feature in Mendelssohn is his treatment of other artists, particularly those whose direction differed widely from his own. That he should be on the kindest terms with such men as Moscheles, Rietz, and David, whose career ran in parallel course with his own, and who were, moreover, his personal friends, is not at all to be wondered at. Yet it would not seem surprising, if, with the singleness of his devotion to his profession, and the intense earnestness with which he approached music, with the exactness—and perhaps I might say, the rigid severity—of his self-discipline, he had turned away somewhat coldly from those whose life's course did not coincide with his own. Yet this was very seldom the case. In his judgments on the efforts of artists personally unknown to him, he was very careful and considerate; yet the play of his features was an excellent barometer of his feelings. The vast numbers of virtuosos whose merit lies alone in their rapid execution, he bore with great patience. He did not refuse to acknowledge this kind of skill, while often pained to the soul at the ill-treatment which great masterpieces suffered at the hands of such interpreters. But, where soul and taste were associated with the mechanical talent, he was the first to express his satisfaction, and to speak words of approbation; and to such artists he was the kindest benefactor. Some examples may show this. In January, 1840, Franz Liszt came to Leipzig, for the first time, to give concerts. By reason of the somewhat mercantile aspect of his agent's conduct, and the prominence which the latter gave to the preliminary business arrangements, together with some unwonted changes which he made in the Music Hall, the public judgment was arrayed against Liszt, even before he made his appearance. When he seated himself at the piano, he was not only not greeted with applause, but there were actually a few hisses heard. Liszt cast a defiant glance at the audience, and struck out into his finest style, fairly compelling the disaffected to forget their prejudice for the moment, and applaud. Still for this there was an unpleasant gulf between Liszt and the Leipzig musical public. The reconciliation was but momentary. In this emergency, what did Mendelssohn do? He gave Liszt a brilliant *soirée* in the hall of the Gewandhaus, to which he invited half the musical world of Leipzig; and provided not only a feast of melody fit for the gods, but a substantial banquet of earthly delicacies besides. It was a party on the grandest scale; and he and his wife played the parts of host and hostess in the

most graceful and winning style. Madame Mendelssohn, clad in a simple white dress, moved up and down among her guests like a fair visitant from heaven. The music on that brilliant occasion was equal to the demands of the hour; and it may be said without exaggeration, that perhaps Liszt never heard finer in his life. At his desire, there were given the then new "C-major Symphony" by Schubert, the Forty-second Psalm, and some passages from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul." At the close, Mendelssohn played Bach's triple-concerto with Liszt and Hiller. The manner with which the great Leipzig master comported himself towards the unwelcome stranger completely won over the musical public of the city; and, when Liszt gave his next concert, he was received and dismissed with the greatest applause.

The next instance of Mendelssohn's magnanimity occurred in 1843. In February of that year, Hector Berlioz came from Weimar to Leipzig. He knew that his own direction diverged fundamentally from that of Mendelssohn's, and feared that his reception by the latter would be rather cool. Chelard of Weimar encouraged him to write to Mendelssohn. Mendelssohn's answer was as follows: "Dear Berlioz, I thank you heartily for your pleasant letter, and am rejoiced that you still remember our old friendship in Rome. I shall never forget it in my life, and shall be glad to talk it over with you. Everything that I can do to make your stay in Leipzig agreeable to you, I shall make it equally my duty and my pleasure to do. I believe I can assure you that you will be happy here, and be satisfied with artists and the public." (Then follow some passages regarding the preliminary details of a concert.) "I charge you to come as soon as you can leave Weimar. I shall rejoice to give you my hand, and to bid you welcome to Germany. Do not laugh at my bad French, as you used to do at Rome, but remain my friend, as you were then; and I shall always be your own Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy."

Berlioz came to Leipzig during the rehearsals of the "Walpurgis Night," which appeared to him a masterpiece. He reminded Mendelssohn of their residence\* at Rome, and their experience at the Baths of Caracalla (where Berlioz had made fun of Mendelssohn's belief in immortality, retribution after death, providence, &c.); and asked him to make him a present of his director's staff, which Mendelssohn willingly gave him, only on this condition, that Berlioz should give his in return. Although, with the repeated rehearsals of the "Walpurgis Night," Mendelssohn was completely exhausted, yet he helped Berlioz to organize his own concert, and treated him, to use his own words, like a brother.

But one of the fairest honors which one great artist ever paid another was the brilliant *soirée* which Mendelssohn gave in honor of Spohr's visit to Leipzig, the 15th of June, 1846. Only

\* One evening we were exploring together the Baths of Caracalla, debating the question of the merit or demerit of human actions, and their remuneration during this life. As I replied with some enormity, I know not what, to his entirely religious and orthodox opinions, his foot slipped, and down he rolled, with many scratches and contusions, in the ruins of a very hard staircase. "Admire the divine justice," said I, helping him to rise: "It is I who blaspheme, and it is you who fall!" This impiety, accompanied with peals of laughter, appeared to him too much, it seemed; and from that time, religious discussions were always avoided."—Berlioz's *Musical Tour in Germany*.

selections from Spohr's music were given,—the overture to "Faust," an aria from "Jessonda," the violin-concerto in E minor (played by Joachim), two songs with clarinet accompaniment, and the "Consecration of the Tones." It must have been a rare pleasure to Spohr to have seen his works brought out in the perfection of the Leipzig Conservatorium, and under Mendelssohn's direction; and, to the public, it was a great delight to see these two eminent composers side by side. At the close, Spohr went into the orchestra; and, to manifest his pleasure at the manner in which his pieces had been brought out, he directed the last two movements of his symphony with all the old fire of youth.

### Beethoven and the Various Editions of his Works.

*Beethoven's Works in the Edition Published by Breitkopf & Härtel.*

BY OTTO JAHN.\*

It has, for some time past, become a custom among us to publish editions of the complete works of popular authors; friends and admirers have taken steps to collect and arrange the scattered works of deceased writers, and even some living ones have themselves been induced by the favor of the public to collect their own works. Recently, complete editions have grown to be a decided matter of fashion, and long rows of the complete works of German classics, of very varied classicality, fill the book-shelves. It is no longer an unheard-of occurrence for authors, at the outset of their literary career, to think of a collective edition of their yet unwritten books, and to publish annually three or four volumes of their complete works. It is, however, satisfactory that, in this manner, the gross amount of our literature is perfectly kept up, and rendered accessible for the enjoyment of readers, and the studies of investigators; and though, in too many cases, the practicability of such collections is based more upon a love for collecting and a pleasure in perfect sets, than on any sterling interest in the literary productions themselves, we must not find fault with the fact, for in this case, as in all matters where an important result can be attained only by the participation of the masses, we may be very well satisfied when the taste and sympathy of the public are in anywise directed to what is right and good. In what each individual conceives the common aim to consist; to what an extent he takes part inwardly in the general movement; and what lasting gain he is able to derive from such efforts are questions we may confidently leave every one to decide for himself. As a rule, however, people in Germany are far from entertaining the opinion that the public are bound to prove their interest in literature not alone by reading, but also by purchasing; that they are under certain obligations to the author with whose productions they would not like to dispense; that they only discharge those obligations by rendering him materially free and independent to pursue his labors in art; and that, by so doing, they also are working, according to a natural law, in the cause of literature, the prosperity of which is acknowledged by every one as the ornament and pride of the nation. While in England and France a man who is in easy circumstances, and makes any pretension to education, regards himself as bound in honor by that very pretension to set aside a reasonable sum in his household expenditure for literature and art, in the corresponding classes of society among ourselves, to buy books is still regarded as a most superfluous piece of luxury. The majority of the purchasing public is, consequently, composed of those who cannot well do without books as the implements of their profession, and such persons form neither the largest nor the most affluent section of the reading public.

\* Translated, (for the *London Musical World*) by J. V. Bridgeman, from the original in *Die Grenzboten*.

The position of the public with respect to the music-publishing trade is essentially different to its position towards the bookselling trade. Music is purchased beyond comparison most extensively by those who themselves play and sing, and consists, therefore, only of such as comes within the sphere of their powers of execution and of their taste. Thus the regular market depends upon the majority of half-educated amateurs, whose taste is influenced in the course it takes principally by the music master, or the performances of virtuosi. The wants of Vocal Associations and Concert-giving Societies are of a different kind. Very limited, on the other hand, is the number of thoroughly educated musicians, who purchase music with independent judgment and serious interest, in order, for pleasure or for instruction, to gain a comprehensive view or a connected knowledge of their art, either in certain special branches or on a more extended scale. Professional musicians have not always the education or the wish, and frequently not the leisure, for pursuing studies of this description. In most instances, the necessary means are wanting. Even at the present day, it is but seldom that music is made the object of really scientific, and more especially historical research, demanding a comprehensive apparatus, and consequently there is an almost total want of great collections, commenced and continued on a definite plan. With the exception of the great libraries of Berlin, Munich, and Vienna, there is, probably, scarcely a library in Germany that recognizes and fosters music as a subject entitled to a separate department of its own; even the Conservatoires and similar institutions appear not yet to have experienced the necessity of musical collections calculated for something more than the mere passing requirements of the moment. The system of supporting public libraries, a system of such moment in the case of literary enterprises of more than ordinary extent, is so seldom available for the music-trade that it can scarcely be regarded as an element to be taken into consideration. The music-trade is, therefore, immeasurably more dependent than the book-trade upon the wants of the day and all its caprices; and this affinity with the fashions explains many a peculiar phenomenon, such, for instance, as the decoration of the title-pages, to which we may generally apply the words of that modest critic who said: "It may not be in good taste, but still it is an ornament;" the custom, so unfavorable to historical research, and even to mere curiosity, of omitting the year of publication; and much more of a similar description, giving a volume of music the look of a book of fashions. Though certainly arising in the first place from the fact that, on account of its having to be engraved, music costs more to print, in proportion to the average sale, than books cost, the high price of music is connected with the above considerations. It results from the constitution of the public that large editions constitute rare exceptions in the music-trade, and that those works that do not go off at all or in only small numbers bears a larger proportion to those which find a sale than is the case in the book-trade. A popular work has, therefore, to make up for the losses occasioned by a number of works which have not proved successful, and it need not be remarked that works which are good in a business sense are not always so in an artistic one. A piratical publisher can, for this reason, easily sell at low prices, as he pays the author nothing, and prints only what his experience tells him has a large sale without his being obliged to purchase that experience by ventures which do not cover the expense of production. The high price is connected, likewise, with the exorbitantly heavy discount usually allowed to the retail houses; but it also results, at least partially, from the peculiar position occupied by the public of musical amateurs. As an almost general rule, the music-masters undertake to be the agents between the music-publishers and the purchasing public; the allowance which they claim has gradually become, in their eyes, a well-earned right, or, at least, an item of revenue they cannot conveniently spare, and which they possess sufficient influence to maintain. With such

deductions, we can very well understand that the shop-price must be fixed very high.

Though we may assume that what is printed in the way of books rightly represents, on the whole, the state of scientific and artistic production in literature, we cannot assert this, to anything like the same extent, of music. Until the last third of the eighteenth century, in Germany as in Italy, an overwhelming majority of compositions were circulated only in manuscript copies, that is, in every respect, in a highly unsatisfactory manner. It certainly sometimes happened that, in order to ensure greater publicity for them, composers etched their own works, as, for instance, we know that Bach and Telemann did. At that epoch, therefore, mere casual circumstances exercised the greatest possible influence in determining which compositions should become extensively known, and which be hoarded up for, and rendered accessible only to a subsequent generation. Thus the most uncertain standard for forming a just appreciation of any master is that furnished by his printed compositions; we have no right to assume either that the works of the best masters, or the best works of such masters were made public by means of the printing-press. A striking instance of this is furnished by Johann Sebastian Bach, of whom only very little was published during his lifetime. Even that little included not his great masterpieces, but merely the instrumental compositions, for which, at any rate, a considerably extensive public of pianists and organ-players was to be expected. It was not till after the revival of the *Matthäuspassion*, by Zelter and Mendelssohn, that Bach's vocal compositions began to be snatched from oblivion; and for years and years to come the Bach Society may go on publishing unprinted works, not one of which is without its peculiar significance. Of such a master as Hasse, who for more than a generation reigned supreme on the stage of Germany and Italy, only detached compositions have been made known by means of the press—in short, it is an exception when the labors of a celebrated composer are to be estimated by his printed works. In London, on the contrary, most of Handel's grand compositions were immediately printed, and in Paris it was even the rule for operas to be engraved on being performed, a fact to be explained by the grand scale on which things are done in both those cities. The system, it is true, has, since then, been completely changed, and, at the present time, it is more especially the music-publishers of Germany who keep in view the high mission of permanently preserving great works of lasting value. But though, now-a-days, nearly all the works of any importance written by the principal masters, masters who exercise a determining influence, are printed, and thus preserved for the enjoyment and study of future generations, such works constitute only an extremely small portion of the mass of music brought into the market. Nor does this music, in the majority of instances, at all represent those superior, sterling composers, men with high and noble aspirations, who only under especially favorable circumstances succeed in seeing printed what they have created in true devotion to art; it represents only the caprice that changes with the hour, and the defective education of amateurs, who will never be at a loss for complaisant pens. Hence we may assert that, on the whole, the labors of the composers of our time, even though the history of art may never or only imperfectly become acquainted with them, are more serious and more important than the mass of printed works would lead us to expect—a fact which cannot, in any way, be declared of literature.

(To be Continued.)

### Beethoven's Biographers.

The following is the Preface to HERR LUDWIG NOHL's new life of Beethoven, of which the first volume, *Beethoven's Jugend* (youth), 1770-92—has recently appeared in Vienna. The translation, which we find in the *London Musical World*, is there offered as "quasi-literal."

The following Biography of Beethoven is founded entirely upon my own researches. On this occasion, I had not, as I had with my *Mozart*, merely to fashion matter already collected from the best authorities by a celebrated scholar, and to present to the gaze of every one the image of a great man in art in all his grandeur and with the charm of life; in doing which, I may observe parenthetically, I have to regret that the execution of my work, in other respects my own, bears trace of the materials in question and of their scientific treatment. My present task, on the contrary, was principally one of historical investigation: partly to verify, by documentary evidence, existing materials, and partly to discover fresh.

That this leading duty of a historian, namely the collection and sifting of materials, has either never been performed at all, or not performed in a satisfactory manner by any of Beethoven's biographers up to the present day; and that none of the existing works are really biographies of him, are facts on which people have long been agreed. It was this state of things which called forth the following attempt to write a life of the master founded upon unimpeachable authorities and at the same time completely exhaustive. The first part, together with the authorities I have consulted, is now submitted to the impartial judgment of my professional colleagues, and, more especially, to the friendly consideration of the general public, for whom, in particular, the text at least of the book is intended.

In this place, I need speak only briefly of preceding Biographies, for Beethoven's youth is altogether neglected in them. As a general rule, one author has simply followed the other, without original criticism or further investigation.

First comes the work, in two volumes, of one of our leading musical scholars: "*Ludwig van Beethoven, Leben und Schaffen*, von A. B. Marx. Berlin, O. Janke, 1859." For this, I refer the reader to the criticism of the American, Alexander Thayer, in Vienna, who for years past has been devoting himself to the most careful study of Beethoven's life, and, in *Dwight's Journal of Music*, Boston, 1860, No. 420, has conclusively settled, with as much outspoken frankness as learning, the value of the biographical portion of the book. Unfortunately, too, I must remark that in the second edition, published last year, the worthy author did not consider it necessary, after having suppressed a few small errors, to proceed himself to the investigation of his materials. It seems as though he intended the biographical element merely to illustrate subordinately the master's creations. That this, namely the æsthetic-critical consideration of Beethoven's works, constitutes the chief value of the book I showed, a short time since, in a notice in the periodical called *Orion*, Hamburg, Hoffmann and Co., vol. II., p. 1, *et seq.*, though I shall not be able properly to estimate his analysis till I come to those parts of my own work where I treat of these things.

The five-volume work of the Livonian, Wilhelm von Lenz, Russian Councillor of State, "*Beethoven, eine Kunststudie*, 1855-60," which, in its first part, appears to have served as the basis of Dr. Marx's book, while it is itself, without any particular criticism of its own, taken from the writings of Wegeler and Ries, Schindler and Seyfried, contains only in the last three volumes—"Kritischer Katalog sämtlicher Werke"—new historical matter, a portion of which was extracted by indefatigable questioning from the chronicler Schindler, and a portion, certainly not without great industry and trouble, collected from other sources; but, apart from the fact that it is a work of only small importance, to the disgust of so many admirers of Beethoven in quest of information, it labors under a truly chronic untrustworthiness. It cannot, however, be denied, that the German Russian, with his education of a thorough man of the world, and likewise the clever but eccentric Oulibicheff, have succeeded in obtaining many a glance into the universal nature of the master, and that, despite all monstrosities of style as of matter, there lurk in the book the elements of highly varied interest. As, however, almost nothing at all is to be found in it relating to Beethoven's youth, we must defer until later passing a final opinion on it.

Possessing a value of their own and constituting a genuine authority for Beethoven's youth, and, consequently a basis for all future works, are the *Biographische Notizen*, by Dr. Wegeler and Ferdinand Ries, which were published, in 1838, at Coblenz. The value of the information they contain will be self-evident in the course of our Biography. Whatever Wegeler says is, with the exception of some few pardonable errors, perfectly and historically true. But it is, as a rule, with Ries's anecdotes as with those of the Chevalier Ignaz von Seyfried, which are contained in the appendix to a work of his, *Beethovens Studien*, published in 1832, and which were, a short

time since, proved, by a practised hand, to be utterly worthless. Both these writers narrate, it is true, from their own experience, but they are at the same time giving us their reminiscences of a period since which nearly a generation has passed, and over which, moreover, a gloom appears only too often cast by personal feeling.

Much valuable information concerning Beethoven's youth is contained, also, in the memoranda which, under the name of the *Fischhof'sche Handschrift* are preserved in the Berlin Library. These memoranda were drawn up for the purpose of a biography, which, immediately after Beethoven's death, was undertaken by a society consisting of friends of his, but which a multitude of obstacles caused to miscarry. They are founded upon communications of Beethoven and persons who enjoyed his intimate friendship, and we shall find the facts they contain confirmed elsewhere as perfectly correct.

Finally, the best work in a historical sense which exists concerning Beethoven, a work with which every one is tolerably acquainted, Anton Schindler's *Biographie von Ludwig van Beethoven*, which, as far back as 1860, reached its third, or, more properly speaking, second edition, is of the greatest possible value as an authority, but, as far as the master's youth is concerned, gives us very little more than Wegeler's *Notizen*. In the summer of last year I once again met this most meritorious historiographer of Beethoven. I had been previously well acquainted with him. Whoever could have beheld the sincere friendliness with which the strange old gentleman, with his mummified exterior, received me in his house, and how he treated me, though I intended to graze in the kitchen garden he had so carefully cultivated—whoever could have beheld the unwearied attention with which, for days together, he went through, corrected, and completed, piece by piece, the materials I had gathered—the disinterested readiness with which he read or showed me a great deal in Beethoven's papers, and the tears, eloquent proofs of emotion, which the lively recollection of his deceased great friend and of better days called forth in the old and lonely man, over whose head those days had long since passed—whoever, finally, could have heard the animated and encouraging greeting with which he took leave of me, the young biographer, who was preparing for my task not without deep anxiety, and how he loudly bade me be of good courage—whoever had experienced all this as I did, would also, as I do, willingly forget all the rudeness and all the wrong of which the somewhat obstinate and imperious old gentleman, who had accustomed himself to regard the knowledge of Beethoven's life and deeds as his own domain, may have been guilty, though mostly when irritated into such a course, against so many. Nay, such a person would not fail to pay a certain degree of respect to the fidelity with which the only one of Beethoven's friends who was not to be scared away constituted himself, after Beethoven's death, his invariably devoted servant, willingly accepting all kinds of neglect and many a slight in order to continue serving his great lord and master. It is such rare fidelity as this which also deserves a crown!

At present he is dead, this true squire of the Master's! He died too soon, far too soon, for me, and for everyone who cares aught for accurate knowledge of Beethoven. With him there sank into the grave a rich store of reminiscences, of which neither he himself knew how to profit fully nor any one else to secure. His work, however—though the want of plastic power and high mental cultivation on the part of the author prevents it from possessing the value of an actual picture of Beethoven's life—will, especially in the later portions of our biography, prove not merely a perfect mine of wealth in the shape of knowledge of Beethoven's actions, but will be, also, for every future biographer a kind of standard of rectification for Beethoven's character, of the real nature of which, though he was only able to unfold it piecemeal in his work, Schindler appears to have possessed an incomparably deeper presentiment than any of his successors.

Of the way in which I myself have understood my task, how I have conceived Beethoven, and how I have divided his career, it is not for me to speak here. It must be explained by the book itself, especially as the reasons influencing me are given either in the body of the work or in the remarks. In placing the great Master of Music in the centre of the history of his own times, and not simply in the centre of art, I am only continuing the attempts of all my predecessors, each of whom felt, more or less, that the intellectual efforts of the age were united in this artist's individuality, and that the social and political life especially of that grand period found so strong an echo in Beethoven that he must be regarded as one of the principal supporters of the most productive ideas of the present century. Therefore do I hope that both the body of my book and the appendix to it, will not

be considered as an important authority for the history of music alone.

If I can by any means succeed in mastering the extraordinarily extensive mass of literature connected with the subject, I think I shall be able to complete the following volume, "*Beethovens Mannesalter, 1793 bis 1814*," also during the current year. This will be followed first by "*Beethovens letzte Jahre, 1815-27*," and, finally by "*Beethovens Werke*."

It still remains for me to express my warmest thanks to all those gentlemen who have assisted me in my labors. If, instead of naming them all, I mention here merely Dr. Hanalick; Dr. von Sonnleithner; Dr. Standhartner; Dr. Weilen; Dr. C. von Wurzhach, with his very valuable *Beethoven Collection*; Herren Fr. Espagne in Berlin; H. M. Schletterer in Augsburg; and J. J. Maier of this town, I must, at the same time, confess that, without the assistance of the many remaining, I should scarcely have collected such a rich store of materials, as that with which I trust, in the following volumes of my work, to delight all the friends of our Master. Should I, however, have, moreover, succeeded in imparting to my narrative something both of that high earnestness and of that heart-rejoicing humor which, on the one hand, caused Beethoven himself to be an object of such deep reverence, and, on the other, so often enabled those around him to overlook the instances of unevenness in his behavior—if, in other words, this first part of Beethoven's life should give a clear idea of that peculiar greatness which elevates this artist, in his character as well as in his creations, above his contemporaries, and places him side by side with the greatest men of any age, the object of my labors will be attained, and many an hour of severe exertion amply rewarded.

L. NOHL.

Munich, the 10th March, 1864.

## Fine Arts.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Harriet Hosmer's Zenobia.

Zenobia, the royal Palmyrene, dethroned, deserted by her followers, enchained, and forced thus ignominiously to walk in the train of her conqueror;—mute, dejected, heart-broken, surely!

But when we enter that presence we are undeceived; for in the marble before us seem embodied all of lofty sadness, noble endurance and calm despair, the dark voices of which find utterance in the Polonaises of Chopin, and we instinctively pay our homage to royalty, for Zenobia stands revealed to us,—a queen.

The figure is erect, but there is nothing of defiance; the head is bowed, but there is nothing of concession;—simply majesty.

If, at some future day, she does succumb to Aurelian, it is plainly no part of her purpose now; the mouth perpetual abiding place of all expression, tells us that. The lips, quiet and firm, seem to hold in check all of pride and indignation that lives and burns within, as though even this were something too sacred to meet the eyes of her captor. There is little here to gratify the vanity of Aurelian. He cannot meet that look of calm disdain, which says so plainly:

—“This hast thou done; be glad! now, seek  
The strength to use which thou hast spent in getting!”

without feeling that, in truth, she is as much above all need of him as when she sat, enthroned, with a nation at her command.

Miss Hosmer leaves much for us to divine in her statue. She has not endeavored to reproduce, in the face of her heroine, those delicate feminine traits and emotions which she feels, as only a woman can feel, and which the artist understands, as only a woman can understand, for these lose much of their intensity in the effort to find expression; but she has suggested them all by one master-stroke of art,—the drooping appeal of the right arm, which addresses itself directly to the heart of the beholder. Here alone does the Queen betray any hint of that weakness which is her glory, inasmuch as without it would be no strength. The face is a riddle, like that of the Sphinx, and the right arm its solution.

Hope is lost,—the scourge is inexorable; she is crowned with sorrow, but she wears it regally as should a queen.

In the contemplation of this admirable conception are conveyed many impressions which cannot be analyzed or traced to any distinct cause to attempt; this, is to destroy them; therefore we did not purpose to criticize, and we have already rendered our modicum of praise.

A. A. C.

## Music Abroad.

### Leipzig.

The *Orchestra's* correspondent writes, under date of Jan. 6th.

On New Year's Day Music holds her court in Leipzig, and readmits the guests who desire to pay her homage. Whatever day in the week it may be, the first of the second half of the Gewandhaus concerts is held then. As is fitting upon so solemn an anniversary, the music is mostly of a serious character. This year the concert opened with Mendelssohn's impressive eight-part Motet (*a capella*), "*Mitten wir im Leben sind mit dem Tod umfungen*." I have previously had occasion to speak of this beautiful motet; the composer seems to have been deeply imbued with the simple solemnity of Luther's words. Although the intonation of all the singers was not quite perfect, the effect of the motet, sung by a larger body of voices than I had yet heard it, was most touching. Dr. Hauptmann's "*Kirchenstücke*" for chorus and orchestra—anthems we should call them in England—are of a different character, and have a more modern coloring. That they are models of form and harmonical treatment is implied by the fact of Dr. Hauptmann having written them; the greatest living authority on the theory of music could not be otherwise than correct. But besides this formal merit, each of these anthems has a distinct feeling of its own. In the first, "*Und Gottes Will' ist dennoch gut*," it seems as if it were intended to represent the almost passionate assertion of trust in the goodness of the Divine Love, even while suffering involuntary stirs up the doubts, which faith forces to be still. The second, "*Nicht so ganz wirst meiner Du vergessen*," is more calm; the beautiful grace and flow of the melody tell of a soul in which faith has mastered all doubts, and which firmly believes that though "heaviness may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning." These anthems are frequently sung in the Thomas Church, and may be strongly recommended to any choral societies possessing a good orchestra; for English church use I do not think they would be entirely suitable, as it would be difficult to arrange the accompaniment effectively for the organ.

The instrumental solo pieces are precious "nuggets" just brought to light. The first is a Concerto for the Violin (D major) by Mozart, written at Salzburg, in October, 1775, when he was in his twentieth year. The work, which is still but in manuscript, is in the possession of Herr André. How any thing so pleasing could so long have been kept in the dark is hardly conceivable. It had, I believe been shown at various times to several violinists; they must have glanced at it very superficially not to have appreciated its many beauties. I will not say that it is a great work, but it has the genuine Mozart grace of beauty and sound; the *andante* has a tone of sweet melancholy which is very charming—it is a genuine love-song. The accompanying orchestra consists of the string quartet, horns and oboes. Neither the clarinet (for which Mozart had afterwards so great an affection) nor the bassoons are employed. Herr David, who performed the concerto, has enriched it with some excellent cadenzas, which, while giving it brilliancy, do not disharmonize with its style; but it may, perhaps, be questioned whether the pieces of "passage-work" in the cadenza inserted in the slow movement are quite in the character that Mozart would have sanctioned. The other solo was exhumed from the rich stores of Bach's forgotten or unknown works. It is the *Prelude, Sarabande, and Gavotte* from Bach's fifth suite for the violoncello, which Herr David transposed and arranged for the violin, and has added a supporting accompaniment for the pianoforte. If I am not mistaken, this suite is the one in which Bach directs the highest string of the violoncello to be tuned a note lower than the usual pitch: it is difficult to imagine what could have been his motive for doing this; to the performer the difficulty of execution must have been greatly increased. The three movements are beautiful specimens of Bach's best style. I hope that the publica-



tion of this and the other companion pieces upon which Herr David is still at work will make these compositions accessible to those who like to play and listen to the highest style of violin music. But whoever takes them up must not approach them as mere mechanical studies—they are true musical poems.

The orchestral works were Cherubini's "Solemn March," written for the funeral of Charles X., a simple but impressive composition, and Beethoven's symphony in C minor.

In the fourth Gewandhaus Chamber Music Concert, a new work (MS.) by Gade was performed—a Sextet (for two violins, two violas, two violoncellos). It would be unjust to the composer to form a final opinion from a single hearing of a work on such a scale, and the score of which is not published. The second movement (*Scherzo*) seemed to please the most; it is really very clever and worked out with much spirit. The first and third movements are graceful and pleasing, even although they may be somewhat monotonous. The subject of the fourth movement is hardly marked enough; the extreme rapidity with which it was taken made it almost unintelligible. The other numbers were Beethoven's Sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, excellently played by the Herren Kapellmeister Reinecke and Lübeck; and Mendelssohn's Octet, the marvellous *Scherzo* of which produced its never-failing effect.

Very generous gifts have already been made by the Mendelssohn family from the proceeds of the sale of the Mendelssohn Letters. The *Stadt Rath* of Leipzig have just made known another noble present. The Herren Paul and Dr. Karl Mendelssohn have entrusted the *Stadt Rath* with a further sum of 1500 thalers from the same source; the interest of this sum is to be given yearly on the 3rd February, Mendelssohn's birthday, to a pupil of the Leipzig Conservatorium.

Some quarter of a century ago, much interest was excited in the musical circles of Leipzig by a young Englishman, who passed a winter there for the sake of enjoying Mendelssohn's instruction, and of profiting by the rich stores of music there to be heard. We have but to turn to the various articles which Schumann wrote about that time to see how high was the opinion of the "young Englishman's" talents; and we may also discover how cordial a spirit then prevailed in Leipzig, how delighted the leading musicians were to discover promise of high endowments, and with what warm encouragement the young men were met by those who had already advanced further on their way. Would that this same cordiality, this readiness not only to acknowledge, but to seek for, talent from names as yet unknown, were still to be found amongst the critics and the concert audiences of Leipzig! In the twelfth Gewandhaus concert, the warmth of his reception told Prof. Sterndale Bennett, the "young Englishman" of the time to which I have referred, that he had not been forgotten by his old friends. He had brought with him the *Allegro*, *Menuetto* and *Rondo finale* (a series which I hope will soon, by the addition of a slow movement, become a complete symphony), which was first brought out in London last summer at a Philharmonic concert. Knowing how exhausting is the life of a London music-teacher, especially of one so much sought after as Prof. Bennett, there were some who feared that the delicate fancy, which in the beginning of his career had given to the world pieces so charming as the *Wood Nymph* and *Naiades* overtures, the F minor pianoforte concerto, the three "Water Sketches," &c., &c., might have begun to dry up. It was a great pleasure to find that these fears were groundless. The *Allegro* and *Menuetto* are so fresh and graceful that they may be ranked among the best Prof. Bennett has written; in the *Rondo* the interest rather falls off.

The simple, natural beauty of the music, the clearness of its construction, and the excellent taste with which it was instrumented, were at once appreciated by the audience, who expressed their pleasure by loud applause, and by a recall of the composer.

The pianist in this concert was Dr. (!) Satter. His performance of Beethoven's concerto in G showed that although he is essentially a solo pianist of the most modern and brilliant school, he can give a respectful interpretation of the works of the great masters; there was no attempt to substitute brilliancy of finger for chastened taste.

The name of the singer, as announced upon the programme, was Canzoni Gastold; report says that a very short time ago the lady was known by a more familiar German name: her voice is a contralto of some compass, and of a pleasant quality; her style, though not so purely Italian as her name, is good, and her execution sufficient for the pieces she selected—an *Aria* from Handel's "Semele," and Schubert's "Wanderer." Judging from her performance on this occasion, she may be considered a singer of good promise.

The other orchestral pieces were Cherubini's overture to the "Wasserträger" (better known by its French title "Les deux Journées"), and Beethoven's great (No. 3) "Leonore" overture.

The sixth Euterpe concert brought out two pieces hitherto unheard here. The first was the *Andante* from Schubert's "Tragic Symphony." As the whole work has not yet been printed, it is impossible to say how far it bears out the title its composer has given it. The fragment performed this evening has not that depth of feeling which would be expected in tragic music; judging it apart from its title, the *Andante* is a graceful piece of music, but will hardly bear comparison with its composer's greater works. The other novelty was an overture to "Prometheus," by Woldegar Bargiel. In almost all the works of this composer which I have yet heard there is a strong tendency to gloom, and, as the Germans call it, *Weltschmerz*; what light there is, is lurid rather than healthy sunshine. But still there is no doubt that Herr Bargiel has at times moments of inspiration which show him to possess real poetic fire. There are some fine passages in the overture, but I would prefer to express no positive opinion till I have heard it again; the performance was too unsatisfactory to make it possible to judge fairly; the wind instruments, which have a very important part in the score, were unusually out of tune. The other orchestral pieces were Bach's vigorous concerto for three violins, three violas, three violoncellos and contrabass, and Beethoven's Symphony in A. The Concerto, which has nothing for the wind instruments to do, was the most satisfactorily performed of the two; it is a wonderful example of the manly strength and joyous humor of the old cantor.

At the usual Friday evening *soirée* of the pupils of the Conservatorium last week Professor Bennett was present by invitation of the directors. All the music, with the exception of a quartet by Beethoven, was selected from the Professor's compositions. It included the *Capriccio* in E (Op. 22), "Suite de Pièces" (Op. 25), Sextet in F sharp minor, first and last movements (Op. 6), and the Pianoforte Concerto in F minor, first and second movements. The Professor expressed himself as much pleased with the way in which the various pieces were performed.

## PARIS.

MUSICAL DOINGS IN 1864.—The most important event of the year is undoubtedly the Imperial Decree, dated Jan. 6th, 1864, authorizing the "Liberté des Théâtres." This decree came into force on the 1st of July. Until that time the repertoire of each theatre was restricted to a certain class of piece (Tragedy in one, Drama in another, Opera in a third, &c.), to which the manager was bound to adhere. But since the above date, and as the regulation now stands, there is nothing to prevent the Théâtre Français from playing "Athalie" and the "Wandering Minstrel" with a hornpipe between the acts, or the opera playing "George Barnwell" and "Roland," on the same night. What the result of this measure will be remains to be seen. At all events it will do no harm, and will still the fearful complaints of many would-be managers, who were sure of making their fortunes were they allowed to do as they pleased. They have now a chance of displaying those talents which up to the present seem to have been "born to blush unseen;" and as soon as they make up their minds to do something worthy of applause we are ready to burst our white kids as a token of gratitude and appropriation. By the same decree, a change has been made in the manner of awarding the musical *Grand Prix de Rome*, which until this last year was decided by the entire *Académie des Beaux Arts*; (Institut), the works by the competitors for the prize being judged in the first *Section de Musique*, and afterwards confirmed by the whole body of Academicians. At the present time three out of the six gentlemen forming the *Section* mentioned are professors at the Conservatoire; and it has rightly been deemed improper that they should judge the works of their own disciples. The prize (which gives five years residence in Rome, with a liberal pension to its lucky holder) is now awarded by a jury of nine, chosen by lot out of a list of some thirty of the most distinguished musicians. This arrangement has brought another change. The successful cantata is no longer performed at the Institut, but is honored by a really "public" performance at the opera. Another excellent measure is the obligation imposed on the manager of the Théâtre Lyrique (as an acknowledgment of his subvention), to mount every year an opera in three acts, by one of the Roman *pensionnaires*, who has not already had a work performed in Paris. This is a great boon to those gentlemen, who after five years' residence in the "Eternal City," find themselves on their return to Paris lost amid the crowd of "jeunes compositeurs," whose

name is legion, and who pass their time in sadly wandering through the streets in search of that *rara avis*, a libretto. Now they have a chance of being successful at the *concours*, which awaits them on their return to France; and the thought of that will doubtless incite them to harder work than what they generally indulge in Italy, and which, according to tradition, consists in buying a ream of scoring paper, smoking cigarettes, and doing the *dolce far niente* worse than a lazzarone. The Emperor of the French and the Ministre (Le Maréchal Vaillant), whom these affairs regard, have both of them the reputation of being confirmed anti-musicians. This may be the case; but certainly the three new measures adopted, and the reception of the author of "Roland" (M. Mermet) as a guest at the Compiègne, prove that if the head of the Government does not care for music himself, he certainly shows great consideration for those who do. The theatres, particularly the opera, have done good business during the year. The revival of "Moïse" took place a few days before the 1st January, and was very successful. This was followed by a ballet in three acts, "La Maschera," in which Mlle. Boschetti made her début. Shortly after, "Le Docteur Magnus," an opera in one act, by M. Duprato, was given; but the great production was "Roland à Roncevaux," which, as far as the treasury is concerned, has been more successful than any work produced for the last thirty years. "Nemee," a ballet in two acts, was also played with moderate success. The *Cahier des Charges* of the Opera contains an article setting forth that two operas and two ballets, one of each *grand*, and the other *petit*, are to be given every year; and M. Perrin, the present manager, is the first for many years who has carried out these conditions to the letter. Two *Chanteuses légères*, Mlle. Camille De Maesen and Madame Pascal, and a *basse noble*, M. David, made their débuts successfully, and now form part of the troupe; and among the first appearances in the ballet we have Mlles. Roschette (a *demi-succès*), Salvoni, and Laure-Fonta.

The Opéra Comique began the year with "La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe," libretto by the late M. Scribe and M. D. St. Georges, music by M. Auber. This was not the "dessus du panier" of M. Scribe's poems, and although the music showed that M. Auber had lost none of the qualities which distinguish his early productions, the work had a "succès d'estime" and no more. "Lara" by MM. Cormon and Haillart, and a revival of Halévy's "Eclair" came next, and the theatre was closed for repairs. Since the re-opening in September "Les Absents," "Le Trésor de Pierrot," and "Le Capitaine Henriot" have been produced, and noticed in your columns, so recently that I need mention them "que pour mémoire."

The Théâtre Italien has presented no novelty, but has revived two operas, "Roberto Devereux," and "Linda di Chamounix," the first a failure, the second, thanks to Mlle Patti, a success. An attempt made to introduce a ballet was a decided failure, and M. Bagier has done well to give it up. The only new comer was M. Brignoli, who made a very favourable impression. Madame de la Grange, MM. Delle Sedie and Scalse, Madame de Méric-Lablache, and Mlle. Patti, are still with us; and with the exception of the opening night, an unfortunate attempt at "Norma" which was brought to a close at the end of the first act *pour cause d'indisposition*, generally the performances have been good. Mlle. Patti, being of course, the "bright particular star."

Théâtre Lyrique also has been doing a good business, "Rigoletti," "Don Pasquale," "Violetta" (with Mlle. Nillaen), and "Faust," have drawn good houses. The success of "Mireille" was very doubtful on its first appearance; but in its new form it was revived a few weeks ago, and answers well. Works of a lighter class have not been neglected; and "L'Alcade," "Béguements d'amour," and "Le Cousin Babilas," &c., have been well received.

M. Offenbach has turned Secessionist, and has left the Théâtre des Bouffes Parisiens to its fate, which appears to be a lively one, for the "Serpent à plumes," music M. Léo Delibes, and the stock pieces of the repertoire are very successful under the new management.

WEIMER.—From January 1st, 1864, to January 1st 1865, the following operas were performed at the Grand-Ducal Theatre: *Le Maçon* and *Fra Diavolo*, Auber; *Béatrice et Bénédict*, Berlioz; *Fidelio* (twice), Beethoven; *La Dame Blanche* (twice), Boieldieu; *Les deux Journées* (twice), Cherubini; *La Fille du Régiment* (twice), Donizetti; *Martha* and *Stradella* (twice), Flotow; *Faust*, Gounod; *La Juive*, Halévy; *Zampa*, Hérol; *Die Katakomben*, Ferdinand Hiller; *Des Sängers Fluch* (twice), Langert; *Czar und Zimmerman*, Lortzing; *Robert le Diable* (three times), *Le Prophète*, and *Les Huguenots*, Meyerbeer; *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and

*Don Juan*, Mozart; *Orpheus in der Unterwelt* (twice), Offenbach; *Die Statue* (three times); Reyer; *Il Barbiere* and *Guillaume Tell* (twice), Rossini; *Il Trovatore* (twice), and *Hernani*, Verdi; *Tannhäuser* (twice), *Rienzi*, *Der Fliegende Holländer* (three times), and *Lohengrin* (twice), Wagner; and *Der Freischütz*, Carl M. von Weber. In addition to these performances, there were five concerts, at which the following works were executed: *Harold en Italie*, symphony by Hector Berlioz; Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, Symphony in C minor, and Symphony in A major; and *Columbus*, a musical Sea-picture, by J. J. Abert. The operatic novelties were Ferdinand Hiller's *Katakomben*; Reyer's *Statue*; and Langert's *Sänger's Fluch*.

**MUSICAL ITALY.**—The notion that musical taste in Italy is at the lowest ebb, and that people no longer worship any composer but Verdi, is altogether an erroneous one. It may, on the contrary, be asserted that classical music, including the music of the new German romantic school, was never before cultivated with such ardor, and in so comprehensive a manner. Milan and Florence (the new capital) are especially distinguishing themselves, and the programmes of their serious concerts contain hardly any other names than those of the great German masters, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, and Schubert, and those of their worthy Epigoni. Even Schumann is becoming naturalized in Italy, his compositions having already been performed with great success at concerts of chamber music. This was the case at a Quartet Soirée in Milan, when the Quartet, Op. 47, commenced the evening. Bazzini, who is at the head of this Quartet Society, took the violin, and Luca Fumigalli, the pianoforte part. The Quartet was received with genuine enthusiasm, especially the Scherzo. It was followed by Mozart's Quintet in D minor: Three Pieces in form of a Sonata, Op. 44, by Bazzini; Chopin's Notturmo, Op. 15; Scherzo, Op. 16, by Mendelssohn; and, to conclude, Op. 59, No. 3, by Beethoven. At the last Soirée but one of the Società del Quartetto, at Florence, the pieces selected for performance were Beethoven's Quartet, Op. 47 (1); Mozart's Quintet, with clarinet; Spohr's Double Quartet, Op. 87; and the first movement of Mendelssohn's Octet. The first violin was taken in turns by Papini and Sasso. At the following concert, on the 3d inst., only works by Mendelssohn, Hummel, and Georgetti were performed. At the concert of the Royal Musical Institute of Florence only two works were played, but they were works of the first class; Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, and Mendelssohn's "Walpurgisnacht." This, by the way, was the first time the latter work had ever been performed in Italy. The band and chorus rivaled the soloists in excellence. The above programmes, to which many more might be added, are sufficient to show the progress the taste for classical music is making in Italy.—*German paper.*

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 18, 1865.

### Dr. Cutlers's Choral Festival.

Vast throngs of people paid their dollar and were happy to secure a decent seat in the Music Hall on Tuesday evening, Feb. 7. They went with very various expectations, for the entertainment (concert, service, what you please) presented very various faces. The great majority were church people, of the English Episcopal faith, who went anticipating a model, an authoritative perfect specimen, from famous, fashionable Trinity, New York, of their own, the only true Cathedral musical service. These were reinforced by hundreds of all classes interested in the general problem of church music, and who came with more or less confidence of witnessing a beautiful solution. Others (few comparatively) were caught by the historical aspect of the thing; they were to have the whole history of sacred music spread before them by brief lecture and examples. Some were drawn by the personal bait of this and that highly reported singer, this and that organist, Mr. Morgan on the organ, Mr. Paine in the

old Bach vein, &c. Some by the great agglomeration of materials:—the united choirs of Trinity, New York, with all its twenty or more boys, its tenors and its basses, the Advent Choir of Boston (boys), with a chorus culled from the Handel and Haydn Society, the Great Organ, four organists, historical lecture crumbs scattered along at intervals, and all under the direction of the new-made "Mus. Doc.," whose exemplary administration of the musical service at Trinity is understood to have earned him this honor at the hands of a New York University. (Who shall doubt the musical authority of such a jury of experts as the faculty of an American College!) But the bright particular attraction was the singing of the Boys, particularly Masters Coker, Ehrlich, and the rest, of Trinity. This was the real magnet, without which the others would have been feebly operative.

The singing of the boys was indeed extremely interesting; all found it so. The "Choral Festival," as a whole, was extremely long, heterogeneous and tedious; all felt it so, however bound in courtesy to be delighted. That great audience will hardly be drawn together a second time.

The fault lay here: the Festival purported to have an idea to illustrate; yet unity of idea, of plan, of purpose, is precisely what was wanting. There was really no central and controlling mind or thought in the whole business. It was not historical; it was not cathedral, nor ecclesiastical in any sense; it was not catholic, either in the technical or the general sense; it was not a service, and not exactly, that is to say not frankly, an exhibition, but a little of both, especially the latter; it was not so much lesson as it was entertainment; it was not so good an entertainment as it would have been without the lesson. It tried to be all these things at once; no wonder it was neither of them. And yet the stirring up of all these ingredients in the cauldron served the *main chance* admirably; the crowd set the seal upon it as a business speculation. Let us pass the different elements of the entertainment in brief review.

1. *Historically*, it was next to nothing. The "remarks explanatory and historical," by the Rev. JOHN W. SHACKLEFORD, might have been omitted to advantage. They told us nothing, and conveyed no idea of the way in which, the steps by which, the old *plain chant* of Ambrose and Gregory grew up into the highest complex, glorious forms of sacred music. Both in the remarks and specimens two steps exhausted all there was of history that evening. Starting with a Gregorian chant, *in unison*, unaccompanied: "*Cantate Domino*" (in which the boys' voices sounded wonderfully clear, firm and precise, and all the voices well), the first step brought us to a chant *in parts*, sung antiphonally (yet with a modern English name attached—Dr. Turle). A very long stride this; and not a word to tell how harmony grew up, or by what barbarous scholastic harmony, of fifths and fourths, this *modern* harmony of Dr. Turle's chant was preceded. (In the singing, the boy sopranos and alti told beautifully, but the tenors and basses only murmured faintly as if doubtful whether their part was required; their shadowiness against the boy brightness rounded the thing into something like the new moon in the old moon's arms). A second long stride landed us away down in Luther's times, and we heard a German choral, "*Ein feste Burg*," sung

with a very strange, adventurously figurative organ accompaniment, but *without* "interludes between the lines," which was about the only peculiarity of the German Chorale which the lecturer described to us. After this an English Chorale of king Charles's time—a noble, sterling one—and then all historical order was abandoned, and the rest of the concert made up of fragments of modern Oratorio, Mass and Organ music, from Handel to Mendelssohn, from Bach to Cutler, most miscellaneous mingled. We were not told how the Chorale was treated, harmonized, by Bach and others, and how Bach worked it up, transformed it, as a vital germ, into the highest forms of Protestant religious music. Nor was there a word about, nor a sound from Palestrina, nor any of the old Italia nor Flemish masters. What did the concert or the lecture teach us of the Chorale? An excellent and hearty protest, to be sure, the clergyman made against operative airs and fashions in our choirs and organ lofts; when instantly the Great Organ lifted its thousand voices, for what? to show us the true, the chaste, the real sacred style? On the contrary, to tickle the ear with the most operative of all organ music, with one of the French *Offertoires*, by Wely!

2. The "Choral," or Cathedral element. To examine the claims of the exclusive validity of boy choirs would cost a long argument, which we have no room for here. No doubt the charm of the concert was the singing of the boys. It has great peculiar beauty. There is the tone of innocence and freshness, a clear bright-facedness, a healthy, lusty vigor, a delicacy and purity withal, and a certain charm of docile, passionless impersonality, in their young voices, which is not only beautiful in a mere æsthetic view, but grateful to the religious sentiment, because impersonal and unsophisticated and neutral as to earthly passion; suggestive, also, of angelic, or rather of cherubic choirs. This is the poetic side of it, which easily runs into the sentimental. Into their music enters not the glow, the thrill, the pathos of earthly love; does it therefore follow that the heavenly love touches its lips with fire? On the contrary, it is without fire, it is simply neutral. Of expression, it can have only what is inseparable from the music sung, if only sung correctly and with sweet, pure voices. Of the external, sensuous charm of euphony, sonorous beauty, trained ensemble, good vocal method, and even of a high degree of execution, it can have much; these boys of Trinity are among the finest instances that we have heard since the famous Dom-chor of Berlin, which we believe to be the best choir singing in the world.

Still we must suspect that there is a great deal of sentimentalism in all this excitement which is springing up here about boy choirs. It is a monastic idea; it began in convents; and it implies (though nowadays it would scarcely dare to utter) a notion that there is somewhat rather unholy in the participation of women's voices in the music of the sanctuary. With those who believe this, it were idle for us to argue. With those who do not believe it (and do we not all pride ourselves on this crowning grace of Christian civilization, the respect for woman?), does not the claim necessarily sink to a sentimentalism, a pleasant dream, like that of the revival of the age of chivalry? Boys can and do sing admirably in choirs; but it appears that Bach and Handel and Mozart, and Mendelssohn, and the greatest masters of the great age of music, have thought-mixed choirs better and have composed accordingly. For our part, we follow our masters. There are great advantages of drill and habit and facility in boys set apart, apprenticed to a Cathedral service; there are the peculiar

charms already mentioned in their voices; but the highest charm, of soul, expression, fervent rapture, prayerful pathos, dear-bought experience and conviction from the inmost heart, how can there be? What high counter-part, or complement, shall match the manly tenor and bass, for that, except the heart-felt, ripe soprano of the woman?

This thought indicates the limits of boy singing. The boys are best in masses, singing together in chants, chorales, contrapuntal choruses; that is, in music which is the most impersonal. This is the true use of them. To hear the Dom-chor (60 or 80 boys and 30 men) render the music of the old Flemish, Italian, German masters, as well as the more modern, is perhaps the most edifying musical experience which any Church anywhere affords. Dr. CUTLER's boys gave admirable proof of native quality and training in all they sang the other evening in this way; in the chants and chorales already mentioned, in the choruses from the "Messiah" and "Judas Macabæus," and best of all in the *Gloria* from Haydn's third Mass. These choruses, however, were less perfect in the grown men's parts, and suffered from had organ accompaniment.—Take notice here, too, that this cathedral service concert was *mainly* made up of oratorio and organ pieces, and therefore wholly disappointed those who sought example, or solution of the problem, of church music.

All praise, therefore, to the boy singing in chorus. But when it comes to the matter of expression, solo-singing, it is more questionable. The positive excellences, the positive charm, were great; but the something wanting was greater. Yet it was in solo-singing that these boys won their brightest laurels. They certainly did sing charmingly. The "Angel Trio" (*Elijah*) by the three best was truly exquisitely rendered; save that the third voice, by its manlier quality, stood off too much against the others; but these boys are no angels, and Mendelssohn's mind's ear heard women when he wrote it. Master COKER's singing of "Hear ye, Israel" was as remarkable for well-trained, well-phrased, facile, bright and clean delivery, for even an artistic exertion, as his soprano voice is singularly beautiful, clear, flexible, rich, delicate, and ringing in the highest notes of its great compass. But who can find the heart, the life of that song even in the ideal of boy singing, when he has heard it sung by Jenny Lind? A song written out of the depths of a tried soul's experience, to be so innocently, carelessly, dashing, felicitously thrown off! Is this the real thing, or only clever imitation of the thing? "Let the bright Seraphim" suited him much better; his strong, bright voice had the trumpeting thereof. Master Coker has the larger, stronger, brighter voice; and there is more dash and freedom in his singing and whole nature; he is more of a "sensation" boy; but the quiet little German from the Dom-chor, Master ECKLICH, with his smaller, sweet voice, showed a finer touch of feeling and of style, a something more sincere and inward, in his really beautiful rendering of "I know that my Redeemer liveth," although that is about the last song in the world to be allotted to a child. Master GRANDIN's manly, richly colored alto, and chaste, firm, noble style, made an excellent impression in "O thou that tellest." The two lads of the Advent Choir, who sang Handel's "Lovely Peace" duet, have sweet voices, and gave pleasure, though lacking the culture and the method of the New York boys.—It is sad to think that these rare voices must in the course of nature change so soon; but what their possessors have learned of vocal method, and to know and feel of noble music, will be theirs for life, invaluable.

3. Other solo-singing. Mr. MAYER showed an uncommonly large, firm, manly tenor voice, at times a little hard, but generally sweet and musical, and sang with taste and feeling, in the air "Total Eclipse." Mr. GEORGE HARRISON, young Coker's teacher, could not appear to sing "Sound an alarm." Mr.

THOMAS, basso, was not in good voice, so that "It is enough" was really too much. Why these solo performances at all in such a choral service concert? Simply to display the individual singers: an instance of the mixed motives, baffling all unity, in the Festival. The same must be said of the

4. Organ performances. These were entirely superfluous, so far as the concert was churchlike or historical. Nobody went there to hear the organ, but to hear the boys. The selections were not churchlike. Of the French *offertoire*, brilliantly of course played by Mr. MORGAN, we have spoken. His other selection, grand indeed, was from Oratorio, "Israel in Egypt." Dr. CUTLER's "Chaconne" with "pedal obligato," had less of pedal passages than one expected, and seemed a thin, albeit ingenious piece of contrapuntal triviality, not contrapuntal earnest. Mr. CARTER's treatment of the Dead March in "Saul" (what a cheerful selection to relieve so long and serious a programme!) was simple *outré* and grotesque; the cheap thunder on the pedals reminds us of an organ concert advertisement in a Worcester paper, from which you would think that the Organ was a gigantic electrical machine, for it coolly announces that "Mr. W. will electrify the auditory with the 'Thunder Storm' and other popular pieces" (!) This trick was vehemently applauded, particularly by the boys, and though the concert had already run the usual length, and full a third of it was yet to come, Mr. C. responded with Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" as an encore piece. Bach's great *Pascaglia*, grandly played by Mr. PAINE, and hitherto a favorite in the purely organ concerts, was too much for the late hour and for the occasion; such works must be principal and not accessory; this time its opportunity was spoiled by all that came before it.

The lighter and more secular solo concert given the next evening in the name of Master COKER, was doubtless more enjoyable, because less pretending; but we did not hear it.

### Concerts.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The largely increased attendance at the third concert, last Tuesday evening, seemed to show a perception that the programme was uncommonly well selected. There were just four pieces, all of the choicest, well contrasted, so that there was no disturbance to the sense of unity, and no fatigue. First came a Quartet by Mozart (in F, No. 8), light, facile, genial, happy, exquisitely moulded in its quick movements, rich and full of deeper sentiment in the slower Allegretto. The rendering was on the whole satisfactory, though the first violin was not *always* quite true in the higher notes, and there was something too stiff and wooden in the tone of the viola in passages which call it into marked activity.

A novelty, a quaint one and, as it proved, quite captivating, was a Concerto by Bach, in G minor, for Piano with quartet of strings. Mr. LANG played it with delicacy and nicety, entering into the wholesome, racy humor of it; and it gave great delight, especially the first and middle movements. After this experiment, and those of Mr. DRESEL, may we not say that the Bach bugbear is already vanishing?

The *Allegro Moderato* and *Larghetto* from Spohr's Sextet for two violins, two violas, two 'cellos (op. 140, in C), sounded remarkably rich, full and broad, and freer from Spohr's peculiar mannerism than most that we have heard of him. It lay well on the strings, and was very euphonious and enjoyable.

Finally, Mr. Lang played the really "Grand" Piano Trio in B flat, by Beethoven, with Messrs. SCHULTZE and FRIES on the violin and 'cello parts. Its charm is infallible, if decently well played, and this time the interpretation was masterly; the profound beauty and feeling of the *Andante Cantabile* was completely absorbing; and the imaginative wealth of

thought, the exquisite surprises, the tempting and rewarding digressions, the logical unity of the whole work, brought every listener under the spell of Beethoven's genius.

But one concert of the series remains, and that will be on the 14th of March.

THE ORCHESTRAL UNION in their two last concerts have adopted our suggestion of giving each time two overtures, a solid and a light one, besides the Symphony, and the dainty little *entremets*; and they seem now to have settled into just the right ideal of programme, to interest the best taste and culture of so large an audience as they would woo into the Music Hall.

The fourth Concert opened with the great *Leonora* overture, in C, with trumpet, which, for so small a number of strings, was impressively rendered. It closed with the sparkling overture to *Fra L'incanto* played to a charm. The Symphony, which they well place as number three, was this time (following a waltz by Lumbye) Mendelssohn's "Italian," No. 4. It could have been more nicely rendered; but its beauty told upon the audience. It was followed by an arranged Scene and Duet from Marciner's *Hans Heiling*, and a Serenade, with horn obligato, by Reissiger, both interesting.

The fifth concert gave us Julius Rietz's concert overture in A once more, and a genial composition of real artistic unity and eloquence, which grows upon us, and is worthy of Mendelssohn's successor to the Leipzig baton. Then the Strauss waltz, "Carnival messages." Then Beethoven's second Symphony, in D; a performance of average excellence, though sometimes certain wind instruments were out of tune or coarse in sound. Mr. ARHUCKLE, on his trumpet, sang a German song: "How fair thou art," very smoothly; then came an orchestral version of Chopin's *Morceau funèbre*, which was very solemn and impressive; but the soft, pathetic second subject seemed to us too slow. Then for the light, closing overture, Rossini's ever jovial and graceful one to *La Gazza Ladra*. We hope the Union will keep on reviving this class of overtures; there are plenty of them, which show genius with their lightness; there is *Il Barbiere* and many more of Rossini's; there are more by Auher; there is the *Dame Blanche*, Weber's *Preziosa*, and so on.

Mr. J. H. WHEELER, the successful teacher of Cultivation of the Voice and Singing, of this city, has located in New Haven, Conn. We wish him all the success his efforts demand, and congratulate our readers in that lovely city on possessing so competent an instructor.

### Musical Correspondence.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, FEB. 13.—Mme. Urso's concert! Miss Brainard's concert! Mr. Kerrison's concert! Mr. Pattison's concert! Miss Harris's concert! Coterie concert! Church concert! Mutual admiration society concert! Concert posters on the walls, concert bills on the shop counters, photographs of concert celebrities in every music-seller's window. And here comes a Russian lady violoncellist from Belgium, Mlle. de Katow, who is decidedly no "de," perhaps no "Mlle." nor "Katow" either; and a pianist, James Wehli, whom nobody knows anything about except that he is not the French Lefebure-Wely by any means, and just as certainly not Charles Wehle of German renown; possibly he is from Palestina. And the implacable Journal of Music expects a report of all this? And still worse, expects me to listen to it all, before reporting? And how shall an unfortunate correspondent preserve his good temper, his digestion, and his musical health and sanity, through such an ordeal?

No, no! here goes with the cream of the last two weeks, and let the rest *aller se promener*!

The PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY gave, in their third concert of this season, as orchestral works, Schumann's first Symphony, in B flat; Gluck's overture to *Iphigenia*, and Beethoven's *Egmont* overture. The Symphony, through its melodic charm, its rhythmic and harmonic richness, its perfect form in every movement,—the whole enhanced by a masterly use of orchestral means,—at once placed the immense audience in a happy mood, and gave a wholesome lesson to those hardened sinners against Schumann's genius, who, from their own intellectual poverty, are

unable to discover anything in him but melodic deficiencies and abstruse harmonies. Let us hope the lesson may not escape their memory in future. The orchestra played the noble work with pleasure, apparently; although here and there a finer shading of this or that passage, a more distinct bringing out of a motive, and decidedly a slower tempo in the first movement, which would have made the swift passages, and sudden modulations of the leading motive clearer, were desirable. Still we have to thank both director and orchestra for the manner in which the whole was performed.

The overtures, glorious favorites, long naturalized in the hearts of all true artists and lovers of art, were played with the right *elan*.

Mr. WILLIAM MASON performed Schubert's piano forte Fantaisie in C major, opus 15, with Liszt's instrumentation. Liszt, by his effective and finely worked out orchestral accompaniment, has raised this fine fantasia to a first rank among concert pieces. In this peculiar gift of transcription of orchestral or vocal pieces for the piano, and of added orchestration to the works of distinguished masters, Liszt is truly great; he seems to have the faculty of penetrating into the most secret corners of such works, and of translating and re-echoing their true sense with the very spirit of the composer whose creations he takes in hand, while his coloring is so rich, that it rarely spoils the original intention. Mr. Mason has once before delighted us with his artistic interpretation of this work. If, on this occasion, he was scarcely himself, yet we could not but wonder that he found it possible to play in the manner he did; for he was ill and lame, and only carried his task to an end by means of great mental exertion.

Madame CAMILLE URSO played two salon pieces with orchestral accompaniment: "*Souvenirs de Mozart*," by Alard, *Vieuxtemps' Fantaisie Caprice*. Mme. Urso is well-known as a technically correct violin player; her trills, staccato, harmonics, passages, and all the rest of the witchery of a violinist, she carries to an uncommon degree of perfection; that her delicately feminine tone, her soulful expression, are always sure to delight the public, we need not say. But we only recognize in her as yet an interpreter of virtuosic violin music, such as soon fatigues the attention; and we cannot but regret that so much talent is never used in the interpretation of compositions of a high degree of value.

MME. VARIAN sang Beethoven's "*Adelaide*;" an unfortunate choice on the part of the lady, as this noble song can only be given with its true effect by the voice (tenor) for which it was intended.

Genuine pearls among the concerts with which our city is blest in winter, are the soirées of classic chamber music to be passed in the society of Messrs. MASON, THOMAS, &c. They are true artistic family gatherings. A refined audience, not attracted by frivolous fashion, but by sincere love and intelligent comprehension of Music, is to be found there year after year. The circle is not a large one, but every season increases the number of believers. To be sure, a few of the uncivilized and uninitiated find place there also, and disturb their neighbors with irreligious behavior, such as nodding the head and tapping with the foot (out of time) in the Minuetto, chattering loudly during a delicate Scherzo, or giving vent to a sonorous snore while a pathetic Schumann Andante is in progress; but these find the air a great deal too pure for them, and they do not come often, or stay very long when they do come, fortunately. The executants, the usual party, MASON at the piano, THOMAS, MOSENTHAL, MATZKA, BERGNER, the quartet—all artists of the right stamp—are always careful to give us the best chamber music that our great masters have written, without neglecting new productions of merit. And it is hardly necessary to say, that a practice of eight years together has given the quartet an ensemble and perfection of

execution that enables them to interpret their programmes in the correct style and spirit.

Two of these concerts have already been given this winter; one in Steinway's exceedingly small room, which being found too much *en miniature* for the audience, the quartet moved on the second evening to their old quarters in Dodworth's building. Here are the programmes, which were excellently selected on both occasions. First Soirée:—Septet, E flat, op. 20, by Beethoven; Sonata for Piano and Violoncello, G minor, op. 65, by Chopin; Quartet, A minor, op. 41, by Schumann.—Second Soirée:—Quartet, E flat, op. 12, by Mendelssohn; Trio, C minor, op. 102, by Raff; Quartet, E minor, op. 59, by Beethoven.

The ITALIAN OPERA is again in progress, but the company has not done anything, since its return from Boston, worthy of special remark. *Polio, Norma, Trovatore, Traviata, Faust, Ernani*, repetitions all, have been the order of the nights; Verdi's *Forza del destino* is promised; and rumor hints at *Le Prophète*, with d'Angri in the part of Fides.

LANCELOT.

PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 13.—At the last matinée of the Quintette Club, we had a revival of Mendelssohn's quartet for piano and strings. It is one of his earlier works, and though lacking the breadth and power of many of its successors, is yet interesting and delightfully characteristic. Ernst's *Elegie* (performed by Mr. GAERTNER), and the storm quintet concluded the programme. These matinées are well attended, and programmes as well as performances are in keeping with the high musical position of the gentlemen composing the Club.

At the Germania rehearsal of last Saturday, the Scherzo of the "*Eroica*" symphony was performed for the third time. We owe thanks to Mr. SCHMITZ for his persistence in so good a cause. The third performance evidenced great improvement upon the first and the second, and established the possibility of a correct rendering of this movement, beyond peradventure. The French horns should be looked to, however. Their strains are invariably wrinkled. (I shall charge nothing for this metaphor, but will send you a better one as soon as the Germania improves).

Messrs. CROSS and JARVIS had their second soirée last Saturday evening. As usual there was a large attendance. The programme comprised.

Quartet. Piano and strings (E flat)..... Mozart.  
Sonata in A. Op. 47. Piano and violin..... Beethoven.  
Ballade..... Chopin.  
Quintet. Piano and Strings..... Hummel.

Mr. Cross played the piano part in the Mozart quartet. The Beethoven Sonata was rendered by Messrs. Gaertner and Jarvis. Upon this composition and the Chopin *Ballade* the chief interest was concentrated.

The "*Kreutzer Sonata*" is so familiar to all who have any acquaintance with Sonata literature, that I shall attempt no description of it. How few violinists ever play it correctly! The opening chords (*pons asinorum* of fiddlers) were correctly intoned and nobly played by Mr. Gaertner. The ensuing difficulties, equally distributed between piano and violin, received full justice at the hands of the performers. Exacting criticism might note slight insecurity of intonation in the beginning of the fourth variation, as the only blemish in a performance otherwise eminently satisfactory.

Grover is in the newspapers with flaming advertisements of the approaching season of German Opera. To eke out a list of artists, formidable rather in quantity than in quality, he prints the names of the chorus singers and the members of the orchestra. We have the promise of certain operas we should much like to hear, and symphonies, as well as solos, in addition; respecting all of which I hope to inform you in due season.

JAQUINO.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

My heart is light. Song. Antonio de Anguera. 30

An excellent song throughout, in easy flowing style, and the words, by "Lilly," cheerful and pretty.

Mongengruss. Good morning, maiden fair and bright F. Schubert. 30

This is No. 8 of a series of 20 songs, or a "cycle" as Schubert calls them, all having some reference to the fair "Maid of the Mill." The set is pretty, and this morning song is one of the best.

Signor, elemento e pio. O king, thy deed of mercy. "Don Sebastian." 30

This is the admired air sung by Zayda in the first act of the opera. Not difficult.

So many flowers of azure hue. Song. Schubert. 30

A sweet little melody, and belongs to the set of the "Maid of the Mill." The flowers are "Forget-me-nots."

Their sun shall no more go 'down. Quartet for female voices. S. P. Tuckerman. 40

A quartet prepared for a funeral occasion, and of a chaste and beautiful character.

Flower girl. Song. L. O. Emerson. 30.

A sweet and simple ballad.

The Lord upholdeth those that are falling.

"Fall of Jerusalem." 30.

A sacred song of classic merit.

It's just as well to take things in a quiet sort of way. H. Sydney. 30

An English comic song, in which the title, at least, has a good "moral." Good melody.

#### Instrumental.

Oh! Whisper what thou feelest. Fantasia de Salon. E. Hoffmann. 75

Quite an elaborate piece of medium difficulty, and showing a most refined and delicate taste in the setting of its gems of melody.

Everett's funeral march. Burditt. 40

The impressive march played at the funeral of our great scholar and statesman. It was much admired at the time, and is now made accessible to the public.

Dorothea; a dramatic scena for Cabinet organ. L. H. Southard. 50

A kind of lament for a friend lost in the war, expressed however, not in vocal, but instrumental language. The idea is well carried out in a number of plaintive strains.

Dresden march. (4th battalion). For Brass Band. Burditt. 1.00

A favorite piece, skillfully arranged.

Funeral march, from Beethoven's Sonata in A flat op. 26. For violin and piano. Eichberg. 30

Another of these very acceptable arrangements. Lady players should get them, to enhance the pleasure of their musical evenings, and afford employment for their violin-playing friends.

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 624.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1865.

VOL. XXIV. No. 25.

## An Infant Terrible of a Piano.

From "Les Soirées de l'Orchestre" of HECTOR BERLIOZ.\*

THURSDAY, JULY 23.—I cannot help laughing all this morning at an accident which befell M. Erard, and with which the whole quarter where the Conservatory stands is amused. Here is the fact in all its simplicity.

The examinations at the Conservatory commenced last week. The first day, M. Auber decided to take the bull by the horns, as they say, and examine the piano classes. The brave jury charged with hearing the candidates learned without apparent emotion, that there were thirty-one in number, eighteen women and thirteen men. The piece chosen for the examination was the Concerto in G minor of Mendelssohn. Unless an attack of apoplexy should prostrate one of the candidates during the performance, the concerto would have to be played thirty-one times in succession, they knew that. But what perhaps you do not know and what I am still ignorant of, not having the temerity to assist at this experiment, is what was related to me this morning by one of the boys of the Conservatory class. "Ah! poor M. Erard!" said he, "what a misfortune!" "Erard! what has happened to him?" "What! then you were not at the piano examination?" "No indeed! what happened?" "Fancy, Mr. Erard had the kindness to lend us, for this occasion, a magnificent piano, which he had just finished, and which he counted upon sending to London, for the Universal Exposition of 1851. It is for you to say if he was pleased with it. A wonderful tone, a bass such as was never before heard; in fact, an extraordinary instrument. The piano was only a little hard, but that was the reason he sent it to us. M. Erard was cunning, and said to himself: the thirty-one pupils, by force of hammering at that concerto, will enliven the touch of this piano, and that cannot but do it good. But he did not know, poor man, in what a terrible way his piano would be enlivened—a concerto executed thirty-one times in succession, the same day! Who could calculate the result of such a repetition? The first pupil came forward and found the piano a little hard. The second, *idem*. The resistance was not so great to the third, and still less to the fifth. I do not know how the sixth found it. At the moment he came forward, it happened that I had to go for a bottle of ether for one of the gentlemen of the jury, who felt sick. The seventh had finished when I returned, and I heard him say, in coming behind the scenes: 'That piano is not as hard as they say; on the contrary, I think it is excellent, perfect in all respects.' The ten or twelve others were of the same opinion; the last ones even asserted, that, instead of being too hard to the touch, it was too easy.

"About a quarter to three, we had arrived at number twenty-six; they had commenced at ten o'clock; it was the turn of Mlle. Hermance Lévy, who hates hard pianos. Nothing could have been more favorable for her; each one said now

that the keyboard could not be touched without making it speak. Thus she carried through the concerto so nicely, that she clearly obtained the first prize. When I say clearly, it is not exactly so; she shared it with Mesdemoiselles Vidal and Roux. These two young ladies also profited by the advantage which the easy touch of the piano gave them; so easy, that the keys commenced to move themselves, merely by being breathed upon. Did any one ever see such a piano? At the time of hearing number twenty-nine, I was once more obliged to go out and seek a physician; another of the jurors became very red, and it was necessary that he should be bled instantly. Ah, the piano examination is no joke! And, when the physician came it was only just time. When I reentered the lobby of the theatre, I saw number twenty-nine coming out—little Planté—he was very pale and trembled from head to foot, saying: 'I don't know what ails the piano, but the keys move all alone: one would think there was some one inside, moving the hammers. I am afraid.'

'Go away then, you are stupid,' said little Cohen, three years older than he. 'Let me pass. I am not afraid.' Cohen (number thirty) came in; he sat down without looking at the keys, played the concerto very well, but after the last chords, just as he was rising, the piano recommenced the concerto quite alone! The poor young man was brave, but after standing petrified an instant, he started off as fast as his legs would carry him. From this moment, the piano went on its way (the sound always increasing) playing scales, trills, arpeggios.

"The public seeing no one near the instrument, and hearing it sounding ten times louder than before, moved about all over the house, some laughing, others beginning to be frightened, everybody in such a state of excitement as you may imagine. But one juror in the back of the box, not seeing the performance, believed that M. Cohen had recommenced the concerto, and screamed out: 'Enough! enough, stop! Let number thirty-one, the last one, commence.' We had to call to him from the theatre: 'Sir, nobody is playing; it is the piano which has got the habit of playing the Concerto of Mendelssohn, and executes it quite alone.' 'But this is dreadful. Send for M. Erard. He will perhaps be able to conquer this frightful instrument!'

"We sent for M. Erard. During all this time, the piano, which had finished the Concerto, had not failed to begin again at once, without losing a minute, and with always increasing force; one would have said there were four dozen pianos in unison. There were scales, tremolos, parts in sixths and thirds redoubled in octaves, chords of ten notes, triple trills, a perfect avalanche of sound.

"M. Erard came he no longer recognized the piano. He sent for holy water, which he threw on it; there was no effect, a proof that there was no witchcraft about it, and that it was a natural effect of the thirty performances of the

same concerto. They took down the instrument; took out the keyboard; the keys kept on moving; they threw it in the middle of the court of the Garde Meuble, when M. Erard had it chopped in pieces with an axe. Well, this was still worse; each morsel jumped, danced, frieked, from side to side, over the pavement, over our feet, against the wall, everywhere, until the locksmith of the Garde Meuble collected an armful of this enraged mechanism, and threw it in the fire of his forge, to end it. Poor M. Erard! such a beautiful instrument! That affair almost broke our hearts. But what was to be done? There was only this way of delivering ourselves from it.

Thus a concerto played thirty times in succession, in the same room, the same day, was the means of the piano getting the habit of playing it. M. Mendelssohn could not complain that his music was not played; but you see the consequences.

## Beethoven and the Various Editions of his Works.

Beethoven's Works in the Edition Published by Breitkopf & Härtel.

BY OTTO JAHN.

(Continued from page 205.)

After what has been said, it will easily be understood that there is immeasurably more hesitation among composers than among literary men in bringing out editions of their complete works. The purely material question of space is a question of no slight weight. Notes require a large-sized page, and only very few of the persons who cultivate music are prepared for a long series of folios; yet it would scarcely be possible to do without such a series, for most of the great composers were very prolific, and volumes multiply rapidly in cases where scores are concerned. Scores are, generally, a stumbling-block. Among amateurs, there are not too many so thoroughly educated as to be able to derive pleasure from them—nay, it is said that there are even learned musicians who have no liking and no aptitude for availing themselves of scores—and yet they will always constitute the principal stock of masters of importance, and accommodating arrangements of them be only partially available. This is another proof of the great dissimilarity inherent to the very varied interests of the musical public, the different sections of which do not all derive equal satisfaction from such collections; this, it is true, holds good in literature as well. There is no doubt that whoever now-a-days reads Lessing earnestly, will like not only *Nathan* and *Minna von Barnhelm*, but draw, with as much pleasure, recreation and strength from the *Dramaturgy*, the *Antiquarian Letters*, and the writings on *Theology* and *Freemasonry*; all this, however, is quite different with Herder. If, in the case of Schiller, poems and dramas sufficiently compensate those readers who take no delight in the philosophical works, it becomes a matter of doubt whether the comprehensiveness and variety of Goethe did not prove impediments to his achieving similar popularity, and whether a division of his works into various categories would not be attended with a highly advantageous result. Far greater and practically important is the diversity exhibited by most leading composers. Certainly, were the collected—we can scarcely say—works of Hüntten, Ch. Voss and

\* Translated for this Journal by Mrs. H. A. VAN ARSDALE.

Oesten, published, we should not have to complain of versatility; but this is not so with the masters who have proved their greatness by the greatness of what they did; the church, the stage, the music of the concert-room and that of the house, presented each of them with tasks of the most varied kinds, and not interesting equally the same public, which was frequently the smaller in proportion as the publication of the works was more expensive.

There is another circumstance no less beset with difficulties. Among the reading public, there has sprung up almost universally an historical interest, vividly displayed in studying the development of literature generally, as well as, more especially, the gradual progress made by particular authors; youthful essays; first plans; fresh versions; and, in a word, things which do not so much afford absolute enjoyment as promote a more intimate knowledge of the process of mental productivity and labor, excite even in large circles an active interest, which, like all historical investigation and knowledge, demands, of necessity, to be extended and perfected. It is true that an historical interest of this description has, for some time, reigned in musical circles likewise, but it is infinitely rarer in the latter than in literary circles. Little interest of this description, however, is evinced not only by the listening public, who demand from music, if not a mere means of passing their time, at any rate, no more than an immediate sensation, as well as by amateurs who sing and play themselves, and the great mass of whom are equally limited both in their wishes and powers, but, as a rule, even by musicians. The fact of entering upon a system of historical treatment presupposes not merely a certain amount of acquirements, but, also, the deliberate intention of viewing a work of art in another light than that of mere enjoyment, and further, the capability of disregarding, at least partially, customary forms, without, in either case, weakening one's susceptibility for what is really musical and artistic—demands not easily satisfied, especially in this department of art. If, therefore, any great consideration were paid to this historical interest in publishing a collection of the works of even eminent composers, such a collection would be scarcely possible. An edition of Gluck's collected works—to say nothing of Hasse, Graun, and others—is something hardly conceivable, however interesting and important it might be to follow up the development of a man of a reforming mind in the compositions written at various periods of his life, and, from works composed at different times and for different purposes, to decide his position with relation to the manifold demands of his day and of his vocation; at present, those works of Gluck which are known, and which generally serve as the foundation for the notion people form of him, belong to one class only. If Gluck's labors, confined, as they were, nearly exclusively to opera, be surrounded with difficulties, such difficulties would be rather increased in the case of other masters by the latter's versatility. Joseph Haydn's popularity reposes upon the works of the last twenty years of his long life; we are acquainted more especially with the Haydn after Mozart: the struggling Haydn, the Haydn who freed and built up instrumental music, is as good as forgotten, if we leave out of consideration a number of his Quartets; what he did in the way of sacred music is imperfectly known, and what he produced as an operatic composer has never been known at all. But if we succeeded in collecting the 119 Symphonies which he himself noted down in an autographic list "of compositions which, for the nonce, he remembered having composed from his eighteenth to his seventy-third year inclusive;" the 163 pieces for the Viola di Bordone, Prince Nicholas Esterhazy's favorite instrument, the innumerable Cassations, Divertissements, Nocturnes, Scherzandi, Fantasias, Concertos, Sonatas, &c., for a greater or less number of instruments, 18 Italian Operas, with several German ones, and, finally, his various compositions for the Church, who would ever deem it possible to find a public of purchasers for such a collection? However great the circulation attained by numerous works

of his of nearly every kind; however wide-spread and profound their influence; and however general their popularity, even at the present day, were anyone to think of collecting, in one edition, all the 626 works contained in Köchel's model catalogue, a number of amateurs and collectors might be found to purchase it, but scarcely a public. Nor is Mozart's case different. However fine and important may be, also, a considerable number of the works of Mozart, works hitherto either not made known at all, or mutilated and disfigured; however great and just the interest which most of them excite, in so far as they exhibit the development of his powers, and, at the same time, the nature of the musical productions of the period, it is, beyond a doubt, principally the historical interest which finds satisfaction in the many operatic, sacred, and instrumental compositions of the Vienna period, and this is not the sort of interest felt by the musical public at large.

There is, consequently, not much to be reported about editions of the collected works of celebrated composers. Such an edition of Hasse's operas was to have been published at the expense of the Elector of Saxony; but at the bombardment of Dresden, in 1760, the whole of the manuscript, which was quite ready for the press, was burnt. At the suggestion, and with the assistance of Duke Charles of Wurtemberg, a *Recueil des operas composés par Nicolas Jomelli à la cour du serenissime duc de Wurtemberg*, was commenced, but was not carried out beyond the first volume, which contained the *Olimpiade*. Greater progress was made by the collective edition of Handel's works, begun by Arnold, at the instance of George III., in 1786. Thirty-six volumes appeared, but this edition, like the rest, was never completed.

These enterprises would hardly have been commenced, but for the prospect of princely munificence being exerted in their favor. When, after his death, the publishing house of Breitkopf and Hartel announced an edition of Mozart's works, they had not the slightest intention of publishing all of them; the *Oeuvres complètes* really comprised only those pianoforte and vocal compositions which interested the majority of the musical public; the Pianoforte Concertos formed a series of their own, while the sacred and the operatic music, again, appeared apart, without any importance being attached to completeness or uniformity in the various publications. This collection was quickly followed up by an edition, carried out in the same spirit, of the collected works of Haydn; and those green and red volumes, which attained such a circulation as had previously never been known, exerted upon musical progress in Germany an almost incalculable influence. The reason is, that they made this capital of German house-music common property; they afforded healthy nourishment to the practice of music which was penetrating more and more among all classes of the people; they became the ever stable foundation of musical education; and contributed most materially to create a community of musical feeling. By their resemblance to Anthologies or Chrestomathies, a resemblance they shared with many *Oeuvres*, which followed them, of Dom. Scarlatti, Clementi, etc., they certainly exerted a deeper and more permanent influence upon the age in which they appeared, than could then have been exerted by collective editions, properly so called, and carried out in an historico-philological spirit.

The idea of issuing an edition of Handel's works, really based upon completeness and authenticity, was conceived by a Society of musical amateurs in England. From 1844 to 1853, they published fourteen volumes, got up with all the English splendor; but, since then, the undertaking has come to a standstill, apparently forever.

The fundamental notion of this Society was taken up in Germany, first by the Bach Society, which was founded in 1850, a hundred years after Bach's death, and announced as its object the publication of a complete critical edition of all the works written by Joh. Seb. Bach, as a monument to so great a composer. Entering into detail with regard to the mode in which

their project was to be executed, they said: "All such of Bach's works as, by certain tradition and critical investigation, can be proved to emanate from him, will be admitted into this edition. In every instance, the original manuscript, or the printed copy sanctioned by the composer himself, will, if possible, be taken as a guide, and, if not, the best available resources, for giving the public the work in its current form as authenticated by critically tested tradition. Nothing like arbitrariness in altering, omitting, or adding, will be permitted." Eight years afterwards, the Bach Society was followed by the German Handel Society, which, founded on a similar plan, and governed by similar principles, has undertaken to publish the collected works of Handel. By the admirable manner in which they have been got up—at the establishment of Breitkopf and Härtel—and by the critical care, greater than that ever previously known in any instance of the kind, which has been bestowed upon them, to ensure a trustworthy and correct text, a stately series of volumes, regularly issued up to the present date by both Societies, proves in what a serious and lofty spirit the undertakings are conducted, and justifies the hope that the persons concerned will steadily go on with them to completion.

Bach and Handel possess, indisputably, an especial right to have their collected works preserved, in all their purity and authenticity, and rendered universally acceptable for all times, since, owing to the spirit in which they were conceived, and the art with which they were carried out, those works are essentially monumental. They not only afford remarkable testimony of what great and beautiful things eminent individuals were, at a given period, capable of producing, but they lay claim to an absolute value, which—independent of the age that gave them birth as well as of the age that is now intent upon republishing and enjoying them—forms an inalienable quality of the loftiest creations of human art. Different as the two masters are, and astounding as is the rich fertility of their productive powers in various ways, we shall find scarcely a single work that does not, by its novelty and originality, excite an independent interest of some kind or other; display the composer in a new light; or genially unfold the very essence of art, and present us with perfection itself. The lofty and great spirit which pervades all these works, and, seriously and vigorously, admonishes the hearer to soar into the ideal regions of genuine art, will secure for them a lasting and profound influence on all those for whom music is a real inward necessity, while that no artist, be he a master or a disciple, has ever exhausted the study of Bach and Handel, is a fact which must not be questioned even by the admirers of "surmounted points of view."

Of late years, zealous and gratifying efforts have been made, by public performances of every description, and by naturalizing them in the narrower circles of household music, to render the vocal and instrumental compositions of Bach and Handel accessible and known to everyone—to promote, in every way, the comprehension, and, with it, the true enjoyment of them. That composers, who in their works bestowed so little thought upon dilettanti, should present no slight difficulties to a public consisting essentially of dilettanti, may easily be supposed. Many and many a requisite for the complete comprehension and enjoyment of their works will have to be acquired by artificial means; for however much the two were raised above their age, in that age were both the base and the point of departure for their ideas. It will not, therefore, be invariably possible to avoid going back to these, if we would attain perfect comprehension of conception and form; though, on account of the composer's universal significance and grandeur, this may be achieved without any very great exertion or difficult preparations, supposing always the existence of real musical talent and a serious feeling for art. The publications of the Bach and Handel Societies are the more effective in thus popularizing their composers, from the fact that both Societies are either the first to publish the greater

portion of their immortal works at all, or at any rate, the first to give them to the world correct and undistorted, as the composers wrote them. People are only beginning to learn what a treasure there was here, now that the treasure is being dug up for them, and many generations will have plenty to do in employing it best for the true development of art. The organization of the two Societies proves, however, that neither Bach nor Handel is yet sufficiently popular to enable the Societies, in their publications, to reckon upon the general mass of the musical public, and it was, therefore, necessary to consult the taste of artists, amateurs, and collectors. As we are all aware, every member of the Societies pays a certain annual subscription, and the sum total of such subscriptions is expended in publishing. Of the works which the Societies are thus placed in a position to print every year, each member receives a copy. In all this, there is nothing like publishing speculation; no regard is paid to the public outside the Societies; and the partial acquisition of one or more volumes is not permitted. It was only by keeping strictly in view the principal object, namely: to publish the collected works in a critically correct form, and to secure the possession and enjoyment of them for future generations, that the purpose of the Societies could be carried out at all. To the zeal of artists and the activity of trade we may confidently leave the task of coining the bars of precious metal here presented us; of satisfying, by editions of detached portions, pianoforte arrangements, and separate parts, the wants of individuals; and of propagating and introducing to the public piecemeal what it is not so easy to circulate as a whole; indeed, not a little has been effected in this way already. It is a royal palace which the Bach and Handel Societies have undertaken; the carters will have plenty to do in the conveyance of materials.

From what we have said, our readers will perceive it is quite another thing when the firm of Breitkopf and Härtel announce an edition of all Beethoven's collected works as a business speculation, which, without anything like extraordinary support or favor, and despite immense competition, appeals entirely to the wants and sympathies of the great mass of the musical public, whom it promises worthily to satisfy. Just let the reader recollect that Beethoven's works are already in the hands of the public—those still unprinted would not incline the scale much; that the compositions which command the attention of the masses circulate everywhere in numerous editions, contenting both just and immoderate expectations; and that now there appears a collective edition comprising everything, great and small works, popular and forgotten, thankful and unthankful ones, edited in conformity with the strictest requirements of scientific criticism; splendidly got up; and sent forth under conditions presupposing and rendering possible a widespread co-operation on the part of the musical public. There is one fact which, above all others, is proved by this, namely that, at the present day, Beethoven enlists the sympathies of the entire musical public far more than all other composers, and, on that account, rules the musical market. It may, perhaps, be difficult to obtain exact and reliable statistical returns of the sale and circulation of musical productions; but one thing is certain beyond the shadow of a doubt, and that is: no composer, either classical or fashionable, can be, in the most remote degree, compared with Beethoven as far as regards the continuous and extraordinarily increasing sale of his works. It is, indeed, even asserted that if the entire number of Beethoven's compositions which pass through the hands of the music-trade in any one year were placed in one scale and all other musical works published in the same year were laid in the other, the scales might possibly tremble, but that Beethoven alone would balance all the rest. As may be supposed, it is the compositions and arrangements for pianoforte which produce this result, for some of them are circulated in incredible numbers; that this sovereign sway, however, exerted over the musical public of all classes and creeds is no transient and fash-

ionable caprice of dilettante-ism, but a gratifying proof how deeply and how generally a feeling for, and an interest in, genuine and lofty art are already spread among us, is a fact to which testimony is borne by the new collective edition. For a great artist to enjoy such universal respect, and for his works to exercise so immediate and vivid an influence that a collective edition undertaken with care and earnestness, and, in every way, thoroughly and worthily carried out, shall be joyfully received and supported by the public, is, certainly, a remarkable and unusually pleasing phenomenon. The difficulties besetting on all sides an enterprise of this kind are so great and varied, that it is only the general and continuous co-operation of the public which can supply the courage and power to overcome them and complete the work.

(To be Continued.)

### Mendelssohn's Letters.

(From the Atlantic Monthly, Jan. 1865.)

Letters of FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLOMY from 1833 to 1847. Two Volumes. Philadelphia: F. Leypoldt.

There are many people who make very little discrimination between one musician and another,—who discern no great gulf between Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, between Rossini and Romberg, between Spohr and Spontini: not in respect of music, but of character; of character in itself, and not as it may develop itself in chaste or florid, sentimental, gay, devotional, or dramatic musical forms. And as yet we have very little help in our efforts to gain insight into the inner nature of our great musical artists. Of Meyerbeer the world knows that he was vain, proud, and fond of money,—but whether he had soul or not we do not know; the profound religiousness of Handel, who spent his best years on second-rate operas, and devoted his declining energies to oratorio, we have to guess at rather than reach by direct disclosure; and till Mr. Thayer shall take away the mantle which yet covers his Beethoven, we shall know but little of the interior nature of that wonderful man. But Mendelssohn now stands before us, disclosed by the most searching of all processes, his own letters to his own friends. And how graceful, how winning, how true, tender, noble is the man! We have not dared to write a notice of these two volumes while we were fresh from their perusal, lest the fascination of that genial, Christian presence should lead us into the same frame which prompted not only the rhapsodies of "Charles Auchester," but the same passionate admiration which all England felt, while Mendelssohn lived, and which Elizabeth Sheppard shared, not led. We lay down these volumes after the third perusal, blessing God for the rich gift of such a life,—a life, sweet, gentle, calm, nowise intense nor passionate, yet swift, stirring and laborious even to the point of morbidness. A Christian without cant; a friend, not clinging to a few and rejecting the many, nor diffusing his love over the many with no dominating affection for a few near ones, but loving his own with a tenacity almost unparalleled, yet reaching out a free, generous sympathy and kindly devotion even to the hundreds who could give him nothing but their love. It is thought that his grief over his sister Fanny was the occasion of the rupture of a blood-vessel in his head, and that it was the proximate cause of his own death; and yet he who loved with this idolatrous affection gave his hand to many whose names he hardly knew. The reader will not overlook, in the second series of letters, the plea in behalf of an old Swiss guide for remembrance in "Murray," nor that long letter to Mr. Simrock, the music-publisher, enjoining the utmost secrecy, and then urging the claims of a man whom he was most desirous to help.

The letters from Italy and Switzerland were written during the two years with which he prefaced his quarter-century of labor as composer, director, and virtuoso. They relate much to Italian painting, the music of Passion Week, Swiss scenery, his stay with Goethe, and his brilliant reception in England on his return. They disclose a youth of glorious promise.

The second series does not disappoint that promise. The man is the youth a little less exuberant, a little more mature, but no less buoyant, tender, and loving. The letters are as varied as the claims of one's family differ from those of the outside world, but are always Mendelssohnian,—free, pure, unworldly, yet deep and wise. They continue down to the very close of his life. They are edited by his brother Paul, and another near relative. Yet unauthorized publications of other letters will follow, for Mendelssohn was a prolific letter-writer; and Lampadius, a warm admirer of the composer, has recently announced such a volume. The public may rejoice in this;

for Mendelssohn was not only purity, but good sense itself; he needs no critical editing; and if we may yet have more strictly musical letters from his pen, the influence of the two volumes now under notice will be largely increased.

It is not enough to say of these volumes that they are bright, piquant, genial, affectionate; nor is it enough to speak of their artistic worth, the subtle appreciation of painting in the first series, and of music in the second; it is not enough to refer to the glimpses which they give of eminent artists,—Chopin, Rossini, Donizetti, Hiller, and Moscheles,—nor the side-glances at Thorwaldsen, Bunsen, the late scholarly and art loving King of Prussia, Schadow, Overbeck, Cornelius, and the Düsseldorf painters; nor is it enough to dwell upon that delightful homage to father and mother, that confiding trust in brother and sisters, that loyalty to friends. The salient feature of these charming books is the unswerving devotion to a great purpose; the careless disregard, nay, the abrupt refusal, of fame, unless it came in an honest channel; the naive modesty that made him wonder, even in the very last years of his life, that he could be the man whose entrance into the crowded halls of London and Birmingham should be the signal of ten minutes' protracted cheering; the refusal to set art over against money; the unwillingness to undertake the mandates of a king, unless with the cordial acquiescence of his artistic conscience; and the immaculate purity, not alone of his life, but of his thought. How he castigates Donizetti's love of money and his sloth! how his whip scourges the immorality of the French opera, and his whole soul abhors the sensuality of that stage! how steadfastly he refuses to undertake the composition of an opera till the faultless libretto for which he patiently waited year after year, could be prepared! We wish our religious societies would cull out a few of the letters of this man and scatter them broadcast over the land: they would indeed be "leaves for the healing of the nations."

There is one lesson which may be learned from Mendelssohn's career, which is exceptionally rare: it is that Providence does sometimes bless a man every way,—giving him all good and no evil. Where shall we look in actual or historic experience to find a parallel to Mendelssohn in this? He had beauty: Chorley says he never looked upon a handsomer face. He had grace and elegance. He spoke four languages with perfect ease, read Greek and Latin with facility, drew skilfully, was familiar with the sciences, and never found himself at a loss with professed naturalists. He was a member of one of the most distinguished families of Germany: his grandfather being Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher; his father, a leading banker; his uncle Bartholdy, a great patron of art in Rome, while he was Prussian minister there; his brother-in-law Hensel, Court painter; both his sisters and his brother Paul occupying leading social positions. He was heir-apparent to a great estate. He was greeted with the applause of England from the outset of his career; "awoke famous," after the production of the "Midsummer Overture," while almost a boy; never had a piece fall short of triumphant success; in fact, so commanding prestige that he could find not one who would rationally blame or criticize him,—a "most wearying" thing, he writes, that every piece he brought out was always "wonderfully fine." He was loved by all and envied by none; the pet and joy of Goethe, who lived to see his expectation of Mendelssohn on the road to ample fulfillment; blessed entirely in his family, "the course of true love" running "smooth" from beginning to end; well, agile, strong; and more than all this, having a childlike religious faith in Christ, and as happy as a child in his piety. His life was cloudless; those checks and compensations with which Providence breaks up others' lot were wanting to his. We never knew any one like him in this, but the childlike, sunny Carl Ritter.

We still lack a biography of Mendelssohn which shall portray him from without, as these volumes do from within. We learn that one is in preparation; and when that is given to the public, one more rich life will be embalmed in the memories of all good men.

We ought not to overlook the unique elegance of these two volumes. Like all the publications of Mr. Leypoldt, they are printed in small, round letter; and the whole appearance is creditable to the publisher's taste. The American edition entirely eclipses the English in this regard. Though not advertised profusely, the merit of these Letters has already given them entrance and welcome into our most cultivated circles: but we bespeak for them a larger audience still; for they are books which our young men, our young women, our pastors, our whole thoughtful and aspiring community, ought to read and circulate.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

**Mr. Fry and his Works.**

The obituary notices of WILLIAM HENRY FRY in the last number of your journal, contain but a meagre list of his musical works. Appended is one more full and complete. No composer was ever through life so persecuted and denied a hearing as he; the doors of every opera house in New York, where he lived, having been for twenty years closed against him, through a well-known cause disgraceful to that city. Not a few critics, professional as well as amateur musicians, who heard his two operas in Philadelphia, ranked him not only as the ablest composer this country has produced, but as a musical genius of the first order, not second to Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, Meyerbeer. He composed with the utmost fluency. The physician who attended him in his last illness, stated in a communication published in *The World* newspaper, that he was only thirty-two days engaged in composing his last opera, *Notre-Dame of Paris*. He was then suffering with consumption and hemorrhages of the lungs, which diminished his ability to labor continuously. *Notre-Dame*, like his other operas, is a technically "grand opera," that is, sung throughout, the recitatives being accompanied by full orchestra; and is as large a work as *The Huguenots* or *The Prophet*, being, like them, written to display the vast orchestral, choral and scenic resources of the grandest opera houses. Mr. Fry was the first modern composer to write "grand operas" to librettos in the English language, as he had a marked aversion to the style of operas called English—melodramas with interjected musical pieces, vulgar hodge-podges of songs and dialogue.

New York is the only city in the Union where the opera has existed, if not absolutely, at least in some degree, as an institution, which a native composer might reasonably have regarded as possessing resources to produce original works and a public to sustain them through representations enough to reward both manager and composer; and in that city Mr. Fry persistently endeavored to obtain that hearing for his operatic works which was so shamefully denied. The New York opera-going public is, however, not to be censured in the matter. They would have sustained Mr. Fry, had they been allowed to hear his operas, and would have afforded him incentives to produce forty instead of the four he has left. Now that he is dead and gone, now that he is past suffering through the devices of malignant hate, it may be hoped that a hearing will be accorded to the few operatic works he has left. But if the opportune moment be not yet reached, it will assuredly come. The name of William Henry Fry will one day take its place among the world's few great operatic composers, and with his works will live when his foes have passed from earth and the memory of man.

As a writer for the press, as well as a composer, Mr. Fry's faculty of production, when roused to action by an adequate incentive, was something marvellous. He could only write and compose rapidly and seemingly under inspiration, when ideas crowded almost too swiftly for utterance by words or notes. Had he not been driven from the path of musical composition to the less congenial pursuits of politics and journalism which mainly occupied his life, he would probably have left a record as the most prolific composer who ever lived. As it was, with scarcely any opportunities to have his works performed, and consequently almost without stimulus to produce them, he is known to have composed the following; though this list may not be complete, as he was in some things very careless, never numbering his works or keeping any record of all he had produced.

4 Grand Operas: *The Bridal of Dunure*, English libretto; *Aurelia the Vestal*, English libretto, with an Italian version, called *I Cristiani ed I Pagani*; *Leonora*, English libretto, with an Italian version under same title; *Notre-Dame of Paris*, English libretto,

with an Italian version called *Nostra-Donna di Parigi*.

1 Cantata: *The Fall of Warsaw*, for principal singers, chorus and orchestra.

1 *Stabat Mater*, for four principal voices, chorus and orchestra.

1 Hallelujah Chorus, with orchestral accompaniment.

1 *Kyrie Eleison*, chorus with orchestral accompaniment.

1 Mass, complete, (composed at Santa Cruz a few days before his death).

1 *Magnificat*, for three voices with organ accompaniment.

20 Psalms and Hymns for four voices, with organ accompaniment.

1 Grand Scena for Bass Voice: "The Crucifixion."

1 Ode Symphony, for chorus and orchestra, composed for the opening of the New York Crystal Palace.

12 Waltzes for the Piano, called "The Musical Circle Waltzes."

5 Waltzes for the piano.

10 Ballads, Songs, Cavatinas.

12 Quartets for 2 violins, viola and v'cello.

6 Overtures for grand orchestra: *Macbeth*, never played; *Evangeline*, played in New York; and four without titles, played by the Philadelphia Philharmonic Society.

4 Symphonies for grand orchestra: *A Day in the Country*; *Childe Harold*; *The Breaking Heart*; *The Christmas Symphony*; played at Jullien's Concerts and Fry's Lectures on Music.

The music illustrating Fry's lectures on music. In 1852 Mr. Fry delivered at Metropolitan Hall in New York—a magnificent building like the Boston Music Hall, with seats for 3,000 persons, afterwards destroyed by fire—a course of 10 lectures on the Science and Art of Music. Probably no course of lectures on any subject, delivered anywhere, was ever illustrated on so vast a scale; the musical illustrations having been given by the principal singers of Mme. Sontag's opera company, a chorus of two hundred and an orchestra of eighty-six. The illustrations of rare and curious music included ancient Greek, Egyptian, Siamese, Chinese, East Indian, mediæval European, &c. Many of the pieces, being melodies only, were harmonized by Mr. Fry for chorus and orchestra; and a number of pieces were also composed by him for the lectures. These lectures, displaying Mr. Fry's vast stores of learning and absolute mastery of the subject in detail, were popular and gave pleasure to thousands of auditors. The audience was particularly delighted when he analyzed the structure of melody, showed how its beauty was derived from the language for which it was composed, showed why Italian melodies were more elegant than others, and, taking native East Indian melodies, probably hundreds of years old, composed to soft Hindoo words, proved them by performance to be not only similar to but almost identical with the loveliest melodies of Bellini and other Italian masters. These lectures were so unique, so comprehensive, so exhaustive of the whole subject, that the annexed syllabus may be regarded as almost a musico-literary curiosity.

LECTURE 1. Introduction to the general subject, —Music. Musical sounds; definitions and characteristics. Music as a language. Its history; its universality. Formation of sounds. Exemplifications vocal and instrumental.

LECTURE 2. Acoustics. Music as a science at different periods and among different nations. Melody and Harmony. Examples of curious Music, —the ancient and the rude. The earliest written choruses. Performance of some remarkable ones by the grand chorus. Simple and scientific music, —the popular and the true meaning of these epithets discussed and illustrated.

LECTURE 3. The Voice. Intonation in speaking and singing distinguished. The different qualities and capacities of the masculine and feminine voice. Exemplifications by the principal vocalists

and chorus. Method and style. Sources of expression.

LECTURE 4. The Ballad.—sentimental and descriptive music. Its variations among different nations. National songs, their distinctive features, poetical and musical. Vocal illustrations, with and without accompaniments.

LECTURE 5. The Orchestra. All the instruments explained; their past and present treatment by composers practically demonstrated by the great orchestra. Sinfonia and overture. Military Music. Illustrations by the military band.

LECTURE 6. Church, Oratorio, and Chamber music. Subjects, meanings and aims of the several species. The organ, piano, harp and guitar. Styles of different composers. Performances of selections from rare, curious and great works.

LECTURE 7. Nature and Progress of Musical Ideas. Similarities in the melodic phraseology of different composers—how far referable to the nature of the art. Improvements in Orchestration, and the general scope of Music. Exposition of the different schools of Music, exemplified in the compositions of old and modern masters. Palestrina, Jomelli, Purcell, Gluck, Handel, Piccini, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini and others. The difference between formal and inspired music.

LECTURE 8. The Lyrical Drama. Origin of the Opera. Its progress and peculiarities on the Italian, German, French and English stage. Defects and merits of the Opera in general, as an exponent of dramatic character, passion and action. Selections from various operas illustrative of these topics.

LECTURE 9. The Lyrical Drama continued. Considerations of the fitness of the English language for dramatic Music. Exemplifications in recitatives, arias, etc. The Ballet, its characteristics. Orchestral illustrations of them. General considerations of the proprieties of the lyrical stage. Its traditions, requisite reforms, capabilities and influences.

LECTURE 10. The connection between literature and oratory and music. Music as a part of collegiate education. The national defects of intonation and pronunciation. The connection between music and its public diffusion with the national taste in other arts. Its connection with health and morals—the family circle and society. The dignities and shames of art. The actual relation of the artist to private and public life. His rights under American institutions contrasted with his disparagement under the ancient and feudal system. American Music. The Artistic future.

**Musical Correspondence.**

BERLIN, JAN.—I proposed, in my last, to give you an account of some of the best of the many concerts which can be heard here. Among these the series given by the "Brothers MÜLLER" and ROBERT RADECKE takes a prominent place. Years ago, the original "Brothers Müller" were celebrated as the finest Quartet players in Germany; they were, however, but mortal, and their fame now lives on in a second Quartet of the same name, consisting of the sons of either one or several of the original "Brothers." The playing of the latter is, to me, as near perfection as can well be imagined; but I am told that it does not equal that of the predecessors. Robert Radecke, who joins in the concerts of these gentlemen, is a young pianist of very great merit, whose playing, full of freshness, health, vigor and sentiment, infects the hearer with the spirit the performer throws into it, and carries him away with it in delicious excitement. The wife of the first violinist, Frau Müller Berghaus, varies these concerts by her excellent and really classic singing; it is only a pity that her voice, originally a full, rich, powerful mezzo-soprano, is evidently impaired by ill-health. Her upper notes are often shrill, and even the middle ones are sometimes so veiled that is almost painful to listen to them. The following programmes will show you how worthily all this artistic excellence was employed:

**1st Concert.**

- 1 Quartet (C sharp minor, op. 181).....Beethoven.
- 2 a) Romanza from "Zemire and Asor".....Spohr.
- b) "Am Meer".....Schubert.
- 3 Rondo for Piano (fr. op. 53).....Schubert.
- 4 a) Zuleika.....Mendelssohn.
- b) "Hark, hark, the lark" etc.....Schubert.
- 6 Quintet for Piano and Str. Instr.....Schumann.



## 2nd Concert.

- 1 Quartet (A minor, op. 182).....Beethoven.  
 2 a) "Thou art like a flower".....Schumann.  
 b) Margaret at the Spinning wheel.....Schubert.  
 3 March of the "Davidbündler," for Piano.....Schumann.  
 4 a Spring Song.....Mendelssohn.  
 b Persian Song.....Rubinstein.  
 c Kinderlied.....Taubert.  
 5 Trio (A flat M.S.).....Radecke.

## 3d Concert.

- 1 Serenade f. V. Va., Cello, op. 8.....Beethoven.  
 2 a The Fair Maid of Inverness.....Beethoven.  
 b Venetian Gondoller's Song.....Beethoven.  
 3 Sonata for Piano and Cello, Op. 102, No. 2.....Beethoven.  
 4 a Persian Song.....Rubinstein.  
 b "Er ist gekommen".....Frans.  
 5 Quartet for Piano, etc.....Rubinstein.

Of this rich array a few numbers deserve particular notice. So, for instance, Schumann's Quintet, which I cannot fancy more exquisitely rendered, in all its parts—Always a special favorite with me, its place in my memory is now surrounded by a halo of perfection which no lapse of time will efface. The two Quartets of Beethoven, too, usually considered so incomprehensible, were rendered sources of great enjoyment, by the wonderful clearness with which they were played. Much, of course, still remained dark, (particularly in the second) upon which only very frequent hearing would throw light even to the most profound musician; but the immense difficulties of these compositions were mastered with so little apparent effort, that one seemed almost to be listening to a quartet of Haydn or Mozart. And yet what a contrast was there between these stupendous works, and the Serenade in the third programme! Ah! it was the contrast between the light-hearted youth, with life and hope before him, and the morbid, stricken, lonely man, to whom life had brought so little, and hope had proved so false. The Serenade is charming; full of life and love, of grace and tenderness. It consists of five parts: an Allegro, slow movement, Minuet, Variations and Finale, and is a companion piece to the lovely Sextet for quartet and two horns, which I heard here in Berlin many years ago. I have always regretted its never being produced in America, and can now only advise our artists across the sea to give both it and the Serenade a place in their repertoire. I must not omit to mention that Herr Radecke's Trio placed him in quite as high a rank as a composer, as he occupies as a pianist. It was very original, and will, I am sure, when published, take its place among the favorite compositions of the present day.

A few days ago, I had once more the pleasure of hearing the Müllers in a concert for a benevolent object. They again played Beethoven's Serenade, a lovely Quartet by Haydn, and, with Kapellmeister TAUBERT, Mozart's charming Piano Quartet. Taubert's playing is extremely neat and precise, but it does not warm one; I would have preferred Radecke. Frau Müller Berghaus repeated some of the songs mentioned above. The most beautiful of these was Beethoven's Scotch Song, "The lovely maid of Inverness," which the musical critic of a Berlin daily truly calls tear-laden. A more mournful, heart-seizing song I never heard. Its beauty was enhanced by an *obligato* accompaniment of violin and violoncello, and the sighing of the latter was well suited to the deep sorrow of the song.

A most enjoyable little Trio Soirée was recently given to a select, but very appreciative audience, by three young artists, ARNOLD (Piano), MARX, (Violin), and ZURN (Cello). The programme contained only three numbers: one of Beethoven's Op. 70 Trios, Mendelssohn's B flat Sonata for Piano and Cello, and Schubert's Trio, op. 100. It was this which attracted me, without my knowing anything of the performers. And I was well repaid for going. The pianist was unusually good, and if there was room for improvement in the other players, there was also a fair promise of it.

SIGISMUND BLUMNER, (a brother of Martin Blumner, the second director of the Sing-Akademie in this city) who has been spending some years in England, made his debut here not long ago before an invited

audience. He plays with much brilliancy and power, and will probably take his stand here among the first pianists. OLB BULL has also been renewing his acquaintance with the Berlin public, in a series of concerts given in the Royal Theatre. His playing is said to bear all its old characteristic features. A Fraulein DECKNER, a female violinist from Hungary, and a Herr FRANZ BENDEL, have recently appeared together, and Herr and Frau von BRONSART, pianists, as well as a Herr PEPPER, violoncellist, are very highly spoken of. I reserve for my next letter an account of a concert by CLARA SCHUMANN and STOCKHAUSEN, which I have had the great pleasure of attending; it would go beyond my present limits of time and space. But I cannot keep from your readers the very unpleasant intelligence of an accident which has befallen Madame Schumann. She fell while walking, with her whole weight upon her hand, and sprained her wrist, or arm, so seriously that weeks at least, if not months, must pass before she can again use her hand, and it is even doubtful, according to some accounts, if she will ever regain the full strength of the injured member. She has the warm sympathy of every one, for a greater misfortune could hardly befall her, who has already had so much to struggle with in life. Let us hope that the matter is not as serious as is now feared. M.

NEW YORK, FEB. 27.—The third "Symphonie Soirée of Mr. THEODORE THOMAS took place on Saturday evening, Feb. 18, at Irving Hall. The programme, of which the two main features were new to an American audience, was as follows:

- Symphony, "An das Vaterland" op. 96, D.....Raff.  
 1. Allegro.  
 2. Scherzo—Allegro molto vivace.  
 3. Larghetto.  
 4. Allegro Drammatico.  
 5. Larghetto sostenuto—Allegro deciso Trionfante.  
 Aria, "Che farò senza Euridice" (Orpheus).....Gluck.  
 Miss Adelaide Philipps.  
 Concerto for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, with accompaniment of Orchestra, Op. 56.....Beethoven.  
 Messrs. Mills, Mollenhauer, Bergner and Orchestra.  
 Cavatina, "Una voce poco fa" (Il Barbiere).....Rossini.  
 Miss Adelaide Philipps.  
 Overture, (Jesonda), Op. 63.....Spohr.

The event of the evening was Joachim Raff's Prize Symphony. The work was written by the composer in illustration of the following plan,—printed on the programme by the express wish of the composer:

"Few Germans who have feeling and enthusiasm for their nation, have been left, by the events of these last years, without a deep impression. Although the tone-poet is not brought into contact with certain outer forms of these events, still his soul is filled with lasting impressions, which finally force him to give them an artistic utterance. In this way arose the following series of movements.

"In the first of these, the poet attempted to describe the lofty flight of the mind, deep power of thought, purity and gentleness and perseverance unto victory, as important elements in the natural disposition of the German, which, in many ways, complete and imply each other.

"The second movement should conduct the hearer to the chase with the *men* in the German forest, where the horn sounds loud and clear; then lead him, to the gay sound of national songs, with the *youths and maidens* in their merry walks through the fields rich with harvests.

"In the third movement, the composer would invite us to the homes and firesides of his countrymen, which seem to him hallowed by the chaste Muses, and the faithful love of wife and children. But these cheering aspects no longer present themselves when the tone-poet directs his glance to another side of the German national life.

"In the fourth movement, are described repeated attempts for the unity of the fatherland, which are frustrated by a hostile power. The composer has introduced in this movement, as a symbol of the condition of his country, a melody which is known wherever Germans live, "What is the German's Fatherland" (*Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland*.)

"In the fifth movement the poet does not attempt to suppress the melancholy with which he is filled by the want of unity in his country. But hope now draws near, and led by her, he sees with longing and prophetic eyes a new and victorious uprising of his country in unity and majesty."

This Symphony was begun late in the summer of 1859, after the peace of Villafranca, and was ready for publication in 1861, when the attention of the composer was called to the fact that the Society of "Musik-Freunde," of the Austrian Em-

pire, had offered a prize for the best Symphony which should be sent to them. He was encouraged by many to send this work to compete for the prize, and it was preferred by the judges to any other of the thirty-two symphonies which were submitted to them. The composition was publicly performed at Vienna on the 22d of February, 1863, and was received with great applause by a large and critical audience.

I shall not here enter into a minute analytical detail of the beauties and defects of this unusually large score which occupied an hour and twenty minutes in performance; it will be sufficient for me to say, at present, that it is a work of uncommon merit both as regards conception and technical execution. Each movement presents many interesting points, and the composer has not been sparing of his contrapuntal resources; on the contrary, he has been rather too lavish in the exercise of them and, heaping detail upon detail, has spun the movements to an excessive length, which is in some measure injurious to the effect of the meritorious composition. But, if we consider how difficult and ungrateful a task it is for the composer of our days to accomplish anything remarkable in this form, while he has to endure a comparison with such predecessors as Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, we must allow that Raff has been on the whole successful; and we will hope that a composer who has been capable of doing so much will in the future do yet more. The instrumentation is, throughout, fine, and in many places remarkably original.

Another novelty to our audience was Beethoven's Concerto. This is a work that is rarely heard, on account of the difficulty of finding three efficient artists for the solo parts. It is not a work of such calibre as his violin or some of the piano-forte concertos; but it bears the noble Beethoven stamp throughout.

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, whose appearance was a welcome one to her many old friends and admirers, sang the Gluck Aria with fine expression; but we must make some objection to the changes which she made, not only in the tempo, but also in the notes of the morceau; it is in itself so perfect, so simply beautiful, that any change is for the worse. In the Rossini aria, Miss Phillipps displayed uncommon bravura execution; her fine and open trill is especially remarkable. This lady is too seldom heard in public; we have here very few singers of equal ability.

Mr. Max Strakosch has produced his "lately imported artists" (to use the very commercial language of some of our daily papers): the lady violoncellist, and the gentleman pianist, in three or four concerts here, and then in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, we believe; you will probably hear them soon in Boston also. The lady (Mlle. de KATOW) produces a clear, but weak tone from her instrument; her execution is not remarkable, and she shines best in light sentimental compositions. Mr. WENZL's principal merit consists in uncommon technical facility with his left hand. He is of the Thalberg school, but is decidedly behind that leader in finish and correctness; and his performance of the few good compositions to be found in his public repertoire is by no means a good interpretation.

Verdi's "*La Forza del Destino*" was brought out last week before a large audience at the Academy. The opera has made a favorable impression on our habits, and promises to have a successful "run." It presents many points of dramatic interest, and more repetitions and reminiscences. The plot is heavy and improbable, and the whole work exceedingly long, not to say tiresome. In my next I will give a more detailed account; the artists were not all in the best voice on the first representation, nor did the whole go off so smoothly as it will on a future performance.

Here is the programme of MASON and THOMAS's third soirée of Chamber Music:

- Quartet, String, (D minor).....Haydn.  
 Trio, Piano, (F, Op. 80).....Schumann.  
 Quartet, String, (F minor, Op. 95).....Beethoven.

LANCELOT.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 27.—The Third of the WOLFSOHN and THOMAS soirées was given on Saturday evening, Feb. 25. The following was the programme:

1. Sonata, (G major, op. 96) Piano and Violin.....Beethoven.
  2. Fantasia, (Robert le Diable).....Liszt.
  3. Sonata, (Trille du Diable) Violin.....Tartini.
  4. Quintet (B flat major, op. 44) Piano and Strings.....Schumann.
- Messrs. Wolfsohn, Thomas, Roggenburger, Kammerer, and Ahrend.

There was a fair attendance though the weather was very unpropitious. I can only refer in general terms to the concert, in remarking that, as usual with these gentlemen, there was little to complain of and much to commend.

The Liszt fantasia on "Robert" is one of the most difficult of the great pianists' productions, but Mr. Wolfsohn has bravely mastered it, and reproduced its effects with considerable skill.

On the afternoon of the same day, the Germania Society, which has shown considerable enterprise since the assumption of the baton by Mr. SCHMITZ, performed the "Heroic" Symphony of Beethoven, entire. It was creditably produced for a "Rehearsal;" there was a noticeable lack of strings, and this deficiency frequently interfered with a just rendering of this majestic work. It is scarcely fair, however, to criticize such a performance in the same spirit that we might a regular Orchestral Concert, where the price of admission is fourfold that of a Germania ticket.

For one, I think that there is such a thing as getting and giving music too cheaply, "Selling most cheap what is most dear;" there are people under present circumstances not to be enumerated on one's fingers, who do not value music enough to pay for it what it is really worth. These individuals make the Hall a resort for gossip of a Saturday afternoon, and sadly interfere with one's enjoyment and comfort. An advance in the price of tickets would undoubtedly suggest to these the propriety of discontinuing their patronage; at the same time the Society could afford to employ an increased force, and succeed in performing their selections with that carefulness and attention to detail, the want of which we have so often occasion to regret.

The Grover German Opera Company have been producing the items of their repertoire in the most negligent and shabby manner. Everything has gone wrong since the opening night, there being some inexcusable shortcomings on every occasion.

At the Fourteenth Matinée of the Philadelphia Quintet Club, the following pleasant programme was presented.

1. Quartet, No. 5, in A major.....Beethoven.
  2. Etude, C Minor.....Chopin.
  3. Quintet, B flat major.....Mozart.
- MERCUTIO.

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

The Orchestra's correspondent, Feb. 6th, writes:

The third concert of the "Société des Concerts du Conservatoire" was given yesterday, with the following programme:

- |                                   |             |
|-----------------------------------|-------------|
| Symphonie en Si bémol.            | Beethoven   |
| Ave verum.                        | Halevy      |
| Concerto en Sol mineur.           | Mendelssohn |
| Finale du 2me Acte de La Vestale. | Spontini    |
| Overture de Zampa.                | Herold      |

Monsieur Georges Hainl conducted. Beethoven's Symphony, the fourth he wrote, was well executed by the orchestra, and Halevy's Ave Verum for two soprani soli and chorus produced a very great effect and was deservedly applauded. The solists were Mdlle. Marie Sax and Mademoiselle Barthe-Banderli. Mendelssohn's splendid concerto in G minor served to introduce M. Louis Diemer, a young pianist of great promise. The rest of the concert was a decided failure. Mdlle. Marie Sax, who sang the soprano in the finale of "La Vestale," seems to have successfully studied in a school whose aim appears to be the serious cultivation of what Mozart bitterly called

"un urlo Francese," (a French yell). When she acknowledges to the *Grand Prêtre* that she has broken her vows, she gives her confession "mouth" in such a violent manner that M. Belval, her partner, seemed quite astounded; and instead of upbraiding a despairing culprit in a manner befitting the dignity of his position and the depth of his voice, seemed to be timidly expostulating with a virago *de la première catégorie*. The public were extremely ill-natured during the whole concert.

The Théâtre Italien has got into difficulties with Madame Veure Scribe, who has brought an action against M. Bagier, to prevent him performing "*La Sonnambula*," "*L'Elisir d'Amore*," and "*Un Ballo in Maschera*," on the ground that these pieces are translations of "*La Sonnambula*," "*Le Philtre*," and "*Gustave III.*," all three written by her late husband. The decision of the judges was in favor of Madame Scribe, but M. Bagier appeals, and until the final judgment is given, the pieces will be played as usual. "*La Sonnambula*" is announced for to-night with Brignoli as *Elvino*, and a slight change has been made in the title of the opera, which is now baptized "*La Villanella Sonnambula*."

M. Valentino, who for some years shared with Habeneck the post of *chef d'orchestre* at the Opera has just died at Versailles at the age of seventy-eight. He was highly esteemed by all the musicians placed under his direction, and had the reputation of being one of the best conductors of his day. He was the originator of the "Concerts Populaires de Musique Classique," which he founded in 1836. These concerts were given in a large hall situated in Rue St. Honoré, and which still bears the name of Salle Valentino; but has fallen from its high estate, and is now used as a Casino. The concerts were given daily, and the price of admission was a franc. The programme included a symphony, generally by Beethoven, and the best overtures and instrumental soli, performed by such artists as Remusat, (flute), Seligman and Deloffre, (violins), Verronst, (hautbois), Jancour, (bassoon), &c. The public of that day were not sufficiently enlightened to appreciate and encourage the Valentino's efforts to cultivate a taste for good music, and, being made too soon, the attempt was an utter failure. Twenty-five years later, a gentleman who at that time held the modest rank of kettle-drummer in Valentino's orchestra, succeeded in turning to good account his former conductor's ideas, and M. Pasdeloup, at the Cirque Napoléon, is every week reaping what his predecessor had sown. His seventh concert (2nd series) was given yesterday, Mozart's "Jupiter Symphony," and Beethoven's in C minor, and the *Freyschütz* being the principal morceaux.

At the Opera, "*Roland*" and "*Motse*" keep their places on the bills. The rehearsals of "*L'Africaine*" are progressing rapidly, and are conducted with the greatest secrecy; even the artists in the cast seem to know but little of the piece, with the exception of their own scenes; they are called from the *foyer* when they are wanted, and are not allowed to stand at the wings. I hear great things of a scene on board ship in the third act, which is said to be something marvellous.

At the Opéra Comique, "*Le Capitaine Henriot*" is highly successful; the last receipts are officially announced as amounting to 7,482 francs (nearly £300). This is satisfactory, but astonishing; for the Opéra Comique, standing-room taken into consideration, is supposed to hold when crammed to suffocation about 7,000 francs.

At the Théâtre Lyrique, we have had "*L'Arenthier*," "*Mirille*" and "*Faust*." Verdi's "*Macbeth*" and Mozart's "*Mystères d'Isis*" ("*Die Zauberflöte*"), are in rehearsal.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 4, 1865.

MUSICIANS' UNION BENEFIT FUND. The musicians of Boston, members of the various orchestras and bands, have formed a league of mutual interest and kindness, under the name of the "Boston Musicians' Union." One of their first objects is to establish a fund for the benefit of sick and needy musicians; and all the friends of music, all who reflect how hard the work and poor the pay of most of those who live by making music for us, all whose hearts have ever been lightened, and whose lives sweetened by their instrumentality, will wish a hearty God-speed to

this enterprise, and feel it a happiness to help it so far as in them lies. Surely there are few, of those who profit either outwardly or inwardly by "the divine Art," who cannot afford to contribute one day's income to this fund. The example has been set in the quarter of large incomes: are there not plenty who will follow? Who grudges a day's work for a sick friend, or a sick stranger, or for any noble cause, or even any hobby? A poor man's day's work is a larger contribution than the rich man's check for tens and hundreds. Many a hard day's work has many a poor musician (sometimes worthy of the name of artist too) been contributing to the general fund of social good cheer, harmony and health. Now it is *our* turn.

The special object of these remarks just now is, to call attention to the concert to be given at the Boston Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) evening, by the united musicians (instrumental) of our city, to establish the nucleus for the Fund proposed. It will be in many respects, apart from its fraternal purpose, a concert of peculiar interest, quite unprecedented here. It will be a very large concert, and the word "Grand" for once is used with some significance. The instrumental combination, which has been announced to number 150 performers, includes the Orchestral Union, the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, the Boston Theatre Orchestra, the Museum Orchestra, Gilmore's Band, the Brigade Band, and even the leading orchestras of white negro-minstrel-dom. Moreover, volunteer aid is contributed by the "Orpheus Musical Society," Mr. A. KREISSMANN conductor; by Mrs. J. S. CARY and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, who will each sing an air from *Elijah*; and by Mr. B. J. LANG, who will play an "Andante and Capriccio," for the piano, by Mendelssohn. The whole under the direction of CARL ZERRAHN.

The programme, otherwise, is rich. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and great *Leonora* Overture will be played, and by an orchestra of such proportions as Boston never yet has furnished of its own means:—think of nine double-basses, fifteen or more first violins, and as many second; when it comes to cellos and violas, alas! the proportion cannot be kept up, poor little Boston has them not; but there will be no lack of trumpets, horns, trombones and clarionets. This metallic wealth is wisely made available in the production of certain pieces of effect music, such as Wagner's *Rienzi* overture, Meyerbeer's *Fackellanz* (torch dance), and an arrangement of Chopin's Funeral March. It cannot be expected that the orchestral renderings will be perfect; but many passages will be uncommonly imposing, and there will be some effects which we shall rarely have an opportunity of appreciating.

Unfortunately this has to be called a "Sacred Concert," otherwise it could not be given at all. It is the fault of the law, and not of the musicians. They can only give their concert on a Sunday evening, because the most of them are bound to service in the theatres on every other evening of the week. Properly speaking, and in sober verity, all good music is sacred, inasmuch as it springs from, expresses, and appeals to the purest emotions, and, more than any words, it is the native language of the religious sentiment. No music, at least no instrumental music, can be the opposite of sacred, can be sinful, hypocritical, selfish, viciously seductive, morally corrupt or corrupt-

ing, tempting a soul to hide its face from God. Common sense has long since settled it, that a Sunday evening may be more sacredly spent with pure and noble music, such as has no associations with any levity, than in that negative abstinence from all spontaneous life and occupation, which is mere mental and moral inanition and vacuity, and which is in the majority of cases the whole result of what is called literally and strictly keeping the Sabbath. But the old Puritan law is not yet wiped from the statute book, and some less of that sour old public opinion yet linger in the cask. The letter of the law still prohibits all public entertainments, except Sacred Concerts, on Sundays; the only effect of it is, a direct premium on humbug and lying. Music we must have; society demands it; they that furnish it are compelled to lie, and announce their symphonies, their overtures, their organ miscellanies, their Italian operatic "gems" as "sacred" concerts! And no old Puritan starts up out of his grave to question the rightfulness of such use of the adjective. Let us purify ourselves of all this sham! Let us join hands, every music lover, let us shout it into the ears and conscience of the fathers, let us fill the newspapers with it, let us preach it from the pulpits, let us memorialize the General Court, and get this foolish, this unjust lie abolished!

In the present case, however, the charitable and fraternal end may well be deemed to make it a "Sacred" Concert. Some of the holiest of music, too, is in its programme. We are glad to hear that there has been a great demand for tickets, and we trust no music-lover will neglect it. Let it be, as we have no doubt it will, a great success; encourage the musicians; this is one of the best ways to make the music better in our city in the times to come.

**THE LATE WILLIAM HENRY FRY.**—Those who are curious to know what musical productions sprang from the ever active brain and pen of this eccentric and (in his life, if not in his music) original and brilliant individual, and what claims of musical genius and musicianship are made for him by his intimate friends and admirers, will read with interest a contribution in another column. Of course in publishing it, it is impossible that we should endorse its opinions. In spite of radical differences of taste and conviction with Mr. Fry, which we have often in times past had occasion to express, we print the article, not because what little of his music we have heard or seen has seemed to us to show genius or originality; but because we feel in duty bound to grant a hearing to claims, so strongly urged, which we have not the means of settling to our satisfaction; and more, because of the esteem in which we have long held Mr. Fry, personally, knowing him to be a man of many generous and noble qualities, thoroughly independent and above all moral cowardice, genial, sincere and charming among friends, filled with a great enthusiasm and reverence for Art, if not for its conventional idols, indignant that meaner, worldier, more bustling and selfish faculties should overshadow and crowd out the priests and ministers of the Ideal. To all this, and to his brilliant and intensely active mental powers, displayed in conversation, action, speech and writing, we would fain pay an humble and sad tribute.

Reports of some of Mr. Fry's Lectures on Music will be found in one of the earliest volumes of our Journal (1853).

**CORRECTION.**—In our account of the late "Choral Festival," our memory (not seldom muddled by the

medley of allsorts of music which it is our doom to hear and try to recall and write about perhaps weeks afterwards) betrayed us once. We were mistaken in saying that interludes were not played between the lines in the singing of the Choral: *Ein feste Burg*. No sooner had we got it into print than the sound of the thing came floating back upon our mind, and behold, there were pauses (of an instant only) of the voices, filled by the overlapping of the figurative organ phrases. This is not worse than the mistake of another critic (writing in a newspaper) who says that it was sung "with Bach's harmony," when it was sung in unison. Our types, too, were sometimes treacherous; for instance, where we wrote "the trumpet ring" of Handel's "Let the bright Seraphim," we were made to say "the trumpeting!"

**ORCHESTRAL UNION.**—The sixth Afternoon Concert was postponed to last Wednesday, as Washington's Birthday claimed the Music Hall on the 22nd ult. The audience was large, intelligent, and remarkably attentive to the execution of the following programme:

Overture to Oberon.....	Weber.
Waltz "Prometheus".....	Strauss.
Third Symphony in A minor.....	Mendelssohn.
(First time in Four Years.)	
Serenade—arranged for Orchestra.....	Eisoldt.
Finale from Der Freischütz.....	Weber.
Overture to the Comic Opera of La Sirene.....	Auber.

Oberon's wonder-horn had lost none of its magic, nor Mendelssohn's Symphony any of its sea-shore, wondrous Scotch charm; it was a timely and a happy revival. Our wonder always is that our little orchestra can render us so much of the life of these good things.

Next Wednesday the Orchestra are again obliged to omit the concert; but on the following Wednesday, March 15, they will play Liszt's "Preludes", and what that lacks of being a symphony will be made good, we doubt not, in the performance of Mendelssohn's admirable Violin Concerto by Mr. HENRY SUCK, his first appearance as a soloist since his return from studies in Europe.

**MUSIC HALL ORGAN.** The Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, and Sunday evening concerts are still continued, and with a goodly number of listeners, whenever the weather is inviting. The organists of the past month have been Mrs. Frohock, Mr. Whiting, Dr. Tuckerman, Mr. J. K. Paine, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Lang and Mr. Willcox. Mr. Paine's return to the organ has been most welcome to the lovers of real organ music, and both he and his master, Bach, are gaining ground even with many who make no pretension to classical taste or knowledge. He has played thrice during the month. Bach has been pretty largely represented in the whole course of concerts. Mrs. Frohock and Mr. Whiting, also, have each played three times, and always very acceptably. A more particular review we hope to give in our next.

### Review.

**Album-Blätter**, by CARL WOLFSOHN. (G. André & Co., Philadelphia.)—These six little pieces for the piano, "Album Leaves," show such delicate and true musical feeling as is not very often found in the "original" compositions published in this country. Several of the ideas are happy, and the structure and the general tone artistic. In character they vary with their titles. "*Vergissmeinnicht*" (Forget me not) is quiet and sustained; "*Sehnsucht*" (Longing), slow and as its name suggests; "*Hoffnung*" (Hope) is sunny, clear and lively, pleasing, if not particularly original; "*Abschied*" (Farewell) breathes out its song slowly, feelingly and tranquilly, the accompanying chords being at length reflected up above the melody into the aerial octaves. "*Trauer*" (Grief) is very slow and melancholy, and, we fear, a little harsh

and unwinsome in some of its harmonic steps. "*Trost*" (Consolation), mystical and tender, is perhaps the best.

1. *Inquietude*; 2. *Eloge*; 3. *La Belle Americaine*, by KARL MÉRZ (Nos. 1 and 2, published by G. D. Russell & Co., Boston; No. 3, by S. Brainerd & Co., Cleveland, O.).—Under these fanciful titles are separately printed three movements of a regular piano-forte Sonata, marked Op. 50! We wonder if all the 49 preceding opera have been equally classical in form. The first Allegro ("*Inquietude*"), in C minor, after a short Andante preface, starts off *quasi Presto*, and is developed in a perfectly regular Sonata form. The example is worthy of praise, for such form is in itself interesting, although it is not a work of genius and the ideas are somewhat commonplace. But it is so much better than the thousand and one effect pieces which only aim at popularity! The Adagio has dignity and fulness, singing itself feelingly without running into poor sentimentality. The third movement (*Rondo Scherzando*) is in a brilliant bravura style, graceful and even genial, at least natural and pleasing, and not very difficult.

**The Vocalist's Companion**, by EDWARD B. OLIVER (O. Ditson & Co.).

Those who are acquainted with the history of Vocal Art have doubtless been interested in the remarkable career of the celebrated tenor Caffarelli, the elements of whose success were contained in a course of vocal exercises written by his master, Porpora, upon a single page of music paper. (See also "Consuelo"). The exercises of the *Vocalist's Companion*, with the accompanying instructions in *attaquer*, *portamento*, breathing, &c., were received by the compiler from the celebrated chor-master Miesch, of Dresden, by whom he was instructed, and who in his youth received the same exercises from his master, a pupil of Porpora. A suitable accompaniment has been adapted to them by Mr. Oliver, and their faithful, daily practice will prove a broad and firm foundation for whatever farther exercises may be desirable, and for the continued development and strengthening of the vocal organs. They fill a place unoccupied by other studies for the voice, and the oral instructions are here given fully for the first time in the English language, and will be appreciated by those who, remembering the fine style of Sontag, Lind, and Laborde, desire to follow in their footsteps.

There is trouble among Mr. Grover's operatic colony now in Philadelphia. Formes declines to sing, and thus necessitates the sudden changing of the opera. Besides this, "*The Jewess*" was given the other night with the part of *Eleazar*—the leading tenor role—omitted. Grover has issued a card in which he lays down these axioms:

"Opera is an exotic, or sensitive plant, of a peculiar and embarrassing nature. The illness, the indisposition, or the absence, from any cause, of any one of the numerous artists incidental to the cast of a grand opera, necessitates insurmountably a change. To direct grand opera for a considerable length of time, with any other path of preferment and profit open, is to merit—and most likely to receive—incarceration in a lunatic asylum.

"Especially is this the case in America, where the public regards with jealous eyes the slightest deviation from the public announcement."

Mr. Grover then announces a performance to which all the disappointed auditors of the previous incomplete representation will be admitted gratis.—*Eve. Post.*

GOTTSCHE appears to be in a melancholy mood, in spite of orders. During his present concert tour (that "farewell" tour that has been going on a year or two) his programmes bear this lugubrious "card":

"To my friends and the public:  
"On the eve of my departure from this country—my native land—the land of my earliest affections—I feel that I must express my heartfelt regrets on parting with the public, whose kindness has sustained me throughout my public career. To all my friends, who have given me so many proofs of warm interest, I bid a fond farewell. The clouds that conceal the future are transparent and bright only in the morning of life. I have already come to the age when they show more deceptions than joys. Even, as I say to you all, farewell, methinks a distant echo faintly answers 'adieu!' A last, a long—farewell."

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The *Sentinel* of Feb. 8, describes the inauguration of the new hall of the Milwaukee Musical Society,—a hall of which it is said that larger cities might be proud. The exercises were opened by John Nazro, Esq., who gave a brief sketch of music in Milwaukee, from the time when the Musical Society numbered sixteen persons, to the present time when it numbered over six hundred. He was followed by G. W. Allen, Esq., who spoke glowingly of the kindred inspirations of architecture and music. Then came a performance by the Musical Society (chorus and orchestra numbering 150 persons) of Mendelssohn's oratorio "St. Paul," Mr. Abel conducting.

The opening chorus showed satisfactorily the excellent drill of the singers; every sound in the vast body was exactly responsive to the wave of the conductor's baton. With one or two slight exceptions this perfection of discipline was observable throughout the oratorio. The choruses of the Hebrews, "Now this man," and "stone him to death!" were given with the utmost possible energy and exactness. The chorus of gentiles "O be gracious," is one of the best numbers of the whole piece—we think the most effective of them all. The instrumentation, always matchless with Mendelssohn, is here particularly interesting.

The solo parts were taken: Paul, by Mr. Neymann; Stephen, Mr. Jacob; and the two sopranos by Misses Babcock and Kavanagh; the mezzo soprano by Miss Brandeke. Miss Babcock created a more marked sensation than she had ever done before, being warmly applauded. Miss Kavanagh sustained her former reputation. The others elicited considerable applause. Mr. Neymann has some excellent lower notes, and sang with a good deal of style. His aria "O God have mercy upon me," was decidedly good.

Before the oratorio was concluded, some of the "cream" rose and left the hall, somewhat to the detriment of the final chorus, which is a fit climax to a composition so grand. The extreme length of the performance—some three hours—was doubtless the excuse for this untimely *emueute*.

Mr. Hans Balatka of Chicago, well known to all old residents of Milwaukee as the father of the Musical Society, and for many years its honored leader, was present, having come from Chicago for that purpose. Mr. Balatka expressed himself highly pleased with the chorus and general *ensemble* of the oratorio:

We have also the impressions of an anonymous correspondent after the same festival, of which the following choice specimen will suffice:

"The extreme length of the performance detracted somewhat from the merits of the composition" [indeed], "while an opera [!], which might have been given with no more expense attending, would have made a better impression. However, as the oratorio is better than nothing [!] I hope to see it repeated."

ST. LOUIS.—The programme of the third Philharmonic Concert (Jan. 3.), E. Sobolewski conductor, was as follows:—Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony; Recit, angel Trio and Chorus from *Elijah*; Introduction and Scene from "*Jeanne d'Arc*," for male voices, by C. K. Weber; Overture to *Olympia* by Spontini; Chorus: "O fly with me," Sobolewski; aria: "*La Potenza d'Amore*," Tadolini; Chapel scene and Finale from *Masaniello*.

The fourth concert (Feb 16), offered Schumann's B-flat Symphony (first movement only); overtures to *Oberon* and to the *Poet and Peasant* (Suppe); a violin solo; a male Quartet by Kreutzer; Beethoven's *Hallelujah* chorus; Finale (vocal) from the 1st act of Cherubini's *Wassertrager*; Entr' act and chorus from 2nd act of the *Huguenots*.

SAN FRANCISCO.—A Philharmonic Society has been organized in the "golden gate" city. It is an association of professional musicians (instrumentalists), for "mutual improvement and the advancement of the interests of the Art," and proposes series of subscription concerts, like other Philharmonic societies, in which the "works of the great masters" will be produced. The first concert took place at Platt's new Music Hall, on Wednesday afternoon,

Jan. 11, with the following programme:—Inauguration March, composed expressly for this concert, G. Koppitz; Overture—"Egmont," Beethoven; Scene and Aria from "*Der Freischütz*," Weber, Mlle. Louisa Tourny; Symphony—"Jupiter," Mozart; Overture—"Poet and Peasant," Suppe; Hymen's *Feier* Klaenge, Lanner; Cavatina—"I Lombardi," Verdi, Mlle. Louisa Tourny; Grand Potpourri—"Paganini in China," Massak; Finale—Gallop, Faust.

ANOTHER GREAT ORGAN.—The Messrs. HOOK, the celebrated organ builders of this city, have contracted with the trustees of the Plymouth Church, (Henry Ward Beecher's), N. Y., to build them an organ of the largest dimensions, and to be of superior tone, compass and power. The contract price is \$20,000, and the instrument to be finished by the 1st of January, 1866.—*Boston Post*.

WORCESTER, MASS.—The "Messiah" was performed in Mechanics' Hall about the first of February, by the Mozart Society, in aid of the Soldiers' Relief Society. The great Organ furnished the accompaniments. The *Palladium* says:

"Among the noticeable features of the evening's performance were Mr. Thayer's playing, previous to the oratorio, of Bach's Fugue in G minor, (No. 2), which was substituted for the overture to the *Messiah*; his performance of the Pastoral Symphony, and other points of interest in the oratorio; Mr. Whitney's excellent rendering of the ponderous bass-solos, which are seldom sung well; Miss Fiske's singing of the leading soprano airs; Mrs. Manroe's of the contralto solos.

The same Society are rehearsing the "Creation" for Fast Day.

"Stella" utters a mild complaint about the musical situation in these words:

In music this winter we have stood still, under the shadow of the great Organ. The experience of Boston, a year ago, gave us warning that such would be our fate; but in our joy to possess so noble an instrument, we accepted the future calmly; more especially as, in those first weeks of *Organic* excitement, we did have several first-class concerts, with real organ music that did one's heart good to hear—so far "up country," too! But—how much lies in that three-lettered stumbling block of a word! then came the sober reality, if not of an "organ-debt," of something very much like it, for the Mechanics' Association had incurred considerable expense in altering and repairing their Hall for the instrument, and were looking to the tuneless guest to pay its board-bill. In a word it was found advisable to have its harmonious "notes" convertible into "green-backs;" and so, however many of the Association regretted the necessity, it was decreed that the concert-field for the season should be leased to the Association *alone*. A series of concerts was projected in connection with one of our choral societies, and the consequence is that we are having the best music that can be furnished at such short notice, but not such as we trust another winter will bring to us. We have not a word to say against this series of concerts; we only deplore the necessity that shuts us out from all other music. When the series is finished—and we hope its pecuniary result will be satisfactory—then may this "winter of discontent" be made "a glorious summer," and the Hall and its Organ be opened to any and all who have music to offer worthy of the place!

Prince Poniatowski's "*L'Aventurier*" has been produced at the Lyrique, Paris; the libretto by M. de Saint Georges. The story is founded on one of the victories which France has acquired in the Mexican campaign. Rossini, Mme. Walewski, Mlle. Hausmann, and Augustine Brohans, Vicomte Darce, and Count Tallyrand-Perigord, Auber, and Gounod were present. The piece was an acknowledged success.

All reports from Berlin chronicle the repeated success of Mr. Charles Adams. He has recently been playing *Manrico* in the "*Thyrotore*"—the part, by the way, in which he stood his *Probegastspiel*, or dramatic examination, at the time when the General-intendant engaged him. The *Manrico* is peculiarly suited to Mr. Adams's voice, and we are not surprised at the impression he has made in it. At a late Court concert, at which Mr. Adams, Herren Woworski, Betz, Salomon, and Ole Bull and Damen Lucca, De Ahna, and Artôt appeared, their Majesties summoned Mr. Adams and felicitated him in the most flattering terms.—*Orchestra*.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Arrow and the Song. M. W. Balfie. 40  
A poem by Longfellow, with just the right music for it. The musician and the poet march well together.

What does little birdie say? Cradle Song. J. H. McNaughton. 30

The words are by Tennyson, who has composed a charming little nursery song,—not so easy a thing to do as you might think. The music is very sweet.

Up with the flag of the stripes and the stars! T. H. Howe. 30

A stirring patriotic lay.

Four sacred quartets, arranged from Beethoven. A. Davenport.

No. 1. Trust in God. Sopr. solo and quartet 30  
2. O Lord, veil not thy face. 50

Quartet choirs, and quartets in choirs, will certainly be pleased with these pieces, which are arranged with great taste and skill. They have been already tried by good singers, and are not found wanting.

Love me, darling, love me long. Song. O. E. Dodge. 30

It is a pleasure to praise this really fine song; the more so, as Mr. D.'s extreme modesty and diffidence may prevent him from bringing its merits properly before the public. Decidedly good.

### Instrumental.

Dolorsolatio Waltz. By W. Miller. 60

This composition (whose name one may possibly speak in one breath), is a sparkling one, containing among other things, "The Perfect Cure," and one or two other favorites, a fragment of a song about the famous Dolorsolatio, &c., and is, altogether, quite a taking piece.

God bless the Prince of Wales. Brinley Richards. 50  
Mr. R. has introduced a number of agreeable variations on the new national air, none of them difficult, and the whole good for practice or performance.

Rappelle Toi. Bagatelle de Salon. G. Forbes. 30  
A piece of no great difficulty, with a good, flowing melody, and a few measures of sparkling arpeggios.

The Russian Polka, arranged as a rondo, by F. Beyer. 30

A well-known Russian air, but newly and capably arranged, in rondo form. Moderately easy, and excellent for learners.

Slumber Song, for Piano. S. Heller. 20  
One of the prettiest of lullaby songs.

Extravaganza Galop. C. Coote. 30  
As its name denotes, rattling and brisk in character, but not difficult.

### Books.

ELY. An Oratorio. Words selected and written by William Bartholemew. Music by Michael Costa. Cl. \$2.50 Paper, \$2.00

It was first performed at the Birmingham musical festival, in 1855. Without coming up to the level of the best works of the great masters it is new, meritorious, interesting, and, most of it, not especially difficult. Perhaps it will just fit the capacity of a number of our musical societies.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 625.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1865.

VOL. XXIV. No. 26.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## On the Character of the German Operetta.

From "Das Deutsche Singspiel," &c., by H. M. SCHLETTENBERG.

Translated by KATHARINE FRANCES RAYMOND.

While we may say of the grand opera, that it arose from a union of tragedy and music, so we may regard the *Singspiel* as an alliance between music and comedy. This musical melodrama, or operetta, is usually of lesser dimensions than the opera, its subjects ordinarily taken from common life, its meaning worked out in a facile manner; its characters,—although they should always be poetically sustained,—such as we are not unlikely to encounter in the street or in society. While it voluntarily renounces the purely lofty and ideal, but without giving up a certain idealization, it moves principally in a national, civic, or rustic sphere. Music is ordinarily interspersed with dialogue; but this is not its principal distinction from the opera, for in Italian operettas there is no dialogue. This interchange of song with speech, always unpleasant to the ear, necessarily concentrates all the lyric element in the musical numbers, and this causes the prose to appear still more prosaic. This clinging to dialogue is only explicable by the bad pronunciation of our singers, which, in uninterrupted song, would render the text, and consequently the whole business of the piece, unintelligible. Originally, when the operetta was rather a comedy interspersed with singing, it was customary to excuse the introduction of the vocal pieces by a general summons to sing, or by the reminder that a promise to sing something had been given, &c. As the necessity for vocal numbers of greater consequence became felt, concerted pieces and finales were added to the songs and ariettas.

The character of operetta music is above all things national, intelligible, pleasing and simple; half gay, half pathetic, finely or broadly comic, it is yet pre-eminently the servant of joy. The business should move forward in a quick and lively manner; the characters must be distinctly marked; poet and composer must never forget that they are working for the general public. The former must know how to invent popular forms with facility; the latter must clothe them in natural and familiar expression. The operetta soon became the rendezvous of the fabulous and wondrous—although not in the sense of the later romanticists—of the pathetic and comic; an extract of drama, spectacle, comedy, and farce. Knights and squires, witches and kobolds, fairies and enchanters, shoemakers and barbers, doctors and apothecaries, fools and pedants, dunces and sharpers, tender lovers and kind-hearted or blustering uncles, sympathizing aunts and quarrelsome cousins, nephews, nieces, and wards, servants, peasants, soldiers; such are the characters which it presents to us. Always a child of its day, no matter how serious may be its object, it is never without cheerful and comic elements. But as comicality always changes with time and place, and is only a reflection of the general grade

of cultivation in the public, we may understand the sometimes almost incredible success and immediate fall into oblivion of most of these works; and as they are nearly always written with a view to passing occurrences, and grow up exclusively from the time, which gives them their enlivening elements, judgment and valuation of them is difficult. He who has not lived, and even felt at home in the living, feeling, thinking of a certain period of a certain people, yes, sometimes even of a certain city, can never obtain a broad and unfailing judgment upon these peculiar musical creations.

The great mass of the public turned with exclusive preference to the operetta. If a great part of any audience is willingly moved to tears, to admiration, to deep emotion, even to a feeling of horror,—still, those characteristics which are the distinctive mark of the grand opera, and which lend to it its principal charm, such as lofty and powerful characters, proud kings, and blood-thirsty tyrants, rebels and heroes, violent and unfettered passions, battles, pompous decorations, &c., will never eventually outweigh the attractions of the operetta. Jest and caprice, wit and humor, tenderness and roguish mischief, love's torments and nonsensical jokes, patriotism and homely prudence, apparitions and wonders that are not too alarming or inexplicable, all the small but essential parts, from which the operetta takes its graceful and alluring form, are certain to obtain the victory. At the same time, the true operetta is never defiled with the vulgarities of low life; it preserves, or should preserve, under all circumstances and even in its broadest humor, a character of refinement, elegance, attraction, and perhaps of elevation and nobleness. The very nature of music is an assistance of peculiar value to subjects of this mixed kind; for although at one moment it seems exactly suited to the expression of passion, pathos, or gaiety, the next instant it lends additional force to clever farce, and gives such a charm to the comic and laughable, that its power goes far beyond that of speech, pantomime, or dance. Certainly, to a nice and correct use of music, a fine tact and an intelligent handling of means must be united. It would be a ridiculous violation of good taste, should a composer, in order to enhance a comic effect, imitate in music the bray of the donkey, for example. True musical comic effect lies in a witty and whimsical contrast between jest and earnest, in childlike, naïve delineation of intricate yet cheerful moods of humor, and of the pleasing accidents of ordinary life. But in spite of all these acquirements, the musical drama remains simple, modest, unassuming, as if sprung from a cheerful mind, intelligible and national. Making no pretensions to the finer and more subtle artistic form of the grand opera, neither does it ask the highest qualifications from its representants.

It is a pity that operetta composition has almost gone out of fashion in our day. Our composers will write nothing but *grand* operas, musical dramas full of unfathomable originality, mod-

els of astonishing effects. And even when one of our masters has written a work that is nothing more than an operetta, a *Singspiel*, he will not condescend to baptize it as such. It is true that the composers of our day are deficient in those requisites necessary to the production of a successful operetta; facile invention, flowing melody, natural song, measured, unsought, and yet original expression, and clever technic. Here, in short, there is no question of creations that aim at immortality, a by-path into which one is so apt to stray when a great work is undertaken (though it would be wrong to say that an immortal operetta is an impossibility); here new and undreamed of harmonies are not to be revealed, or as yet unexisting combinations of chords to be invented; here the most refined orchestral combinations are matters of secondary consideration. The dramatic music of to-day is, with some rare exceptions, the product of reflection, calculation, and effort; in the fullest sense of the word, a child of sorrow. Gone is the enchanting humor, the roguish caprice, the naïve naturalness, the penetrating, exciting nationality of the past.

One consequence of this desire for originality, this stifling reflective force of our day, is a great parsimony in the production of extensive works, which is the more to be regretted, as it is but seldom that one of the few that are brought out here and there attains a thoroughly genuine success. It was very different formerly. The true operetta composer, carelessly throwing new and merry tunes to the wind every day, was able to create innumerable works; the charge of overwriting, which people are so ready now-a-days to lay to the account of every productive talent, was not then so quickly pronounced upon the man who, working swiftly, did not suffer eternal labor pains, and who wished to move his audience to other feelings than those of fatigue and satiety. Children of their time, and thoroughly fitted to that day alone, the operettas, that once warmed our fathers to rapture and enthusiasm, have disappeared almost without a trace in the shadows of oblivion. It is seldom that we encounter one of them in pianoforte arrangement or an old score; still more rarely do we meet such pieces on the stage; and yet, setting aside the fact that we find much that is antiquated in them—it must necessarily be the case with such works—we cannot refuse our respect to these, for us, almost fabulous masters, on account of their powers, their knowledge, and the robust substance that even our over-strained demands must recognize in their music, which it is impossible for us to hear without receiving a deep impression, in spite of all our prejudices. Compare this music of then and now, and who can resist a sentiment of melancholy?

Among the many composers belonging to the flourishing period of German operetta, twenty or thirty of them, such as Von Klauer and Wenzel Müller, left nearly 200 pieces behind them. What a power of creation, what imagination, what freshness of intellect must be required

to form such a multitude of musical works! It would be unfair to use the strictest judgment in regard to the separate achievements of such immense productivity, and it would be absurd to expect perfection and value in all of them; much is worked out easily and superficially, but almost every work of the above named composers, bears witness to the talent, versatility, and even a certain geniality in them; as a proof of this, I need, to be credited, merely mention the "Doctor and Apothecary," "Little Red-cap," "The Nymph of the Danube," "The Devils' Mill," "The Sisters of Prague," &c.

If we speak a word here in favor of works, and, of an aim, such as the composers of our day regard with little esteem, and even with contempt, let us not be misunderstood. We also are thoroughly convinced, that art in general, and music in particular, does not exist merely to flatter the senses, to lend an added charm to the passing moment, to be made use of as an opportunity of empty enjoyment, of indulging caprice or fashion. No, the end and scope of music is higher and holier. But let us not forget, that while lofty and earnest striving is the particular vocation of art, it is also her mission to brighten and beautify our poor existence with flowers of joy, to dissipate our cares, to animate us to new industry; and that when she thus becomes the provider of noble pleasure, she fulfils by no means the smaller part of her purpose. The providential foresight that gifted us with the blessing of art, intended her to be a consoler, a joy bestower, a graceful and enlivening associate in our lives. From this point of view, the German operetta has as perfect a right to exist, as the children of spring, and the brilliant butterflies that dream away their short hours of life within and about their chalice. If we acknowledge this, we must doubly regret that the freezing coldness and dryness of our day should stand in the way of a new growth and bloom of operatic music; and we must hope that a less *blasé* public, one with more capacity for enjoyment, and less pretentious, and more easily productive composers than we now possess, will again turn their sympathy and attention to this *genre* of composition.

The text of the German operetta was often translated from the Italian, French, and English. Our German authors found great difficulty in attempting to attain the experience and acquaintance with the stage which we find in the libretto poets of other nations, both in regard to invention and execution; indeed, we may say, that they are, even to-day, nothing but pupils of the others. The poetic humor of the English, the airy grace of the French, the jovial merriment of the Italian, are equally removed from them. What they themselves invented was only too often blunt, trivial, incongruous, and disconnected. The music of the old German operetta is usually far better than the text; and perhaps one reason why they are not fully enjoyable to us, lies in the fact that the plot, the action, the whole invention and arrangement of them strikes us as stupidly contradictory. But a need for them existed; the public wanted to see and hear, the musician to compose them; so they took hold of anything; and no composer was unwilling to set to music, anew, a text that others had frequently composed for before him. Manifold were the new musical settings by many composers to operetta texts by Brandes, Bretsner, Gotter, Michaelis, and especially Göthe.

### Beethoven and the Various Editions of his Works.

*Beethoven's Works in the Edition Published by Breitkopf & Härtel.*

BY OTTO JAHN.

(Continued from page 408.)

Beethoven had an idea, on various occasions, of publishing a collective edition of his works himself. In the year 1816, a proposal was made him, by the firm of Hoffmeister in Leipsic, to bring out an edition of all his pianoforte compositions, but nothing came of it. No better result followed his negotiations with Steiner and Co., of Vienna, who wished to take his collected works, and bind him to make over exclusively to them, for a certain stipulated tariff of remuneration, all that he might subsequently write. But Beethoven never abandoned his purpose. In the year 1820, he still entertained it, as is proved by the Note-Books; and in the summer of 1825 he wrote to the music-publisher, Peters, of Leipsic, after placing at his disposal several unpublished compositions: "More than all this I have at heart the publication of my collected works, as I should like to superintend it while I am alive; I have, it is true, had many proposals made me, but there were difficulties scarcely to be removed by me, and which I neither would nor could fulfil. In two years, nay, possibly in one year, or in a year and a half, I would, with the requisite assistance, manage, or entirely edit, the publication of the work, and furnish a new composition of each kind, for instance, a new book of Variations in the Variations, a new book of Sonatas in the Sonatas, and so on, for every kind in which I have ever done anything, a new book; and for all this, together, I demand ten thousand florins, sterling coin." It is not quite clear whether, in this instance, any thing more than a collection of the pianoforte compositions was intended, but the idea of a more extensive undertaking was entertained by Matthias Artaria. It appears from the negotiations carried on between him and Beethoven towards the end of the year 1823, that he desired to begin with the publication of the works for pianoforte alone: these were to be followed by the compositions with accompaniment, a volume of about thirty sheets to appear every month, and all the overtures to be in score; nothing is mentioned about Symphonies or vocal music. As Beethoven did not close with this project, an old and tried friend, Andreas Streicher, addressed him, in the September of the following year, a fresh proposition. "I have frequently reflected on your position," he writes, "and especially how and in what way you might derive greater advantages from your extraordinary talent. I now take the liberty of submitting this to you, and, actuated by genuine good feeling, beg that you will subject to serious consideration what you read here." The first proposal relates to regular subscription concerts, to be got up in the winter by Beethoven. "The second thing I propose, which it depends entirely on you to carry out, and which, if carried out, must bring in at least 10,000 florins current coin, or 25,000 florins Viennese—is an edition of all your works, like the edition got up by Mozart, Haydn, and Clementi, of theirs. This edition would be announced, too, as to be published by subscription, or for prepayment, and, according to the number of persons paying beforehand, an agreement concluded with the publisher who offered the most advantageous terms. If in your announcement you mention, 1: that you intend to alter here and there, and arrange for the instruments now in use, all the pianoforte compositions written previously to the introduction of pianofortes of 5 1-2 octaves, and if, 2: you add to the pianoforte things some few unpublished works, this edition ought to be regarded as a completely fresh and newly composed work, and would have to be purchased even by those possessing your earlier works. The affair cannot possibly occasion so much trouble for you not to be able to undertake it. It is a duty you owe yourself, your nephew, for whom you can then more easily do something, and posterity. Receive what has been said as the sentiments of a friend, who has known you for quite six-and-thirty years,

and whom nothing would so much delight as to see you free from anxiety." Like all other advice, this friendly counsel was prevented by Beethoven's want of resolution in practical matters from being carried into execution, though the project of a collective edition was always cherished, being made, in the year 1826, the subject of verbal negotiation with Schlesinger of Berlin, during his visit to Vienna, and afterwards of written negotiation with Schott of Mayence, but, as usual, without any result.

We need scarcely regret this want of practical results, for an edition, as perfect and dependable as that now offered us, would then have been hardly possible. No one would have had the courage to publish in score all the vocal compositions, headed by *Fidelio*; the great instrumental works; and the Concertos. It seems as though the unusual success achieved by the performances of the A major Symphony and of the *Battle Symphony* in 1812 and 1814, first caused it to appear practicable at once to publish symphonies in score, for at that time they used to be lithographed in a rather modest form. The subsequent compositions of the same kind were also immediately published in score, but the scores of by far the majority of the earlier Symphonies, Overtures, and Quartets, now to be found on the desk of every student in a Conservatory, were printed by degrees, and most of them not till after Beethoven's decease: the score of *Fidelio* was first printed, with a French translation, in Paris, and then, but not till long afterwards, by Simrock in Bonn.

The fact of Beethoven's taking an active share in the publication would have been attended by incalculable advantages in various important respects, and many difficulties, at present not to be solved, would never have existed as such; but there is cause for fearing that it would have been followed also by a considerable drawback, for Beethoven had a notion of lengthening certain parts of his compositions. We have already mentioned one species of alterations. A considerable number of the earlier pianoforte works are written for instruments of only five octaves, and we cannot help perceiving that, in many instances, this limited compass fettered the efforts of the composer. We can plainly see that in cases where a melody or passage is repeated in a position where the instrument is not high enough to reproduce it perfectly, changes have been necessitated by merely material obstacles. Many of the cases are so clear and simple that any judicious player can now himself make the transposition which is undoubtedly required. But in other places it is at least uncertain whether, in addition to the limited compass of the instrument, there were not other and inward motives which brought about the change, while lastly, there is no deficiency of passages, where the alteration, even when occasioned by material necessity, has called forth some new beauty, or lent the whole a peculiar charm, which no one would now like to relinquish. A thorough revision of the earlier pianoforte compositions, so that the equality of parallel passages, such as some persons have really desired, should be strictly preserved according to the standard of the extended compass of the instruments, cannot, at present, be introduced into any edition; it is left to every player or teacher to decide what he thinks he must do to carry out Beethoven's intentions. To Beethoven himself the right of authentic interpretation would certainly have belonged; such a course of revision undertaken by him would have cut the ground from under that pedantry which pins its faith to mere literal fidelity, as well as from under the capricious love of alteration, and would, therefore have been valuable, even supposing that a beauty had, here and there, been sacrificed to consistency.

But it is not to be supposed that, if he had again gone through his earlier compositions, Beethoven would have limited himself to such harmless alterations, or that he would always have made no others. It is well-known that, in after years, he was not at all contented with many of them; he allowed that they were marked by "a certain amount of talent and good intention," but

he grew angry if any one praised them. When, in the year 1814, he again took up his opera *Fidelio*, he wrote to Treitschke, the dramatic author: "But the whole operatic business is of the most wearisome description in the world, for I am dissatisfied with most of it, and there is scarcely a piece in which I should not have been obliged, here and there, to patch my present dissatisfaction with some sort of satisfaction." It is fair to assume that the pianoforte compositions would not have met with very different treatment, and the discrepancy between the conception and the realization would, no doubt, have come out with incomparably greater sharpness. However much magnificent new matter might have been introduced in detached cases, the works which not only marked the development of the composer's mind, but had become the common property of the musical public, whose education had been essentially advanced by them, would have been altered, and this would have been a certain loss, while the gain would have been doubtful. When an artist has once given his work to the public, and, through it, exercised a decided and permanent influence, he can no longer claim unconditional sovereignty over it: what strikes him, looking at the subject in the light of subsequent ideas, as an undoubted amelioration, in very few instances proves to be such, because the public have already taken a different position with regard to the work, and that position they maintain even when the originator himself of the work is concerned; very frequently, too, they are, in this, guided by the proper instinct for the something which operated in those works with primitive strength, and which they will not allow to be weakened by isolated ameliorations. The existence of genuine creative genius is, it is true, demonstrated by self-criticism going hand-in-hand with production—and, perhaps, in this respect especially, Beethoven is one of the most remarkable and glorious examples we have—this criticism, however, is inseparable from the process of creation; the one permeates the other; but towards a work of art when finished, and sent forth to the world, the criticism of the originator is not seldom partial. To what a depth, however, Beethoven was capable of introducing the critical knife is evident from the single fact that, as Schindler informs us, he seriously entertained the idea of entirely omitting Menuet and Scherzo from several Sonatas, in order, as he said, to attain greater unity!

(To be Continued.)

From Novello's Musical Times, Feb. 1.

## Two Musical Biographies.

Louis Spohr's Autobiography the German  
London: Longman & Co.  
*Furioso*; or Passages from the Life of Ludwig van Beethoven.  
From the German. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co.  
London: Bell & Dally.

### SPOHR.

Of the two works lying before us, the life of Spohr undoubtedly claims our principal attention. Not only because, unlike the second on our list, it traces the life of a great artist from birth to death, but because it is an autobiography, and consequently liable to no shadow of doubt as to its authenticity. Spohr's own hand traces his career from his childhood to the year 1838; and from this date to the time of his death the events are narrated from diaries kept by his wife, and reliable materials furnished by other members of his family.

The early life of Spohr showed that genius such as he possessed must break through all the barriers opposed to his progress. His father had originally intended him for the medical profession; but having purchased a violin at the yearly fair, his enthusiastic little son practised upon it so vigorously that he soon learned to play the melodies he had been accustomed to sing; and after receiving a few lessons from Herr Riemenschneider, he relates that he was so elated at the sound he could produce simultaneously on all four strings that he hastened into the kitchen to his mother, and arpeggiated the chord to her so incessantly that she drove him out of the room. After various hard battles with his grandfather, "whose idea of a musician," he says, "was limited to that of a tavern fiddler who played to dances," he was allowed to take lessons in composition; and produced, at a very early age, duets for two violins, which he played with his master at his father's musical soirées.

"To this day," he writes, "I recollect the proud feeling of being already able to appear before the friends of the house as a composer. As a reward, I received from my parents a gala dress, consisting of a red jacket, with steel buttons, yellow breeches, and laced boots with tassels, a dress for which I had long prayed in vain." It was whilst at school, too, that he made the first attempt at the composition of a little opera, the text of which he took from Weisse's *Kinderfreund*. "It may be mentioned," he says, "as characteristic, that I began with the title-page; and first of all painted it very finely with indian ink; then followed the overture, then a chorus, then an air, and then the work came to a stand-still."

We dwell upon these trifles in the youthful days of our artist because we here see so much of that peculiar character in the child, which afterwards strengthened and developed in the man. The minuteness of attention which he bestowed upon the title-page of his juvenile opera is to be traced in the composition of his ripest works; the violin bought at the "yearly fair," laid the foundation of one of the soundest schools of violin playing the world has yet seen; and we are inclined to think that much of that inward pride in his own achievements—which too often shuts out the power of duly appreciating the efforts of others—is to be seen when he strutted about in his "gala dress," given him as a reward for his performance of his own composition, which, even at a much later period of his life, he describes as "incorrect and childish," but possessing "a certain form and a flowing melody."

His patron, the Duke of Brunswick, deserves every credit for so carefully fostering the talent which he foresaw must one day make itself known throughout the world. To the great annoyance of the Duchess, who could not bear her game at Ombre to be disturbed, the young violinist continually played at the court concerts, which were given in the apartments of the Duchess; and as cards and music did not agree, a thick carpet was spread out under the orchestra to deaden the sound, the leader left out the trumpets and kettle-drums, and insisted that no *forte* should be played in its full strength. This expedient for enjoying the cards at the expense of the music seems to have been seldom resorted to when the Duke was present. "One day," however, Spohr writes, "when the Duke was not there, and for that reason nobody was listening to the music, the prohibition regarding the *forte* being renewed, and the dreadful carpet again spread, I tried a new *concerto* of my own. I can only call these performances rehearsals, because no preparation was ever made beforehand, excepting on the days upon which we knew that the Duke would be present. Engrossed with my work, which I heard for the first time with the orchestra, I quite forgot the prohibition, and played with all the vigor and fire of inspiration, so that I even carried away the orchestra with me. Suddenly, in the middle of the solo, my arm was seized by a lacquey, who whispered to me, 'Her Highness sends me to tell you that you are not to scrape away so furiously.' Enraged at this interruption, I played, if possible, yet more loudly; but was afterwards obliged to put up with a rebuke from the Marshal of the Court."

Being asked by the Duke to choose a teacher from amongst the great violinists of the day, he at once named Viotti; but on being applied to in London, it appeared that he had set up as a wine-merchant; and it is related of him that, on being asked by a nobleman why he had abandoned his art and become a dealer in wine, he replied, "My dear sir, I have done so simply because I find that the English like wine better than music." Ferdinand Eck, who was then in Paris, was next written to on the subject; but he declined to give lessons; and eventually the young Spohr became a pupil of Francis Eck, a brother of the great violinist, and immediately started with him on an artistic tour to St. Petersburg. The details of this journey are full of interest; and no doubt on his return to Brunswick his talents had so far ripened as to justify him at once in aiming at the highest position in his profession, both as a composer and an executant. During his next tour he was appointed concert-master at Gotha, where he was married to Dorette Scheidler, an eminent performer on the harp; and in his diary the account of his courtship and betrothal is placed before the reader with that child-like simplicity which formed an integral portion of his character to the day of his death.

Whilst in the zenith of his fame, he travelled through Switzerland and Italy, giving concerts with his wife, and establishing his fame in all the principal cities. As a composer, too, he was most prolific, the journal recording the names of many works which were produced during his travels, some of which still live, but many of which have sunk into obscurity. Indeed, it is during these bright days of his early life that we cannot but see how much he

had narrowed his ideas on art; and—unlike Mendelssohn, who thirsted for fresh inspiration wherever he could find it—how thoroughly he worked on the model formed at the outset of his career, and regarded all who departed from his standard as inbreds in art. Impatient of advice, he worked in solitude; and, though a giant in his strength, he was merely placidly indifferent to those who doubted it. No man perhaps ever held a higher opinion of his own powers; and even where a composition of his did not satisfy him, he could not endure that others should think the same. After playing one of his quartets on one occasion, Romberg said to him, "Your quartets will not do yet; they are far behind your orchestral pieces." Much as I agreed with him, Spohr continues, "yet it wounded me to hear another express that opinion. When, therefore, a few years afterwards, I wrote some quartets in Vienna, which seemed to me more worthy of my other compositions, I dedicated them to Romberg, in order to show him that I could now write quartets 'which would do.'"

As a critic on contemporary composers, Spohr, as we have before mentioned, was illiberal; and, as time has proved, utterly wrong. Formed on the model of Mozart, he at once rejected all whose compositions soared beyond his ideal of the dignity of art. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that he was totally unable to comprehend the meaning of Beethoven's later works; and especially looked upon the ninth symphony as trivial and utterly unworthy of being wedded to the poetry of Schiller. It will scarcely be credited that he broadly asserts, after hearing this composition, that he is now firmly convinced of what he before remarked in Vienna, that Beethoven is "wanting in æsthetic feeling, and in a sense of the beautiful." Weber's operas he could not endure; and of Rossini he remarks, that "had he been scientifically educated, and led to the only right way by Mozart's classical master-pieces, he might readily become one of the most distinguished composers of vocal music of our day; but as he now writes, he will not raise Italian music, but much rather lower it." This strange desire to cut down genius of all kinds to one recognized pattern, would seem strange indeed, were it not upon record that much of this criticism upon his fellow artists' arose, in reality, from the total want of interest he felt in the contemporary composers, a fault by no means limited to Spohr, since in his own account of a meeting with Beethoven, he remarks: "He spoke of music but very seldom; when he did, his opinions were very sternly expressed; and so decided as to admit of no contradiction whatever. In the works of others, he took not the least interest; I therefore had not the courage to show him mine."

His first journey to London, his performance at the Philharmonic Society, and his concert at the New Argyll Rooms in June, 1820, will call up many reminiscences of the state of music in England at that time; and Sir George Smart, who conducted his first concert on this occasion, will read with interest his description of the excitement in London on that morning, on account of the entry of Queen Caroline into the metropolis, to make her defence before Parliament. That Spohr was warmly received by the artists of England is fully attested by his own journal; but his meeting with Rothschild is too good to be past over, in proof of the British mercantile view of art. After glancing over the letter of recommendation which Spohr handed to him: "I have just read," he said (pointing to the *Times*), "that you managed your business very efficiently. But I understand nothing of music; this is my music (slipping his purse), they understand that on the exchange. Upon which, with a nod, he terminated the audience. But just as I had reached the door, he called for me: 'You can come and dine with me, too, out at my country house!'"

We omit what is said of the production of Spohr's Oratorios in England, of his death in 1859, and of the merits of his works, as matters more familiar to the reader, who is probably more curious to know what the romantic volume about Beethoven amounts to: fair game, we fancy, for one of those indignant, scorching criticisms of our friend A. W. T., whose very initials should be a caution to the sentimental romancers who trifle with the lives of great composers.]

### BEETHOVEN.

With every respect for the good faith of Professor Wegeler, on whose private diary the strange work called *Furioso* is based, we must confess to a feeling of disappointment when we find that, instead of detached passages in the life of Beethoven, the book is dressed up in the form of a narrative. It is difficult to conceive how Dr. Wolfgang Müller, to whom the diary was presented by Professor Wegeler in his last

illness, could have gained the knowledge of Beethoven's thoughts, feelings and actions, day and night; and have the power of relating conversations with individuals at all times, when, according to Wegeler's own account, he was not himself present. The opening chapter of the book is conventional enough to usher in a common-place Romance. "One bright June morning," it commences, "in the year 1782, might have been seen among the low grounds at the foot of the Seven Mountains, lying between Königswinter and the Oelberg, a slight, well-grown youth, in the dress of a student of the period." The slight, well-grown youth is Professor Wegeler, who in his wanderings in search of plants and insects, is overtaken by a violent thunder-storm. The rain poured down in great heavy drops," (we are told), "the lightning was incessant, whilst the convulsed atmosphere sought relief in continued discharges of thunder." In the midst of this deluge of rain, Wegeler beholds "a short muscular form, whose long black hair and garments were alike the sport of the tempest." The "singular individual," as he is called, unmindful of the drenching he was receiving, proceeded with a stick, which he held in his right hand, to conduct the thunder storm: "Now an allegro!" he cried. A flash of lightning succeeded his command, terminating in a roll of continued thunder. "Adagio maestoso!" he then vociferated. And, apparently upon his bidding, followed an equally protracted growl of thunder. "Prestissimo furioso!" shouted the weather director; and exactly as if the heavens were really subservient to his commands, now resounded a tumultuous crash of elements, answering to a wild symphony, in which one strain or instrument strives to drown another." Students of Beethoven who would wish to trace, through the pages of Dr. Wolfgang Müller, how the "child" was "father of the man," may accept this as a fair specimen of the style of the book; and we can assure them that there is no little ingenuity displayed in forming a continuous story out of such materials as were furnished by the simple diary of Professor Wegeler. The introduction of the young Beethoven (or "Furioso," as he is nicknamed) to Count Waldstein, who becomes his firm friend; his intimacy with the Von Breuning and Von Honrath families, with all his love affairs, are told with surprising accuracy; as also his interview with the Emperor Joseph II., where he meets a "little man," with whom the Emperor is evidently on the most friendly terms.

"Have you already played Mozart's music?" demanded Joseph of Beethoven, winking at the little man.

"Certainly," answered the youth.

"And what is your opinion of him?"

"That he is the most melodious, graceful, and inexhaustible master that the world has ever known," said Beethoven. "Perhaps Sebastian Bach stands higher in church music, and Handel in Oratorios; but on the stage the Salzburg composer excels even Gluck in finish, and in a characteristic representation of individuals and scenes."

After Beethoven had played an air of Mozart's, upon which he extemporised some variations, and a pianoforte composition of his own, which the "little gentleman" pronounced "not only of the highest order, but original throughout," the climax is brought about with a thorough knowledge of effect, thus:

"And your conclusive opinion of this young Bonn musician?" asked the Emperor of his companion.

"He will be among the first masters of the art," he said emphatically; and he reached Beethoven his hand.

"And do you know who delivers this judgment?" said the Emperor, turning to the youth.

Ludwig looked steadily at the little man. "No," he answered.

"It is that of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart," said the Emperor, with emphasis.

Beethoven's heart bounded within him.

The career of "Furioso" is carried on until the year 1791, when he settles down at Vienna, as Ludwig van Beethoven, at the age of twenty-one. It must not however be understood that upwards of two hundred pages can be filled with the bare facts to be found in Wegeler's diary; so that we have, in addition to a record of Beethoven's early life, a long history of the Abbey of Heisterbach, a glance or two at the political aspect of the time, an account of the founding of Bonn University, and many other matters which keep our hero waiting, and somewhat mar the effect of a continuous narrative. At the gates of Vienna Beethoven is left for fifty-three years; and in the next chapter Bonn is celebrating a festival in which a statue of the great composer, who died in 1827, is to be unveiled to musical honors. Men who knew him intimately, now grown old, but fresh in their love for his genius, meet and talk openly of the

great departed. Franz Liszt, the conductor, raises his staff, "and chorus and orchestra burst forth in a hymn composed in memory of Beethoven, and arranged to suitable music." The bronze figure, revealed in the full sunshine, becomes the centre of attraction to the vast multitude. "Then one long continued shout rose up to heaven." So ends the book; leaving the impatient worshipper of Beethoven in doubt as to his power of separating Wegeler from Müller, so as to be justified in remembering the one and forgetting the other. We have been candid in our opinions respecting this work, because we feel that the life of an artist is a matter of the utmost importance to art; and that no trifling with facts for the sake of bookmaking should be permitted by those who have any power in guiding the public taste. That *Furioso* is of this class, we do not positively affirm; but we confess that the fine writing and melodramatic effects of Dr. Wolfgang Müller—even supposing that they were intended to ornament, and not to distort, the truth—do not prevent our regretting that the simple passages in the interesting diary of Professor Wegeler were not given to the world precisely as they were originally jotted down. We must add, in conclusion, that the work is exceedingly well translated; and that it is published in England with the full approval of Dr. Wolfgang Müller.

## Music Abroad.

LEIPZIG. We have copied largely from the reports of the Gewandhaus Concerts; but they have interest enough to justify it: where else do we find programmes so full of choicest matter and of novelty? And now we are again indebted to the very faithful and intelligent correspondent of the London *Orchestra* for an account of one of the most interesting.

The fifteenth Gewandhaus Concert was one of the most enjoyable of the whole season. It commenced with Beethoven's Overture in C (Op. 124), written at Baden Baden in 1832 for the opening of the theatre in the Josephstadt suburb of Vienna, which took place on the Emperor Franz's "name-day." This grand composition, only less grand than the great Leonore Overture, is, as Marx says, more fitting for the consecration of a church than for the opening of a suburban theatre. In this overture Beethoven confessedly attempts to assume Handel's style; successful as he is in this, it is yet remarkable how Beethoven's individuality is everywhere to be felt; the younger giant may put on the older giant's robes, but his own figure is not to be concealed. In the rich sonority of the instrumental combinations he has been especially successful in imitating his model; this is a secret, the study of which should be more inculcated; it is not to be gained by employing noisy instruments, and by an extravagant use of *ff's*, but by an instinct for proportion, and by an intimate knowledge of the nature of each instrument or voice, so as to know what is the richest and fullest part of their registers. It is the mastery in this which makes Handel's music so effective, even when given by the handful of voices in a cathedral choir; while other composers deal with far larger masses, and even then are noisy, but not sonorous. A very curious effect is produced by the florid part given to the bassoons; but to bring it out duly the parts must be doubled, as is the case in the Gewandhaus. Exciting is the effect of the *accelerando* which ushers in the great double fugue, and brilliant is the coda which closes the overture. The performance was admirable—very different from that which the overture had to suffer when it was first heard; then no one knew his part; the parts were full of mistakes, and the composer himself, made more anxious by his increasing deafness, added to the confusion by holding back the time while trying to listen to what was going on.

The other orchestral composition was Haydn's Symphony in G, No. 7, of Bote and Bock's edition. This is one of the symphonies which has hitherto been heard but seldom. The first movement, it is true, is somewhat antiquated, but the other three are delightful—true sparkling gems, different as is the light which shines from each. So intense was the enjoyment that a repetition of the finale was demanded; it was played with such a "will" as to show that the performers were as delighted to tell the tales as the audience to listen.

The instrumental solos were intrusted to Herr Concert-director Joachim, who first gave us his new Violin Concerto in G. That it was marvellously played is a matter of course; the richness of the tone, and the combined pathos and fire of the player, lead the judgment captive for a time; but impartial re-

fection decides that as a composition the concerto, interesting as it is in many parts, has not the symmetry, the completeness demanded by a work of art. As in Herr Joachim's other compositions, there is a wildness both of humor and of sadness, which seems to be innate with the Magyars; but there is also a feverish unrest, a disproportion of effect to means, which prevent unmixed enjoyment. Besides the concerto, Herr Joachim played a *Barcarole* and *Scherzo*, by Spohr, and a *Bourrée* and *Double*, and, upon being encored, the *Garotte*, *Rondo*, and *Menuet* (from the Sonata in E) by Bach. All of these were magnificently given; but most exquisitely beautiful of all was his playing of the *Barcarole*. The pleasure with which Herr Joachim was welcomed was increased by his being accompanied by his wife, who, as Fäulein Weiss, had already secured the good will of the Gewandhaus public by her fine singing. For this evening, she had selected airs from Handel's "*Theodora*," and Mozart's "*Titus*," and two *Lieder* by Schubert, *Memnon* and *Der Lindenbaum*. Frau Joachim has a rich mezzo-soprano, almost contralto, voice; the quality of the tone is of rare beauty; the management of the voice makes it evident that the singer has been trained in an excellent school. But far higher than any acquired powers are the mental endowments which give the special charm to this lady's singing; this was most shown in the delivery of Schubert's rarely heard *Memnon* song; it is long since I have listened to anything which has impressed me so deeply; such must have been the song of which the poet dreamt who first gave form to the deep mysticism of the Memnon myth.

Strongly as I am prejudiced against the *Männergesang* movement, I am yet quite willing to admit that if such societies are allowable anywhere, they are especially so in universities; the more so when they are so well conducted as the *Pauliner Gesangverein* of the Leipzig University, under Dr. Lange's direction. This society has just given its annual concert in the Gewandhaus, and, as is usually the case, has brought before the public new works by men of mark. The 150th Psalm for *Männerchor*, and great orchestra, by Franz Lachner, is an ambitious work; but unfortunately this composer is least effective where he wants to be grand; in a graceful style, as in his Second Suite for orchestra, he is masterly; but in the Psalm, not being able to command grand thoughts, he resorts to noise; the whole tone is too secular.

Of far greater interest are the "*Scenes from the Frithjof-Saga*" for soli, *Männerchor*, and orchestra, by Max Bruch. The text is a translation of parts of Bishop Tegner's poetical version of the old legend. The Bishop's poem has been translated into almost every European language. The events upon which it is based are said to have occurred in the 8th century, and the earliest written version dates from the 13th. The subject turns upon the persecution which the Norse hero Frithjof suffered from King Hølge, because he loved Ingeborg, the King's sister. Herr Bruch has divided his work into six scenes; in the first we have Frithjof's return from an adventure upon which he had been sent by Hølge, who had promised him Ingeborg if he were successful. In the second we see how the hero was deceived. Hølge had been defeated by the old King Ring, who also is in love with Ingeborg. To save himself from utter destruction, Hølge sends his sister to King Ring. In the third, Frithjof appears before Balder's temple; he tells the priests, who are waiting for Hølge's coming, that he has slain their king, and then tears from Balder's image the golden bracelet he had given to his betrothed, but which Hølge had forced from her and consecrated to the gods. In his rage he sets the temple on fire, burns down the grove, and is cursed by priests and people, and sentenced to banishment. Scene the fourth is devoted to Frithjof's departure from Norway, accompanied by his faithful followers; and the fifth, to Ingeborg's lament, who has watched the lessening sail, and caresses the falcon her lover had given her. The sixth and last scene is on the Viking's ship. Frithjof encourages his companions on the voyage, and promises to lead them to adventure and booty. Herr Bruch has made a great mistake in not adhering to his first intention of writing for a mixed chorus. Nothing but a positive necessity in the nature of the subject can justify the composer of an extended work in wilfully depriving himself of the materials essential to the construction of a perfect work of art. The higher voices are as essential to real choral writing as are the violins to orchestral. It is true that orchestral works have been composed where the violins are excluded, but the effect is very heavy. In these Frithjof scenes not only might female voices have been used, but there are places where they seem actually demanded, and where the effect would have infinitely gained by their employment. As things are now, it may be easier to find a good *Männerchor* than a mixed chorus; but no musician who has any love for his art, least of all one with



so much talent as Herr Bruch possesses, should condescend to encourage a disastrous and downward movement. But passing over this most serious objection, the music is certainly of great, if not of equal merit. It would be disrespectful to the composer to speak in detail of a work upon which he has evidently bestowed much thought, after but a single hearing, and with no opportunity of studying it. Perhaps one of the weakest points is the want of clear, distinct melody in the solos. At the same time it is but fair to add that Ingeborg's lament is very touching. There are some fine passages in the march and chorus in the second scene, where *Ingeborg* is going sadly on her way to the hated *King Ring*, as also in the scene of the burning of the temple, and on board the Viking's ship. The instrumentation is effective, and the whole construction is full of interest. Herr Bruch is one of the younger composers whose career is worth watching. His work was warmly applauded. The solos were carefully sung by Fräulein Thelen of the Leipzig Theatre and Herr Sagemann of the Hanover Opera, who also sang the air "Now heaven in fullest glory shone," from the "*Creation*."

COLOGNE.—On Friday last we witnessed the performance of a new opera by Ferdinand Hiller, entitled "*The Deserter*." The popularity which the clever composer enjoys at Cologne is so great that any new work of his is sure of a warm reception, and a deserved success; but on this occasion, the interest shown was beyond the average. So far F. Hiller had been known only to the public as a composer of serious classical music, but he has now produced a work of an entirely different character. The new opera is light in subject and composition. The scene is in a German village, and the principal characters are—*Liesel*, the village belle; *Mehul*, her betrothed; his parents, the village schoolmaster, and a messenger. The plot to our mind, has a weak point, inasmuch as a "deserter" is the hero of the piece.

In spite of this little drawback, the piece is full of characteristic and entertaining situations, in each of which the composer does not fail to evince the versatility of his powers. The whole is full of fresh and original melodies. Several of these delighted the audience so much that they were most enthusiastically redemanded, and at the end of each of the three acts the composer (who, by the by, conducted as usual) was loudly called for, and, as he appeared before the curtain, was crowned with laurels; for real, substantial bays were thrown to him from all sides.

HANOVER. JOACHIM, the violinist, a great favorite of the old king, has resigned his position as Concert-director. The London *Musical World* has sifted the matter and arrives at the following explanation.

After Herr Kömpel, the Chamber-Musician, had left, Herr Joachim was officially requested to fill up the vacancy thus occasioned, and, from among several candidates, Herr Grün, then a member of the Ducal Chapel in Weimar, and not a pupil of Joachim's, was selected, with an express promise that he should eventually succeed to Herr Kömpel's appointment. Joachim's letter on the subject to Grün was written at the particular wish of the Intendancy, and the promise contained in it made upon authorization delegated for that object. There was no question of any qualification being required beyond the range of art. After Herr Grün had served with distinction several years as a member of the Royal Chapel, Joachim reminded the Intendancy of the obligation they had contracted to give Herr Grün a permanent engagement. He received from the Intendancy the astounding answer that insurmountable obstacles, consisting probably in the fact of Herr Grün's professing the Jewish persuasion, would be found to the appointment. Herr Grün, naturally feeling no inclination to continue a member of the Chapel, simply on sufferance, and without any hope of advancement, tendered his resignation. Joachim, on his side, finds it equally natural to perceive in the practical denial of his authority to make the offer an imperative ground for asserting his position by resolutely throwing up his place.

The costly contents of Meyerbeer's library, which hitherto were scattered and imperfect, have now been gathered and are to be assigned to the Royal Library, Berlin, according to the will of the late owner. The collection contains a valuable treasure, namely old, rare, and in many cases long-lost scores from the earliest days of opera, as well as many costly prints and manuscripts belonging to all ages of music. Only so assiduous an antiquarian as Meyerbeer, and one of equal means, could ever have collected these valuable works.

FELICE ROMANI, the writer of the librettos of *Norma*, *La Sonnambula*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, &c., died recently, at Turin, after a short illness.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 13.—Piano-forte playing has of late years been so prominent an element in our concerts, that it fast promises to become, not merely (what it is already, except when of the very highest stamp), a bore, but a positive nuisance, for which we can see no remedy except in some such law as that which has of late been passed in England, to the detriment of organ grinders, and to the delight of all who have ears to hear, and nerves to suffer. The principal cause of this excess of piano-forte study is, doubtless, to be found in the comparative ease with which a certain degree of perfection may be attained on the instrument, and the consequent security to the student of a means of daily bread in the exercise of his acquired dexterity. Another cause is, doubtless, the increased and continually increasing improvement made by various modern manufacturers in their instruments. A third, probably, is the mania among sheep of the human species to "follow the leader," for, piano playing is unquestionably "fashionable" in our day. Of course this mania will have its reaction, like all others; then we shall see the piano take its proper place among first-class concert instruments, though it will be less inordinately pre-eminent than in our day. At present, however, the violin, harp, &c., step decidedly into the background in the majority of concert programmes; while that noblest of all instruments, the human voice, seems to have been also infected with the vulgar epidemic of "execution" at all hazards, and is too often, when naturally fine, made a mere medium for shallow feats of flexibility, the result of patient study of mechanism, admirable in its way, but despicable when made the aim, and not the means, and then a certain proof of senseless, soulless lack of artistic inspiration. But all pianist concert-givers do not care to introduce even this rival, or shall we say, fraternal element into their programmes; with some of them, he or she is the singer most to be desired, who will "assist" for little or no compensation, and whose artistic, or executive merits are not likely to interfere with his claim to the admiration of the quiet connoisseurs, or the applause of the noisy trick lovers among his audience. It is not to be supposed that New York is free from what Heine has called "the piano-forte curse;" on the contrary, on looking over the concert programmes of this season, we find that concerts either given by pianists, or in which a pianist has been set forth as the principal attraction, have been so far in the largest proportion. Foremost, or most frequently to be heard among the pianists now before our public we find MILLS, WEHLI and PATTISON.

There are people, who, possessed of limited intellectual resources, are yet determined to penetrate into the world of art; although the sphere of mediocrity is that to which they really belong, although they are disregarded by all intelligent connoisseurs, they have boldness to make use of any means, by the aid of which they may attain a position, to which they have not the slightest claim by right of talent or knowledge. We honor the aspiring man; but in our day, only remarkable natural gifts and uncommon mental cultivation give a right to assume the title of artist; a position, resting on puffery alone, is only for the moment, and utterly valueless in the kingdom of art. Mr. PATTISON is not a musician from inward, spiritual necessity; but as a tradesman selects the business of a baker, shoemaker, tailor, etc., so has he chosen the piano-forte as his business. By means of an industry that does him credit, he has attained a moderate degree of technical facility, sufficient to impose on a certain class of people, but not enough to give him a right to step within the artistic circle, even on the score of an artist's least qualification, "execution." His playing is in the highest degree incorrect; he has a hard and disagreeable touch; while in quick passa-

ges of chords and octaves it seems almost a matter of indifference to him what keys he strikes. Not the faintest breath of poesy floats through his playing. Pattison has given several "*Soirées Musicales*" this winter; his repertoire consists in great part of pieces of his own manufacture. But he also honors the compositions of Mendelssohn, Chopin, and others, with his own very peculiar interpretation. His fourth soirée, however, completely outshone the rest. Here you have printed what he proposed to do, and what he actually accomplished:

Mr. Patterson takes pleasure in announcing that, in addition to the modern works for the Pianoforte, he proposes to present to the public (for the first time in this country) illustrations of the earlier schools of Pianoforte compositions extant in the 16th century, commencing with selections from Scarlatti, Chambonnières, Pergolesi, Rameau and Balbastre, he having secured an instrument similar to those used at that time to aid him in the more perfect representation of the music of that date. The instrument used was made one hundred and twenty years ago, in London, and is the Harpsichord and Piano combined. It was purchased by Mr. Jonas Chickering (the founder of the house) half a century ago as a curiosity, and is kindly loaned for these Soirées by Chickering & Sons. (Here follow the historical numbers of his programme):

4. { A. Gallardo. . . . . Chambonnières (born 1620)
5. { B. Sonate. . . . . Domenico Scarlatti, (born 1685)
6. { A. Grande Étude—op 10—No 12. . . . . Chopin
7. { B. Rhapsodie (octave study) . . . . . Dreychook
8. { A. Prelude. . . . . Sebastian Bach
9. { B. Andante and Minuet. . . . . Mozart

The reader will perceive that a century more or less does not matter to him. He advertises to commence with compositions extant in the 16th century, and yet Chambonnières, Scarlatti and Bach were born in the 17th. (The same date was advertised in large letters on our walls.) We heard the spinet; we heard Mr. Pattison play the compositions of the old masters thereon; and we convinced ourselves in that moment, that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Pattison has not even an idea how to handle this respectable old instrument, or to interpret these old, and in their way, characteristic compositions. He renders the history of the piano as ridiculous as that of piano-forte composition. An old recollection came over us as we first listened to the sound of the spinet; a pleasant one, because it reminded us of the days of our first student years, when, free from cares and duties, we had to play our not always conscientiously practised Sonatas of Pleyel, Kozeluch, and Clementi, variations of Steibelt, Sterkel, Mozart, Nicolo, on just such an instrument, to our worthy teacher, the grumbling, stubborn old Cantor; unpleasant, because, with their recollection, a certain burning of the ears returned to us, and we involuntarily started back; for we feared lest Pattison's playing might conjure up the angry spirit of the departed Cantor. Had it done so, we are very sure that the modern pianist would have received such a chastisement, as would have entirely deprived him of the slightest desire to parody these works in such a manner in future.

The merit of the newly arrived pianist, WEHLI, consists in an uncommon mastery of the resources of mechanism with both hands. Scales, whether chromatic or diatonic, single, or in thirds, sixths, octaves, the various arpeggi, trills, etc., he accomplishes with much perfection and facility, in the most rapid time. He has the technical means at his command, wherewith to overcome the material obstacles of the most difficult compositions. But he is one of those virtuosos, whose hands we desire to see while he plays, because he does not touch the feelings in even the faintest degree. Where is the use of all the "execution" in the world, unless the poetic, soulful breath of life enlivens the tone form under the fingers of the performer? When we listen to Wehli, we say to ourselves: "He must have practised with wonderful patience and perseverance." But the only true virtuosity is that, in which we forget the player in his playing. He who cannot accomplish this, belongs to the category of vulgar rope dancers. M. Wehli plays his own compositions in preference. These pieces, however, do not deserve the name of compositions; they are concocted out of the most ordinary material, with the view of displaying this or that pianistic dif-

faculty. However, M. Levi—we beg his pardon, M. Wehli—desires to make money; his public is also mainly formed from the amusement-seeking mass. The following "puff" which was prefixed, by the management we presume, to the programme, is a curiosity, even among those curiosities of humbug, imposture and puffery, which so fearfully corrupt the public atmosphere of New York. immortalize it by publication, Mr. Dwight; but when our grandchildren consult your musico-historical pages, heaven forbid they should conclude that, in our day, the New York musical public was entirely composed of ignorants, without the knowledge necessary to form an opinion of their own regarding the merit of an artist, though this must be decidedly the conclusion of the individual who framed the following:

Mr. Wehli will perform, this evening, his celebrated Fantasia on airs from Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, the Huguenots, pronounced by the Paris and London Musical Critics to be the chef d'œuvre of Pianoforte compositions. The passages, which consists of sixths and thirds, are such as have never been introduced in modern pieces; they have been considered an impossibility, but Mr. Wehli has overcome the difficulty, and performs them with perfect ease. There are certain passages taken alternately by each hand, but the subject is still preserved intact. The finale is a perfect hurricane of octaves, amongst which the Chacaré [Chorale] of the Opera is distinctly heard.

The Manager draws the attention of the public to this piece, it being a composition the playing of which seems incredible. When its performance took place in Paris before Erard, in the presence of Thalberg, Liszt, Rubenstein, Leopold De Meyer, Dreyshock and other most famous Pianists and Composers, it was considered the greatest feat ever performed on the Pianoforte.

Among the New York pianists Mr. MILLS takes a prominent position. And not merely on account of his finish as a virtuoso, but also that he endeavors earnestly to remain true to the spirit of art. His musical cultivation is not one-sided; he does not strive to awaken astonishment by means of this or that species of charlatanism, or to make a speculation out of it;—no, he appears to have a higher aim. He endeavors, by means of untiring perseverance, to become master of the greatest difficulties, and then use those means with a noble object in view: the worthy interpretation of the works of our great masters. Mr. Mills's taste is not one-sided; if he seems to have a preference for this or that master—and who has not his favorite?—he does not exclusively devote himself to any one composer. Whether he plays the works of the classic or modern romantic school, it is with the same care and attention. We may be occasionally of a different opinion with him in regard to the manner in which he interprets this or that composition, the tempo he takes, his rhythmic handling of the phrase, &c.; still he always gives so fine a picture of the idea laid down by the composer, that we must thank him for a noble enjoyment. If Mr. Mills continues to grow; if his intellectual and technical acquirements continue to keep step one with the other, we shall follow his artistic development with the greatest interest, and gladly see him enter the ranks among the greatest pianists of our day.

Mr. Mills is at present giving a series of soirées for pianoforte music; here is the programme of the first. It is quite unnecessary to say anything about the value of these compositions; each one bears the stamp of its gifted creator.

Rondo, for two Pianos. . . . . F. Chopin.  
Sonata, in D. . . . . Scarlatti.  
Prelude and Fugue, C minor. . . . . Bach.  
Intermezzo, Op. 4, bk. 2. . . . . R. Schumann.  
Allegretto semplice. . . . . Allegro moderato.  
Finale Allegro.

Etudes { a. No. 7, Op. 25. . . . . } F. Chopin.  
{ b. No. 5, Op. 10. . . . . }  
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 10. . . . . Liszt.

While we are on the subject of pianists, we cannot omit mentioning the name of one of our resident artists, who is only too seldom heard in public—especially since he has just given us that opportunity—we mean Mr. RICHARD HOFFMANN. In the Philharmonic concert of last Saturday evening he played Beethoven's Concerto in C minor. Mr. Hoffmann, in appearance and manner, as well as in his playing, makes the favorable impression on his audience of a modest, amiable, and conscientious artist. Without attempting to make a "sensation" in any way, he seems busied with the task alone. He played the concerto with correctness; every passage and trill clear and pure; in short, the whole composition was well interpreted. The only thing we could have desired in addition, was rather more breadth and passion in some places, even at the expense of a few false notes; Mr. Hoffmann's delivery was a little too elegant, especially in the first movement—Beethoven strikes as with an iron mallet sometimes—but it is always done with art, of course. Mr. Hoffmann's technical capabilities are uncommon, but he is too sparing of his fine talent; art needs all her apostles to preach the true Evangel, for we have

too many Pharisees here, who defile the temple. Here is the programme of the Philharmonic concert:

Symphony No. 1, in E flat. (1st time). . . . . Haydn.  
1. Adagio and Allegro con spirito. 3. Minuetto.  
2. Andante. 4. Allegro con spirito.  
"Frates Ego," Chorus for mixed voices. . . . . Palestrina.  
German Liederkrans of New York.  
Under the direction of Mr. Agteil Paq.  
Third Concerto, for the piano, Op. 37, in C minor.  
Beethoven.

1. Allegro. 2. Largo. 3. Rondo Allegro.  
Mr. Richard Hoffman.  
PART II.  
Overture, "Medea," Op. 22, in F minor, (1st time).  
Bargiel.  
"Credo," from the Grander Mass, for mixed Chorus. . . . . Liszt.  
Orchestral accompaniment.  
German Liederkrans of New York.  
Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain," Op. 9, in A. . . . . Berlioz.  
Conductor, Mr. Carl Bergmann.

The overture, to "Medea," written by a comparatively young, and not widely known composer, is in every respect a noble work. The influence of Schumann is not to be mistaken in the composition; but it is not so conspicuous as to be detrimental to its originality. This overture bears witness to the genial talent, and studious cultivation of its author, and lends us to expect much that is remarkable from him. The Liederkrans sang badly on this occasion, and the director of the society did not appear to have the faintest idea of the spirit of Palestrina's music. Again, Liszt's *Credo* would have gained much more, had the director's baton been given to the hand of M. Bergmann. At least, we might then have had some inkling of what Liszt intended when he wrote that *Credo*; at present we are in total darkness on the subject.

The principal event of the Italian Opera season, of late, has been the production of Verdi's latest opera, "La Forza del Destino." As to the plot, suffice it to say, that it is a horrible one, more horrible than tragic in the noble sense; that while the incidents of the libretto offer much opportunity for brilliant stage effects, there is a great deal in the book that causes such interest as it awakens, to tire; and the whole needs important cuts and alterations, before it can become thoroughly successful with even that superficial class of opera goers, to whom Verdi's operas are especially dear. The music is full, not only of reminiscences, but of proofs palpable of Signor Verdi's study of Wagner, Gounod, and Weber. We never regard it as a sign of deficiency of genius or native originality, when a youthful writer at first shows a disposition to tread in the steps of his gifted predecessors; on the contrary, we regard it as a mark of that studious diligence, that reverence for lofty ideals, that timid doubt as to his own innate strength, which infallibly accompanies the young and inexperienced composer of genius. But when we see a man of long and practised experience, like Verdi, past his fiftieth year, giving unmistakable signs of a disposition, not to a change of one original style for another—that is often seen—but to the imitation of his successful contemporaries, we are led to one of two conclusions: either that the composer is conscious that his own well-spring of inspiration is becoming so dry, that it is necessary for him to dip his pitcher at the fountain of others; or that he has become convinced that his life-long course of composition has been in a false direction, and that perhaps it is still not too late to mend. Suppose we give him credit for the latter conviction; we honor him from the bottom of our heart, provided he acts truly up to it, while, at the same time, we cannot avoid a doubtful shake of the head. The most successful numbers of the opera in question are undoubtedly the choruses and concerted pieces; that of the muleteers, students, pilgrims, &c., in the first scene of the second act, that of the monks, at the conclusion of the same, perhaps the best. The viandière chorus is much applauded, but is trivial in the extreme. There is also a scene between Militone and beggars, not without comic character. In the solo numbers, Verdi's deficiency of melody, and abundance of reminiscential idea, is most conspicuous; however, the music given to the heroine, Leonora, has much nobility of expression. The part of the baritone is effective, that of the tenor of less importance; the part of the mezzo soprano, Preziosilla, a gipsy, is capable of being made very characteristic in the hands of a singer of powerful voice and dashing action; and having two or three numbers of a light and popular style, is effective even as we have the part represented here. Mme. ZUCCHI, as Leonora, is careful and dramatic; but her intonation has become so false since the commencement of the season, owing either to the trying climate, or over-exertion, that it painfully mars her best efforts. MASSIMILIANI is quite inadequate to the position as primo tenore here, although he shows signs of improvement. The opera is put on the stage with much display, and more incorrectness. Ask the

traveller, or the historical student of costume, what is his opinion of those extraordinary dresses, which we are told to accept in the opera as old Spanish and Italian? (Mme. Zucchi should be excepted from censure, however.)  
LANCLOT.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 18, 1865.

END OF THE VOLUME. The present number closes the 24th Volume, and the thirteenth year of DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC. The two volumes, 23 and 24, will bind together conveniently as one, and with this view the pages of the two are numbered continuously; and a common Title Page and Index replace, this time, the usual four pages of Music.

### Concerts of the Past Fortnight.

BOSTON MUSICIANS' UNION. The two Sunday evening concerts by the united forces of the orchestras and bands (comprising not "a mammoth orchestra of 150 accomplished musicians," but a large orchestra of from 90 to 95 musicians, many of them accomplished), were remarkably successful. The Boston Theatre was crowded to excess the first time, making the repetition on last Sunday evening imperative. The charitable, or, what is better, the fraternal object of the concerts must have been largely furthered, and a substantial nucleus formed for a mutual Benefit Fund for sick and needy musicians.

Musically, the concert was a great deal better than we had dared to hope under the circumstances. Ninety musicians brought together for the first time, to play the C minor Symphony (many of them for the first time), might keep time together and give a spirited performance, as they did, for they all seemed excited and inspired beyond their wont; but that there should not be roughnesses, was too much to expect. The Music Hall would probably have revealed more of these; on the stage of the Theatre they were in a measure swallowed up. The audience were delighted with the sonorous masses of the various tone-colors: it was refreshing for once to be able to hear the violins, and even the violas, and to feel the weight and volume of nearly a dozen double-basses. There was more effect, more even of light and shade, than we had thought possible. In size, this extempore orchestra was just about equal to what is called the grand orchestra in the leading Operas and Symphony Concerts in Europe, as Leipzig Gewandhaus, Berlin Royal Orchestra and Royal Opera, Grand Opera in Paris, Covent Garden, Dresden Opera, &c. But the proportions (not to speak of efficiency) were very different. There, wind is represented by the usual pair of each instrument of wood or brass, with double pair of horns and trumpets, and a small reserved force, for special purposes, of extra trombones, fagottos, &c., leaving all the rest to the great mass of strings. Here we had 16 first violins, 16 second, only 7 violas, only 4 or 5 violoncellos to 11 double basses; 3 flutes, 2 oboes, 4 clarinets; only one fagotto (the second), with a 'cello to replace the first; from 6 to 10 trumpets (according to the piece,) 6 to 8 horns, 6 or 7 trombones, and sometimes three huge ophicleids. Brass predominated, because most of our musicians are workers in brass; brass bands are our fatality. Hence the programme had to be so composed as to make them all available; and our brass musicians are skillful in their way. But we cannot agree with Mr. Zerrahn, that it was wise to load the last movement of the Symphony, the march, with half a dozen trombones and three ophicleids; power and full blaze it gave, to the three chords especially, but at the same time coarseness and a loudness, more fatiguing than edifying, to the whole finale.

The *Leonora* Overture (No. 3) also had some good effects; the trumpet flourish was never rendered more expressively here. But the best success of this

peculiar combination of forces was in the "*Fackeltanz*" by Meyerbeer; there we had beautiful traits of sonority achieved, now by half a dozen trumpets playing softly, now by a crackling blaze of as many trombones and now by a solid, tranquil, rich mass of violin tone. Wagner's *Rienzi* overture, which opened the concert, opens well, with a single prolonged trumpet tone, smoothly, finely swelled and diminished by Mr. ARBUCKLE, followed by a deep murmur of double basses, which moved firmly and solidly together. Indeed, the first half of the overture is interesting and exciting, but in the latter half it runs out into noisy commonplace. Chopin's Funeral March, as arranged for orchestra (by whom we know not) sounded in the main quite impressive; but we were puzzled (the last time) to conceive what could be the meaning of that odd reiteration of the closing phrase, like *Yours, &c.*, three times over, at the bottom of a letter.

Mr. LANG played the *Andante and Capriccio* (op. 22) of Mendelssohn very beautifully on a Chickering Grand Piano of remarkable power, as well as pure, sweet, musical quality, or the performance would have been lost in that place. The Orpheus sang a part song, Hauptmann's "*Abendruhe*," finely, without accompaniment; but the place did not favor their voices. Mrs. CARY's rendering of "O rest in the Lord" was artistic and with true feeling, as usual; and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN never did himself more credit than in the noble bass air: "It is enough;" indeed we are not sure that it ever was done better in this city.

In the repetition, the "Tell overture was substituted for *Leonora*; and made an immense effect; Mr. WHEELER sang Handel's "Thy Rebuke," and Miss HOUSTON "Hear ye, Israel," both very acceptably; and Meyerbeer's March in "The Prophet" closed the concert.

We wish, now that the musicians have found that they can work so well together, they would keep more in this line of practice, and give us concerts of this sort more frequently—only with somewhat less of brass; more 'cellos, bassoons, &c., will come along we trust, before a great while, if such occasions are created for them. The musicians were happy in their success, and they had a right to be. They testified their satisfaction with their leader, Mr. ZERKAHN, by the presentation of a sumptuous bâton.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, for their fourth and last subscription concert, which was an uncommonly interesting one, and eagerly attended, gave us this programme.

Quartet in D. op. 18. No. 4. . . . . Beethoven.  
Prayer, by. . . . . Stradella.  
Mrs. J. S. Cary.

Quartet in A minor, op. 13. . . . . Mendelssohn.  
Adagio and Intermezzo.

a) "The Angel's Call." . . . . Franz.  
b) "I saw in my Dreams." Poem by Helne. . . . . Parker.  
Mrs. J. S. Cary.

Piano Trio in D minor, op. 63. . . . . Schumann.  
Allegro—Scherzo—Adagio—Finale—Allegro.

We have only room to say that the Schumann Trio, exquisitely rendered by Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, was listened to with wonder and delight, and left a strong desire to become more familiar with it, and that the singing by Mrs. CARY was all of a truly high order, chaste and artist-like, the song of Mr. Parker's composition giving a great deal of pleasure.

ORCHESTRAL UNION: The Symphony of the last concert was Beethoven's No. 1, in C, which, although the least and youngest of the nine, is heard every time with an increasing interest; we have rarely heard the humorous finale brought out so well as it was this time. The overtures were Herold's to *Zampa* for *entrée*, and Auber's to *La Sirène* for *entrée*; the waltz, "*Carnavals-Botschafter*" by Strauss. The solo-playing was of rare excellence; Mr. ARBUCKLE's trumpet sang a German ballad with a remarkably smooth and sweet, yet manly tone. The great feature, however, of the concert was the young Mr. HENRY SUCK's playing of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto (in E minor). Mr. S. has certainly improved vastly by his study abroad; he is now an artistic master of his instrument. In truth and purity of tone, in even execution and nice phrasing, in chaste style free from all affectation, he is what a sound taste could wish.

The want was that of strength, power, broader

tone and stronger grasp; we could not always fairly hear him; in those long and trying bravura passages the fire seemed to go out; the strength failed him in leading up through those vigorous crescendos to the *tutti forte* of the orchestra. How far this was only fear for the time being, and how far temperament, we cannot say. The piece presents a formidable task, we can only wonder that he acquitted himself so well; the slow movement was beautifully played.

Mlle. HELENE DE KATOW AND MR. WEHLI—

We have little taste for *virtuoso* concerts, generally, but we must own to having spent a pleasant evening in listening to the fair Russian violoncellist and the English pianist, in the Tremont Temple, on Wednesday evening. It was a pretty thing, also, to hear the flexible and clear high voice and facile florid execution of Miss LAURA HARRIS, albeit it was passionless and Sontag's "Echo Song" found but a feeble echo in this little maid. We were chiefly interested in the Russian lady, as being the most unique and, we may say, musically possessed phenomenon. Her generous face and figure, the whole form, full of life like some noble animal, her tasteful costume, graceful movement, and a certain effusion of musical expression over the whole of her, prepossessed you in her favor. As she gracefully and almost passionately clasps her instrument, it seems to be a parcel of her life, and she looks like a muse, not the tragical Grecian muse, but with a certain Slavic fire in her. She discourses excellent music; the tone not the strongest and broadest, but rather feminine, and true, musical, searching and expressive. The movements of her hands and arms, as well as the vibrating strings, seem instinct with the music in her soul.

Mr. WEHLI played only his own compositions (if such they can be called), which are mainly in the Thalberg style. He has wonderful execution, with a quiet, refined, gentlemanly manner. His touch is exceedingly delicate and vital, his passages, trills, *floriture*, and all that, as fine and even as can be desired. His great forte is playing with the left hand, entire pieces, broadly harmonized, of great difficulty;—such pieces as might be played just as well with both hands; therefore why not do it? And of what worth are all the feats of execution when not subordinate to musical intentions? But we think it due to Mr. Wehli to say that his superiority is not merely mechanical; there is more than that in it; there is an exquisite grace of expression, shown for instance in his fine rendering of a simple melody, like "Oft in the still night;" there is a pervading refinement; there is a fine instinct of symmetry, shown in the construction of his slight and showy but yet felicitous fantasias on which he strings his points of execution; there are fancies airy light and pleasant, sometimes original, like the bridge he flings across from the slow trio to the lively strain in his *Norma* fantasia.

IN PROSPECT.—There are fine things in preparation for us, both on the grandiose scale and in the select, quiet way. The quiet will come first. OTTO DRESLET is to give another series of Piano forte concerts—eight of them! and such piano concerts as do not fall under the ban of Sir "Lancelot's" displeasure. A main feature in them will be the interpretation of quite a number of Beethoven's *latest* Sonatas, his 32 wonderful Variations on a little theme in C minor, &c. &c. Also numerous Preludes and Fugues of Bach; besides Schumann, Chopin, and the rest. The concerts will be given at Chickering's on Saturday afternoons, beginning a week from today.

Then there looms large before us the great Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society, which will occur near the end of April or the beginning of May. The choral forces have been industriously rehearsing all the winter, and we may hope to hear *Israel in Egypt*, *Elijah*, the *Messiah*, *Hymn of Praise*, &c., in grand style; besides some Beethoven Symphonies by a Grand Orchestra worthy of the name.

MISS HOMER'S "ZENOBIA."—This noble statue is soon to be withdrawn from public view, and those who delay their visit, at the beautiful store of Messrs. Childs & Jenks, will be disappointed. As a memorial of the pleasure it has given to thousands, Messrs. C. & J. have issued a fine photograph of the work.

### Important Musical Invention.

#### THE CYCLOID PIANO-FORTE.

Under this heading, the *New York Tribune* claims superiority, over all others, for a Piano of decidedly novel construction, to say the least. It is certainly interesting and plausible to read about, and the idea is so pleasing to the theoretic fancy that one cannot

help hoping that it may stand the long test of experience. But newspaper articles so often turn out to be business advertisements in disguise! and, fortunately, there is time enough, and no lack of excellent piano-fortes *ad interim*. One can afford to wait, so long as he has a Chickering, *nicht wahr?*—We make room for the larger portion of the *Tribune's* article.

There is no article of home luxury to the improvement of which such earnest attention and such costly experiments have been directed as to the piano-forte. During the past twenty years great changes have taken place in the internal construction of the instrument, especially as regards the scale, which has been enlarged so as to admit of a greater length of string. The instrument is now strung with heavier wire, an increase of nearly double over the old style of stringing; the case is also, generally, larger both in depth and length. It would be useless to chronicle the thousand small inventions which were claimed as positive improvements upon the piano, but which were radically of but little importance. Sound boards have been crumpled up, on the plea that increased vibratory surface was obtained; plates have been insulated and completely detached; bottoms have been taken out; a second sound-board has been added; hammers have been made to strike downward; the case has been half filled with blocks of wood, and again the case has been left entirely empty; the oblique strain of the strings is claimed to have been remedied; iron has been substituted for wood for the cases; the key-board has been arranged with a semi-circular sweep: tuning forks, or metallic tongues, have been substituted for strings; but none of these infinitesimal inventions have succeeded in establishing their claims as permanent improvements. The improvements which have really been accomplished in the past twenty years are, first, the enlargement of the scale; second, the increased length of the string; third, the heavier stringing; fourth, the increased area of the sounding board; fifth, the increased power of the action and heavier hammers; sixth, the scientific adaptation of the iron plate, combining the utmost possible strength with lightness; and, seventh, the system of over strings in the bass.

These accepted and permanent improvements are now adopted by every maker, and the superiority of any one instrument is dependent upon fortuitous circumstances—such as the best-seasoned material, the most skillful artisans in the various departments, and the amount of honest care bestowed upon the manufacture.

The Cycloid piano, made and patented by Lindeman & Sons, of this city, presents a radical change in the form of the piano, and while adopting all the improvements which have resulted from past experience, exhibits a novelty in construction which adds a value to all that has gone before, and presents increased advantages of such importance that they cannot be overlooked. The form of the Cycloid may be described as a square piano with the back corners rounded off. The sweep is very graceful, and the ugly square box is transformed into an elegant piece of furniture, beautifully finished all round, forming an ornament to the parlor, and taking up much less space than the ordinary square piano.

The object designed to be obtained by this change of form is elegance, compactness and strength. In the square piano the sides and back are glued together, and to strengthen these weak points heavy blocks of wood are inserted, so that the whole space of the two back corners is utterly useless for reverberating purposes. They are simply wasted wood, and are only valuable inasmuch as the blocking they contain strengthens the inherent weakness of the square case.

The Cycloid piano achieves the *form of the arch*, which is recognized as the type of strength, and is in fact a solid case, in one piece, with no weak spot about it. By the system of constructing the case, more strength is obtained than could be got from a solid block, either cut out, or bent to the cycloid form. The case in fact consists of from twenty-four to twenty-six veneers, one-fourth of an inch thick, of maplewood, glued together; these are placed in a press of the cycloid form, to which are affixed screws of great power. This force is applied equally to every part, which forces out the superfluous glue, and, when cold, these veneers come out a solid mass, having the required cycloid form, with all the strength of an arch, and capable of sustaining any strain of strings that can be applied to it, without "giving" a hair's breadth. The scale of the instrument follows the circle of the case, so that not an inch of space is lost; and there is not an angle in the interior to break the continuous flow of the sound. The theory of acoustics in its general laws, as laid down by Chladni and others, may be looked upon as exact and thorough, but individual cases seem to defy all

rule and set the most well-considered theories at defiance. Whether the cycloid form or the square form is the better in theory is a point for savans to decide upon, but the result of the two forms is palpable to every ear, learned or unlearned. The tone of the cycloid is as solid as that of a grand piano-forte; it is not merely loudness, which is always liable to impure and loose vibrations, but it is the largest amount of sonority, with the greatest purity in quality of tone. A powerful player can use it as he would a grand, and he cannot break the tone; he cannot thin it or confuse it by forced diverging vibrations. Gottschalk tested it in every way to the utmost, and acknowledged that it triumphed over the test that he had applied.

But it is not in force alone that the purity of the Cycloid is pre-eminent; in the medium tone and in the pianissimo it is surpassingly beautiful, and even the soft pedal can be used without destroying the pure and individual quality of the tone. In addition to this, while each tone is round and distinctive, in close or spread harmony, no one tone predominates, but a perfect accord of combined tones swells up to the fingers, and dies out without one dominant vibration. The "singing" power partakes of the same purity of quality. It can be prolonged in a remarkable degree, and the quality of the vibration does not change or "lift," but preserves its roundness until the sound has ceased. The Cycloid possesses one other point of superiority over the common square piano, namely the power of standing in tune. The whole structure is so compact, so solid, so rigid and unyielding in its strength, that it will remain up to concert pitch from its first tuning, allowing for the stretching of the strings, and will not fall a shade for months.

WORCESTER, MASS.—The "Star" of the *Palladium* describes the last concert of the Mozart Society:

The fourth concert of the series, given by this Society and the Mechanics' Association, was one of the best of the season, despite the absence of two of the leading vocalists, Miss Fiske and Mr. Richards, whose places were filled, at a late hour, by Mrs. A. S. Allen and Mr. Hammond, who acquitted themselves most creditably, in the somewhat difficult solos of Romberg's ode, the "Transient and the Eternal." The performance of the work, was, for the most part, excellent. The choruses were sung in good time and tune, and with that expression which this especially requires. In this the society was materially assisted by the organist, Mr. Lang, of Boston, whose merit as an accompanist wins attention by its unobtrusiveness. Under his fingers the organ becomes secondary to the singers, and yet leads them, so far as an instrument should lead or support. Among the best points of the performances were the choruses, "The cedar braves the storm;" Mr. Thompson's recitative, "Dust shall be dust;" the trio, "Though the lark mourn;" Mrs. Allen's solo, "A holy spirit loving goodness;" the duet "There the tints of the mourn fade not;" and the fine concluding chorus, "There dwells the theme of Klopstock's holy hymn," and the final quartet, "To the spirit." After the Ode—which will bear repetition another season, Mr. Lang played selections for the Organ, introducing several of the softer stops, flute, vox-humana, melodia, &c., and, in answer to an enthusiastic encore, played Otto Dresel's delicious little "Cradle Song," the "Sweet and low wind of the western Sea," of Tennyson's; Mrs. Duane sang, and finely too, "Consider the Lilies!" Mrs. Munroe gave Gottschalk's "Cradle Song" in a most acceptable manner. One of the leading features of the concert was Mr. Stearns's "Tantum Ergo," a composition of intrinsic excellence, performed for the second time, and improving with acquaintance, which cannot be said of the works of all American composers. It was sung by a quartet and semi-chorus. Mr. Stearns's compositions are of a high order of excellence, far better, to our thinking, than the showy but empty music of Lambillotte, which seems to be stereotyped for the programmes of concerts of sacred music, and to which rule this was no exception. The concert ended with Organ selections by Mr. Lang, and "Dona Nobis," from the "Twelfth Mass"—which will probably remain accredited to Mozart, whether or not he composed it.

At the concluding concert of the series, on Fast evening, Haydn's Oratorio of "The Creation" will be performed.

CHERUBINI'S MEDEA.—The *Medea* of Cherubini is to be one of the principal novelties this season at Her Majesty's Theatre. It has never yet been heard in England. The *Medea* will of course be Mlle. Titiens, who in that great part is likely to present to the operatic world a new *Fidelio*. Another novelty is to be Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* (*Il Flauto Magico*).

A new opera, "*Concini*," by Thomas Löwe, has been given with doubtful success in Vienna. The critics blame the composer for slavishly copying Meyerbeer and Wagner, and being trivial in his melodies, and noisy to excess in his instrumentation. Herr Beck is much praised in the part of *Concini*, Herr Wachtel much abused as *Robert*.

The director of the Leipzig Theatre is about to try a bold experiment. Between the present time and June, the whole cycle of Shakespeare's Historical Plays from "*Richard II.*" to "*Richard III.*" will be put upon the stage in chronological succession. The arrangement will be that made by Herr Dingelstedt of Weimar, where the same cycle was given in two series of successive evenings.

In the library of San Marco, in Venice, nineteen songs written by Stradella have been discovered. They have been put into Halévy's (?) hands, who has written a pianoforte accompaniment to them.

OPERA IN ITALY. A correspondent of the *London Musical World*, writing from Genoa, Feb. 4th, thus describes the condition of affairs:

For some time now, I have been wandering about, from city to town, and from town to village, for here in Italy, during the Carnival, even large villages have their opera. I have heard a super-abundance of Verdi, and very little of either Rossini, Bellini, or Donizetti, numberless squalling *prime donne*, a quantity of *tenori robusti*, who seem now to be as plentiful as blackberries, and who, to judge by the applause lavished on them, are the favorites with uneducated audiences; and a certain number of very fair baritones, the preponderance of really good voices decidedly falling to these last, whose principal failing, however, is to roar. In a word, I have heard an immense deal of what was not worth hearing, and therefore not worth recording, though at the same time I must acknowledge that some performances which I have attended and a few singers whom I have heard, I have listened to with pleasure and moreover think them worthy of notice. I will, therefore, first give a list of the various operas with which the eighty-four theatres in Italy commenced this Carnival season, whereby some idea may be formed as to the amount of popularity in which certain operas and composers are held at the present time, and I will then proceed to give a few particulars of what I consider most deserving of mention. The Scala of Milan and the Pergola of Florence opened with Petrella's *Contessa d'Amalfi*, the Regio of Turin with Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*, the Carlo Felice of Genoa with Ferrari's *Ultimi giorni di Suhi*, Parma with *Guglielmo Tell*, the Apollo of Rome with a new opera by a Maestro Secchi (the Government having prohibited the *Due Foscari*) and Bologna with *Il Barbiere*. Eleven theatres commenced the season with *Il Ballo in Maschera*, two with Cagnoni's *Michèle Perrin*, one with *Romeo and Juliet*, one with *Don Bucefalo*, one with *Attila*, two with *Vittor Pisani*, one with *Marino Faliero*, five with *La Traviata*, nine with *La Favorita*, four with *I Lombardi*, one with *Maria di Rohan*, one with *Scaramuccia*, four with *Rigoletto*, four with *I Due Foscari*, one with *Aroldo*, (the least known of Verdi), one with *I Vespri Siciliani*, two with *Ernani*, one with *Lucia*, seven with *Pedrotti's Tutti in Maschera*, (one of the most charming little operas ever written, and which seems to enjoy a popularity almost equal to that of *Il Ballo in Maschera*), three with *Il Trovatore*, one with *Robert le Diable*, one with *Poluto*, two with *Mercadante's Leonora*, one with *Roberto Devereux*, and ten with operas by composers of no reputation. Four years ago 15 theatres opened with *Il Trovatore* and 23 with *La Traviata*; but by the above list it will be seen that this year there is an improvement upon that, which was undoubtedly a proof of the degenerated state of musical taste in Italy; though even this year Verdi was represented in no less than 37 theatres, while the ever fresh melodies of Rossini were heard in only two towns; and Meyerbeer, one of the most distinguished composers of modern operatic music, held possession of but one solitary theatre, his *Robert* being given at Pisa, about the most miserable theatre in Italy, with a band and chorus, the execrable of which is not easily surpassed, although when I had the misfortune of being there it was at least equalled by that of the principal singers.

Of the operas by unknown composers with which the remaining ten theatres commenced this Carnival season, I have nothing to say excepting that *Robert le Diable*, with which the season was inaugurated at Vercelli, was not Meyerbeer's, but the joint production of Signors Cordiali and Derina. (The rest next time).

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Banting. Comic song. Howard Paul. 30

Shows the misfortunes of a fat gentleman, who, by the advice of Prof. Banting, undertook to diet, and became a lean man. Come picture on the title page.

Betty Sands; a sequel to "Johnny Sands."

J. Sinclair. 30

Very good. It seems that Betty was not drowned, after all, but returned home, a cooler, wiser, and wetter woman. It is gratifying to know, that the pair lived together in great harmony afterward, and that this "was the cold water cure" of "John and Betty Sands."

Home and friends around us. F. Abt. 30

A noble song, the words by Charles Swain, and the melody by Abt, in his best style.

You'll not be long away, be sure.

J. H. McNaughton. 30

A song of classical merit, with a good, harmonious chorus.

In patient love. Song. W. Davenport. 30

Mr. D. has successfully interpreted the fine words of Hood, and gives us a melody quite in the style of a "Gem" from the "German."

I heard a wee bird singing. Linley. 30

One of the charming ballads, sung by Miss Ryan at the concerts of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

We'll soon be marching home. J. Harrison. 30

We all hope so, and shall be very glad to see you; but in the mean time, here is a good thing for the "boys" to sing around their camp-fires.

### Instrumental.

March of the Medes and Persians. R. Nordman. 30

By this formidable name, is known a brilliant, easy march, which the Medes and Persians might have marched to, had they not, unfortunately, appeared on the stage a few centuries too soon.

Schubert's Serenade. Transcription. B. Richards. 50

Schubert's famous "Ständchen," newly arranged. Always good, in this new form it will have a new lease of life.

Thou art so near, and yet so far. For piano and violin. 30

Bright star of hope. For piano and violin. 30

Two excellent pieces, arranged in easy style for home use. They are among the best of the series.

Ravelin Waltz. H. H. A. Cameron. 30

The composer, who hails from the army, naturally gives a warlike title to his waltz, which is quite spirited.

### Books.

THE HAPPY HOUR. A music book for Grammar schools. J. B. Sharland. 25

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